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Per. G. A. Scott. 4^o 183



THE
SCOTTISH JOURNAL

OF
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ANTIQUITIES, TRADITIONS,
ETC. ETC. ETC.

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Rev. S. J. ...

P R E F A C E.

THE first volume of *The Scottish Journal* has now been brought to a close. As an experiment—a trial of the popular appreciation of a periodical devoted to times gone by, to facts illustrative of the history, literature, and social condition of past ages—we have reason to congratulate ourselves on its prospect of ultimate success. In the warm support we have experienced from contributors in the most distant parts of the country, and the aid of gentlemen devoted to antiquarian research in this the nucleus of Scottish literature, we feel satisfied that such a medium as the *Journal* is necessary. Apart from the gratification that may be derivable from its pages, its use, as a repository for the preservation of stray documents of historical, family, or literary interest, must be obvious, and, we believe, is felt by all who patronize the publication.

Although, however, the experiment has proven, beyond doubt, that the circle of antiquarian readers has been greatly extended of late years; it has also, we think, shown as unequivocally that it yet must undergo a very considerable extension before it is wide enough to support a periodical at the low price of *Three-halfpence*. When the *Scottish Journal* was first proposed, *Twopence* was conceived to be the lowest charge upon which any reasonable calculation of covering the outlay could be founded; indeed, in this conviction, a portion of the prospectuses were printed off; but circumstances afterwards induced us to come down to what seems to be the minimum rate of any thing like respectability among the numerous class of cheap publications. Having made trial of this low standard for six months, and finding that the returns are not such as to warrant the continuation of the publication, we have, after mature consideration, resolved to adopt the price originally proposed. The *Scottish Journal* will therefore be published at *Twopence* each number, in place of *Three-halfpence*, in future—the Parts, of course, undergoing a corresponding increase of price.

While we professedly look chiefly for support to the upper classes of society—to those who have not only more leisure, but, from their education and associations, feel more interest in antiquarian and family research—we are not unmindful of one of the original leading objects of the *Journal*, which was to foster a popular love of inquiry into the past, and provide a cheap medium for its gratification. Keeping this aim steadily in view—and at *Twopence* the *Journal* must still be regarded as *cheap*—we shall continue the weekly issue, though it would probably be our interest to publish monthly only.

Having thus candidly stated the reasons for this change in the financial feature of the *Journal*, we may also mention that we are sanguine of effecting no small improvement in its literary conduct. Much time and research are no doubt requisite for the proper fulfilment of our editorial duties; but we trust, by the continued favours of our literary friends, and the growing patronage of the public, gradually to render the *Journal* in all respects what it ought to be.

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THE
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OF


Topography, Antiquities, Traditions,
&c. &c.

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INTRODUCTION.

HE literature of the present age is decidedly light, with a tendency towards the frivolous. Whether this has been produced by a depreciated taste on the part of the public, or fostered by the press—which teems with aimless imaginings—may be a question for philosophical decision, but of little practical importance. That the fact is so, must be admitted. It is gratifying, at the same time, to know that, amidst this waste of intellect, there is yet no small degree of health and soundness at the core of society. While the masses have been amusing themselves by the waysides of literature, pleased with fanciful gleanings, a spirit of industrious research has been at work, throwing light on the dark pages of history—to instruct alike the present and future generations by a knowledge of the past. The Archaeological Societies and Literary Clubs of England, Ireland, and Scotland, have been the means of excavating a mine of curious and instructive matter—details upon which the student of the world's history and of human nature can dwell with profit and satisfaction. The result of their labours, it is true, are patent only to a comparatively small circle—those who take a more immediate interest in affairs belonging to “the olden time”—still there has been of late years a considerable increase amongst the students of antiquity.

The great object of THE SCOTTISH JOURNAL will be to promote a still farther increase—to render accessible, through a cheap medium, the stores of intellectual recreation and delight which, at present, are as a sealed book to the mass of readers. To do this effectually, it may be necessary, perhaps, to popularise, as it were, the subjects brought forward in the Journal—to present them in an attractive and easily digested form; but, though this may be judicious, it is quite a mistake to suppose that the page of antiquity is dry and forbidding. On the contrary, it presents innumerable enticing features. It has a wide range in the “romance of history”—the acts of nations and of individuals long gone by—abounding in incident quite as novel as the most highly-wrought fictions of the day; while, in the elucidation of the habits, the manners, the amusements and sentiments of former

times, there is a pleasure which grows with our acquisition of knowledge. At the same time, we form a standard by which to contrast the present with the past—enabling us to form a better idea of our own position on the map of time, and adding materially to the resources, the happiness of a discursive mind. Many things looked upon by the multitude as novelties, inventions of this ingenious and all-engrossing age, are but a revival of the speculations, the schemes, and devices of our grandfathers.

In the prosecution of the object contemplated by THE SCOTTISH JOURNAL, it will be the endeavour of its Conductors to take advantage of the endless diversity embraced in the extensive sphere of their labours, so as to present a periodical acceptable to almost every class of readers. As its title implies, it will contain

Topographical Descriptions—Battle Fields and other places of interest.

Accounts of Ancient Remains.

Discoveries of Antiquities.

Papers on former Habits, Manners, Customs, Laws, &c.

Historical and Biographical Sketches.

Extracts from Old Manuscripts and Rare Books.

Effusions of the Olden Muse, with Illustrative Notes.

Traditions,—not dressed up and lengthened into Tales, but veritable Traditions.

Reviews of Antiquarian Publications.

Varieties, &c. &c.

The Conductors of the JOURNAL are already in possession of considerable supplies, from which to amplify their columns; and they have great pleasure in stating that they have the cordial support of a number of literary gentlemen in Edinburgh and the provinces, who have a taste for the lore of “other years.” At the same time, they invite correspondence; and parties who favour them with old writings, or copies of them—and many curious and interesting documents are to be found in the charter chests of families—may rest assured of the utmost attention being paid to their communications. The JOURNAL, not limited to Scottish subjects alone, will embrace whatever may be deemed suitable and worthy in reference to the sister and foreign kingdoms.

A

EARLY RECORDS OF SCOTLAND.

THE loss of the early records of Scotland—seriously felt by the historian and genealogist—has occasioned no small doubt as to the real history and condition of the country previous to the existence of such writings of authority as have been preserved. The fabulous details of some of our Scottish historians, zealous to fill the gap occasioned by the absence of national documents, tended to a disbelief even of the truth; and a very general impression prevailed, not long since, that Scotland possessed no written memorials beyond the reign of Robert the Bruce. There was a tradition amongst the mass that Edward I. of England had carried away most of the public records; but still, as their bearing and importance were unknown, they were deemed of little moment. It was impossible, however, for the most rapacious hand to blot out the entire evidence of a nation's rights—obliterating every mark of civilization: and, fortunately for Scotland, her progress in European civilization was sufficiently decided to render the work of annihilation next to impossible. In the chartularies of her monasteries there existed sufficient evidence of the wealth and learning of the country at an early period, and various manuscripts, preserved by the monks, have thrown unquestionable light on her political and social state. But the elucidation of these has been a work of time—a work greatly retarded by the various protracted wars and civil commotions which continued, with brief interruptions, from the time of Edward I. downwards. Subsequent to the dispute about the succession, which gave rise to the war of independence, Scotland may be said to have retrograded for several centuries—indeed, until the accession of the first James, who fell a victim in the patriotic endeavour to reconstruct the social system. We have but faint glimpses of the state of Scotland during the Roman, Pictish and Scottish epochs; but there can be little doubt of her gradual advancement in wealth and civilization after the union of the Pictish and Scottish crowns in 843, until she attained a high degree of both in the reign of Alexander III. The loss of the public records, during so interesting a period, is deeply to be deplored.

The first known ravage of the national archives was committed in 1292, when Edward I., to whom the question of succession had been submitted, ordered such records as were in the castle of Edinburgh, or other strong places in Scotland, to be transmitted to Berwick-upon-Tweed. An inventory of these records is still preserved in the chapter-house of Westminster. It is entitled "*Catalogus munimentorum quæ capta fuerunt in thesauria de Edenburg, in presentia Abbatum de Dumfermelyn and de Sancta Cruce Edenburgi, and Johannis de Lythe granes Ballivi de Lincoln, and Thomæ de Fisseburne, et Willielmi de Dumfreys custodis rotulorum regni Scotiæ, et deposita apud Berwick vicesimo tertio die Augusti, anno 20 Edwardi Primi regis Angliæ, per præceptum ejusdem regis, superioris domini regni Scotiæ.*" Several of the charters and other documents enumerated—chronicles of events, &c.—refer to the reign of David I., who ascended the throne in 1124. A roll marked "*A roll of the ancient laws of the kingdom of Scotland*"—*unus rotulus de antiquis sta-*

tutis regni Scotiæ—shows that what was considered ancient in 1292 must have originated several centuries previously. From a catalogue of the records purporting to have been restored to Scotland, after the decision in favour of Baliol, it is evident that there had been another removal of public documents in 1292—the latter to Roxburgh castle. The list is entirely different from the "*catalogus munimentorum*," and enumerates a great variety of documents. But a still more sweeping devastation followed. On the formal surrender of the crown and kingdom of Scotland by Baliol, Edward, in 1296, took uncontrolled possession of the country—and, no doubt, of all its accessible records. There are three schedules in the chapter-house at Westminster, entitled, in Agarde's Index, "*Tres schedulæ facientes mentionem de bullis, chartis, et aliis memorandis inventis in thesauro regis Scotiæ, apud Edinburgh, 20 Edw. I.*" One of these rolls, or schedules, contains an inventory of instruments inspected by the order of King Alexander III., in 1282, in the treasury at Edinburgh. Many of the papers enumerated, consist of negotiations with Norway and other foreign countries, besides numerous public and private charters. Whether these documents were destroyed by Edward, or lost through carelessness, is a question. Some circumstances favour the belief that the latter was the case. Had he destroyed them, it is scarcely to be supposed that the charter by King Richard of England, discharging the concession of superiority extorted by his father from William—a decisive refutation of Edward's claim to the superiority of Scotland—would have escaped him. It is preserved amongst the charters of King Richard to King William. In 1651, Cromwell followed the example of Edward, by carrying away the public records to London, and though the greater part of them were returned after the Restoration, an irreparable loss was entailed by the shipwreck of eighty-five hogsheads of papers on their way from London—a small portion of them only being saved. But it is not to be wondered that many of the documents should have gone amissing or been destroyed, from the loose manner in which they were kept, both in England and Scotland, until a very recent period.

It was not till towards the close of last century that due attention began to be paid to the preservation of the public registers. The Right Honourable Lord Frederick Campbell, Lord Clerk-Register of Scotland, acted with much enthusiasm in his official capacity. He not only caused a thorough arrangement to be made of the documents extant—but exerted every means in his power to recover those that were known to be missing. At his desire, an index of lost charters was drawn up in 1798, by William Robertson, Esq., one of the deputies of the Lord Clerk-Register for keeping the records of Scotland, and printed with a view to lead to their discovery. This volume is entitled "*An Index, drawn up about the year 1629, of many Records of Charters, granted by the different sovereigns of Scotland, between the years 1309 and 1413, most of which records have been long missing, with an introduction, giving a state, founded upon authentic documents, still preserved, of the ancient Records of Scotland, which were in that kingdom in 1292,*" &c. In this well-executed work, the editor says,—

"The Lord Clerk-Register for Scotland, Lord Frederick Campbell, some years ago, in attending to the duties of his office, observed the perishing condition of the Parliamentary Records of Scotland, and formed the design of getting them printed for the public benefit, as the Journals of both Houses and the Parliamentary Rolls had been done in England.

"Preparatory for this Work, the Editor transcribed, with his own hand, as much of the earliest and most decayed part of these Parliamentary Records as would make up two Folio Volumes; and was directed, by the Lord Register, as soon as the business of his office would permit, to make an accurate research in the Tower of London, and in the Chapter-House at Westminster, to ascertain whether these ancient repositories contained any materials, from which the defects in the Parliamentary Records of Scotland might be supplied, it being well known, that King Edward I. had carried to England all the Records prior to the reign of King Robert I.

"In the mean time, Mr Astle, one of the Trustees of the British Museum, whose knowledge in historical antiquity is not less known than his anxious endeavours to make it useful to the public, informed the Lord Register, that he had discovered some curious Manuscripts in the British Museum respecting Scotland, and in particular the Index now printed.

"He likewise informed the Lord Register of a still more important discovery, which he had made as Keeper of his Majesty's State-Paper Office, which was a Quarto Manuscript on Vellum, written in a character of great antiquity, and which, besides Transcripts of many Deeds relative to Scotch affairs, contained Minutes of several Parliaments of Scotland antecedent to the earliest Parliaments mentioned in the printed Statute-Book.

"In consequence of this very important information, the Lord Register directed copies to be immediately made, both of the Index in the Museum, and the Quarto Manuscript in the State-Paper Office, pressing the Editor to repair to London as soon as he conveniently could, for the purpose of more effectually carrying on the intended research in all the above-mentioned repositories.

"The Editor accordingly, in August 1793, repaired to London, where his first care was to collate the two copies above-mentioned with their originals.

"The Index of Charters was found to be No. 4609, of the Harleian Manuscripts at the British Museum; and on the first page of that Index, at the top of it, there is written as follows:—

"This Book contains Lists or Inventories of several Rolls or Records of Charters, granted by King Robert I., King David II., King Robert II., and King Robert III., successive Kings of Scotland.*

"This List is the more valuable, as several of these Rolls are lost."

"On an attentive examination, this Index was found to comprehend Twelve Rolls and One Book of Charters which now exist, and have always been kept with the other Public Records of Scotland.

"But besides these, it comprehends and relates to a much greater number of Rolls and Books of Charters which are not now to be found in the Public Records of Scotland. The number falling under this description is no less than Fifty-one Rolls of Royal Charters, and Three Books, consisting partly of Charters, partly of Decrees in Parliament.

"These Fifty-one Rolls and Three Books, together

* It contains also charters granted by Robert Duke of Albany as Regent of Scotland.

with Two Rolls of Decrees in Parliament, though proved by this Index to have been known and patent to inspection in the year 1629, have been mislaid or disappeared during so long a period, that neither the Editor, nor any person known to him, had any knowledge of their having ever existed, till he had access to and perused the Index which makes the subject of the present publication.

"The Fifty-one Rolls and Three Books above mentioned as now existing in the Public records of Scotland, seem to have contained about 1845 Charters and 30 Decrees in Parliament, exclusive of the contents of the two Rolls of Decrees in Parliament mentioned, which do not appear to be particularly stated in the Index.

"The manuscript discovered by Mr Astle in the State-Paper Office was, on examination, found to be the most ancient Book of Scottish Record now known to exist, and in every respect so curious and important, that the Lord Register thought it incumbent on him to endeavour to recover it, for the purpose of its being preserved in the Records of that part of the Kingdom to which it incontestably appeared to have belonged.

"For this purpose a petition was presented to his Majesty, who was graciously pleased to order the Manuscript Book to be removed from the State-Paper Office at London, with which it had no connection, and to be delivered to the Lord Register of Scotland, that it might be deposited in the General Register-Office kept at Edinburgh for the preservation of the Public Records belonging to that part of the kingdom.

"This Manuscript Book having been brought by the Lord Register to Scotland in November 1793, it was judged proper that it should be submitted to the examination of the Supreme Court of that country, in order to its receiving the sanction of that Court."

Believing it impossible that "about 1845 Charters, and 30 Decrees of Parliament should have all perished by accident"—and still more so, "that they should have been intentionally destroyed," the hope of discovering at least some of them was not deemed altogether chimerical from "recent instances of discoveries similar to those now sought after," which are detailed as follows:—

"*First Instance.* The Index discovered at the Museum, No. 4609, appeared on inspection to be written in a character considerably more modern than the year 1629, when the original Index was formed; whence it was concluded that the Museum Index could only be a copy of the original Index. There was little probability, however, of finding the Index from which the Museum copy had been made; but fortunately that Index was, in the month of November 1794, discovered, and appears to be the very Index from which the copy in the Museum had been made. It was found about fifteen months after the Museum Index had been first seen by the Editor. The subjoined note,* written on that Index at the moment it was discovered, will shew whence it came.

"*Second Instance.* When the ancient Manuscript

* "This Manuscript Index of Royal Charters, and of some Parliamentary Proceedings, was brought to the General Register-House by Robert Hamilton, Esq., Advocate, along with some other Manuscripts, on Monday the 17th of November 1794; all which Manuscripts, this Index as well as the rest, Mr Hamilton said were the property of William Hamilton Esq. of Wishaw.

WILLM. ROBERTSON.
ALEX. ROBERTSON."

Book before mentioned was received from the State-Paper Office, it was not supposed to have any connection, with the contents of the Index found at the Museum. But it has since been clearly discovered to have been in the hands of the compiler of that Index, and that part of it is there included; consequently that ancient Manuscript Book has been carried out of Scotland posterior to the year 1629, when the Index was made out; a fact strongly corroborated by a short marginal note on the *verso* of the 9th leaf of that Book of Record itself.

"*Third instance.* In the year 1785, Twenty-nine Volumes of Records relative to the Thirds of the Popish Benefices in Scotland, appropriated by the Legislature for the support of the Reformed Clergy,* were found amongst the papers of a Gentleman of business† at Edinburgh some months after his death.

"The latest instance of similar discoveries was in October 1794, when Eight Volumes of the Secretary of State's Register of Seisins‡ for the district of Edinburgh and Haddington, were discovered in a bookseller's shop in Edinburgh. That Register having been abolished in the year 1609, those Eight Books had of course remained concealed, and that not ten miles from Edinburgh, during more than 185 years.

"Those Eight Books of the Secretary's Register, and the Twenty-nine Volumes relating to the Thirds of Benefices, were, like the Manuscript Book got from the State-Paper Office, submitted to the judgment of the Court of Session, and after being accurately examined by different committees of the Judges, they were by that Supreme Court all declared to be authentic Public Records, and were appointed to be lodged as such among the other Records in the General Register-House."

This well-designed effort of the Lord Clerk-Register was not without effect. Not many years ago, some important documents were discovered at Tynninghame castle, the seat of the Earl of Haddington, and a Register, recording the proceedings of parliament from 1384 till 1400. The Earl of the time was Clerk-Register to James VI., and they had no doubt been deposited there and lost sight of. More recently still, three original Rolls of Parliament, of the reign of David II.—1368 and 1369,—and of

the General Council and Parliament of Robert II.—1388 and 1389—were brought to the Register-Office by a person who would give no information as to where they came from. Part of the Scottish Statute-Book was printed in 1541. Of late years very considerable progress has been made in printing the public documents, so that they may be more easily consulted, and better secured against accident and the ravages of time. The Crown Charters, Retours and Acts of Parliament, have all been printed at the expense of the State. The first volume of the Acts—being the last put to press—was only completed in 1844. It is compiled chiefly from old manuscripts—particularly of *Regium Majestatem*—of which the following is a list:—

The Berne (in Switzerland) manuscript.
The Register of Arbroath.
The Ayr manuscript.
The Bute manuscript.
The Cromartie manuscript.
The Advocates' Library manuscript.
The Edinburgh University manuscript.
Alexander Foulis' manuscript.
The manuscript in the Advocates' Library.
The Harleian manuscript.
The Drummond manuscript.
The Cambridge manuscript.
The Cockburn manuscript.
The manuscript in Advocates' Library.
The Monynet manuscript.
The Colvil manuscript.
The Cambridge manuscript.
John Bannatyne manuscript.
The Lambeth manuscript.
The Cuk manuscript.
Thomas Bannatyne manuscript.
The Malcolm manuscript.
The Hailes manuscript.
The First Skene manuscript.
The Last Skene manuscript, and
The Marchmont manuscript.

These manuscripts—so many copies of the same code of laws—were used by the burghs and professional persons in the same way that the printed statutes are now. They differed, however, in many respects—and were subject, like all manuscript books, to interpolation. Hence the necessity, in printing the first volume of the Scottish Acts of Parliament, of careful collation. The *Ayr manuscript* is considered one of the most important, as containing the only existing body of statutes passed in the reign of Robert I., to which age the manuscript belongs. It appears to have been the property of the burgh of Ayr in the 15th century; or perhaps the Clerk of the Council or Guildry of that burgh. Of its later history nothing is known. It was purchased at a book-stall in Ayr, in the year 1824, by Mr Ebenezer Thomson, one of the masters in the Ayr Academy, from whom it was acquired for the General Register-House at Edinburgh.

It is an octavo volume, still in old oak boards, containing 83 leaves of vellum, 8 inches high, by 5 inches wide, written in a fine and uniform hand.

§ 1.—The first article is a collection of laws. The title of the second chapter is "*Brene eiusdem.*"

* See Act 10 of the Scots Parliament 1567. This was called the *Assumption of Thirds*.

† "Namely, Roderick Macleod, Esq., who was admitted a Clerk to his Majesty's Signet in the year 1732, and died at an advanced age in 1784. The volumes were in a trunk, which probably had been sent locked to Mr Macleod by some of his employers, and had remained in his custody unopened among other trunks and boxes, till the circumstances of their being there deposited were forgotten. As soon as William Macleod Bannatyne, Esq. of Kaima, Advocate, the son of the deceased Mr Macleod, understood the nature of the volumes, he, with exemplary propriety, immediately transmitted them to the General Repository of the Records. Of those volumes, the earliest is for the year 1576, and the latest for the year 1615.

‡ "The *Secretary's Register*, as it is called, was the first attempt to introduce our most useful Record, that of Seisins. But having been committed to the superintendence of the Secretary of State instead of the Lord Clerk-Register, and most of the Books having remained concealed, and many of them having been lost in consequence of their not being made transmissible to public custody, the institution became useless, and was abolished by Act of Parliament. The Register of Seisins in its present form was instituted in the month of June 1617."

The remaining part of the section consists of 36 chapters, the greater part of which are printed in the 4th book of "*Regium Majestatem*," though in some instances with different titles.

§ 2.—Is a Treaty for the Submission and Settlement of the Scotch border after the battle of Durham.

§ 3.—In a much later hand, Notes of the Ayr Court of Guild, 1430–1, with lists, apparently of the brethren of Guild, resident both within and without the burgh. They fill about 4 pages.

§ 4.—A list of all the remaining contents of the volume.

§ 5.—*Assisa Regis David facta apud novem castrum super Tynam per totam commitatem suam Scocie tam baronum Burgensium quam aliorum de tolloneis et custumis Burgorum.*

§ 6.—*De Articulis inquirendis in Burgo, in itinere Camerarii secundum usum Scocie.* At the end is a reference to the battle of Bannockburn, and the parliamentary proceedings at Cambuskeneth.

§ 7.—*Capitula Capelle Regis Scocie tam de literis in Curiis Racitandis quam de Brenibus per Regem de Cancellaria mittendis.*—A collection of breves and royal writs of great interest and value.

§ 8.—*Assise Regis David facte apud Strivelyn.*

§ 9.—*Statuta Regni facta per Regem Robertum.*

§ 10.—*Leges Burgorum Scocie.*

§ 11.—*Statuta Gilde apud Berwicum facta.*

§ 12.—Additional Notes of the Ayr Court of Guild.

§ 13.—A Kalendar. On VII. Idus Julii is commemorated *Dedicatio ecclesie de Jedot* (burgh), which, with another entry (the Border Treaty of 1346), leads to the conjecture that this volume was at first connected with the East Marches, though afterwards transferred to Ayr.

TO

LADY MARY MONTGOMERY.

(BY WILLIAM HAMILTON OF BANGOUR.)

SAY, thou with endless beauty crown'd,
Of all the youth that sigh around,
Thy worshippers, and anxious wait
From thy bright eyes their future fate;
Say, whom do most these eyes approve?
Whom does Montgomery choose to love?
Not him, who strives to build a name,
From ruins of another's fame:
Who proud in self-conceit throws down
His neighbour's wit, to raise his own.
Should the vain man expect success,
The fool of compliment and dress?
Thy eyes undazzled can behold,
The gaudy nothing deckt in gold.
Thy wise discernment soon descries,
Where folly lurks in wit's disguise;
Trac'd through each shape in which 'tis seen,
Through the grave look, the solemn mien;
The proud man's front, the vain man's walk,
The foplin's dress, the coxcomb's talk.
A large estate, and little sense,
To charms like thine have no pretence.
Shalt thou, O insolent! prevail?
Heav'n never meant its goods for sale:
Beauty, the pearl of price, is giv'n,
Not bought, 'tis the free grace of Heav'n.
The happy youth with arts refin'd,
Simple of heart, of steadfast mind:
Whom thirst of gain could never draw
To trespass friendship's sacred law:

Whose soul the charms of sense inspire;
Who loves, where reason bids admire:
Cautious to shun, with wise disdain,
The proud, the airy, and the vain.
Him whom these virtues shall adorn,
Thou, fair Montgomery, wilt not scorn:
Of all the gifts of Heav'n possess,
To him thou yield'st thy willing breast;
For him the blush, with modest grace,
Glow's rosy, o'er thy blooming face:
For him thy panting bosom swells,
And on thy lips such sweetness dwells.
Crown'd with success, the happy boy
Shall revel in excess of joy:
While in thy presence, heav'n appears
In sweets laid up for many years.
The bean and witting then shall fly,
The fop in secret corner sigh;
Condemn'd to cry in love's despair,
Ah! why so wise who was so fair?

The subject of this very happy offering of the muse was Lady Mary Montgomery, daughter of Archibald, ninth Earl of Eglinton, by his second Countess, Lady Anne, daughter of George, Earl of Aberdeen, Lord High Chancellor of Scotland. Lady Mary was distinguished as well for her good sense and amiable disposition as for her beauty. The object of her choice—

"The happy youth, with arts refin'd,
Simple of heart, of steadfast mind,"

was Sir David Cuninghame of Milncraig, Bart., a property in Ayrshire.

Of the author, the accomplished *William Hamilton of Bangour*, we possess no proper memoir. The short biographical sketch prefixed to the edition of his poems, published in 1790 by "W. Gordon, Bookseller in the Parliament Close," gives few particulars beyond the year of his birth and the day of his death. Though his poems have been much admired, and some of his songs—which first graced *The Tea-Table Miscellany*—are to be found in almost every lyrical collection that has issued from the press since the days of Ramsay, the utmost ignorance prevailed as to his history and family. Even the very locality of Bangour came to be a matter of doubt. In Anderson's *British Poets*, published in 1794, Bangour is said to be in Ayrshire; Campbell, in his *British Poets*, published in 1819, repeats the same statement; so does Allan Cuninghame, in his *Collection of English and Scotch Songs*. In Burke's "*Landed Gentry*," a work which ought to be of authority, and where some account is given of the descendants of the poet, the designation of the present representative runs thus:—"Hamilton, James, Esq. of Bangour, Co. Ayr, and of Ninewar, *East Lothian*." In the "*History of the House of Hamilton*," Bangour is said to be in Linlithgow; and in a paper, in the "*Transactions of the Society of Antiquaries*," furnished by James Chalmers, Esq., London, nephew of George Chalmers, author of *Caledonia*, who supplies a number of details respecting the life of Hamilton,* Bangour and Ninewar are put down as in West Lothian. In Chambers' "*Lives of Distinguished and Illustrious Scotsmen*," the writer of the biography of Hamilton, who has evidently been indebted to Mr Chalmers' notes, states that "he was descended from the Hamiltons of Little Earnock in Ayrshire; his great-grandfather, James Hamilton (second son of John Hamilton of Little

* His uncle at one time contemplated publishing his Works, with a Memoir.

Earnock), being the founder of the family of Bangour." By the way, *John*, not *James*, was the name of the great-grandfather of the poet. Such contradictory statements are rather surprising, referring, as they do, to a simple matter of fact, which could have been ascertained beyond question by a little trouble. Fullarton & Co.'s *Gazetteer of Scotland* is the only work in which we have found the birth-place of the poet accurately stated; but even there, as if the genius of blundering were inseparable from the subject, the writer falls into a serious mistake, in stating that his ancestors were "of that ilk," a designation which would elevate them, as the head of all the Hamiltons, above the ducal house itself.

William Hamilton of Bangour, born in 1704, was the second son of James Hamilton, advocate, of Bangour,* parish of Uphall, in *Linlithgowshire*, which had been possessed by the family for some time previously. His grandfather and great-grandfather, descended of the Hamiltons of Earnock, near Hamilton, in *Lanarkshire*, are both mentioned in the testament of Sir Walter Stewart of Allanton, who died in March 1652. They are amongst the "holl friendis" appointed as overseers to his lady and daughter in the management of his property, and are designated "Johne Hamiltone of Bangor", Jon. Hamiltone his eldest lawⁿ sone and appeirand air.† James Hamilton, the poet's father, was a commissioner of supply for Linlithgow, appointed by parliament in 1696. His mother was an heiress of that county.‡ The writer of the brief sketch, in the edition of Hamilton's poems already alluded to, says "he was a gentleman of an opulent fortune, and of an ancient and honourable family." By the same authority, we are informed that he "had all the advantages of a liberal and polite education. His taste, like his studies, was unconfined, but his peculiar genius for poetry appeared at an early time of life. It was improved by a lively imagination, an exquisite delicacy of sentiment, an extensive acquaintance with the belles lettres, and a thorough knowledge of the world."

When twenty years of age, Hamilton was one of the gentlemen contributors to *The Tea-Table Miscellany*. He wrote the lines "To the Countess of Eglington, with the Gentle Shepherd," in 1725—being then twenty-one. "As he wrote entirely for his own amusement," continues the writer already quoted, "and that of his particular friends, few, if any, of his pieces were prepared for the press by himself. A collection of several of them was first published at Glasgow in 1748—(and afterwards reprinted)—not only without his name, but without his consent, and even without his knowledge. He was then abroad, and it was hoped the appearance of that collection would have drawn from him a more perfect edition. But though after his return, he corrected many errors of the Glasgow copy, occasioned by the inadvertency of transcribers, and considerably enlarged some of the poems, he did not live to make a new and complete publication. * * * Mr Hamilton possessed the social virtues in an eminent degree. His writings breathe the passions which he felt, and are seldom

cold or inanimate. The qualities of his heart and head were equally remarkable; and, in short, he was, in the proper sense of the word, a fine gentleman."

The notes respecting the life of Hamilton, furnished by Mr Chalmers in the *Transactions of the Society of Antiquaries*, sufficiently account for the paucity of information in the biographical sketch we have just been quoting from. Although a death-blow had been given to the hopes of the Stuarts by the defeat at Culloden, still political feeling ran high—and a degree of caution was necessary in the statement of facts. Hamilton married his first wife, Katherine, daughter of Sir James Hall of Dunglass, in 1743; yet, domestic and warm as were his affections, his national and poetic enthusiasm prompted him to espouse the cause of Prince Charles in 1745. After the battle of Prestonpans, he celebrated the victory by an ode, which was printed and circulated, and set to music by Macgibbon. It does not, for obvious reasons, appear in Gordon's edition of his poems; but it is published both in Anderson's and Alexander Chalmers' editions of the *British Poets*.

Hamilton's wife died in October 1745, leaving him an only son. This circumstance, which must have made a deep impression on his sensitive mind, prevented him, in all probability, from taking a more active part in the rebellion—for he is not known to have borne arms in the ranks of the Prince. He felt greatly overwhelmed by the result of the conflict at Culloden. A soliloquy, published in the *Scots Magazine* in 1746, gives expression to his feelings. It is as follows:—

Mysterious inmate of this breast,
Enkindled by thy flame;
By thee my being's best exprest,
For what thou art I am.

With thee I claim celestial birth,
A spark of heaven's own ray;
Without thee sink to vilest earth,
Inanimated clay.

Now in this sad and dismal hour
Of multiply'd distress,
Has any former thought the power
To make thy sorrows less.

When all around thee cruel snares
Threaten thy destin'd breath,
And every sharp reflection bears
Want, exile, chains or death;

Can ought that past in youth's fond reign
Thy pleasing vein restore,
Lives beauty's gay and festive train
In memory's soft store?

Or does the Muse? 'Tis said her art
Can fiercest pangs appease.
Can she to thy poor trembling heart
Now speak the words of peace?

Yet she was wont at early dawn
To whisper thy repose,
Nor was her friendly aid withdrawn
At grateful evening's close.

Friendship, 'tis true, its sacred might,
May mitigate thy doom;
As lightning shot across the night,
A moment gilds the gloom.

O God! thy providence alone
Can work a wonder here,
Can change to gladness every moan,
And banish all my fear.

Thy arm, all powerful to save,
May every doubt destroy;
And from the horrors of the grave,
New raise to life and joy.

From this, as from a copious spring,
Pure consolation flows;
Makes the faint heart midst sufferings sing,
And midst despair repose.

* There is a Barngor, or Bangour, in Ayrshire. Hew Lacey had a charter of "the 1d. land of Dundrome, Blaidache, Barngor, Kilmechanache, &c., in vic. de. air," from Robert the Bruce—*Robertson's Index of Charters*. Dundrome is evidently a misprint for *Sondrome* (now called *Sundrum*), in which barony, in the parish of Coyton, Barngor is situated. It was possessed for many centuries by a branch of the Crawford family.

† Commissary Records of Glasgow.

‡ Chalmers.

Yet from its creature, gracious Heaven,
Most merciful and just,
Asks but for life and safety given,
Our faith and humble trust.

Having thus committed himself—for, although his poetical effusions were published anonymously, they were known to be his composition by a wide circle—he found it necessary to retire to the Highlands, where he lurked for some time—suffering much discomfort, both bodily and mentally.* He, however, escaped to France, and lived there for three years in close retirement. Taking no part in the cogitations of the Jacobites while abroad, his friends at home were enabled to make up his peace with government, and he returned to his native land in 1749. It was while absent, in exile, that some of his poems were collected and printed.

In consequence of the death of his elder brother, who died unmarried, Hamilton succeeded to the family estates in 1750. He had never possessed a robust constitution, and the fatigues to which he had been exposed after Culloden, greatly impaired his health. Going abroad for the benefit of a warmer climate, he died, at Lyons on the 25th March 1754, in the 50th year of his age. His body was brought home, and interred in the Abbey Church of Holyrood. Hamilton married a second time, but the name of the lady is not known. She survived him for twenty-five years, and died in 1779. He had no issue by this marriage. His son James, by his first wife, succeeded him; and the present representative of the family is, as already stated, his great grandson.

Besides the preceding address to Lady Mary Montgomery, Hamilton wrote lines to her ladyship, in the Spenserian style, on seeing her sit to her picture, beginning,

"When Lindsay drew Montgomerie, heavenly maid," &c.

VALLEY OF DALRYMPLE—"CONQUEIST" OF THE BARONY OF THAT NAME.

BY A SOJOURNER ON THE BANKS OF THE DOON.

DALRYMPLE is the name of a parish in Ayrshire. The much celebrated Doon divides it from the parish of Kirkmichael, on the east. The church, and the few houses which constitute the original village of Dalrymple, stand in a picturesque bend on the margin of the river. A modern, but truly rural and lovely village, consisting of two sides of a square, has sprung up on the plain immediately adjacent. It has been questioned, but there can be little doubt, that the etymology, like that of most other places of old standing in Scotland, is Celtic. By the Highlander, who knew no English, at this day it would be called *Dail-a'-chruim-puill*—signifying the *dale of the crooked pool*. The change from pure Gaelic to *Dalrymple* may easily be accounted for, from our dislike of aspirate sounds, and a propensity to abbreviate. The *a'*, because almost silent in the Gaelic—and the *ch*, because aspirate, would both be taken away, leaving the word to be written or pronounced *Dalruim-puill*, or more simply, *Dalrimpill*, which is the usual spelling in old documents.

Dail-a'-chruim-puill, even at this day, is accurately descriptive of the valley or dale where stand the church and village of Dalrymple, and it would be still more so at the time the name was given. The Doon, which intersects the level, turns and bends considerably; but anciently it was much more crooked.

* Chalmers.

The outline of the old course of the river, from below Nether Skeldon, till it reaches the village, is still traceable—describing almost the figure S.

It is said by our old historians that a great battle was fought on the banks of the Doon, between the Roman legions and the Scots and Picts, in which the former suffered severely, and the latter were defeated with great loss. On the Dalrymple side of the Doon, at the head of the plain called Barbieston-holm, a tumulus existed some years ago—in which, when broken up, a skeleton was found in a stone coffin, of gigantic stature, and a number of Roman and British weapons. Another cairn remained until lately, nearly at the bottom of the holm, at a place which bears the name of Saint Valley, probably from its having been the site of a Romish chapel. In this cairn several Roman and British relics were also discovered—one of them, a bronze pitcher, is preserved at the manse. These are evidences of some conflict or other having taken place, at a remote period, between the "conquerors of the world" and the native tribes of Caledonia.

It has been objected by some, who look merely at the existing features of the country, that the valley, on the Dalrymple side of the river, is too small to have been the arena of a great battle. But when the ancient course of the Doon is taken into consideration, this objection falls to the ground. There are various other circumstances corroborative of the accuracy of the old historians. Within the circle of a few miles are the remains of no less than five British fortlets on the surrounding eminences, all commanding a view of the valley. One of these, the highest, describes the summit of the Downans hills—rendered famous by Burns, in his poem of Hallowe'en—

"Upon that night, when fairies light,
On Cassillis Downans dance."

The Roman road from Kirkcudbright by Dalmellington to Ayr, portions of which still remain, followed, at some distance, the course of the Doon, on the Kyle side of it, till, at a farm called Linston, where one of the fortlets is to be found, it deviated northward in the direction of Ayr. Chalmers, in his *Caledonia*, argues that the Romans were in the habit of pushing their armies into the midst of the British encampments,—not that these encampments were formed for the purpose of watching the movements of the invaders. Chalmers, however, great as he is in facts, cannot be regarded as an authority in matters of this kind; and it seems pretty evident that the fortlets in question were constructed by the native warriors as positions from whence to observe and give notice of the approach of the enemy. The holm at Barbieston was the most fordable part of the Doon, as well as an easy pass into Carrick—an obvious reason why the natives concentrated their forces at that particular point, and risked a great and fatal battle in disputing the farther progress of the Romans.

Not far from Saint Valley—part of this sanguinary field—and within a few hundred yards of the old course of the Doon, stood, on a rising ground in the plain, the castle of the Dalrymples, of the barony of Dalrymple, the progenitors of the noble family of Stair. Every vestige of the building has long ago been removed—so long indeed that no one in the district knows when or by whom it was swept away—and few in the district are aware that it ever existed at all. Such is the obliterating hand of time. There are, however, one or two individuals in the village who remember, when young, to have sported on the green knoll where once towered the castle walls, and rolled

themselves down the grassy sides of the hollow that formed the ditch around it. This, too, is now filled up and ploughed over; and a slight elevation above the surrounding level alone marks where the strong house of the Dalrymples had been.

This family is supposed, and rightly we think, to have derived their name from the valley—from which circumstance we should suppose them to have been neither Normans nor Saxons, but descendants of the ancient Celtic stock. We are aware that some learned antiquaries hold the adoption of a local patronymic to be a proof of foreign blood; but in this view we cannot coincide. What so natural, when surnames came to be used, as that a family should make choice of the designation by which their lands were known? And we are aware that, in our own day at least, emigrants from this country are in the habit of conferring their names and designations on the property they acquire abroad. In the case of the Dalrymples, the Christian names of the earliest of them on record are the same as those which prevailed amongst our Celtic ancestors of Ayrshire—such as Gilchrist, Malcolm, Roland, Hew, &c.

Almost nothing is known of the barony of Dalrymple, or of the Dalrymples in early times, save what occurs in the charters of the Kennedys of Dunure and Cassillis, afterwards Earls of Cassillis, now bearing the title of Marquis of Ailsa. "King Robert II., on the 30th of May 1731, confirmed to John Kenedy, the half of the barony of Dalrimpill, with its pertinents, in the county of Ayr; which half *fuit Malcolm Gilchristi, filii adæ de Dalrimpill*, and which the said Malcolm resigned to us. The same monarch, 18th September 1377, confirmed to the same John Kennedy the half of the barony of Dalrympill, with its pertinents, in the county of Ayr, *quæ fuit Hugonis filii Rolandi de Dalrympil*, and which the said Hugh resigned to us."^{*}

On the Kirkmichael side of the Doon, considerably farther down than the village of Dalrymple, embosomed among woods, stands the strong house of Cassillis, on a bank close to the river. The spot is, in itself, picturesque and interesting, but there is a romantic interest associated with it, from the tragedy so widely known by the ballad of "Johnnie Faa." In the days of Wallace, this castle belonged to Sir Neil Montgomerie, of the house of Eaglesham, who was put to death by the English in the Barns of Ayr, along with a number of the other chiefs of Ayrshire. In describing this cruelty, Henry, the blind minstrel, says:—

"The third entrit, that pete was for thy,
A gentill knycht, schir Neill of Mungumry."

A feud between the Kennedys and Dalrymples fell out in this way:—"The airis of Sir Neill," says the chronicler of the Kennedys,† "brukit the landis of Cassillis, quhill the ring of Robert the Second, the first of the Stewartis, at the quilk tyme the saidis landis fell to ane lass: and the Laird of Dalrimpill, her nyteboir, come to hir hous of Cassillis, and persewitt her, be forse, to have hir in marriage; the quilk scho wald nocht condescend to, bot defendit the hous. And at this tyme, the Laird of Donour,‡ that than was [Sir John Kennedy] cuming by, and perceiving the samyn, sett upone the Laird of Dalrim-

pill and slew him, and releifit the lady, and tuk hir with him to his hous of Donour; quhair, under promises off marriage, he maid hir to resing her landis in the Kingis handis in fauoris off him; bot I cannot reid that ever he mareyit hir to his wyff. Bot scho seing herself disappoyntit be that deid, tuk displeasour, and deit schoortlie thairefter. This was about the third yair off Robert the Second, quilk was the 1373 year of God. Now, the Laird of Dalrimpill being slane, as ye have hard, his landis fallis to his broder sonis, amangis the quilk thair wes gritt stryff, bot the youngest at last sold his rycht to the Laird of Donour. And thane, the Laird of Donour sett for the eldest, and slew him, littil abuiif the Kirk of Dalrimpill, quhair now thair is ane gritt cairne of stanis, to this day. And sa, be that rycht that he had of the youngest, he brukis the landis of Dalrimpill, and this wes dalrimpill's conquest."

There seems to be some ground for the chronicler's doubt as to whether the Laird of Dunure ever married the heiress of Cassillis. It is so said in the Broomlands MS. History of the Montgomery Family; but no documentary or other evidence exists to show that he did so. The oldest charter of the property is one of sale from Marjory de Montgomery, with consent of Marjory de Montgomery, daughter of John de Montgomery, her cousin.* The charter is without date, but supposed to have been granted about 1360. Whether this charter of sale proceeded upon a promise of marriage, as is asserted, it is, of course, impossible to say; but the chronicler's statement is otherwise, in some respects, borne out by tradition. It is reasonable to suppose that the slaughter of the Laird of Dalrymple, and the carrying away so rich a prize as the heiress of Cassillis, whose fair lands lay so temptingly adjacent to his barony, should excite a strong desire of revenge on the part of the Dalrymples. It was so far fortunate for Sir John Kennedy, however, that their own private disagreements rendered them comparatively powerless. According to a tradition, handed down by the domestics at Cassillis, Sir John had, on one occasion, a narrow escape. A reconciliation appears to have been brought about between the two houses; and the Dalrymples, by way of showing how heartily they had given up the feud, invited the new proprietor of Cassillis to a feast at the castle of Dalrymple. With almost incredible temerity or imprudence, Sir John Kennedy came alone, or at best with only one or two attendants. As he was about to enter the drawbridge, which he would, in all probability, never have recrossed, he heard the nurse, who had perhaps placed herself intentionally at the gate to apprise him of his danger, remark audibly to herself, that it was "a pity such a bird should be caught in such a snare." Sir John instantly took the alarm, and, hastily repairing to Cassillis, summoned his retainers, at the head of whom he attacked the Dalrymples, committed great slaughter, and laid waste their castle. Such "wes Dalrimpill's conquest."

This tradition rests on the authority of a domestic of David, tenth Earl of Cassillis, who died in 1792, without issue. The events it relates may, if ever it occurred, have taken place between the date, 1371, of the first charter of half of the barony of Dalrymple, upon the resignation of Malcolm, and that of the other half, on the resignation of Hugh, in 1377.

* Wood's Peerage.

† "Historie of the Kennedys," published from the original MS. in the Advocates' Library, by Pitcairn, in 1830.

‡ The original seat of the Kennedys, on the Carrick coast.

* The heiress of Cassillis was the daughter of Sir John de Montgomerie of Stair, upon whom devolved the lands on the death of Sir Neill; and her cousin was a daughter of Sir John de Montgomerie of Eaglesham.

"CHRONICLES OF THE CANONGATE."

No. I.

As I cam down the Canongate,
The Canongate, the Canongate,
As I cam down the Canongate,
I heard a lassie sing,
Merry may the keel row—
The ship that my love's in, &c.

Jacobite Song.

The lasses o' the Canongate,
O, they are wondrous nice,
They winna gie a single kiss,
But for a double price.
Gar hang them, gar hang them,
Heich upon a tree,
For we'll get better up the gate,
For a bawbee.—

Satire on the Court Ladies.

A doun along the Canongate,
Were beaux o' ilk degree;
And mony ane turned round to look
At bonny Mally Lee:
And we're a' gaun east and wast,
We're a' gaun agee,
We're a' gaun east and wast,
Courtin' Mally Lee.—*Old Song.*

THE Canongate of Edinburgh seems to have been a favourite with the muse of the "olden time." It is repeatedly alluded to in similar lyrics to the foregoing, as well as the more laboured episodes of the courtly poets of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; while, in our own day, the magic pen of the "author of Waverley," by his "Chronicles of the Canongate," has added a freshness to its classical and traditional interest that will long sustain it amidst the plebeian desolation into which it has fallen. Though forming a distinct burgh, governed by magistrates of its own, the Canongate is literally a continuation of the High Street of Edinburgh beyond the boundary of the ancient wall which encompassed the city—and, as such, is associated with most of those historical events that crowd the time-worn escutcheon of the Scottish capital. But it is no part of our present object, by tracing these, to enter upon a field which has already been pretty well explored. The "Chronicles" we mean to elucidate, refer more immediately to the municipality, its government and laws, together with such memorabilia, interesting or curious, as the records of the burgh supply. In this self-imposed task, we have the labours of an able pioneer before us—the "History of Edinburgh," by the well-known Maitland, published in 1753.

The burgh of Canongate dates its origin back to the days of David I.—that "sore saint for the crown"—who, in 1128, founded the Abbey of "Sanctæ Crucis," or Holyrood. If our ancient writers are to be credited, David was induced to build this religious house by supernatural influence. Wyntoun, however, who is very accurate as to the date of the foundation, takes no notice of the circumstance. He merely says—

"A thousand and hundyr and twenty yhere
And awcht to thai to rekyne clere,
Howdyd was the Halyrwd hows
Fra thine to be relogyows."

Maitland gives the tradition in his own peculiar style:—"In the early times of popery," he says, "nothing of moment was undertaken without a miracle. One of the first magnitude ushered in the founding of this abbey and church; for, King David I., being a hunting in the forest of Drum-selch, in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh castle, on Rood-day, or exaltation of the cross, was attacked by a large hart, who overbore both him and his horse; but luckily for David, while he was endeavouring with his hands to defend himself from the furious assaults of the buck, a cross from heaven slipped into his hand, which so frightened the stag that he forthwith turned tail, and ran away in the greatest confusion, to the great joy of the king and his followers, who congratulated him on his happy delivery. The texture of this heavenly cross, no wonder, was such that none could tell whether it was wood or metal! This attack of the hart's having put an end to the chase, David repaired to his castle of Edinburgh; where, in the night following, he was in a dream advised to erect an abbey, or house for canons regular, on the spot where the celestial cross was put into his hand. In obedience to this visionary command, the king erected a house for the said canons, and dedicating it to the honour of the aforesaid cross, deposited the same therein, where it is said to have remained till the reign of King David II., whom it unluckily could not protect, as it did his predecessor, his namesake; for both he and it were taken by the English at the battle of Durham; in which city it is said to have been held in great veneration for ages after."

Maitland quotes the charter of foundation of this abbey, "from the beautiful original in the archives of Edinburgh," accompanying it with a translation. The abbey was richly endowed. It had a grant of the church of the castle [of Edinburgh,] "trial by duel, water, and fire ordeal,* so far as appertains to the ecclesiastical dignity, with the town of Saughton, and its several divisions, the church and parish of St Cuthbert's, with all things thereunto belonging;" all the lands lying under the castle, viz.:—"from the well which riseth or springeth near the corner of my [the king's] garden, by the way which leads to the church of St Cuthbert's. And, on the other hand, along the foot of the Castle-hill to a rock at the eastern side of the said Castle-hill,

* It was anciently the law for the accused to challenge the accuser to fight in public duel, and thus vindicate himself. Iniquitous persons, however, took advantage of this law to wreak their private revenge, and the innocent often suffered. Trial by jury came to be substituted. Ordeal was an ancient method of purgation by water and fire. The former was either in hot or cold water. If in cold, the suspected parties were adjudged innocent if their bodies floated. If in hot, if their arms and legs, which were immersed, escaped unhurt from the boiling water. The parties tried by fire ordeal, walked barefooted and blindfolded over nine glowing ploughshares; or carried in their hands burning irons, usually of a pound weight, which was called simple ordeal; those of two pounds, double ordeal; and those of three pounds, triple ordeal. If the accused were unhurt, they were considered innocent. The fire ordeal was for the trial of free-men and persons of distinction; and that of water, for bondmen and rustics.

with two chapels belonging to the said church of St Cuthbert's; namely, Corstorphin, with two *bovatis** and six acres of land; and the chapel of Liberton, with two oxgangs, (thirty acres,) together with all the rights and tithes, as well of the dead as the living in Legbernard, which Macbeth gave to the said church, and I have confirmed." The church of Airth, in Stirlingshire, with salt-pan and certain lands, was also granted to the abbey, with liberty to the canons to erect a mill upon the lands, and have the right of rivers, fishings, meadows, and pastures,—“together,” continues the charter, “with the town of Broughton and its respective divisions; the lands of Inverleith, in the neighbourhood of the harbour, with the said harbour, half of the fishings and tithes of the several fisheries belonging to the church of St Cuthbert. The towns of Pittendrich, Hamar, and Fordam, with their several divisions; and the hospital with a caracate or plough of land,† with a perpetual annuity of forty shillings out of my town of Edinburgh; and for supplying the said canons with apparel, I give to them one hundred shillings out of my *cain*‡ at Perth, and from the duties which arise to me out of the first merchant ships which arrive at Perth; and if more shall happen to arrive, I then give to the said church, out of my revenues in Edinburgh, the sum of forty-eight shillings; out of Stirling, twenty shillings, with a house, and one draught of a fishing-net at the said place; and forty shillings out of Perth, with a house in my town of Edinburgh, free of all duties and customs whatsoever; together with a house in the town of Berwick, a draught of two nets in Scypwell; a house in Renfrew, five particates,§ and one draught of a net for salmon, with a right to fish for herrings.” David I. at the same time granted to the canons a perpetual annuity of ten pounds for lighting and repairing their church—as much wood out of the forests of Stirling and Clackmannan as they required—one-half of the tallow, lard and hides of the beasts killed in Edinburgh, “with the tithes of whales and sea monsters due to me, from the river Avon to Colbrand's Path, with the tithes of all my pleas and profits from the said Avon to the said Colbrand's Path, and the half of my pleas and profits of Kintyre and Argyll; with the skins of all the rams, sheep and lambs belonging to my castle of Linlithgow, which die naturally; and eight chaldrons of malt, eight of meal, thirty cart-loads of brushwood of Liberton, one of my mills of Dene, with the tents of my mills of Liberton and Dene, and those of my new mill of Edinburgh and Craigsenmark as far as they appertain to me; with all that belonged to Vineth White on the said rock, to be held in free and perpetual alms.”

In addition to all this, the canons had a grant of the Canongate, with liberty to buy and sell in

open market. It was then called the “town of *Herbergare*.” The charter says, “I likewise grant to the said canons the town of *Herbergare*, lying betwixt the said church and my town (of Edinburgh), and that the burgesses thereof have the liberty of buying and selling goods and merchandise in open market, as freely, and without molestation and reproach, as any of my own burgesses. And I strictly enjoin that no person presume to take by force any bread, ale, or other vendible commodity, without the consent of the said burgesses. I also grant that the said canons be free from all tolls and customs in my several burghs and lands, in all things they deal in; and I strictly forbid all persons from taking a poind, or making a seizure in or upon the lands of the said Holy Cross, unless the abbot refuse to do justice to the person injured. I will, likewise, that the said canons hold all the aforesaid things as fully as I enjoy my lands; and, I grant that the said abbot shall have his court in as full, free, and honourable a manner as the bishop of St Andrew's, abbot of Dunfermling, and abbot of Kelso enjoy theirs.”

The abbey of Holyrood, to which the priories of St Mary's Isle, Blantire, Rowadill, Crusa, and Oranza, appear subsequently to have belonged, was one of the richest in Scotland. At the Reformation, its revenues amounted in money to the yearly sum of £2926, 8s. 6d. Scots, 27 chaldern and 10 bolls of wheat; 40 chaldern and 9 bolls of bear; 34 chaldern, 15 bolls, 3 firlets, 3½ pecks of oats; 501 capons, 24 hens, 24 salmon, 12 loads of salt, and swine, the number of which is not mentioned. The canons were of the St Augustine order, and brought from the priory of St Andrew's, in Fife.

*Herbergare**, after this grant, came to be called the *Canongate*, from its proprietors, the canons of the abbey; and, under that name, had many privileges conferred upon it by Robert, abbot of Holyrood, which were not only confirmed, but additional privileges granted, by David II., Robert III., and James II. and III. These sovereigns “granted to the bailies, consuls, and community of the burgh of the Canongate, the several annuities payable at the Exchequer, by the said burghs, the common moor lying between the lands of Broughton on the west, those of Pilrig on the east, and the way leading from Edinburgh to Leith on the south, with all the rights and customs thereunto belonging; together with all the liberties, commodities, privileges, and immunities, appertaining to a burgh of regality. And that it shall be lawful for the burgesses of the said borough to sell wood, salt, iron, wool skins, hides, bread, ale, cloth, and other staple commodities; with a right to have bakers, cloth-workers, and a number of other

* *Bovate*, or *Bovata Terra*, is an oxgate of land, as much as an ox can plough in a year—about fifteen acres.

† *Caracate*, or *Caracuta Terra*, said to be as much as may be ploughed within a year and a day by one plough, estimated in England at one hundred acres.

‡ *Cain*, duty paid to the superior, more especially for lands held of the church, and for tithes paid to the church.

§ *Particata Terra*: a rood of land.

* Probably from the Celtic *Airbhegear*, signifying short ribs; very characteristic of the Canongate, even at this day, as compared with Edinburgh. The High Street and Canongate form, as it were, the vertebra, and the narrow lanes and closes running from them, the ribs. The ridge upon which the city is built, becomes much narrower as it approaches the level at Holyrood. Maitland hints that the name may be from the Saxon *herberg*, an inn; but it is not easy to see how the Canongate should have been so distinguished over other similar places of entertainment.

artificers, sufficient to supply the market, and to carry on commerce; with a power to elect annually, at Michaelmas, two or three bailiffs, a treasurer, with a proper number of officers, for the administration of justice within the said burgh, who shall continue in office during the space of one year, and shall yearly account for the administration of their respective offices, to a committee of burgesses, to be chosen for that purpose. And the said burgesses were likewise empowered to hold courts, both civil and criminal, for the administration of justice, and the fines arising therefrom to be employed in the service of the town; provided always that the acts and statutes for preserving peace within the said burgh, be conform to the laws and statutes of the kingdom. And the said burgesses were to have and hold all their rights, privileges, and immunities, aforesaid, in free burghage, as fully, freely, and honourably, as any other burgh of royalty within the kingdom, rendering yearly at the Exchequer for the same the sum of fourpence, Scottish money."

TRADITIONAL ACCOUNT OF THE BATTLE OF BLAIRLEINE.

THE patriarchal chief, *Mac vic Alleine*, or Clanranald, was married to the daughter of the feudal chief, Lord Lovat, and the hero of the battle of Blairleine was the issue of this union. His father died when he was an infant, and his mother, who had made herself obnoxious to the clan by several innovations on the economy of the establishment, by much too near akin to the parsimony of the Gaul or stranger, to be palatable to a race prejudiced and armed against any open or covert attempt to reduce them under the feudal system, considered it prudent to retire with her son, during his minority, into the bosom and protection of her own family. Here the young Clanranald became the favourite of his mother's relatives, and was taught all the knightly education and warlike accomplishments of the age; but, unfortunately for him, his worthy mother was but too successful in opening his eyes to the advantages that would be insured to him by reforming the profuse expenditure of his patriarchal establishment, getting his country converted into a feudal barony, and reducing his clan to the condition of vassals and serfs.*

While the young Clanranald was devoting himself to the training and accomplishments suited to a gallant and high-born chief, his uncle, "Iain Muidartach," was exercising in his own country all the influence and authority which his bold, wary, and ambitious conduct, and character had enabled him to acquire over the Macdonalds and their neighbours, in times of no ordinary peril and commotion among the patriarchal clans, occasioned by the grasping intrigues of Argyle on the west, and the feudal chiefs and lords, Macintosh, Mar, Huntly, Lovat, and others on the east. In

short, John of Moidart,* by his policy, address, caution, and success in many difficult negotiations and daring exploits, became so powerfully established in the hearts and counsels of the clan as to augur no favourable reception to Ronald Galda, or the stranger (as the young chief was sneeringly named), should he ever venture back to claim his hereditary right.

But Ronald Galda was not a man capable of tamely yielding up his inheritance; and his uncle, Lovat, was determined to support him, not only with his own clan, but also with the clan Macintosh and other feudal allies, until he should be firmly seated and established in the chiefship and hereditary possessions. Notice was accordingly sent to John of Moidart, that his nephew would come to be inaugurated in the chair of his ancestors, and take upon him the government of the clan, on a certain day named by the messenger; and that he wished his uncle to invite the friends of the clan, and make the necessary arrangements for feasting them on the auspicious occasion.

John of Moidart was not slow in making the necessary preparations for the coming gathering; nor did Lovat neglect to summon his clan and allies to attend his nephew to Arasaig, and see him installed in the chair of his ancestors; but instead of taking the direct route by the great glen of Scotland, he crossed over the hills, and, joining the Macintoshes, proceeded by Lochlaggan (the hunting ground of our ancient kings and heroes, as the names of the mountains, glens and islands in the vicinity testify) Glenspean, Kep-poch (the seat of the chivalrous and poetic chiefs of the Macdonalds of Brae Lochaber), by the north side of Highbridge (where the first blow was struck for "bonny Prince Charlie"), and across Gerlochie and by Lechiell, Lochsheal, and Glenfinnan to Arasaig.†

* The history of John of Moidart, who flourished about the middle of the sixteenth century, is a singular commentary on the difference between the traditions of the people and the records of the courts of Scotland. In the latter, John of Moidart figures as a petty robber or thief, and occasionally as a murderer or housebreaker; and in this light must be appear in the eyes of those who scorn the aid of tradition in the elucidation of the national character. For assuredly the patriarchal was the national system, by which the people of Scotland, with the exception of the vassals and serfs of the feudal lords and barons (who alone submitted, or had influence in our then courts of law), were practically governed at that time; and John of Moidart was not only a brave and a powerful chief, but the very Wallace of those who looked upon that system as the palladium of their rights and liberties. No man can form a true estimate of the character of the people of Scotland in "the olden time" who does not recognise the strongly marked difference between the patriarchal and the feudal systems; and who is ignorant of the number of feuds, raids, and battles, occasioned by the encroachments of the one on the other. It was not the violent and disorderly character of the people, but the machiavelian, unconstitutional, and cruel policy of the kings of Scotland, to exalt and consolidate their own power, by reducing the people into vassals and serfs, to feudal, or charter-made lords or chiefs, that was the cause of the feuds and bloodshed which kept the country in a continual state of civil war for so many ages.

† Than the above route none can be more rich in all the features most admired in Highland scenery, or more intimately associated with the poetry and traditions of the olden time; and it is now destined to acquire addi-

* The introduction of the feudal system was a work of slow progress in the Highlands. Between it and the patriarchal there was a vital distinction. Under the patriarchal the land belonged to the clan as a body; by the latter it was made the property of the chief.

The Frasers and Macintoshes were received with courtesy, and apparently with cordiality, by John of Moidart and the vast assemblage of his friends and allies who attended in honour of the august ceremony of installing the new chief.

Ronald Galda, after being introduced to the chiefs, ceann tigheas, and other gentlemen of distinction, strolled over the lawn to look at the preparations which had been made for the refreshment of the multitude of his friends; and, as fate would have it, the parsimonious principles of his mother obtained the mastery of his mind at the sight of the hecatomb of slain sheep and oxen, and he exclaimed, in ill-disguised displeasure, that "as many hens as they had slain of beeves were more than sufficient to dine double the number assembled."

The Macdonalds were prejudiced against the maternal blood of their young chief, and had been devoted to the interests of his wise, generous, and undaunted uncle, John of Moidart, who commanded them, with brilliant success, in many battles. They also heard enough of the sentiments of their young chief and Lovat to suspect them strongly of a design to introduce the feudal system among them. They accordingly took up the remark he had made in the worst spirit, as a watchword, and it flew with lightning speed from man to man, and group to group, till the whole plain seemed to reverberate to the nick-name of contempt instantly affixed upon Ronald Galda by the Macdonald bards, namely, "the hen chief."

The proverbial courtesy and forbearance of the clans at their social meetings was not departed from on this occasion during the ceremony of inauguration and the subsequent banquet; but it was evident to Lovat and Macintosh, that the calmness with which both were allowed to proceed was any thing but a proof of the cordiality with which the clan received their young chief. They accordingly took their departure, carrying the "hen chief" along with them, immediately afterwards. The Macdonalds, suspecting evil designs

tional interest from being the route of the Queen from "the beauteous lake of woody isles," by Glenspean and the great glen of Albyn, to Inverness.

Lochlaggan and the surrounding country is the scene of the old poem, published by Ronald Macdonald, called "The aged bard's desire," and of "The hunter and the owl," also translated, but in a spirit which scarcely does justice to the original, by Mrs Grant of Laggan. Not far from it is also the scene of an act of vengeance by Sir James Macdonald of Sleat, whose ancestors had adopted the feudal system in the days of Robert Bruce, against Alastair, the son of Dugald Mor, and his nephews, for the murder of Macdonald of Keppoch and his brothers. They were besieged in a blockhouse, which they had built at Inverlair, by his brother "Ciaran Mabach," who took off their heads, had them boiled in a cauldron at Invergarry, and sent off to Edinburgh by the celebrated bard Iain Goin in justification of the act.

This is the event which caused the erection of the monument at Tobar-nan-cean, where the heads had been washed, by the late Glengarry, who seems to have received and believed an erroneous version of the tradition, to the effect that the race of Dugald Mor had been slain by Lord McDonnell of Glengarry. The attempted fabrication of the above tradition, however, has failed of its object; for although adopted by all "veritable Guide Books," thrust into the hands of all tourists in the Highlands, the monument is known in the district only by the name of "*Clach nam breug*," i. e., the stone of lies.

against their country on the part of Lovat, and their now evidently alarmed and indignant chief, concluded that they would return in greater force at no distant day. No sooner were their backs turned than they mustered in full force; and, taking a short cut along the north side of the country of the Camerons, descended the mountains of Glengarry to intercept Lovat and the Frasers in the great glen of Scotland, after they should have separated from the Macintoshes—the direct route of the latter being by Glenluy and Glenroy, and of the former by the great glen already mentioned.

Macintosh, suspecting such a manœuvre on the part of John of Moidart, strongly urged Lovat and the Frasers to accompany him home to Moyhall, and to cross the hills to his own country as he had done on his way to Arasaig; but Lovat's pride took the alarm, and he determined, come what might, that he would not deviate from his direct route to his own country. He accordingly marched along the southern margin of Lochloch, while Macintosh proceeded homewards by Glenluy and Glenroy.

Among the Macdonalds there was an old man who had seven sons by his first wife, and one by a second, who was still a youth. This person was himself a powerful and skilful swordsman, and his seven sons were not inferior to their stern and stalwart father, either in strength or dexterity in the use of their weapons. The Macdonalds had proceeded on their march with great celerity, and some of them were outrun in the race; but when they mustered their numbers on the top of the hill of North Laggan, ere they descended into the plain, the old man found that he was not only surrounded by his seven sons by his first, but also attended by a youth, his only son by his second wife, whom he passionately loved, and whom he could not think of leaving behind him, in the event of his fall in the battle, bereaved of her only son. He therefore tried all his powers of persuasion, but in vain, to induce the youth to return home. At length, determined to try the effect of taunts, since other means had failed, he exclaimed, in accents of coarse severity, "I hate to see in battle a beardless youth, escaped from the spoon-feeding care of his mother!" The youth said nothing, but descended into the field of battle by the side of his veteran and determined father.

When Lovat issued from the wood of Letterfinlay, on the broad field of Culross, he saw the Macdonalds drawn up in line, with their right wing resting on the head of Lochloch, and their left on a marsh below the house of Kinloch, thus cutting off his route to his own country, by Shian and Laggan. He was now again strongly advised, by one of the patriarchs of his clan, to ascend the hill slantingly, above Kinloch, and cross by Corryshian, into Glenroy, and, by this route, to rejoin the Macintoshes, and to proceed to his own country by Moyhall. But Lovat and his brave clan were by much too proud and high-minded "to fly from an unfoughten field," and so he immediately advanced to plunge into battle; but the day being extremely hot, and seeing that the Macdonalds had stripped, as had been the wont of the clans when fighting in their own country (as on the day of the battle of the Grampians,

and that of Killicrankie), he ordered his clan to strip also. Hence this memorable clan engagement is called the battle of Blairleine—the field of shirts.

The space on which this bloody clan-battle was fought did not exceed half a mile square, being bounded on the one side by Lochloch, on the other by the bog already mentioned, and on the other two sides, by the hills of Kinloch and Kilisann. This space is now partly covered by the loch, which has been embanked at Gerloch, and so deepened, and thrown eastward; and also by the Caledonian Canal; but the two hillocks to which the wounded and the dying are said to have crawled from the field are still visible, the one on the south, and the other on the north side of the glen; but both now are almost covered by the head of the loch. The one was called *enocan* (the Gaelic *e* sounds like *k* hard) *nancreukhd*, and the other, *enocan oich-oich*!—names very appropriate for the stations of wounded men.

After the clans had joined in the melee, in which “chief closed with chief, and man with man,” with deadly animosity, and inveterate determination, the tide of battle is described as rolling from one side of the plain to the other—now to the north and now to the south, as the one party or the other prevailed, during the whole afternoon of the summer day.

Ronald Galda, young, powerful, and active, and a perfect master of the science of swordmanship, was determined to requite upon the loftiest crests in the Macdonald band the insults and the contempt of which he had been the object, and the now deliberate usurpation of his title, office, and rights, as chief of his clan, by his uncle. Resolved to bring the stern question between them to the arbitrament of a personal conflict, he overlooked every meaner object of vengeance, and made incredible exertions to meet him in the battle; but cool, wary, and skilful, John of Moidart, surrounded by his *leine-chrios*, or shirt of mail, as the body guard of a Highland chief has ever been called (until Sir Walter Scott, and his mob of scribbling followers, fastened on them an opprobrious name, at once alien to the genius of their thoughts and language), seemed to decline or to overlook his nephew's repeated attempts to come into contact with him, and traversed the field, wherever his presence was needed—here restoring order in his own ranks, and there, beating the enemy to the ground. But not unscathed did this devoted band move through the broken ranks of the enemy, though everywhere attended by victory. The swords of Ronald Galda and his gallant relative, Lovat, who, with his *leine-chrios*, never lost sight of his young, brave, and distinguished nephew—distinguished not less by his lofty and commanding stature, than his irresistible sword—were cutting them to the ground, one by one, until, of these gallant bands, composed of the choice warriors of both clans, none were left but Ronald Galda and the old veteran formerly mentioned. The old man saw four of his gigantic and brave sons cut down before his eyes, by Lovat and Ronald Galda, while he himself was compelled to stand fixed to the spot, like a chained lion, over the prostrate body of his chief, John of Moidart, who had fallen severely wounded, to guard it from further injury,

until removed from the field; and the other three had fallen at an early period of the engagement. The wounded chief having been carried away, the old man, inflamed with feelings of the most deadly hate and revenge against Ronald Galda, now assailed him with incredible fury; but finding himself baffled by the skilful swordmanship of Ronald, and feeling his own inferiority, if not in strength, at least in quickness and agility of action, he changed from the offensive to the defensive, and while parrying the dexterous strokes and thrusts of his opponent, was slyly giving ground, inch by inch; thus, in his politic retreat, drawing his opponent towards the Macdonald side of the field. At this moment, his youngest son, by his second marriage (who had been separated from him, and was running, in great anxiety and distress, over the now comparatively silent and deserted field of battle, looking for his father) made his appearance; and either not comprehending the motive of the retreating steps of the veteran, or still remembering, with some indignation, the taunt of the morning, exclaimed, “I hate the sight which meets my eye, the backward steps of an old man in battle!” and he instantly dashed in, sword and target in hand, between the old man and Ronald, calling out “*coram na Feime*”—the equal combat of the Fingalians—being the usual pledge of a fair field and no favour, among the clans. Though equal in courage to his opponent, yet the youth was far his inferior in strength and skill in the use of his weapons. This was evident to the old man at a glance, and his feelings of hatred and revenge against Ronald Galda being now excited to madness, by alarm for his young, gallant, and only remaining son, a demon thought entered into his heart, and he called out, “I will not be a traitor to you, Ronald, they are at you behind!” Ronald, thrown off his guard in the impulse of the moment, looked behind him, and was instantly cut down by the old man, who raised a shout of triumph that communicated the fall of Ronald Galda to friends and foes over all the field.

Lovat and Ronald Galda down, and but few, indeed, of their chivalrous and gallant clan now left, the survivors determined, if possible, to make good their retreat, and draw off to the south-east corner of the field, where they still formed a small band of brothers and kinsmen. But the remnant of the Macdonalds, though in number scarcely exceeding their own, were excited and exasperated into fury by the resistance they had met, and the loss—the irremediable loss—all and each of them had sustained in kinsmen and brothers, dear and precious to their hearts, on the fatal field of Blairleine. They, accordingly, mustered all their strength on the opposite side of the field, and prepared for a new, a last, and an exterminating assault on the remnant of the Frasers, who, seeing that all further resistance was aimless, if not hopeless, fled with precipitation through the great glen of Albyn, towards their now bereaved country and families; but such was the inveteracy and determination of the vengeful Macdonalds, that they followed, in hot pursuit, slaying all whom they could overtake on the way, for the distance of about ten miles.

The last of the Frasers slain in the pursuit, is the only one of the gallant and devoted

band whose name has been retained in my memory during the half century which has nearly elapsed since I heard this traditional account of Blairleine from one of the veterans of forty-five, who was a cottar of my father. His name (I mean Fraser's) was Donald. This, it is said, may still be ascertained and attested by any one having Macdonald blood in his veins, who is daring enough to cross the hill of Culeachie, where he fell, at any time before "the wee short hour ayont the twal," when the cock warns all evil things to depart from the haunts of man by his morning challenge—for he is sure to make his appearance, carrying his head, (which was severed from his neck by a single cut of a ferrara) in his hands, and, chasing and flinging it at the horror-struck traveller, as he repeats the following words with an elrich voice and great volubility of accent, "Sinibh, sinibh, eir Donalan gun chean—Sinibh, sinibh, eir Donalan gun chean!" chase, chase him, little Donald, without a head—chase, chase him, little Donald, without a head.

In the meantime, Ronald Galda was carried, still alive, from the field, and laid on a bed in a hut by the side of Cnocan Oich-Oich, while a wild, hair-brained personage, who was alternately the prophet and the leech of the clan, after having examined the wound, proceeded to report the state of the case to John of Moidart. "Will he live," inquired the chief, with a kindling eye and husky voice, casting a look of intelligence at the leech. "He might live," replied the wretch, "but so small is his hold of life that the point of the dealg (pin) which fastens your plaid were sufficient to send him into eternity, for his brain is laid open by the wound." The chief drew the dealg in silence, from his plaid, and handed it to the leech, who, with a fiendish smile on his thin and haggard face, instantly entered the hut, where he found the old man and the youth, his son, watching over the apparently unconscious chief, and bathing his couch with their tears—a change of feeling not uncharacteristic of the wild, passionate, but kind and warm-hearted Highland warrior of "the olden time."

The leech approached the bed and tried, with a gentle hand, to remove the dirk, a weapon which the young chief loved, and which, some how or other, he had contrived to draw from its sheath as he was being carried from the field; but he found that the attempt was discovered, and that Ronald Galda had still sufficient strength to resist him. The old man observed the attempt of the leech, and the tightening grasp of the chief on his dagger, and said fiercely, "Why dost thou want to disarm his hand? Canst thou not examine and bind up the wound without removing the dirk?" "I like not, said the leech, "to exercise my skill on armed men; but if thou wilt remove the weapon, I will do all I can to relieve him, although I fear there is little chance of his recovery, the strongest arm of the Clanranald having addressed his trenchant blade to his skull."

The old man groaned in the inmost core of his heart, and said, "would that that arm had been in the grave ere it aimed the accursed blow at his head; but alas, alas, no man need now fear the dirk of the heroic chief. Do thou examine the wound, and if thou canst but cure and set him

again on his feet, thou mayest ever count on an unflinching friend in me, and every man who will adhere to me in his defence."

The leech, in seeming compliance, made the old man and his son draw back from the bed, and leaned over the chief in the apparent examination of the wound. Ronald Galda gave a convulsive start—the leech shrunk back in alarm, but with the quickness of lightning, the dirk was buried in his heart; and, with this last act of just vengeance, Ronald Galda ceased to live.

D. C.

DRUIDICAL REMAINS AT LEYS, NEAR INVERNESS.

IF we may judge from the number of stone circles scattered over Inverness-shire, it would seem that that county was, in ancient times, a favourite haunt of Druidism. These remains are particularly numerous on the plains bordering the Moray Firth. It is true that the forests of oak, in which the altars of the Druids were raised, have passed away. The stone circles now stand deserted and bare, some on moors, some amid clumps of firs, and some are to be traced in cultivated fields, among the corn crops. Although it is creditable to the men of the north that they have been less influenced by the spirit of levelling than the inhabitants of some districts of the south, time and change have not overlooked these sacred monuments. In general, the circles are imperfect, the stones having been overturned and covered by the soil, detached, or entirely removed; so that, of the many temples at one time perfect not more than one or two are worthy of a visit. Perhaps the most entire is that near Leys Castle, on a detached part of the estate of Raigmore, and which, though in the parish of Croy, is not more than two and a half miles from Inverness. From the Moray Firth, the land rises up with a gradual ascent southerly—now divided into fields luxuriant with crops; now broken into small ravines, through which hill-streams find a passage; and here and there dotted with clumps and belts of wood. Half a mile eastward from Leys Castle there is a round gravel mount, rising from twenty to thirty feet above the level of the fields, and the temple is placed on the top of it. Two concentric circles are all but perfect. The outer consists of large stones placed apart, of which sixteen occupy their proper places. The line of the inner circle is from eight to ten feet within the outer. It is formed of smaller, though still large, stones set on edge, and close together, with a vacant space or entrance on the western side of the altar. With the exception of a few stones wanting in the southern bend, the circle is quite perfect, twenty-nine still remaining. The diameter of the inner circle may be roughly estimated at about twenty-four feet, and in the centre a large slap is placed on its edge. Near it, on the east, a large stone lies flat; and on the right hand, from the entrance, betwixt the centre stone and the inner circle, another minor circle may be clearly traced. In a line west from the altar to the entrance, and a few feet beyond the outer circle, an immense mass of conglomerate stands upright, overtopping the circles. It is

about ten feet high, from the surface of the ground, and it has been ascertained that it is embedded to an equal depth. The stone is nearly flat on the top, and its square is about twenty feet. How such an immense mass was elevated to its position is matter of wonder. It shows that the Druids understood not a few of the mysteries of mechanics.

About twenty years ago a very rare relic of the ancient priesthood was found at this place—an instrument of gold, supposed to be that with which the Arch-druid cut the sacred mistletoe. In length it measured about twenty inches. In the centre it was three-sided, with sharp edges; towards the ends it was twisted round and round, and each end terminated in a crook like that of a shepherd's staff. The relic was perfect in every respect. It fell into the hands of a goldsmith in Inverness, a zealous and intelligent collector of all such curiosities. He experienced considerable trouble, however, from the Barons of Exchequer, by whom the relic was claimed. After having it in their possession for some time, it was returned, and passed into the hands of a Yorkshire lady, in whose keeping it probably still remains. The following is a sketch of one half of it:—



When the rites of the ancient faith were performed in this temple, it is to be presumed that not only the mound on which it stands, but all the plain, was shaded by the dark leaves of acorn-dropping oaks. Now the face of nature has undergone a change, like all things not eternal. But, standing where the devotees have stood, and gazing between the branches of the bordering larches, it can scarcely be imagined that the scene, in its mutation, has lost anything of its grandeur. How well does the vast panorama of plain and wood, hill and mountain, lakes, river and sea, shining in all the green and golden beauty of a summer noon, speak of the great hand of heaven; awaken irresistibly that impression of the reality of Deity which seems to have been the chief "end and aim" of Druid faith! Behind, the land rises up and up, green crop and pasture field, until the eye dwells on the distant hills above Stratherrick. West, far over the woods, in the deep valley, lies Loch Ness, with the blue, dome-like summit of Meallfourvonie marked against the sky. Through an open and lovely glen the river flows northward to the firth; the glen bounded by the green slopes of the Dunearn ridge, crowned with a range of vetuſtified forts, and terminating in the round and wooded Craig-Phadrig; while over it, like a dim head of clouds, rise the wild hills of Strathglass. To the east stretches out Drummossie moor; below it lies the Moray Firth, and far away, the coasts of Sutherland. Before us, over the steeples of the town, and the still waters of Loch Beaulf, appears the black Isle of Ross, and the massive shoulders of Ben Wyvis, now, for a brief day of freedom, divested of their snowy covering. The heavens are sunny above, the earth all bloom below—the Great Creator's presence is over all! Surrounding

the circle itself, I have said, is a belt of larch. Amongst the larch, a few common and weeping birches give sweet odour to the cold altars; and a young plantation of oaks, rising rapidly, promises to supplant the less glorious trees. In a few years the oak will again wave over the sacred temple.

J. C. P.

BURNES, OR BURNS?—THE POET.

ALLAN CUNINGHAME, in his life of Burns, states that the family name was *Burness*, and that the poet continued to call himself so till 1786. He says, alluding to that period,—

"Burns now openly took upon himself the name of Poet; he not only wrote it in his books, but wrought it in his rhymes, and began to entertain hopes of distinction in the realms of song. But nothing, perhaps, marks the character of the man more than the alteration which he made in his own name. He had little relish for bygone things; [?] there are few gazings back at periods of honour or of woes in all his strains. The name he had hitherto borne was of old standing, the Poet sat in judgment upon it, concluded that it had a barbarous sound, and threw away Burness—a name two syllables long, and adopted that of Burns in its stead. Had his father been alive, this might not have happened. On the 20th of March 1786, he says to one of his correspondents:—'I hope, some time before we hear the gowk, to have the pleasure of seeing you at Kilmarnock, when I intend having a gill between us in a mutchkin stoup, which will be a great comfort and consolation to, dear sir, your humble servant, Robert Burness.' This is the latest time that I find his original name in his own hand-writing."*

There is something unaccountable in this. We should think that spelling his name *Burness* was a crotchet of the poet, unsanctioned by the pronunciation of the district, and the practice of the family. We have proof of this in the session records of the parish of Ayr, where the birth and baptism of our national bard is thus entered:—

"Robert Burns, son law: to William Burns, in Alloway, and Agnes Brown, his spouse, was born Jan^y 25th 1759. Bapt. 26th, By Mr Wm. Dalrymple—Witnesses, John Tennant† and James Young."

We find entered in the same way:—"Gilbert Burns, son to William Burns, gairdener, and Agnes Brown," born March 2, 1762. In short, the births of the whole family—*Agnes, Annabella, William, John, and Isobel*—are all similarly recorded in the session books. It would thus appear that, whatever the origin of the name, it was pronounced simply *Burns* by the father of the poet himself: for, if the stern adherent to rule he is represented, it is not at all probable that he would have tolerated so great a deviation from the patronymic of his fathers, as appears in the session books.

Many of our readers may not be aware that the name *Burns*, not *Burness*, if not common, was at least not rare in Ayrshire long before the settlement of the poet's father at Alloway. For example, we meet

* This is a mistake; he signs himself *Burness* in a letter to Mr Aitken, dated "Mosgiel, 3d April 1786."

† John Tennant was a blacksmith in Alloway, where his descendants still carry on the same business. Their smithy is in the same range of buildings with Burns' cottage.

‡ Mrs Begg, now living with her daughters at Bridge-house, near Ayr.

with the following entry in the parish records:—"John Burnes, son of John Burnes, in Burrowfield, and Agnes McMillan his spouse, born 12th Feb. 1666."

This person's name was simply *Burns*—the silent *e*, as in *Browne*, or *Paterson*, being frequently added to names ending with a consonant in these days. There are a number of other entries of the same name, written indiscriminately, and sometimes applying to the same parties, *Burnes* and *Burns*, but never *Burness*. In a note in Bohn's Edition of *Burns** it is remarked:—"The family aver that, in the Montrose archives, the name is sometimes written *Burnes*, but this seems not to affect the pronunciation, which was always *Burness*, till the Bard of Ayr deprived it of a syllable." We know not how the name was or is pronounced in Montrose, but we have shown that *Burnes* was simply *Burns* in Ayrshire; and had been so long before "the Bard of Ayr deprived it of a syllable."

REMARKABLE WARLIKE INVENTION BY A "SCOTCH SHOEMAKER."

GREAT improvements have no doubt been effected of late years in the ordnance department of the service of the country, and new modes of throwing destructive projectiles have been discovered. Some of these inventions, however, are still imperfect, and it is questionable if ever they will prove efficient in practice. A short time since, the newspaper press teemed with discussions as to the merits of Warner's mysterious agency, by which he could destroy whole batteries in an instant, and blow up vessels at six miles distance. All are familiar with the alleged power and rapidity of Perkin's steam-gun; and it is but recently that the Earl of Dundonald—better known as Lord Cochrane—claimed the discovery of some similarly potent means to that of Warner, by which any amount of opposing force could be almost instantaneously annihilated. His Lordship stated that he was induced by the government, during the late war—to several members of whom he divulged his invention—not to make it known, in "pity to mankind;" and he has religiously kept his word. Even when estranged, by bad usage, from Britain, and fighting the battles of another country—when he might have pocketed uncountable gold by divulging the secret, he kept it, and still keeps it inviolate. The world is amazed at the immense pretensions of these projectile machines; but, in reality, they seem to be only a revival of the principle—an improvement of the wonderful contrivance of the "Scotch Shoemaker," brought to light upwards of eighty years ago. And why not a shoemaker? Sir John Clerk of Penny-cuik, who knew as little about a ship as an Esquimaux knows about a telescope, actually planned, with the corks of his claret bottles after dinner, the system of naval tactics, which Rodney first put in force at Dogger Bank, in 1782, and which has given to our fleet so much superiority ever since. Then why not a shoemaker construct an engine, by which the use of large and expensive armies might be done away with? The *Caledonian Mercury*, of 1764, records, with all seriousness, that "a Scotch Shoemaker" had contrived a machine, by which six persons could do as much as a whole regiment! It could discharge 44,000 balls in two minutes!! In case of being overwhelmed by a large force, it could be knocked to pieces in a moment—rendering it useless to the enemy—and again, on

being recovered, restored to efficient use in a minute and a half!!! To resist a charge, by simply turning a spring, the six men could present a whole "harvest of bayonets" against the advancing host!!! Why such a formidable machine has not been adopted in the army, we cannot say. Perhaps it was discouraged, like the Earl of Dundonald's discovery, lest it should injure "Othello's occupation," and play the deuce with commissions—six men doing the work of a whole regiment! Or, perhaps, like Warner's *long range*, it did not, upon trial, quite come up to the pretensions of its ingenious contriver. It is to be wished that the *Mercury* had recorded the name of the worthy son of Crispin. Some of our readers, however, may know something of him. If so, we shall hope to be favoured with a few notes about him.

Varieties.

STRANGE PHENOMENON.—"On Christmas morning, about 8 o'clock, the bed of the river of Air was perceived to be quite dry, from near the ships to the Dam-back, which is a large half-mile. Several gentlemen walked backward and forward in the channel where the water used to run, and the boys caught the fishes on dry ground. When the tide began to make, the river returned to its usual bigness, and has continued so ever since."—*Scot's Magazine*, Dec. 1764.

AGRICULTURAL IMPROVEMENT.—Before the formation of the Highland Society of Scotland, in 1784, a considerable stimulus had been given to agriculture by an association called "The Edinburgh Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Sciences," &c. They frequently gave premiums for improving the breed of horses and cattle. This association seems to have been the precursor of the now flourishing and very useful Highland and Agricultural Society of Scotland. The *Caledonian Mercury*, of 1764, contains several advertisements of premiums by the Edinburgh Society.

THE BIBLE OF JOHN KNOX.—We had lately the great satisfaction of inspecting and examining a relic of ancient times, that merits a high place in the esteem of Scotchmen, not only from its intrinsic excellence, but from the circumstance of its having once appertained to one whose name Scotland, we trust, will never fail to cherish, as the most glorious in her nomenclature of fame. This was the Bible of John Knox. In writing it contains a signature of John Knox, the ink and handwriting of which correspond with copious notes, written in a cipher, on the margin, in which hand the Pauls are divided into morning and evening portions. The following affidavit is also inscribed:—"This book was printed by a gentleman named Richard Cameron, in the year of our Lord 1560, and was presented to the famous John Knox, our Scottish Reformer, in the year of our Lord 1590, for his family Bible, which he kept till his death, which happened at Edinburgh, in the year of our Lord 1592, being twelve years in his possession. It next fell into the hands of his successor, Mr Carson, where it continued till his death, and passed into the hands of his widow, whose name was Page, where it continued till the present year of our Lord 1638.—(Signed) THOS. PAGE." This Bible was transferred from the name of Page to the name of Houston, on account of marriage, and continued in the hands of the Houstens till it was transferred by Margaret Houston to the name of Elder; and at his decease, upon the 20th of February 1807, it came into the hands of his son, Hugh Elder, now residing in Edinburgh. This Bible was purchased from Hugh Elder by Mr William Glennie, Edinburgh; and at his decease, in the year 1844, was sold by Mrs Glennie to the Hon. Roger Rollo, and is now in possession of his son, John B. Rollo, Esq.—*Irvine News Letter*.

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LADY GLENCAIRN AND MILLER SAMSON.

THE following story, under the title of "Miller Samson," appeared in several newspapers a few weeks ago. It forms a note appended to the memoir of the late Mr Coutts of Brechin, in the volume of his sermons which has just appeared. The memoir, including the note, is from the pen of the Rev. Thomas Guthrie:—

"Such a one was Lady Glencairn; and, though not directly connected with Mr Coutts' history, the following incident, with which her honoured name was associated, will perhaps afford the best of all illustrations of the state of matters at that time in Scotland. We may observe that Lady Glencairn was a singular child both of providence and grace. Her birth-place was the village of Ochiltree. In that village, side by side, there lived a weaver who had three daughters, and a widow who had an only son. The son left his widowed mother to enlist in the army, and go abroad as a common soldier. Time passed on—the infirmities of years came on the lone widow, amid which her humble neighbour showed her much kindness. Her boy far away and never heard of—he was a son to her; and, when at length she died, he laid her head in the grave. Years passed on, and, when the grass had grown green on the widow's grave, and her son had been long forgotten, the news rang through Ochiltree that the widow's son had come back again—he that was lost was found. From round to round, from step to step, the soldier boy had risen, till he returned to his fatherland Governor of the Leeward Islands, and the possessor of an immense fortune. On inquiring into the circumstances of his mother's latter years and death, his eye was filled and his heart was melted with the story of her humble neighbour's kindness. The weaver had proved a son to the soldier's mother; the soldier would be a father to the weaver's daughters; and so settling on them his noble fortune, he educated and reared them in a style becoming their future rank. Two of them were afterwards highly married in England. The third wore the honours of the house of Glencairn; and, when lady of the lands on which, when a little barefooted, sun-browned, gleesome child, she used to feed her father's cow, she was wont to say that the herd lassie was as happy singing on the lea as now when she was lady of all these lands. Now this child of providence was also a daughter of grace, and used all the influence which her noble rank and high character gave in favour of evangelical

truth. This singular history, with the circumstance we have referred to, and are now about to relate, we learned in making some inquiries about a former inhabitant of Ochiltree. In passing through that village, our curiosity was awakened by reading this strange inscription on one of its houses:—

"INSCRIPTION.—This is Samson's Square; the property of John Samson, farmer in cooperhill; consisting of 1 acre, 5 roods, and 31 falls—on which he has built 13 houses, 9 of them in 15 months. Long may he live to do good, and die in the fear of the Lord. 1808."

"Sure that the builder of this house must have been a character, we were curious to know something of his history, and found that in him Providence had employed an instrument to preserve a pure gospel among the people of Ochiltree. The death of a pious and worthy minister had left the pulpit vacant. The farmers, affected by the Socinianism of the neighbouring parishes, had resolved to have no more fanatics in Ochiltree; and, in compact with the ungodly ministers around, they fixed on their man—a cold, lifeless preacher. This settled, and counting all secure, three of them agreed to ride next day to Edinburgh where Lady Glencairn resided, from whom, as the representative of the people, they expected to get a promise in favour of their nominee.

"Some bird of the air carried the news of this well-laid plot to Miller Samson. Like a wise man he kept the secret to himself. It was the summer time. Samson was up at the peep of day, and the sun rose on our friend breasting the hills between Ochiltree and Edinburgh. The well-mounted farmers, little dreaming who was ahead of them, took it easily. By the time Samson had come in sight of Edinburgh, he heard the tramp of horsemen behind him. It went to Samson's heart; for he saw that, though he had the strength of his namesake, they would outstrip him in the race. However, the sun by this time was high down; and it instantly occurred to him that the farmers, having themselves and horses to bait, would postpone till to-morrow their visit to Lady Glencairn, unless the sight of him would awaken their alarm; and so, if he could conceal himself, he might steal a march on them in the morning, and be the first, after all, to get her Ladyship's ear. Samson, in a moment, clears the ditch, and lies safe in the bosom of a broom bush. The farmers jog merrily on, little thinking who listens and lies beneath the broom. So soon as Samson, cautiously peeping out, finds that the foe are out of sight, he issues forth; and in the hope the farmers would be con-

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tant for that night to enjoy the comforts of the Harrow Inn, he passes on to Edinburgh, where he immures himself in some obscure lodging. He is up next morning with the dawn, and away to Coates House, where her Ladyship lived. So soon as Samson counts that the servants are awake as well as he, his strong arm is thundering at the door. On demanding, at that untimely hour, to see her Ladyship, he is rebuffed by her lackey, and very summarily told to go about his business, for nobody could or would see her Ladyship at such an hour. Samson, however, stands to his point—tells the servant ‘he *maun* see Lady Glencairn,’ and bids him go and tell her Ladyship that ‘Miller Samson from Ochiltree maun see her Ladyship on business that winna wait.’ He makes good his *entre*—unravels the plot to her Ladyship—and leaves her with the assurance that the nominees of the farmers should not be presented, and, what was then sufficient security to the pious people of Scotland, that she would be guided by Dr Erskine in filling up the charge. Samson, making his best bow, walks forth with a buoyant step. As Samson is going out the farmers are coming in. The sight of the strong man of old never filled the Philistines with more dismay. The truth flashed upon the farmers, and, as he walked forth with an air, and cast on them a look, which very plainly said, ‘You are a day behind the fair,’ one of the farmers was heard to say, ‘There goes Miller Samson—our meal’s a’ daigh!’ The farmers found the matter settled; and thus, through the piety, the energy and generalship of an humble man, the parish of Ochiltree was speedily blessed with an efficient and evangelical minister.*

Of the story of “Miller Samson” we know nothing;† but certain manuscript jottings in our possession enable us to throw some light on the romantic circumstance alluded to in reference to Lady Glencairn. Her Ladyship was the daughter or grand-daughter of Hew M’Quyre, “violer,” or musician in Ayr.† M’Quyre was kind to a destitute orphan boy, of the name of Macrae, who endeavoured to gain a livelihood by running messages for halfpence. He put him to the schools for several years. Macrae went to sea—fortune favoured him, and he rose from one step to another, until he attained the governorship of Madras. After amassing a large fortune in India, he came home and purchased several estates in the west of Scotland. This must have occurred before 1733, in which year, August 1, he was admitted a burgess of Ayr. He is styled in the record “James Macrae, late Governor of Madras.”‡ In 1734, he presented the city of Glasgow with a metallic statue of King William III., which stands at the cross;|| and in 1745, 17th December, he lent the

burgh £1500 sterling, at 4½ per cent., to make up the sum levied by Prince Charles Edward. In Weir’s “History of Greenock,” published in 1829, it is said—“A little above Cartburn—[Crawfurds of Cartburn]—stood a cottage that gave birth to the celebrated donor of the equestrian statue of King William to the city of Glasgow, James M’Rae, who was long herd to the tenant of Hillend, the great-grandfather of the late H. Crawford.* Tradition says that M’Rae offered to place the statue in Cartsdyke; but the then Laird of Cartburn (a very godly man) rejected it, wishing, in preference, that the influence of Mr M’Rae might be exercised to have Cartsdyke erected into a parish. This Mr M’Rae became the ancestor of the families of Glencairn, Orangefield, Houstoun, and Don.† He lies interred in the churchyard at Monkton.” It is possible that Macrae may have been born at Cartburn, but from the misstatements of the writer, in reference to the Glencairn and other families, no great reliance is to be placed on his information. It is evident, at all events, that a considerable part of his early years had been passed in Ayrshire. If a native of Cartburn, it is rather curious that he should have been interred at Monkton. In the *Memorandum Book of John Dickie, farmer in Loans, from 1715 to 1750*, it is stated that “the monument was built at the Whiteside, above the Monkton, for the deceased Governor M’Crae, in 1748, by John Swan, and fell, being near compleat, on 13 August 1749. Rebuilt again by John Swan, 1750.” This monument still exists, and, being situated on a rising ground, is a prominent object in the vicinity. The lands on which it is built, were formerly part of the Orangefield estate, anciently called Prestwick. Evidence of his early connection with Ayrshire is supplied in the following anecdote: One day, when riding near Ochiltree, in company with a party of gentlemen, on coming to an old thorn tree, he desired them to proceed, at the same time alighting himself. After waiting a considerable time at some distance, the gentlemen returned, and found him sitting with his back to the thorn. He said he remembered having often sat there, “picking *poovlies*” from his person!—a remark which strikingly illustrates the lowliness of his condition. What a crowd of reflections must have passed through his mind as he sat under the thorn, and contrasted the poverty of his early days with the nabob-like affluence of his circumstances then. A poor herd boy, in the parish of Ochiltree, Governor of one of the richest presidencies in British India! Fancy could scarcely conceive a more romantic turn of fortune’s wheel.

But for the kindness of M’Quyre, the violer, who gave the orphan boy education, Macrae never could have attained to such distinction and wealth, and it is creditable to his memory that he remembered

* Some notice was taken of this story in the *Ayr Observer*, 3d August 1847, from which it appears that Miller Samson was very opposite to a *singular* Christian.

† Tradition, taken some years ago, from the statement of a man, a native of Monkton, or Ochiltree, in Ayrshire, about ninety years of age.

‡ Records of the burgh of Ayr.

|| “The equestrian statue of King William. It is erected near the cross of Glasgow, upon the north side of the street, the king being mounted upon a

stately horse, with his baton in his hand, fixt upon a curious pedestal of fine workmanship, bestowed upon the city by our generous countryman, Governor M’Crae, to his immortal honour. It is fenced about with a curious iron rail of excellent workmanship.”—M’Ure’s *View of the City of Glasgow*, published in 1736, at Glasgow, small 8vo, pp. 319, 320.

* Hugh Crawford, writer in Greenock.

† This is wrong.

this with gratitude. On his return to Scotland, he sought out the family of his benefactor, and showered his riches upon them. Whether old M'Quyre was dead we know not; but the probability is, that he had previously "paid the debt of nature." In 1749, 20th December, we find "Hugh M'Queir of Drumdow" admitted a Burgess of Ayr; and in 1753, "Charles Dalrymple of Orangefield, son-in-law to Hugh M'Queir of Drumdow," also admitted a Burgess. This Hugh M'Quyre of Drumdow must have been a son of the violer, not the violer himself, who could scarcely be supposed to have so long survived his distinguished protegy. Drumdow we should suppose to have been a small property, now a farm, in the parish of Stair, near Ayr.* It was no doubt acquired through the munificence of Governor Macrae, who, himself a bachelor, bequeathed all his property and money to the family of the old violer. Hugh M'Quyre of Drumdow had, besides a son, three daughters, who were esteemed handsome. They were well educated by Macrae, and all of them had ample doweries—the gift of the Indian Governor. The hand of the eldest, *Elizabeth*, was sought by no less a personage than William, thirteenth Earl of Glencairn. The Governor is said to have felt a deep interest in the match. Shortly before the marriage took place, he was seized with a severe illness, which was thought to be his last. He inquired at the physician who attended him—Dr Campbell of Ayr—whether he could preserve him for a few days to witness the ceremony. Campbell declared his regret that he could not promise to do so. Then exclaimed the gruff old Governor, "D—n you and all your drugs!" It would appear, however, that he did survive long enough; for the marriage took place in 1744, and Macrae, as we have seen, from his lending money to the city of Glasgow, was not dead in 1749. The second daughter, *Margaret*, married James Erskine of Barjarg, who was one of the Barons of Exchequer in 1754; and elevated to the bench, as one of the Lords of Session, in 1761. He changed his title from Lord Barjarg to Lord Alva. The third daughter married Hew Dalrymple of Orangefield, near Monkton. It was the son of this marriage, Charles Dalrymple of Orangefield, who subscribed for ten copies of Burns' poems, and introduced the poet to his cousin James, fourteenth Earl of Glencairn, upon whose death, in 1791, Burns wrote the well known "Lament."

It is probable that the Earl of Glencairn stooped to woo the grand-daughter of the violer chiefly on account of her wealth, without entertaining much esteem for her personally. It is said, at all events, that they did not live happily. If she was "a singular child both of Providence and grace," as Mr Guthrie states, his lordship did not give her much credit for her virtues. He taught his young son to entertain little respect for her. She had the reputation of being very hard to the tenants of Finlayston,† and, if report speaks truly, would hardly allow

her sister Margaret, who lived with her for some time at Finlayston before her marriage, the use of a light to her bed-room. The statement, however, may be overcharged; and it is probable that her habits of economy arose from a desire to restore the sinking fortunes of the house of Glencairn, which, for some time back, had been in a waning condition.* The Earl was occasionally twitted about his marriage. He and the Earl of Cassillis, it is said, were at Ayr on a public occasion, when Cassillis, being elated with wine, jeeringly remarked to Glencairn, on the subject of music, that he believed his lady's grandfather was the "best bow in this country." Glencairn promptly replied "Yes, especially when he used to play his master-piece, *Johnnie Faa and the Countess o' Cassillis*." All the sons of the Countess of Glencairn died without issue. Her only surviving daughter, Lady Henrietta, was married to Sir Alexander Don of Newton.

The eldest son of Hugh M'Quyre of Drumdow, *James*, was left the great estate of the barony of Houston, comprehending a whole parish, by Governor Macrae, on condition that he assumed the name of Macrae. This property belonged to Sir John Houston, who had no male heirs. His daughter carried it in marriage to Sir John Schaw of Greenock, about 1730 or 1740. Schaw sold the barony to Sir James Campbell, whose heirs sold it again† "to — Macrae, Governor of —, in the East Indies, who died without issue; but left the estate to James M'Quire, eldest son of Hugh M'Quire of Drumdow, Esq., in Ayrshire, who afterwards was to bear his name and arms. The said James M'Quire, afterwards James Macrae, was succeeded by his eldest son, James Macrae, who demolished the manor, or castle of Houston, in 1780–1, except one square, and applied the stones thereof to the building of a new town which he had lately feued off.

"The foresaid manor, so late as the year 1777, was one of the strongest, elegantest, and ancientest structures of any in the country; the fabric being five squares (I am sorry to repeat again, that only one of the squares remain) and a court within, having only one entry thereto, where was hung a great iron-gate, which was ready to let down upon occasion, which, being down, secured the whole castle, as having no windows on the outside of the house, till above 12 feet high. In former times, a high tower was on the west side thereof, part of which was taken down about thirty or forty years ago.

"The whole barony belonged to the said James Macrae in 1780, except one house in the town of Houston. In 1781, he caused a survey, and planned off a piece of ground, a little farther up the rivulet (or burn) than the old town, and feued off 38 or 40 steadings for building upon, having regular broad and straight streets across each other at proper distances, conveniently lying on said burn, where there is a common bleaching field for the town's use: only the main street, called Milliken Street, is made, which is about 40 feet wide. In April 1782, he alienated the barony of Houston to Alexander Speirs of Ellerslie, Esq. Fowler, in his "Sketches of the Towns of Renfrewshire," says—

* There was, in the summons of Lord Eglinton in 1734, "Hugh Crawford, now of Drumdow, the 4 merk land of Wrightshills and Drumdow, parish of Ochiltree." There appear to be several properties of that name in Ayrshire.

† Residence of the Earls of Glencairn in Renfrewshire.

* Lady Glencairn's money, as report states, was laid out in purchasing the Kilmarnock estate.

† We quote from Sample's Continuation of Crawford's Renfrewshire, published in 1782.

"This James Macrae was a Goth, and committed a most barbarous deed, to demolish the great and splendid castle in 1780, and apply the stones to the building of a new village for lappet weavers."

James Macrae, afterwards styled of Holemains, was better known in the fashionable world as Captain Macrae. In *Chambers' Traditions of Edinburgh*, we have the following notice of him:—

"The Misses Ramsay had their shop at the east side of the old Lyon Close, north side of the High Street, opposite the upper end of the City Guard-House. They made a fortune in business, and built, towards the end of their lives, *Marion Ville*, a splendid villa near Restalrig. People called it *Lappet Ha'*, in contempt of their profession. Here, about thirty-seven years ago,* lived Captain Macrae, celebrated for having killed Sir George Ramsay, in a duel fought upon Musselburgh Links, which took place in consequence of an insult which Captain Macrae thought he had received from Sir George's servant at the door of the theatre. Captain Macrae was very fond of theatricals, and had a private theatre fitted up in his house. After the duel he escaped abroad."

The real facts of the case are related in the "Life of Peter Burnet, a negro."† Peter was a *lunkie* in Edinburgh at the time. Sir George Ramsay and his lady were at the theatre, and had ordered the valet to provide a chair for the lady at the close of the performance. The servant had, accordingly, the chair in readiness at the time appointed. Captain Macrae came out of the theatre and wanted the chair. To this Sir George's servant would not submit; and the Captain knocked him down. The servant prosecuted for the assault; and, to get quit of it, Macrae wrote to Sir George, almost ordering him to dismiss his servant. Sir George refused to do so, on the ground that the servant had done nothing but his duty. The consequence was a duel between the parties, fought on a challenge from Macrae, and Ramsay fell at the first shot. Macrae fled, and never appeared in this country again.

A great sensation was created over Scotland at the time, Macrae being a bully and a professed duellist, and Ramsay a quiet country gentleman.

In "Kay's Edinburgh Portraits," the Captain is represented as practising, with pistol, at a barber's block, and, in the accompanying letter-press, some additional particulars are given of the parties engaged in the unfortunate affair:—

James Macrae of Holemains, Esq., had the misfortune to obtain a celebrity, by no means enviable, as a duellist. He was a capital shot, and, it was said, obtained his excellency by firing at a barber's block, provided by him for that purpose. In April 1790, the event occurred which had the effect of exiling him from his native land. On Wednesday, 7th April, Captain Macrae, thinking himself insulted by a footman of Lady Ramsay at the theatre, beat him severely. Macrae, the next day, met Sir George Ramsay in the street, when he told him he was sorry to have been obliged to correct a servant of his last night at the play-house. Sir George answered, that the servant had been a short time with him, was Lady Ramsay's footman, and

that he did not consider himself to have any concern in the matter. Macrae then said he would go and make an apology to Lady Ramsay, which he did. On Monday, 12th, the footman commenced an action against him. Macrae wrote to Sir George, requesting him to turn off his servant, which he refused to do. A great many notes passed between them. At last Captain Macrae challenged Sir George. The duel took place at Musselburgh. Sir George was killed. There can be little doubt that Macrae, in this unfortunate affair, was highly blameable. He fled to France. He was cited upon criminal letters, dated 26th May 1790, to take his trial for murder on the 26th of July following. Sentence of outlawry was pronounced against him. Previous to his outlawry, he took the precaution to convey his estate to trustees, who subsequently executed an entail of it. The servant had given a good deal of abusive language to Captain Macrae, yet their lordships were of opinion that no abusive language whatever could justify the act of beating a man to the effusion of his blood. Sir George Ramsay, although married, left no issue, and was succeeded by his brother William. The indictment runs in name of Dame Eleanor Fraser, relict of the deceased Sir George Ramsay of Banff, Bart., and Sir William Ramsay of Banff, Bart., his brother-german. Before his exile, Macrae married Miss Maria Cecilia le Maistre, by whom he had a son and a daughter. He died abroad on the 10th January 1820.

A story is told of Captain Macrae, which is strictly in conformity with his character. One of his servants having done something in a manner that did not please him, he struck him, whereupon the man muttered that "he durst not strike him so, if he were one of his fellow-servants in the hall." "Oh!" said the Captain, "if you are for a boxing-match, I shall give you a fair chance for it; only you must not strike me in the face." This being agreed upon, down stairs they went and fought till the Captain owned he had got enough, adding, "You are a bit of good stuff, sirrah; there are five guineas for you." The servant remarked, he would be content to be thrashed for as much every day.

Captain Macrae was a strange character. To those of his own class he was a tyrant and a bully; whilst his conduct to those below him was kind and obliging.

BORTHWICK CASTLE.

THE magnificent old Castle of Borthwick is situated in the parish of the same name, about eleven miles from Edinburgh, and within one and a half miles of the Gore-Bridge station of the Edinburgh and Hawick Railway. It occupies a rising ground above the small river Gore, a tributary of the Esk, and forms a striking and most picturesque object in the valley in which it is situated. Borthwick Castle is of very considerable antiquity, having been erected in 1430, by Sir William de Borthwick,*

* Sir William Borthwick, of Borthwick, was a person of consequence in the time of King James I. He is repeatedly mentioned by Rymers, in particular in the year 1421, when he was one of the hostages for

* The Traditions were published in 1825.

† Published at Paisley in 1841.

who, contrary to the usual baronial custom, conferred his own name upon the edifice, in place of deriving his title from it. The castle has long been uninhabited; but, although little or no care was bestowed upon it for many years, in consequence of a frequent change of proprietors, it still remains in very excellent preservation, and might be rendered habitable at a comparatively trifling outlay. The castle is situated on an eminence of no great height, at the bottom of which flows the Gore. It has been surrounded by an outer court, occupying the entire summit of the eminence, enclosed and fortified by a strong wall with flanking towers at the angles, one of which only, that at what appears to have been the principal entrance, remains tolerably entire. Borthwick Castle is of greater dimensions than the generality of coeval baronial towers; it measures seventy-four feet in

the king's ransom and liberation. In 1430, he obtained a license from King James I. to build the castle of Borthwick, and soon after this he was created a peer of parliament. He was s. by his son,

William Borthwick, second Lord Borthwick, who was s. by

William Borthwick, third lord, who sat in parliament, 1467, as Lord Borthwick, and in a number of other parliaments, down to 1505. He was slain at Flodden in 1513. He m. Maryota de Hepe Pringle, and had (with several daughters) two sons, viz.,

William, his successor.

Alexander, of Nenthorn, whose descendant and heir male,

Henry Borthwick, was adjudged by the House of Lords, in 1772, to be tenth Lord Borthwick.

He was s. by his elder son,

William Borthwick, fourth Lord Borthwick; from whom the dignity passed, uninterrupted, in succession to

John Borthwick, ninth Lord Borthwick; who d. s. p. in 1672, and from that period until 1762 the title lay dormant, when it was adjudged by the House of Lords to Henry, the descendant and heir male of Alexander Borthwick, of Nenthorn, who consequently became

Meary Borthwick, tenth Lord Borthwick; who m. at Edinburgh, 5th March, 1770, Margaret, daughter of George Drummond, of Broich, co. Stirling; but d. without issue, at Newcastle, on his way to London, 6th September, 1772, when the title became again dormant, and so continues.

NOTE.—At the time of Lord Borthwick's death, his heir male, Archibald Borthwick, was in Norway. In 1807, that gentleman presented a petition to the king, claiming the dignity of Lord Borthwick, which was referred to the House of Lords, and opposed by John Borthwick, Esq. of Crookston, when there was laid before the House of Lords, the "Case of John Borthwick, Esq. of Crookston, objecting to the claim of Mr Archibald Borthwick;" according to which

Sir William Borthwick, created first Lord Borthwick, died before 1458, leaving William, second lord; and

John de Borthwick, who acquired the estate of Crookston in 1446, and from whom the objector, Mr Borthwick of Crookston, is descended, through ten generations, in a direct male line. Various proceedings have taken place before the Lords, but as yet there has been no decision.

ANNS.—Arg., three cinquefoils, sa.

length; sixty-eight feet in breadth, and, to the top of the battlements, is ninety feet in height. It is built of hewn stone, without and within; and, so excellent are the materials, that even the angles of the tower are almost as sharp as when the stones passed from the hands of the workmen. The walls are of extraordinary thickness, decreasing from thirteen feet near the foundation to about six feet at the top of the edifice. The great hall and some of the other principal apartments are strongly arched, and are consequently in nearly as good preservation as when they were the scene of Lord Borthwick's princely hospitality. From the other apartments, however, the joists and flooring have been removed, to be converted, it is said, to base purposes, in order to gratify the avarice of a temporary proprietor; and, in consequence, these portions of the interior present a much more ruinous appearance. In the great hall there is a large ornamented chimney, some of the stones belonging to which appear to have been only recently displaced, and unless these be speedily restored, it is evident that many more will shortly follow. At the opposite end of the hall is a niche, with a richly carved canopy, and traces of painting are still perfectly distinct on the arched roof. In its high and palmy days this must have been a splendid apartment, both from its great loftiness and the splendour of its decoration. The upper apartments were reached by three staircases of stone, the principal of which, a circular one of considerable width, is quite ruinous, but the others are in such good order, that the most timid may easily reach the battlements.

In reference to the peculiar position of Borthwick Castle, Sir Walter Scott says, that "like many other baronial residences in Scotland, Sir William de Borthwick built this magnificent pile upon the very verge of his own property. The usual reason for choosing such a situation was hinted by a northern baron, to whom a friend objected this circumstance as a defect, or at least an inconvenience: 'We'll brizz yont' (*Anglice*, press forward), was the baron's answer; which expressed the policy of the powerful in settling their residence upon the extremity of their domains, as giving pretext and opportunity for making acquisitions at the expense of their neighbours. William de Hay, from whom Sir William Borthwick had acquired a part of Locherworth, is said to have looked with envy upon the splendid castle of his neighbour, and to have vented his spleen by building a mill upon the lands of Little Lockerworth, immediately beneath the knoll on which the fortress was situated, declaring that the Lord of Borthwick, in all his pride, should still hear the clack of his neighbour's mill in his hall." Although it is difficult to account for the Lord of Borthwick submitting tamely to this insult, it is nevertheless true, that the mill continued to perform its humble, but needful office, long after the brighter glories of the castle had waned. After it ceased to be used as a mill, it was allowed to become roofless, and go to ruin, until about nine months ago, when a new roof was placed upon the tottering walls, and it is now occupied as a store for the supply of clothes and provisions to the navies employed on the Hawick Railway. The dwelling which was attached to the mill, but which is of more modern erection, is ten-

anted by a female, whose ancestors, for a period of three hundred years, filled the post of miller.

Borthwick Castle appears to have been frequently visited by Queen Mary; and in 1567 she took shelter there when her unfortunate connection with Bothwell had estranged both peers and people. Referring to this period, the following entries occur in Cecil's diary:—

"October 7, 1566. My Lord Bothwell was hurt in Lyddisdale, and the queen raid to Borthwick."

"June 7, 1567. He (Bothwell) purposed and raid against the Lord Houme and Fernherst, and so passed to Melros, and she to Borthwick."

"June 11, 1567. The lords came suddenly to Borthwick. Bothwell fled to Dunbar, and the lordis retired to Edinburgh, she followed Bothwell to Dunbar disguised."

The lords appear at first to have entertained no design against the person of the queen, but their success having exceeded their expectations, they seem to have changed their intentions; and the knowledge of this having reached Mary, she resolved on instant flight, "dressed in men's clothes, booted and spurred." A small arched apartment, on the second story of the castle, is traditionally pointed out as the bed-room occupied by Mary and Bothwell on this occasion. Singularly enough this is the only castle mixed up with the history of the ill-starred Mary, that we have chanced to visit, without being shown a *thorn* which, in some way, was connected with her career, either as planted by her on some specific occasion, or having been the scene of an incident in her life. A thorny path was hers, and such memorials are fitting emblems of her harassed existence.

A less gentle visitor of Borthwick Castle was Oliver Cromwell, who, after the unfortunate battle of Dunbar, set about reducing the various fortresses near the metropolis which still held out for the king. The garrison of Borthwick appears to have been particularly active, and, on this account, it speedily attracted the attention of Cromwell. On the 18th November 1650, he dispatched a summons to the Governor, who is generally supposed to have been Lord Borthwick himself, in the following terms:—

"For the Governor of Borthwick Castle, These.

"Sir,—I thought fitt to send this trumpett to you, to lett you know that, if you please to walk away with your company, and deliver the house to such as I shall send to receive it, you shall have libertie to carry off your armes and goods, and such other necessaries as you have. You harboured such parties in your house as have basely, unhumanely, murdered our men; if you necessitate me to bend my cannon against you, you must expect what I doubt you will not be pleased with. I expect your present answer, and rest your servant,
O. CROMWELL."

Notwithstanding this threat, and with the full knowledge that it was likely to be made good, the castle was not surrendered until Cromwell's cannon had been actually "bent" against it, and destroyed a considerable portion of the facing on the eastern side, immediately underneath the battlements. Oliver, however, acknowledged the bravery of the defenders, by granting them a very honour-

able capitulation. The effect of this "mark" of Cromwell is certainly very striking, all the other portions of the castle being in such excellent preservation. The facing of hewn stone is entirely removed from the spot against which the battery was directed, and the rough making-up of the walls being laid bare, has a honey-combed or worm-eaten appearance, which contrasts strongly with the portions of the building immediately surrounding, and which suffered nothing from the republican cannon. Various unsuccessful attempts are said to have been made to repair this part of the castle, but no evidence of any such are visible, and we are rather inclined to think that these reports are apocryphal. We were, however, gratified to learn that, at the time of our visit, estimates were in course of being taken for the necessary repairs at this point. Indeed, no time is to be lost, as additional stones are frequently falling, and unless measures be taken to arrest the dilapidation, it is evident that, at no distant date, the general appearance of the structure will become greatly impaired. In connection with this, we may remark that various shrubs have taken root on the summit of the castle, and are rapidly shooting up into trees. These, from the height of the building, are much exposed to the wind, and the roots being entwined amongst the stones, must exert a leverage upon them which will ultimately displace them, exposing the joints to the effects of the weather, and thus weaken the structure. The shrubbery in such a position may, perhaps, by some, be considered to heighten the picturesque effect, but even at the risk of slightly marring this effect, we would counsel its removal.

The view from the summit of Borthwick Castle is varied and extensive. About a mile and a half to the eastward, may be seen the top of Crichton Castle, another interesting ruin, to which we purpose directing the attention of the reader in a subsequent article; while a richly diversified tract of country sweeps away in the opposite direction. In the foreground is the line of the Hawick Railway, adding to the landscape a new element—the commercial picturesque, if we may be allowed to coin a phrase. The huts of the navies, which straggle along the sides of the rising ground, do not, in any way, detract from the general effect, as seen from the top of the castle. Indeed, they rather tend otherwise, as serving, in some degree, to assist the imagination in forming a picture of the castle in its former days, when the dwellings of the numerous retainers of the feudal baron were scattered around the lordly pile which was at once their protection, and the attraction of the spoiler. Immediately beneath the castle is the metamorphosed little mill, surrounded by a few straggling houses, a perfect picture of rural retirement, save at those times when bands of hardy navies make their periodical irruptions in search of a supply of "tiger and tommy loaf," the names which they are pleased to bestow on ham and bread.

In the arrangements of his castle, Lord Borthwick by no means overlooked the kitchen accommodation. The fire-place is of huge dimensions, and the chimney, which is carried up through the centre of the building, rivals in size the cone of an ordinary glasshouse. Through a crevice in the

wall, on the south side, ashes can be drawn out, mixed up with the bones of various kinds of game, which, as the party who called our attention to the circumstance, naively remarked, may have formed part of the last dinner of the last Lord Borthwick. It is difficult to determine whether the lower apartments of the castle were used as guard-rooms or dungeons, but from the peculiar construction of some of them, we think that at least a portion were appropriated to the latter purpose. In a low roofed, dark room, leading from one of these apartments, there is a well, now choked up with rubbish. The sides are composed of hollowed stone, as far down as we could reach. The castle is wholly devoid of external ornament. There are no dates any where visible, and the only sculpture is the figure of a bishop above the door leading to the drawbridge on the north side; but it has been cut from a much softer material than that of which the other parts of the building are composed, as it is nearly worn away by the action of the weather.

The present proprietor of the castle is Borthwick of Crookston, a descendant, we believe, of the founder, who displays a laudable anxiety for the preservation of this noble edifice. The key of the castle is to be found at a house near the end of the bridge, a little to the west, and the worthy proprietor is desirous that visitors should have every facility for examining the castle, and enjoying the delightful view from the top. Now that railway communication is extended to within such a short distance of Borthwick Castle, we have no doubt that lovers of the picturesque will liberally avail themselves of the facilities afforded for the examination of this "ancient and stately tower" and surrounding scenery.

"CHRONICLES OF THE CANONGATE."

No. II.

UNDER the auspices of the richly endowed Abbey of Holyrood, the Canongate, it may be presumed, gradually extended itself, and grew into importance. There is no record, however, of its early progress—no facts beyond what may be gleaned from general and local history. It is said that the burgh registers, and other documents, were either carried away or destroyed by the troops of Cromwell—a party of whom occupied the council buildings. This is very probable, as it is well known that most of the national papers were removed under the Protectorate. Many of the paintings in the Palace of Holyrood were defaced by the Puritan soldiers, and a great part of the building destroyed by fire. The earliest of the register-books preserved in the archives of the Canongate commences in 1561. This is of course nearly a hundred years before the usurpation of Cromwell—but the volume, which comes down to 1588, was only recently restored to the burgh. It seems to have been in private keeping. A considerable portion of it is printed in the *Maitland Miscellany* for 1840. No account is given of the custody into which it had fallen. Before 1561, consequently, there is no burghal "Chronicles of the Canongate." It is impossible, therefore, to form any adequate idea of the more early condition of the burgh.

The oldest map of Edinburgh known to exist, is dated 1544. The Canongate seems then to have occupied nearly as much ground as it does now—though not so densely crowded with buildings. None of the houses, however, in existence, of a private nature, are older than 1565.

Unlike Edinburgh, the Canongate had no walls of defence—its gates and enclosures being for civic purposes only. If it relied on the sanctity of its monastic superiors as a protection, it leant upon a broken reed on two notable occasions at least. In 1380, Richard II. of England, who led an army through the Lothians, gave Edinburgh (together, of course, with the Canongate) and Holyrood, to the flames. Again, in 1544, the Earl of Hertford, at the head of a large body of the forces of Henry VIII., committed a similar ravage. The choir and cross of the church were destroyed—the body only being left standing. Maitland, on the authority of Camden, relates that the brazen font was carried away by Sir Richard Lea, Knight, captain of the English pioneers, who presented it to the church of St Alban's, in Hertfordshire, after he had caused the following haughty and imperious inscription to be engraved thereon.*

"When Leith, a town of good account in Scotland, and Edinburgh, the principal city of that nation were on fire, Sir Richard Lea, Knight, saved me out of the flames, and brought me into England. In gratitude to him for his kindness, I who heretofore served only at the baptism of the children of kings, do now most willingly offer the same service even to the meanest of the English nation—Lea the conqueror hath so commanded. Adieu. A.D. 1543 in the thirty-sixth year of Henry VIII."

In the civil wars—during the reign of Charles I., the font was appropriated by the parliamentary army, and converted into money. The Canongate suffered severely from the barbarity of the English force at this time—so much so, that scarcely a house was left standing.

In Scottish history, Holyrood and the Canongate, of course, occupy a prominent place. In 1326-7, Robert the Bruce held his fourteenth parliament in Holyrood. In 1370-1, David II. was buried before the great altar. Amongst the more distinguished personages who have sought the protection of the monastery, may be mentioned the Duke of Lancaster, driven from England by civil war, in 1381. In 1325, Alexander, Lord of the Isles, who had long refused allegiance to the crown, submitted himself to James I., before the high altar of Holyrood, in the presence of the queen and nobles. In 1436-7, the youthful James II. was crowned in the church of Holyrood. In 1469, in the same place, the marriage of James III. and Margaret of Denmark was celebrated with great splendour. So was the union of James IV. and Margaret, daughter of Henry VII. In 1534, Norman Gourlay and David Stratan were tried and condemned for heresy, and executed. They were amongst the earliest of the Scottish martyrs. In 1542, James V. was buried in the east vault of Holyrood.

It is stated by the historians of Edinburgh, and generally believed, that the first palace at Holy-

* Translated from the Latin.

rood was built by this monarch. He may have built the more ancient portion of the present palace, but it is evident that there was a royal residence at Holyrood long before. James I. frequently lived there. So did James II.; and, in the account by Young the herald, of the marriage of James IV. and Margaret of England, in 1503, the palace, apart from the church, is distinctly mentioned. He says—"After all reverences done at the church, in order as before, the king transported himself to the *pallais*, thorough the *clostre*,* haldynge allwayes the quene by the body, and hys hed bare, till he had brought her within her chammer."† This marriage was regarded as a happy event at the time, and great rejoicings took place on the occasion. Dunbar, one of the best of our earlier poets, celebrated the event in a poem entitled "The Thrissil and the Rois":—

"Than callit scho‡ all flouris that grew on feild,
Discirnyng all thair fassionis and effeiris:
Upone the awfull Thrissil scho beheld,
And saw him kepit with a busche of speiris;
Considering so able for the weiris,
A radius croun of rubeis scho him gaif,
And said, In feild go furth, and fend the laif:

Than to the Rois scho turnit hir visage,
And said, O lusty dochtir most benyng,
Abolf the lilly, illustare of lynnage,
Fro the stok ryell rysing fresche and ying,
Bot ony spot or macull doing spring:
Come blowme of joy with jemis to be cround,
For our e the laif thy bewty is renouwd.

To see this court; bot all wer went away;
Then up I lenyt, halffingis in affray,
Callit to my muse, and for my subject chois,
To sing the royal Thrissil and the Rois."

The following is Young the herald's account of the rejoicings:—The Lady Margaret, after spending some joyous days at Dalkeith Castle, on the 7th August 1503, departed for Edinburgh, "nobly accompanied, and in fayr array, in *her litere*,§ very rychly enorned."|| A myle from Dalkeith, the kynge sent to the quene a great tame hart, for to have a corse: The kynge caused the said hart to be losed, and put a grayhond after hym, that maid a fayr course; but the said hart wanne the town, and went to his repayre.—Half of the way, the kynge came to mett her, monted upon a bay horse, renning as he wold renne after the hayre, accompanied of many gentylmen.—At the commyng towards the quene, he made hyr very humble obeyssaunce, in lepyng downe of hys horse, and kyssed hyr in hyr litere. This doon, he monted ageyn, and ychon¶ being put in ordre as before, a gentylman husscher** bare the swerde before hym. The Erle of Bothwell bare the swerde, at the entreing the towne of Edenburgh, and had on a long gowne of blak velvett, fourred with marten.

* Cloister.

† Leland's Collec., iv. 290.

‡ Dame Nature.

§ *Litter*—a bed carried by horses.

|| *Enorned*—adorned.

¶ *Ychon*—each one.

** *Husscher*—usher.

—The king monted upon a palfrey; with the said quene behinde hym; and so rode thorow the said towne of Edenburgh.—Halfe a mylle ny to that, within a medewe, was a pavillion, whereof cam owt a knyght on horsbak, armed at all peces, having his lady paramour, that barre his horne: and by a vantur, there cam another also armed, and robbed from hym his said lady, and blew the said horne; whereby the said knyght turned after hym: And they did well torney tyl the kynge cam hymselfe, the quene behynde hym, crying *Pair*,* and caused them for to be departed.—Ther war mony honest people of the town, and of the cowntre aboute, honestlye arrayed all on horsbak; and so by ordre, the kyng and the quene entred within the said towne; at the entreing that same, cam in processyon the Grey Freres, with the crosse and sum relics, the wich was presented by the warden to the kynge, for to kysse, bot he wolde not before the quene; and he had hys hed bare during the ceremonies.—At the entreing of the said towne was maid a yatt of wood painted, with two towrells and a windowe in the midds: In the wich towrells was at the windowes revested angells syngyng joyously for the coming of so noble a ladye; and at the said middyl wyndowe was in lyk wyse an angell, presenting the kees to the said quene.—In the mydds of the towne was a crosse new paynted, and ny to that same a fontayne, castynge forth of wyn, and ychon drank that wold.—Ny to that crosse was a scaurfaust maid, whar was represented Pas and thre Deesrissys with Mercure, that gaffie hym the apyll of gold, for to gyffe to the most fayre of the thre, wiche he gave to Venus. Nore fourther was of new maid one other yatt, upon the wiche was in sieges the iiii vertus; theiss is to weytt, justice, force, temperance, and prudence: Under was a licorne, and a greyhound, that held a difference of one chadron florysted and a red rose, entrecassed, with thos war tabrets that played merrily whyll the noble company passed thorough. The towne of Edenburgh was in many places haunged with tapisserie, the howses and wyndowes war full of lordes, ladyes, gentylwomen, and gentylmen, and in the streyts war soe gret multitude of people without nombre, that it was a fayre thyng to se: The wiche people war verey glad of the commyng of the said quene: And in the churches of the sayd towne bells range for myrthe.—Then the noble company passed out of the said towne to the church of the Holycrosse; out of which cam the archbishop of Saunt Andrew, brother to the said kynge, his crosse borne before hym, accompanied with many bishops and abbots in their pontificals, with the religious richly revested. After this doon, ychon lept off his horse, and in fayr ordre went after the processyon to the church; and in the entreing of that sam, the kynge and the quene light downe, and after led her to the grett awter, wher was a place ordonned for them to knele upon two cushyons of cloth of gold: Bot the kynge wolde never knell down furst, bot both togeder."

Such were the bridal ceremonies of the chivalrous but unfortunate James IV.

Maitland states that "James V., about the year 1528, erected a house (to reside in at his coming to

* *Pair*—peace.

Edinburgh)* near the south-western corner of the church, with a circular turret at each angle; which is the present tower at the north-western corner of the palace; to which was added, by King Charles II. in 1674, all the other parts of the present magnificent royal mansion.

"The said King James, to accommodate himself with a park, enclosed a large quantity of ground in this neighbourhood, with a stonern wall, about three miles in circumference, which probably is nowhere to be paralleled; for, instead of trees and thickets for cover, which other parks abound with, I could not, after the strictest search, discover one tree therein; in lieu whereof it is supplied with huge rocks and vast declivities, which furnish the Edinburghers with the best of stones to pave their streets withal; as do the other parts of the said park yield good pasture and meadow grounds, with considerable spots of arable land; and, as to those excellent stones, I think it will not be amiss to observe, that were they squared and sent to London, where they are in great want of good stones to pave the foot-paths, or sides of the streets withal, I am persuaded they would turn to a good account: for the rag-stones employed in that service are so very bad, that they wear out in a short time; whereas, those of this place are equal in duration to flint, and last for a number of years, even in a common street, incessantly used by the most ponderous carriages.

"This park, consisting chiefly of one hill, arises into three tops, the south-westernmost whereof is denominated *Arthur's Seat*, but that it should be so called from *Arthur*, a British or *Cumrian* king, I cannot give into; for the Right Reverend (Geoffrey of Monmouth) Bishop of St Asaph's account of him is stuffed with such monstrous fables and absurdities, that it has given reason, to men of great eminence and learning, to think there never was such a person in Britain as King Arthur; much more reason I think have they, who take the appellation of *Arthur's Seat* to be a corruption of the Gaelick *Ard-na Said*, which implies the height of arrows; than which nothing can be more probable: for no spot of ground is fitter for the exercise of archery, either at Butts or Rovers, than this; wherefore *Ard-na Said*, by an easy transition, might well be changed to *Arthur's Seat*.

MOCK PRINCE.—In June 1745, a native of Fife, David Gillies, assumed the name and character of *Charles Stuart, Prince of Wales*. He went about privately, and, by conferring honours and places, obtained a good deal of money from weak people. Warrants having been issued for his apprehension, he fled, but was caught at Selkirk. The justices of the county, after consulting the crown lawyers, sentenced the mock prince and his court, consisting of two men and two women, to be banished the shire by truck of drum, attended by the hangman, as vagrants; which was accordingly executed on the fourth of July.

* Maitland proceeds upon the idea that no palace had previously existed at Holyrood. We have seen, however, that there was a "*pallais*" there in 1503, and probably long before. In Marjoribanks' *Annals*, it is stated that the existing northwest tower was founded by the Duke of Albany during his regency. From the Treasurer's accounts it appears, at all events, that the building was in progress in 1515-16.



THE LAST EARL OF KILMARNOCK.

WILLIAM, fourth Earl of Kilmarnock, was beheaded on Tower Hill, London, on the 18th of August, 1746, "for being," as the English tracts of the day had it, "in the Scotch rebellion." The above portrait of his Lordship is from a print engraved before, or immediately subsequent to his execution, and we conceive it to be a good likeness. Considering the early education of Lord Kilmarnock, having been brought up in strict Presbyterian principles, and with the jealous adherence of his father to the Hanoverian line as an example before him, the participation of his Lordship in the perilous adventure of the young Chevalier, in 1745, created much surprise. His father, William, third Earl of Kilmarnock, took his seat as a member of the Scottish Parliament, on the 6th July 1705, and was a steady supporter of the treaty of union. It is well known that a strong feeling prevailed throughout the country against that measure at the time and for many years afterwards. On the death of Queen Anne, in 1714, a very general expectation prevailed that an effort would be made to restore the Stuart line. Indeed, the attempt of Mar, the following year, to place them on the throne of their fathers, by force of arms, was an ill-conducted out-burst of the spirit which existed. The activity of the Earl of Kilmarnock, in keeping alive the opposite principles of the revolution in the west, was truly conspicuous, and his services in behalf of George I. deserved particular notice. When that monarch was proclaimed, on the death of Queen Anne, the ceremony was performed in Kilmarnock with great enthusiasm, as the following minute from the burgh records attests:—

"10th Aug. 1714.

"The said day King George was proclaimed in a most solemn manner. The Earl of Kilmarnock, his bailies, and the gentlemen above named* be-

* Certain gentlemen of the district mentioned previously in the minute.

ing present, and the hail inhabitants standing in array at the cross. The council-house* stair-head covered with carpet, a large bonfire at the cross, and ringing of the bells, all the royal healths drank, and several other loyal healths; and the night concluded with the greatest demonstration of joy, and advertisement put in the gazett thereof. Bailie James Thomson read the proclamation to Robt. Paterson, clerk, who proclaimed it."

When the Earl of Mar unfurled the banner of the Chevalier, St George, at Braemar, about a twelvemonth afterwards, on the 6th September 1715, the Earl of Kilmarnock appeared at Irvine, the general rendezvous of the fencible men of Cuninghame, on the 22d August following, "at the head of 500 of his own men, well appointed and expert at the exercise of arms." They are said to have made the best figure there. His son, Lord Boyd, the unfortunate "last Earl of Kilmarnock," whose portrait heads this article, though only eleven years of age, appeared in arms. Such was the enthusiasm of the father. From Irvine the fencibles marched to Glasgow, whence, by order of the Duke of Argyle, the Earl was despatched with 500 of the Ayrshire volunteers, to guard the passages of the Forth.

The Earl died in September 1717, so that the subject of our notice succeeded to the title and estates of Kilmarnock when a minor, being in his thirteenth year. His appearance in arms on the Hanoverian side in 1715 cannot be held as compromising his after convictions, being then too young to form a decided opinion in political matters; but his conduct subsequently, until within a brief period of his espousal of the desperate cause of Prince Charles Edward, showed no change of sentiment. The burgh records of Kilmarnock bear that, on the death of George I., who died during a visit to Germany, 11th June 1727, he sent an express announcing the event:

"June 27, 1727.

"Express sent by the Earl of Kilmarnock of the death of George the First. The town's trainbands to be in readiness to proclaim the Prince of Wales."

The Earl of Kilmarnock was probably in London at the time. In these days of slow communication, it thus had taken, by express, sixteen days to carry intelligence from Hanover to Kilmarnock. The Earl seems to have been steady in his loyalty to the house of Brunswick at this period.

Various reasons have been assigned for his embracing the cause of the Stuart dynasty; some alleging that pecuniary difficulties drove him to the desperate cast; others, that he was influenced by his lady, whose Jacobite predilections were no secret. The Countess of Kilmarnock, Anne Livingston, was the only daughter and sole heiress of James, fifth Earl of Linlithgow and Callendar, by Lady Margaret Hay, second daughter of John, twelfth Earl of Errol. Though the Kilmarnock estates were considerably circumscribed by the political fall of the family in 1469, still this was much

more than made up by the broad possessions brought to him by the heiress of Linlithgow. It appears from the Kilmarnock records that his lordship paid a rather protracted visit to France in 1732. In that year he empowers his countess, by a mandate, dated Paris, 6th September, to manage his estate in his absence. The authorities of Kilmarnock, who were annually appointed to office by his lordship, from a list presented to him, demurred to this arrangement, and firmly resisted the appointment of her ladyship. At length they agreed, through respect to the family, not to carry their opposition to extremes, protesting, at the same time, against her ladyship's acting in this instance forming a precedent. The Earl was two years absent, during which period it is possible he may have been brought into contact with the friends of the exiled house. The statement of his lordship himself, however, in his speech at his trial, is decidedly opposed to any such conjecture. He says:—

"Tho' the situation I am now in, and the folly and rashness which has exposed me to this disgrace, cover me with confusion, when I reflect upon the unsullied honour of my ancestors; yet I cannot help mentioning their unshaken fidelity, and steady loyalty to the crown as a proper subject to excite that compassion which I am now soliciting. My father was an early and steady friend to the Revolution, and was very active in promoting every measure that tended to settle and secure the protestant succession in these kingdoms. He not only, in his public capacity, promoted these events, but in his private, supported them; and brought me up, and endeavoured to instil into my early years, those revolution principles which had always been the rule of his actions.

* * * * * I believe, upon the strictest inquiry it will appear, that the whole tenor of my life, from my first entering into the world, to the *unhappy minute in which I was seduced* to join in this rebellion, has been agreeable to my duty and allegiance, and consistent with the strictest loyalty."

We are bound to believe the Earl in this statement—for his repentance evidently was sincere. Indeed, the records of the burgh of Kilmarnock bear evidence of the patriotic propriety of his conduct. He seems to have taken a deep interest in the welfare of the locality, and to have been anxious to promote its trading and social improvement. For example:

"26 July 1726.—In presence of the Earl of Kilmarnock [the council] agree to alter the days of the fair, in consequence of their frequently falling on a Saturday. To be held as follows: The fair formerly held on the 15th and 16th July, shall be kept on the 3d Wednesday and Thursday of the said month; and the fair formerly held on the 25th and 26th days of October to be kept up the 3d Wednesday and Thursday of the said month."

About this period the stocking and other manufactures of the burgh had suffered a considerable decline, and several causes, amongst others, the use of inferior material, were assigned for the decay. Various laws were accordingly enacted by the council to promote a revival. 18th Sept. 1729. —On a petition from the incorporation of glovers,

* The old Tolbooth, where the council-house was, stood at the corner of Cheapside, where Mr Mather's book-shop now is. It had an outside stair, like Irvine jail and council-house. The building was bounded by the water of Kilmarnock on the north.

of certain masters, journeymen, and apprentices having sold leather breeches without being stamped, the Earl, baillies and council pass a stringent law against all who either sell or buy leather breeches unstamped. In 1731, when it was proposed to build "a new and additional church"—(the present High Church of Kilmarnock)—the Earl of Kilmarnock and Mr Orr of Grougar subscribed 1000 marks towards its erection.—23d June 1737, the Earl present in council, new regulations were made for the serge manufactory, which, notwithstanding all their previous exertions, were "not conform to act of parliament."—31st October 1737—the Earl and council agree to an act of the head court of the burgh, giving £30 sterling yearly for an assistant to Mr Hall out of the vacant stipends and customs in malt. The Rev. Mr Hall was the first minister of the new kirk. Mr Robert Dow was appointed his assistant—but he speedily afterwards demitted his charge, having been called to Ardrossan. The Earl having left the appointment of assistant in the hands of the council, "they made choice of Mr William Boyd in place of Mr Dow."

The temperance or teetotal movement has made much noise in our own day, and it is to be hoped that no small benefit has flowed from it. It will perhaps surprise our readers to be informed that the Earl of Kilmarnock, more than a hundred years ago, was a temperance reformer. The fact stands thus recorded in the town books of Kilmarnock:—

"19th May 1744.—We, the Earl of Kilmarnock, the baillies, Treasurer and members of the town-council of Kilmarnock above-named and subscribing, all convened in council—Being deeply sensible of the pernicious consequences of the immoderate use of French wines and spirits in public houses, drinking of Tea thro' the kingdom, Especially amongst the people of lower ranks, which is carried to so extravagant an excess, To the great injury of this nation, By the exportation of their specie, Discouragement of the national producer, and detriment to the constitution of the people, By all which the nation is reduced to the last Ebb, and is upon the brink of Destruction, Do therefore Resolve and promise, That from and after the first day of July next to come, we and each of us will moderate and discourage the drinking of tea in our severall families; That we will not drink in any publick house, or Drink or use any way in our private houses any French brandy or other French spirits, and as much as lyes in our power Discourage the drinking and Importation of French wines; That we will encourage and assist the officers of the revenue In preventing the clandestine Importing of French wines and spirits, and of tea, and suppressing the smuggling and vending of them In the country by wholesale and retail, and bringing to punishment all persons guilty thereof, By publicly Inforcing and putting the laws in Execution against them; and that we will exhort the community as well as our own tenants, cottars, and servants, to do their duty on the same accounts. That we will encourage all publick houses who do retail strong ale and spirits made from malt and other grain, and will discourage all those who sell and retail French Brandy and other spirits."

To this document is attached the name of the

Earl—*Kilmarnock*. It is written in a large, bold hand. At this period, smuggling, one of the consequences of the union, prevailed to an alarming extent—and it was no doubt to discourage the consumption of foreign exciseable commodities, while they strengthened the hands of government, as well as to promote temperance amongst the people, that induced Lord Kilmarnock and the council to enter into the foregoing agreement. It was then a general, and not yet wholly exploded opinion in Scotland, that the use of tea was injurious to health.

The Earl of Kilmarnock states, in his speech in the House of Lords, that he did not join the Pretender's army till after the battle of Preston, which battle was fought on the 21st September 1744. This was not only true, but we find his lordship present at the council meetings of Kilmarnock down to the end of August immediately previous, busily interesting himself, apparently, in the affairs of the burgh. On the 11th of April 1745, the Earl and council agreed to petition parliament "next session" for the privilege of imposing two pennies Scots on the pint of ale publicly vended in the town, as funds were wanted to make various improvements "commensurate with the increased importance of manufactures;" and, so late as the 20th of August 1745, his lordship and the council heard the petition read, praying for the privilege of imposing two pennies on ale, &c. Tradition affirms that the Earl endeavoured to raise his vassals of Kilmarnock in favour of Prince Charles Edward, and that the assembled burghers declared their readiness rather to shoot himself than join the standard of the Prince; but this is opposed to his lordship's avowal at the bar of the House of Peers. "I was," he says, "so far from approving their (the rebels') measures, or showing the least proneness to promote their unnatural scheme, that, by my interest in Kilmarnock and places adjacent, I prevented numbers from joining them, and encouraged the country, as much as possible, to continue firm to their allegiance." The records bear no evidence of the Earl's having tampered with the loyalty of the people, but rather bespeak, as we have seen, an opposite course. The story, therefore, we should consider to be unfounded.

The Earl of Kilmarnock himself says, that he "did not buy up any arms, nor raise a single man" for the service of the Chevalier, and, as already stated, he did not join the standard "till after the battle of Preston." Indeed, it would appear that he did not do so till immediately before the battle of Falkirk. The Earl and Countess were then living at Callendar House; and it is stated, in *Kay's Edinburgh Portraits*, on the authority of a domestic of the family who died at an advanced age, "that on the 17th of January 1746 (the day on which the battle of Falkirk was fought), General Hawley was entertained at dinner by the Earl and Countess of Kilmarnock; and that the Earl, leaving the dining-room on some slight excuse, put on his military dress, and, mounting his horse, left the Countess to do the honours of the table. The female, upon whose authority this circumstance is related, described the panic which seized her when she saw the Earl put on his waistcoat of bull's hide, and grasp his sword. He left Callendar wood by the *white yett*, whence a gallop of a few

hundred yards placed him on the field of battle." If this is true—and we see no reason to doubt it—it may be inferred that the Earl had not previously joined the forces of the Pretender—for it is not probable that General Hawley would have so far forgot himself as to dine with an open opponent of his sovereign. The story of the domestic is corroborative of the Earl's statement—that he was "far from being a person of any consequence amongst them," (the rebels)—not having bought up any arms, or raised a single man in their service. He went singly and alone, as interestingly described, by the *white yett*, to take part in the battle about to be fought, leaving the General of the king's forces at dinner with his lady, who is said to have been distinguished for her conversational powers. That the Countess resided at Callendar House at the time is certain; for, in a letter written by the Duke of Cumberland from Stirling to the Lord Justice-Clerk, soon after the affair at Falkirk,* he says, in describing the adverse circumstances of the Chevalier's army, there is "one circumstance in particular, that Lady Kilmarnock, who till last night had always staid at Callendar House, went off with them."

The subsequent career of the unhappy Earl is well known. At the disastrous battle of Culloden he fell into the hands of the king's forces. By some accounts, he mistook, in the drift which prevailed, the pursuers for a body of the pursued, and was captured. But his lordship himself positively says that, having seen the error he had committed, he determined to leave the Prince's army and submit to his Majesty's clemency, as soon as he should find an opportunity. "For this," he continues, "I separated myself from my corps at the battle of Culloden, and staid to surrender myself a prisoner; though I had frequent opportunities, and might have escaped with great ease. For the truth of which I appeal to the noble person to whom I surrendered."

The Earl was confined for some time in prison at Inverness, and from thence sent along with other prisoners to the tower in London. Every exertion was made both by himself and his friends to obtain pardon, but without effect. Much as there was to bind his lordship's affections to earth—his age, being only about middle life—his countess—his family and his estates—the contrition he expressed was do doubt sincere, uninfluenced by personal considerations; and he had certainly good reason, from "the unsullied honour of his ancestors," as he remarked, and the service of his father in supporting and securing the Protestant succession, to expect forgiveness. Indeed, it seems like studied cruelty in the government of the time, to take the life of one who had so many claims upon the clemency of the crown. The Earl, to the last, entertained strong hopes of pardon. Notwithstanding, he received the intelligence of his doom with manly fortitude. From the account published by Foster of his latter moments, it would appear that the Earl was a plain, conscientious, and, withal, a religious man. He did not affect to meet death

with indifference; and, having repented of his bearing arms in opposition to those revolution principles and that government which his father had so strenuously exerted himself to establish—with a reverence for which he had himself been from infancy brought up—he had none of that chivalry of Jacobitism which carried his fellow-sufferer, Lord Balmarino, above every worldly consideration. He met death with philosophic calmness—in his last moments affirming the sincerity of his repentance. A plate on his coffin, which stood on the platform beside the instruments of death, contained this inscription: "Gulielmus Comes de Kilmarnock, decollatus 18 Augusti, 1746, ætat suæ 42." An earl's coronet surmounted the six handles.

It is difficult to assign a reason for the Earl's temporary disloyalty. He speaks himself of having been *seduced* from his allegiance, but gives not the slightest hint of the nature of his seduction. All circumstances considered, it seems not unlikely that the Jacobitical bias of his Countess had been the syren that won him from his duty. Her ladyship was no doubt deeply grieved by his fate; so much so, that she died at Kilmarnock, on the 16th September 1747, only two years afterwards. She resided in Kilmarnock House, a large mansion, built, but never finished, by the Earl—the original seat of the family, Dean Castle, having been destroyed by fire about 1735. The Earl's eldest son, James, Lord Kilmarnock, who bore a commission in the King's service at Culloden, and thus fought against his father, succeeded, through his mother, to the title and estates of Errol.

The chamberlain of the Earl at the time, Charles Dalrymple of Langlands, was also town clerk of Kilmarnock. He was in possession, it appears, in his official capacity, of the charter chests of the Earl. They remained in his hands after the execution and forfeiture of his Lordship, and, having been stowed away in the garret of the old town buildings, were lost sight of until the fabric was taken down about thirty years ago. They were removed to the new buildings, where they still continue. The chests, two in number, contain a great many interesting family papers. Amongst the charters there is one from Robert the Bruce, in the tenth year of his reign, 1316, granting to "Sir Robert Boyd, one of his first associates in attempting to restore the liberties of Scotland," the lands of Kilmarnock, &c.

RENFREWSHIRE MEMORIALS OF '45.

In this county, as every where, the rebellion of 1745 created great uneasiness—which was vastly increased by the near vicinity of the army of Prince Charles while at Glasgow. A party of Highlanders actually penetrated as far as Blackstoun House, in the parish of Kilbarchan, for the purpose of exacting a levy of provisions. The laird of Blackstoun, Alexander Napier, had rendered himself somewhat prominent on the Hanoverian side. He had purchased a captaincy in a cavalry regiment about 1730; and in 1745, commanded a body of militia, raised for the purpose of opposing the "young Chevalier." Prince Charles ordered a contribution of 45 bolls of corn, and 1000 stones of hay to be

* The letter is dated 1st February.

† The Town Council of Kilmarnock petitioned government in favour of the Earl. This they did on the 20th of July 1746.

exacted from his lands. The lady, in his absence, however, contrived to satisfy the party with one-half the quantity of corn. The following memorandum, by John Cochran of Clipping, near Blackstoun, has been preserved of this affair :—

"There was sevin score Hoghländmaen and there comandars belowing [belonging] to the Pretender came from Glasgow one a Sabbath Night to the hows of Blaxton being the twenty Nint of Decer 1745 and Demanded of the Leady a Thow-sand Stane of Hay and 45 Bols of Corn which she and them agried for 25 bow [bolls] Corn & a Thow-sand Stane Hay and it was said y^t that they mead [made] a bow mil [boll meal, or grinded a boll into meal,] in this parish to ye cowmen [common] men and thay went af abowt tow [two] of the morneng and mrt [marched] to Glasgow."

The Highlandmen were ferried over the water of Cart at Blackstoun by one Peter Fleming, ferryman, who had formerly been a farmer in Kilallan parish. No bridge existed at Blackstoun then. Semple, the continuator of Crawford's genealogical account of Renfrewshire, says "about the year 1766, he [Blackstoun] built a good stone-bridg, with one arch, over the river Black Cart, adjacent to the mision of Blackstoun, for his own private use, being under lock and key." Peter Fleming was compelled to ferry the Highlandmen in 1745. He was a descendant of the house of Barrochan, though remotely. A crazy person of this branch of the Flemings, who, notwithstanding, was possessed of a great mass of pedigree-facts—being a sort of *seanchie*—used to say "four dogs sould dee afore Peter wad step in to the bruiking of the family."

Mrs Campbell of the Bourthills, parish of Lochwinnoch, who was 98½ years of age on the 25th December 1831, remembered the commotion and alarm of "the Forty-five." The farmers of the Leichlands* drove all their horses and cattle to the Mistilaw, as a place of safety, at the time Blackstoun was attacked. When the drove passed the Mercathill, near Castlesempill, the wife of John Affan† of that mailling, mistaking the trampling of the horses for that of the rebels, became much alarmed, crying, "The Hieland rabiatorst cum we're a ruint and ravisht." The women buried their rings and "sillar harts among the peit ause." The Sempill of Beltrees, who resided then at the Thridpairt, concealed their plate and jewels in the soil of the Barbowie, a farm opposite Thridpairt, on the other side of the water of Black Cart. Colonel McDowall of Castlesempill was a Whig; but his lady, formerly Miss Wallace of Woolnet, was a Jacobite, and a keen favourer of Prince Charles; when the Lochwinnoch militia passed Castlesempill House, on their way to Glasgow, she "swarfit" or fainted.

The Chevalier's army never visited Greenock, in consequence of war-vessels being moored at intervals from about the old battery to above Port Glasgow. It is said that about 18 or 24 came to see the land, and reached as far as the Clune Brac; but, on hearing the fire from the ships of war, returned immediately to the head quarters at Greenock.

* A common name by the people to the level portions of the Clyde and Cart, of the parishes of Paisley, Renfrew, Inchinnan, Kilbarchan, &c.

† A rabiator, a greedy violent person.

• Warr's Hist. of Greenock, p. 38.

"In the year 1745, a regiment of militia was organized at Glasgow, under the Earl of Home, as Colonel, of which about 500 were Glasgow men, and the remainder chiefly from Paisley. This regiment was present at the disgraceful route of Falkirk, and displayed more courage than the troops of the line; for it remained formed after the dragoons and part of the foot had given way. The result was a severe loss to the volunteers. Shortly before the battle, Prince Charles levied from the inhabitants of Paisley the sum of £500 sterling, by way of loan. The sum was borrowed in name of the town from different persons in the place as they could furnish it, and the council agreed to relieve the Treasurer as soon as a proper hand can be found to advance the whole sum upon the town's security.

"This 'proper hand' was soon found in the person of a gallant and loyal gentleman in the neighbourhood, Colonel William McDowall of Castlesempill, to whom in return a bond for £500 was granted.

"Some years afterwards, the council applied to government for relief, on the ground that they had been subjected to the exaction on account of their loyalty, but this application was unsuccessful. The corporation of Glasgow was more fortunate, having succeeded, after three years' unremitting application, in wringing from government no less than £10,000 sterling, as a compensation for money and goods extorted from them by the rebels.

"Why relief should have been granted in this case, and not in the other, it is not easy to discover."*

A LOCHWINNOCH LAIRD.

Robert Brodie of Calderhauch, in 1745, made his will to his nephew, John Caldwell, in the lands of Calderhauch, Johnshill, Fulwoodhead, &c., as follows:—"I, Robert Brodie, son of umquhyle Mr Robert Braedine of Calderhauch, &c., whereas I, being resolved to serve a volunteer in the militia, raised for the defence of our libertys and religion against the rebellion raised by a popish Pretender and his adherents, And that being resolved to settle and order my affairs, That in case of my decease without issue, my heritage may belong in manner following, viz., In the favours of John Caldwell, son of John Caldwell of Lochsyde, and Barbara Brodie, my sister."—PRIVATE LATTER WILL.

"JOHN TAMSON'S MAN."

"JOHN TAMSON'S MAN" is a very common saying in Scotland; but, like many other familiar expressions, the meaning of it is by no means generally understood. Thanks to DUNBAR, one of the most distinguished of our ancient *makaris*, or poets, little doubt can be entertained of its import, though we may be still in the dark as to its origin.

"TO THE KING.

THAT HE WAR JOHNE THOMSOUNIS MAN.

SCHIR, for your Grace bayth night and day,
Richt hartlie on my kneis I pray,
With all devotion that I can,
God gif ye war Johne Thomsounis man!

* Ramsay's Views in Renfrewshire.

For war it so, than weill war me,
Bot benefice I wald nocht be;
My hard fortoun war endit than:
God gif ye war Johne Thomsounis man!

Than wald sum reuth within you rest,
For saik of hir fairest and best;
In Bartane, syn hir time began;
God gif ye war Johne Thomsounis man!

For it micht hurt in no degré,
That one, so fair and gude as sche,
Throw hir virtew sic wirschip wan,
As you to mak Johne Thomsounis man.

I wald gif all that ever I haif
To that conditioun, so God me saif,
That ye had vowit to the Swan,
Ane yeir to be Johne Thomsounis man.

The mersy of that sweit meik Rois,
Suld sofft yow Thriasil, I suppois,
Quhois pykis throw me so reuthless ran;
God gif ye war Johne Thomsounis man!

My advocat, bayth fair and sweit,
The hale rejosing of my spreit,
Wald speid in to my errandis than;
And ye war anis Johne Thomsounis man.

Ever quhen I think yow harde or dour,
Or mercyles in my succour,
Than pray I God, and sweet Sanct An,
Gif that ye war Johne Thomsounis man!"

"The burden of this humorous address, which is preserved in Sir R. Maitland's MS., is a proverbial expression of a man ruled by his wife, in common phrase, a *hen-pecked husband*. Thus, in the collection of Scottish Proverbs by David Fergusson, under the head 'Of effeminate persons,' one is 'He is John Thomsons's man, couthching carle.'—sign. c. 4. edit. Edinb. 1641, 4to. 'I have little doubt (says Mr Pinkerton) but the original proverb was Joan Thomson's man: *man* in Scotland signifies either *husband* or *servant*, and he quotes the following lines from Sam. Colville's Scottish Hudibras, first printed in 1681:

We read in greatest warriors' lives
They oft were ruled by their wives.
The world's conqueror, Alexander,
Obey'd a lady, his commander:
And Antonie, that drunkard keen,
Was rul'd by his lascivious Queen. . . .
So the imperious Roxalan
Made the great Turk *John Thomson's man*.

"The intent of the prayer therefore is, That the King were ruled by the Queen. Margaret, Queen of James IV., had, in all likelihood, promised Dunbar her assistance in procuring him a benefice; but he found that her influence with the King was not very strong, and wrote this poem in consequence.

"Line 11. *In Bartane*.] That is, in Britain; and *syn* in this line stands for *sen*, since.

"Line 19. *That ye had vowit to the Swan*.] The stanza, containing this line, is quoted from our MS. by Mr Tyrwhitt in his excellent glossary to Chaucer; who there adduces a singular instance of this vow from Matthew of Westminster. When Edward I. was setting out on his last expedition to Scotland, 1306, a festival was held, at which, 'Allati sunt in pompaticâ gloria duo CYGNI vel

OLORES ante Regem, phalerati retibus aureis vel fistulis deauratis, desiderabile spectaculum intuentibus. Quibus visis, REX VOTUM VOVIT DEO CYGLI ET CYGNIS se proficisci in Scotiam, mortem Johannis Comyn et fidem lassam Scottorum vivus sive mortuus vindicaturus,' &c.—PINKERTON. 'In the days of chivalry, it was customary for the knights to make vows to God over a roasted swan, peacock, pheasant, heron, or other bird; and these vows were held to be inviolable. The bird was afterwards carried to the table.'—SIBBALD. In the metrical romance of Alexander, translated from the French in 1438, and printed at Edinburgh by Arbuthnot about 1680, one of the books or parts 'the Avowis of Alexander,' (in the French MS. entitled '*Li Veu du Peon*,') refers entirely to this singular custom of the knights and ladies taking solemn vows upon themselves when 'the poun' or peacock is set before them. Martin, also, in his Description of the Western Islands, says, 'When the natives kill a swan, it is common for the eaters of it to make a negative vow (i. e. they swear never to do something that is in itself impracticable) before they taste of the fowl.'—p. 71. (*Dunbar's Poems, collected by David Laing*.)

We are not at all satisfied with Pinkerton's suggestion, that "the original proverb was *Joan Thomson's man*." Joan is a name, we should say, wholly unknown in Scotland. It does not occur in any family or other writing with which we are acquainted. Besides it is not necessary, to the origin of the saying, that *man* should be understood as *husband*. The *servant* of "John Thomsons" may have been so ruled by his better half as to render him a by-word.

In London, a social club exists, or lately existed, amongst Scotsmen, called "John Tamson's Bairsns"—meaning, of course, that its members were friendly, as brothers of one family. "We're a John Tamson's bairsns" is an expression of mutual good fellowship very frequently heard in Scotland. Thus, whether John Thomson himself, or his *man*, was the victim of a shrewish wife, it appears he is destined, in all time coming, to stand forward as the prototype of hen-pecked husbands.

"ANTI-JACOBITE MELODIES."

THE Scottish "Jacobite Melodies" have been so much and justly admired, and our sympathies have so chimed in with the chivalrous attempt of "the young Chevalier" to regain the throne of his ancestors in 1745-6, that we have lost sight of the means resorted to by the Hanoverian party, to excite opposition to "the Pretender," as Prince Charles Edward was called. The muse, which had done good service in favour of the Prince, was also besought in the cause of the King. But her efforts for the Hanoverian interest were comparatively stunted and powerless. They were chiefly the offspring of the southern side of the border—and cannot compare with the glowing sentiment, pathos, and rich humour of the Jacobite muse of "the north countrie." Still they may be regarded as curious, though possessing little poetic merit.

Such was the power attributed to song, that the King's anthem was altered by authority, and sung at the theatres in London, in the month of Nov. 1745, as follows:—

God save our valiant king,
Long live our noble king,
God save the king;

Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the king.

George is magnanimous,
Subjects unanimous,
Peace to us bring;
His fame is glorious,
Reign meritorious,
Let him rule over us,
God save the king.

From France and Pretender,
Great Britain defend her,
Foes let them fall;
From foreign slavery,
Priests, and their knavery,
And Popish reverie,
God save us all.

The bold volunteers of London were encouraged to
shoulder their arms in the regular John Bull style:—

A SONG MADE FOR THE LONDON VOLUNTEERS.

Stand round, my brave boys, with heart and with voice,
And all in full chorus agree;
We'll fight for our king, and as loyally sing,
And let the world know we'll be free,
And let the world know we'll be free.

The rebels will fly, as with shouts we draw nigh,
And echo shall victory ring;
Then safe from alarms, we'll rest on our arms,
And chorus it, long live the king,
Long live the king,
Long live the king,
Long live the king,
And chorus it, long live the king.

With hearts firm and stout, we'll repel the bold rout,
And follow fair Liberty's call;
We'll rush on the foe, and deal death in each blow,
Till conquest and honour crown all.
The rebels, &c.

Then commerce once more shall bring wealth to our
shore,
And plenty and peace bless the isle;
The peasant shall quaff off his bowl with a laugh,
And reap the sweet fruits of his toil.
The rebels, &c.

Kind love shall repay the fatigues of the day,
And melt us to softer alarms;
Coy Phillis shall burn, at her soldier's return,
And bless the brave youth in her arms.
The rebels, &c.

One of the best productions of the Anti-Jacobite
muse of England, is

"A SONG TO THE TUNE OF LILLIBULERO,"

a well known air of the "Derrydown" school. It is
as follows:—

O brother Sawney, hear you the news?
Twang 'em, we'll bang 'em, and hang 'em up all;
An army's just coming without any shoes;
Twang 'em, we'll bang 'em, and hang 'em up all:

To arms, to arms,
Brave boys, to arms!

A true English cause for your courage doth call,
Court, country, and city,
Against a banditti;

Twang 'em, we'll bang 'em, and hang 'em up all.

The Pope sends us over a bonny brisk lad;
Twang 'em, &c.

Who, to court English favour, wears a Scotch plaid;
Twang 'em, &c.
To arms, &c.

A Protestant church from Rome doth advance;
Twang 'em, &c.
And, what is more rare, he brings freedom from
France;
Twang 'em, &c.
To arms, &c.

If this should surprise you, there is news, stranger, yet;
Twang 'em, &c.
He brings Highland money to pay England's debt;
Twang 'em, &c.
To arms, &c.

You must take it in coin which the country affords;
Twang 'em, &c.
Instead of broad pieces, he pays with broad swords;
Twang 'em, &c.
To arms, &c.

And sure this is paying you in the best ore;
Twang 'em, &c.
For who once is thus paid will never want more;
Twang 'em, &c.
To arms, &c.

There are one or two rather good hits here. The
palm, however, is decidedly in favour of the Scottish
muse, even when Anti-Jacobitical—as for example
the

"SONG IN BURLESQUE OF PRINCE CHARLES'S
MANIFESTO."

Tune—*Clout the Caldron.*

Have you any laws to mend?
Or have you any grievance?
I am a hero to my trade,
And truly a most leal prince.
Would you have war, would you have peace,
Would you be free of taxes,
Come chapping to my father's door,
You need not doubt of access.

Religion, laws, and liberty,
Ye ken, are bouny words, sirs;
They shall be a' made sure to you,
If you'll fecht wi' your swords, sirs.
The nation's debt we soon shall pay,
If ye'll support our right, boys;
No sooner we are brought in play
Then all things shall be tight, boys.

Ye ken that, by an union base,
Your ancient kingdom's undone,
That a' your ladies, lords, and lairds,
Gang up and live at London.
Nae langer that we will allow,
For, crack—it goes asunder—
What took sic time and pains to do;
And let the world wonder.

I'm sure, for seven years and mair,
Ye've heard o' sad oppression;
And this is all the good ye get,
By the Hanover succession.
For absolute power and popery,
Ye ken its a' but nonsense:
I here swear to secure to you
Your liberty of conscience.

And, for your mair encouragement,
Ye shall be pardoned by-gones;
Nae mair fight on the Continent,
And leave behind your dry-banes.
Then come away, and dinna stay:
What gars ye look sae landart?
I'd have ye run, and not delay
To join my father's standard!

These verses are to be found in Robert Chambers'
Collection of Scottish Songs, and were written by Mrs
Cockburn, respecting whom the late Sir Walter Scott
furnished the following particulars:—

"Mrs Catherine Cockburn, authoress of those verses to the tune of the Flowers of the Forest, which beguile,"

'I've seen the smiling of fortune beguiling.'

was daughter to — Rutherford, Esq., of Fairnalee in Selkirkshire. A turret in the old house of Fairnalee is still shown as the place where the poem was written. The occasion was a calamitous period in Selkirkshire, or Ettrick Forest, when no fewer than seven lairds or proprietors, men of ancient family and inheritance, having been engaged in some imprudent speculations, became insolvent in one year.

"Miss C. Rutherford was married to — Cockburn, son of Cockburn of Ormiston, Lord Justice Clerk of Scotland. Mr Cockburn acted as Commissioner for the Duke of Hamilton of that day; and being, as might be expected from his family, a sincere friend to the Revolution and Protestant succession, he used his interest with his principal to prevent him from joining in the intrigues which preceded the insurrection of 1745, to which his Grace is supposed to have had a strong inclination.

"Mrs Cockburn was herself a keen Whig. I remember having heard repeated a parody on Prince Charles's proclamation, in burlesque verse, to the tune of 'Clout the Caldron.' In the midst of the siege or blockade of the castle of Edinburgh, the carriage in which Mrs Cockburn was returning from a visit to Ravelstone, was stopped by the Highland guard at the West Port; and, as she had a copy of the parody about her person, she was not a little alarmed at the consequences; especially as the officer talked of searching the carriage for letters and correspondence with the Whigs in the city. Fortunately the arms on the coach were recognised as belonging to a gentleman favourable to the cause of the Adventurer, so that Mrs Cockburn escaped, with the caution not to carry political squibs about her person in future."

Varieties.

Wheat and Oak affect the same climate—never to be found between the tropics, and will not grow spontaneously beyond 68 north latitude.

Horses and cattle lie on open boards in Sweden.—*Note-Book*, 1802.

POTATOES first introduced into East Lothian about 1740 from Ireland, but not planted in the fields till 1753 or 1754, by Mr Hay, tenant in Aberlady.—*Ibid*.

THE Rental of England, in 1802, was thirty-seven millions; in Scotland, three; total, 40.—*Pitt's Speech in Parliament*.

MAY 1805.—Potatoes were sold early in this month in London at 3s. 6d., 3s., and 2s. 6d. per lib.; old kidneys at 1d.; other kinds at 3s. 4d. per lib. I ate new potatoes at Manchester (very good), on the 19th, which were bought for 6d. per lib.—*Note-Book of a Private Gentleman*.

THE ANTIQUE.—There is in the shop of Mr Sharpe, watchmaker, High Street of this town, a curious old clock, which tradition says belonged to the Annandale family, and long divided time in the ancient hall of Lochwood. The curious in mechanical contrivance and the antiquity of inventions will find this relic well worthy of inspection. It is simply a piece of clock work, supported by four brass pillars, which are surmounted by a dome of bell-metal, upon which the hours are struck by a hammer, somewhat after the manner of the modern clock. The twelve hours are marked upon a circular index of brass, and affixed to a plate of the same metal, upon which the maker's name, Leadenhall, and the date 1507, are legibly inscribed. The motive power is weights, cords, and pulleys, the movement controlled by a pendulum and escapement, and the hours only are indicated

by a single pointer. What is most worthy of remark in regard to this manifestly antique piece of mechanism, is that, assuming the date, 1507, upon the dial to be that of its actual manufacture, it furnishes very strange testimony to the antiquity of pendulum clocks, an invention which has been always accorded to the seventeenth century, and the honour of the discovery ascribed to Galileo; and it is asserted by Beckman in the history of inventions, that the oldest public clock in England is that of Hampton Court, date, fifteen hundred and something, driven originally by weights, but not regulated by a pendulum. Leaving this to antiquarian argument, it were interesting to speculate upon the preservation which maintained this relic in a family so often subjected to foray and feud, and against the destroying fury of the incendiary fire, kindled with savage glee by Maxwell of Nithsdale, on the towers of Lochwood—when, in the absence of her Lord, he swore to give "Lady Ann light to dress her saracen hood" and for which such signal vengeance was taken upon Dryfe Sands. At present the clock is much out of order; but resuscitated under the hands of Sharpe, an ingenious workman, it might form an interesting object in some hall of curiosities, or museum, such as that of the Dumfries Observatory.—*Dumfries Courier*.

BERKELEY CHURCHYARD.—I walked about the churchyard for full ten minutes. I never before was in such a poetical place, at least as far as the tombstones are an evidence of the public taste: every grave has a headstone, and every headstone has nearly half-a-dozen lines of hard-earned rhyme upon it. Nearly all Pope's epitaphs are to be found here, but chipped and chopped about a good deal, so as to suit person and purpose: and as the poorest party scorns to rest in peace without a heap of poetry above his head, on the principle, I suppose, of "*Placantur carmine manes*," the original import being some time expended, many have copied, picked, and plagiarized from their neighbours. On a white stone to the west of the tower were the words—

Attend to me as you pass by,
As you are now, so once was I;
As I am now, so you may be,
Therefore prepare to follow me.

Under this, some wag, who could crack his jokes even beneath Death's head and cross bones, has written in a bold hand, with a black-lead pencil—

To follow you I'm not content,
Unless I know which way you went.

Nearly in the centre of the churchyard is a neat free-stone altar-tomb, erected over the remains of the Earl of Suffolk's fool, with an inscription, I think (though I may be mistaken) by Swift—

Here lies the Earl of Suffolk's fool;
Some call him Dickey Pierce;
His folly served to make men laugh,
When wit and mirth were scarce.
But now, alas! he's dead and gone,
What signifies to cry,
For fools enough are still behind,
To laugh at by-and-bye.

Owing to my eyes not being so young as they once were, I could not make out the date: the incident in itself, however, had sufficient interest for me when I reflected that there was interred one of a race formerly found in every Baronial Hall, but long extinct.—*The Church Goer*.

INTRODUCTION OF WOOLLEN MANUFACTURES.—King Edward III. was the first to promote woollen manufactures in England. He brought over seventy families of Walloons, for the purpose, in 1331. In 1337 laws were enacted for the encouragement of the manufacture.

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THE EARLY LAWS OF SCOTLAND.

No. I.

CONSIDERABLE difference of opinion has prevailed, and, we believe, still exists, amongst antiquaries, as to the early laws of Scotland—some maintaining that our earliest written code was simply a transcript, or, at all events, borrowed in substance from that of England.

It must be admitted, however, that there was a common law anterior to any known statutory enactments, and that this common law was in operation while the government of the country continued purely Celtic. At the convocation of the clergy held by Malcolm Canmore in 1074, these instructors of the people could only speak Gaelic. The king himself had to act as interpreter between them and his queen—Margaret of England. It is thus evident that Gaelic was the common language over all Scotland at this period, and the laws were no doubt Celtic also. It is supposed that there was a shade of difference between the laws of the Scots and Picts, both, however, having the same origin. The law of tanistry, by which the succession to the crown was regulated, existed amongst the Picts as well as the Scots. "Bede casually informs us," says a recent writer, "that it was a rule with the Picts, when the succession came to be disputed, that the preference should be given to the nearest claimant by the female side. It was this law which placed Kenneth on the throne, in opposition to the other competitor, Bred;" and we may add that the same law is recognisable in the claims of Bruce and Baliol to the Scottish throne, in the reign of Edward I. of England, which led to such protracted and destructive wars.

It is certain that what is called the feudal law—the right of "pit and gallows"—was unknown in Scotland before the accession of Malcolm Canmore. The government, in all its ramifications, was patriarchal—a system peculiar to the Celtic nations of Europe. It differed materially from the feudal, which is believed to have been the growth of the invasions and conquests of the Goths and Vandals. Under the patriarchal system the respective districts were governed by the chiefs and *ceann-tighes*—i.e. heads of families. The former constituted the executive—the latter the judges and juries of the respective clans. The chief presided at the *Moot*,* and executed the judg-

ment pronounced there by the patriarchs, or *ceann-tighes*; which judgment was ruled by the *deachdadh*, or common law. No capital punishments were permitted by this law—all offences or crimes being expiable by a fine, payable to the injured party, or the nearest of kin, by the criminal. This principle of the common law continued to prevail in fact long after the feudal system and statutory enactments had become general.

But neither the chiefs nor *ceann-tighes* were "lairds" in the sense in which that term is now understood. The *country* of the clan, as it was called, belonged to the *dan* collectively, and not exclusively to the chiefs and *ceann-tighes*. In other words, the people had a *right of property* in the "country" or district. The chiefs and heads of houses had such portions of lands allotted to them—exclusively, no doubt—as accorded with their position and the importance of their establishments. They had no tenants or vassals under them, and no power to remove any one from his common holding, or to exact an increase of *calpa**—for it was not rent the people paid, but merely a contribution, in *cane*, to support and sustain the dignity of their chief and representative.

The feudal system is generally understood to have been introduced by Malcolm Canmore. It differed essentially from the patriarchal. By it the king was the fountain of all honour and power—the rightful owner and inheritor of the land, and the guardian of all heiresses in the state. The power of the crown being thus greatly exalted and consolidated, the kings of Scotland, from Malcolm Canmore downwards, exerted themselves to establish the feudal, and put down the patriarchal system. Charters were at first chiefly given to foreigners; but the system soon found many favourers among the chiefs and *ceann-tighes*, who, with charters of the lands of the clan, and the power of pit and gallows conferred upon them, were enabled to act the part of petty sovereigns in their respective districts, and frequently to set the crown itself at defiance.

The introduction of the feudal system, however, met with strong and long continued opposition on the part of the people, and the less intriguing of the chiefs and *ceann-tighes*—and to this may be traced most of the civil broils, especially in the Highlands, which marked the reigns of the Scottish sovereigns. Charters were freely offered to such as were in a position to assume and make

* The sound bill, where justice was dispensed—many remains of which still exist in the country.

* *Caups*, (Scotice)—an exaction in name of a benevolence.

good their titles. From the difficulty of putting them in force, however, they were in many instances allowed to lie dormant—the people of the district included in these grants continuing for ages to enjoy their lands, and pay their calpa to their hereditary chiefs, under whose banner they still fought in war. Even in the Lowlands, the patriarchal system was in partial operation down to a comparatively recent period. In the second parliament of James IV., held in 1489, the following acts were passed, with the view “of undoing of Caupes in *Galloway*” and *Carrick* :—

“Item, Because it was meaned and complained be our Sovereine Lordis lieges dwelland in the boundes of *Galloway*, that certaine Gentlemen, heads of kin in *Galloway* hes used to take Caupes, of the quihlk tacke there, and exaction thereof, our SOVERAINE LORD, and his three Estaites knew na perfite nor reasonable cause, for the quihlk his Ilienes be advise of the last Parliament, assigned, warned and charged all the persones that claimed or alleaged to take, raise, or intromet with ony sik action of Caupes, to cum to the nixt Parliament, and there ostend and schaw quhat richt they have to the taking of the samin. And now in this present Parliament, the saidis persones making the said claimes, hes bene oft times in called for the ostension and schawing of their richt, as said is, and nane hes compeired nor schawin na richt, nor title of richtes, to raise and take the said Caupes. Herefore our Sovereine Lord, willing and being of intention, to seclude and put away all sik abusiones, evill use and extortiones put on his people and lieges, but reasonable cause. Be authoritie of his Parliament hes ordained to be abused, and left the taking of the said Caupes in all times to cum: And na man to take them of the Kingis lieges, under the paine to be punished as for riefse, and ay in time to cum to be a poynt of ditty in the Justice aire.

“Item, As touching the Caupes in *Carrick* the Kingis Iliness and his Estaites foresaidis, thinkis expedient and conclusid, that all they quihlkis claimes Caupes, be warned be open Proclamation to compeir in the nixt Parliament, bringand with them sik evidents and richtes, as they will use for the taking of the said Caupes, with certification and they do not, that our Sovereine Lorde, with advise of his three Estaites will annull all sik thing, and will ordain all sik Caupes to be not taken in time to cum.”

Ultimately “the charter-made lords, lairds, and barons” gained ground in the estimation of the people, and their power became firmly rooted. The improper exaction of “caupes” by the “heads of kin” tended latterly, in no small degree, to bring about this consummation. In defining the meaning of caupe, Jamieson adds, that the exaction “was generally the *best* horse or cow the retainer had in his possession.” From these remains of the system, however abused it might be, we can form a pretty accurate conception of so much at least of the common law in early times.

The patriarchal government seems to have been founded on a mild and equitable principle; but adapted only to a particular state of society. The feudal system, by which it was supplanted, suited another, and perhaps more advanced. Now both have given way to a third, which is but yet adjusting itself to the demands and requirements of society.

DERIVATION OF HOGMANAY, TROLLOLAY.

Hogmanay,
Trollolay,

Give us of your white bread, and none of your grey!

THIS well known cry of our juveniles on the last day of the year has given rise to no small inquiry amongst the learned; and still its derivation seems a matter of doubt. Jamieson, in his “*Scottish Dictionary*,” quotes an article from the *Caledonian Mercury* of 1792, in which it is stated that Hogmanay is a Druid usage, a change of name only having been given to it on the introduction of Christianity. The origin of it the writer endeavours to trace in the language of the Galls. About the middle of the sixteenth century, he says, great complaints were made to the Gallic Synods of companies of both sexes running about during the *Fete de Fous* [Scotice, the “daft days,”] with Christmas boxes, calling out as they entered places of worship as well as houses, “*Au gui menez, Rollet Follet, au gui menez, tiri liri mainte du blanc et point du bis.*” A stop was put to their entering churches in 1598. From the similarity of sound, as well as meaning, between the cry of the French and our *Hogmanay, Trollolay*, it is inferred that we have derived it from the former. The writer quotes the authority of Bishop Angres, for the opinion that the *Fete du Fous* was derived from the Druids. He, however, puts forward another conjecture. As our Gothic ancestors worshipped the sun under the name of *Thor*, and gave the name of *Oel* to their feasts, particularly to that of the new year, it is possible that the cry may be a “call to the celebration of the festival of their great god.” *Minne*, or *Minni*, simply denotes remembrance—hence, “*Hogg! Minne! Thorud! Oel!*” That is, “Remember your sacrifices; the feast of Thor! the feast!”

In reference to *Trollolay*, Jamieson observes, “we find a similar phrase in old English; but whether originally, the same is uncertain—

And then satten some, and
Song at the nale,
And holpen erie his halfe acre,
With hey trolly lolly.”

Robert Chambers, in his “*Popular Rhymes of Scotland*,” says, “a suggestion of the late Professor Robinson seems the best, that the word *Hogmanay* was derived from *au gui menez*—(to the mistletoe go)—which nummers formerly cried in France at Christmas. At the same time it was customary for these persons to rush unceremoniously into houses, playing antic tricks, and bullying the inmates for money and choice victuals, crying, ‘*Tire-lire* [referring to a small money-box they carried,] *maint du blanc, et point du bis.*’ Are we to suppose that Professor Robinson was the author of the article in the *Caledonian Mercury*, copied by Jamieson, or has Chambers, in attributing the “suggestion” to Professor Robinson, overlooked the prior suggestion, which is precisely the same, of the anonymous writer.—It is possible that this may have been the origin of the Scottish cry of *Hogmanay*—still it is curious how our ancestors came to imitate the French so unmeaningly in the first part of it, and to translate so closely the second—*maint du blanc, et du point bis*—“Give us

of your white bread, and none of your grey." Why not have rendered the whole cry into English or Scottish?

A still more ingenious attempt to trace the origin of "Hogmanay, Trolloley," was made by John Callander, Esq. of Craigforth, whose essay on the subject appears in the Transactions of the Society of Scottish Antiquaries, printed in 1818. He alludes to the supposition that Hogmanay is derived from *Sancta Luna*, or the holy month, it being generally believed that our Saviour was born about that season of the year—but he finds no term in the rubrics of the Roman church bearing the slightest resemblance to it. Others, he says, have sought for it in the French,

"L' Homme est né,
Trois rois la ;"

alluding to the birth of Christ, and the subsequent adoration paid to him by the three wise men of the east ; but no such song, it would appear, is in use among the French at Christmas. Conceiving the observances of Christmas to be purely of Scandinavian origin, the author at once sets himself to the task of discovering it in that quarter. All the northern tribes, says Mr Callander, paid religious veneration to the night rather than the day. Cæsar and Tacitus have both remarked this. Our Saxon ancestors, who brought their customs with them into Britain, began their computations of time from the night. In the laws of King Ina we read :—"Cild binnan thriftigum nighta,"—let a child be baptised within thirty nights. After their conversion they substituted the festival of Christmas for the rites of Paganism, used in this *mother night*, from which they commenced their computations. This change, however, occasioned no alteration in the name of the month, which continued to be called *Heligmonat*, the sacred month. The Saxons had their names and festivals from their Scandinavian ancestors—those tribes who first peopled Denmark, Sweden, Norway and Iceland. The festival of the new year was celebrated from time immemorial by these people, with sacrifices and other religious rites, in the month of December—hence, called *Hogmonat* and *Blothmonat*, signifying the month of immolation, or sacrifices. *Blath*, in the Icelandic, means a sacrifice. This winter feast was also called *Haukunott*, or *Hokanot*, the etymology of which has not been defined. As it was always celebrated at the winter solstice, it was called *Iol*, (*yol*) whence we formed the word *yule*, or *yule*. Hence, December was called *yiuli* : by Saxons, *Gaol* and *geoldon*, signifying to return. From this also comes *goal*.

From these facts the author contends that *Hogmanay* is only a corruption of the Icelandic *Hogmonat* and *Hokanot*, the original names of the Christmas festival. The term, he says, is yet to be found in Normandy, carried there by the Scandinavians, who conquered that province under Rolf or Rollo, during the reign of Charles the Simple. The ingenious Gebelin, in his *Monde Primitif*, says that *Haguineter*, or *Hogingnetes*, is the name of those gifts which are offered by friends on the last day of the year. These, adds Gebelin, were always demanded in song—

Si vous veinez à là dépense,
A là dépense de chez nous,

Vous mangeriez de bons chous,
On vous servirait du sort,
Hoguino.^{*}

Menage has preserved another of them, which was sung in his time in the city of Rouen :—

Donnez mois mes *Haguignetes*,
Dans un panier que voici,
J'ai l'acheta i samedi,
D'un bon homme de dehors.
Mais il est encore a payer,
Haguinelo.

The learned Gebelin has observed that *Haguinelo* was derived from the ancient cry of the Druids, a *gui*, the new year ; but if he had remembered the Scandinavian *Hogmonot*, he would have found the etymology nearer home, as well as nearer the meaning of the word used in Normandy.

Respecting the word *Trolloley*, Mr Callander finds plain traces in it of the Icelandic *Trolldr*, denotive of evil genii, who devoured unlucky mortals who went near their haunts. Thus *Trollolay* would signify—"away ye evil genii, be ye far from our solemn meetings." The ancient historical monuments and Runic poems are full of accounts of these spectres. Mallet gives the following description of them :—"This monstrous race is said to have subsisted for a long time in the mountains and forests of Norway, where they continued down to the ninth century ; that they fled from the open day, living only with those of their own species in solitude and clefts of the rocks ; that they fed on human flesh, and were so skilled in magic as to be able to fascinate the eyes of men. In process of time they mingled with women of our species, and produced demi-giants, who, approaching nearer to the human race, at length became mere men." Their skill in magic was reputed so great that *Troll* is used to signify magic. In the Icelandic Bible, witch is called *Trollkona*. But *Troll* or *Trull* is commonly used to signify one of those spectres we are treating of. The Vandals called the whole Gothic nation *Troll*. Many places in Scandinavia retain the name of these *Trolldr*.

These evil genii appeared most frequently at the festival of *Iul* or *Yule*, during the long nights of December. Thus, in one of the ancient Runic monuments quoted by Torfaeus—"Hedin, Helgii frater, cum festi *Jolenis tempore*, solus ex sylva domum viet, abiram habet foeminam giganteam. Haec lupo insidebat, et serpentes habenarum loco habuit."

Such is the substance of the essay on Hogmanay by Mr Callander. It certainly is ingenious, and, to our fancy, approaches much nearer the origin of the cry than any of the suggestions hitherto put forward. The editor of the "Transactions" thinks it probable, from a passage in Torfaeus, overlooked by Mr Callander, that *Trollolay* was an invocation to *Trollhaena* to defend those liable to be attacked by the *Trolldr*. *Haena* may have been originally *Haegna*, a Scandinavian word, meaning to defend, or inclose. Hence, *Trollhaena*, "The Defender from the evil genii."

* In Gebelin the word is *Hoguino*.

THE BETRAYAL OF SIR CHRISTOPHER DE SETON—LOCH DOON CASTLE.

SIR CHRISTOPHER DE SETON—an ancestor of the noble family afterwards distinguished as the Earls of Winton, which title, as the world is aware, has recently been assumed by the Earl of Eglinton, the nearest lineal descendant—is known to have been an early and warm supporter of the Bruce in his claim to the Scottish throne.* We have no precise account of his participation in those plans which led to the assertion of Bruce's rights; but from his intimate family connection—being married to Lady Christian, sister of the future king—there can be little doubt that he was privy to all the secret proceedings by which the eventful crisis was brought about. He was present when Bruce struck down the Red Comyn in the convent of the Minorite Friars in Dumfries, and among the few who afterwards rallied round the standard of the King, when he was crowned at Scone, on the 27th of March, 1306. In the disastrous battle of Methven which followed, Sir Christopher bore a conspicuous part. The Scots relying, in the chivalrous spirit of the times, on the statement of the Earl of Pembroke, that the day being too far spent he would not be ready to join battle until the morrow, neglected to plant proper outposts round their camp; so that they were set upon during the night, and nearly cut to pieces before they could offer any effectual resistance. Bruce and the few leaders who were with him had scarcely time to arm, and though they performed prodigies of valour, it was impossible, taken at such disadvantage, to resist an overwhelming force. The King was three times unhorsed; and, according to Barbour, Sir Philip de Mowbray had so nearly taken him prisoner, that the knight cried aloud—"I have the new-made King!" The ready hand of Sir Christopher Seton, however, at that moment dealt Sir Philip a well-aimed blow, which felled him to the earth, and rescued Bruce from his perilous situation. The result of the battle of Methven proved disastrous to the hopes of Bruce for a time. He and all his party who escaped the fray were compelled to seek safety in the fastnesses of the country. While the King and a few of his adherents directed their course towards the Highlands, Sir Christopher Seton sought refuge in the Castle of Loch Doon,† which, from its situation—being surrounded by the lake—must, prior to the invention of gunpowder, have been almost impregnable. From the ruins still existing, it seems to have been capable of holding a considerable number of retainers. It is octagonal in form and consists of a single tower, with high walls, enclosing a pretty

extensive area, in the interior of which accommodation for the garrison was no doubt provided by a range of buildings erected against the walls, leaving an open space in the centre. The main entrance—which is arched in the Gothic style—with its portcullis aperture, is still entire; as are also the sallyport and the greater portion of the tower. At what period the Castle was built is unknown; but as it formed a stronghold of the Lords of Carrick, it is likely to be as old as the eleventh or twelfth century. It is an interesting object to visitors. The well prepared ashler stones, of which the outward facing of the building is composed, are entirely different from the rocky strata in the vicinity. Hence, it has been a subject of conjecture where they were obtained, and how conveyed to so remote and inaccessible a spot. About sixty years ago, a person well skilled in geology, and who felt an antiquarian enthusiasm in the question, discovered a quarry about two miles from Dalmellington, the stone of which corresponds exactly with the quality of those of the Castle. He farther traced a route by which they might have been conveyed on sledges to the bottom of the Loch. His supposition, therefore, was, that the stones, having been prepared at the quarry, were floated to the Castle on rafts. This opinion was partly confirmed some time ago, on the Loch being partially drained, by the discovery of several oak beams or joists—in a squared state—which had probably dropped by accident from the rafts employed in floating materials to the building. If this conjecture is correct, the stones must have been carried a distance—between land and water—of not less than eight or ten miles. But, by whatever means constructed, the Castle was justly deemed a place of importance in the war of independence, not only because of its strength, but from its being one of the strongholds on the paternal property of Bruce. When Sir Christopher Seton sought safety within its walls in 1306, it was under the hereditary governorship of Sir Gilbert de Carrick. As is well known, Edward I. vowed the deepest revenge against Bruce, and all his supporters, for the slaughter of Comyn, and their subsequent appearance in arms against his authority. Sir Christopher was, in consequence, hotly pursued; and the Castle invested by a strong body of English troops. The Governor made a very impotent defence, and the Castle, along with the gallant knight, fell into the hands of the enemy. Tytler, in his newly-published history of Scotland, states, on the authority of documents which he quotes, that the Castle "is said to have been *pusillanimously* given up;" and it farther appears from the evidence, under a commission of the Great Seal, appointed to inquire into the circumstance, that "the delivery of Sir Christopher de Seton to the English was *imputed* to Sir Gilbert de Carrick." The learned historian, however, is not altogether satisfied on the subject, as the charge cannot be established; and he seems to be even in doubt whether Sir Christopher had taken refuge in the Castle of Loch Doon or in that of Loch Urr, as conjectured in the *Statistical Account*. The remission, he at the same time admits, fully proves the delivery of the Castle into the hands of the English, at the period alluded to, by Sir Gilbert de Carrick—which is an important fact, strongly corroborative of the capture of

* Sir Christopher was of Norman descent. His ancestors, Secher de Say, obtained lands from David I., in East Lothian, which were denominated Sayton—hence the patronymic Seton.

† Loch Doon was anciently called Loch Balloch. How the name came to be changed is unknown. Mr Hetherick, of Dalmellington, to whom we are chiefly indebted for the local information contained in this article, is of opinion that as *Dun*, in Celtic, signifies a fort, it may have been called Loch Dun, or the Loch of the Fort, after the erection of the Castle.

Sir Christopher de Seton at Loch Doon—if not of the imputation against its keeper. The circumstance is not without suspicion. Barbour, indeed, in his *Life of Bruce*, boldly affirms what the historian appears to have overlooked, that Sir Christopher was actually *betrayed*; and that by a person of the name of *MacNab*. After describing the disasters which befel the Monarch in his flight from Methven, he goes on to detail the cruelties exercised by Edward upon such of his coadjutors as fell into his power:—

“ In Rauchryne leave we now the King
In rest for owtyn barganyng
And of his fayis a quhile speke we
That throw their mycht and thar powste
Maid sic a persecucioune
Sa hard sa strait and sa feloune
On them that till him luffand wer
Or kin or frynd in any maner
That it till her is gret pite
For thai sparyt of na degre
Them that thai trowit his freynd wer
Northyr off the Kyrk na Secular
For off Glasgow Byshop Robert*
And Makus off Man† thai stythly sparyt‡
Baith in setrys and in prisounes
And worthy Crystoll off Seytoun
In to London betreyt was
Throw a disciplill off Judas
Maknab a fals tratour that ay
Wes off his duelling nycht and day
Quhom to be maid gud company
It wes fer wer than tratoury
For to betreyss sic a persoune
So nobill and off sic renoune
Bot thar off had he na pite
In hell condemnit mot he be
For quhen he him betreyt had
The Ingliss men rycht with him rad
Ja hy in Ingland to the king
That gart draw hym and hede and hing
For owtyn§ pite or mercy
It wes gret sorrow sekryly
That so worthy persoune as he
Suld in sic maner hangt be
Thus gate endyt his worthynes
And off Crauford als Schyr Ranauld wes
And Schyr Bruce (Bryce) als the Blar
Hangt in till a berne in Ar.”

This account of the betrayal of Sir Christopher de Seton is confirmed by a tradition preserved in the neighbourhood of Loch Doon. A portion of the farm at the lower end of the Loch, called the Booch, is yet known by the name of *Macnabston*, which is said to have been given to the “fals tratour,” as the price of his treachery. The ruins of *Macnabston* house, we believe, are still visible. *Macnab* is represented by Barbour as one of the domestics of Sir Christopher. He

“ Wes off his duelling nycht and day.”

Hence, in the opinion of the poet, the blacker die of the “tratoury.” Though Barbour is thus supported by tradition, it may be argued that the character of the hereditary keeper is in no respect af-

fected by it. Perhaps not; but his pusillanimous defence of the fort, coupled with the imputation or belief that he had delivered up Sir Christopher, are rather convincing proofs that he was not sakesless in the matter. *MacNab* may have been the mere tool of Sir Gilbert de Carrick, who, thinking the cause of Bruce hopeless, might be anxious to propitiate Edward; and, aware of the price set upon the brave Seton's head, he could not have hit on a more effectual mode of doing so. But be this as it may, the tradition gives the highest countenance to the fact, that Sir Christopher de Seton took refuge at Loch Doon, and not in the Castle of Urr. In whatever manner the betrayal was accomplished, it is clear that *MacNab* could only have held the lands awarded to him through the medium of the hereditary keeper, as any direct grant from the English would have been cancelled on their expulsion from the country. In the appendix to the “History of Galloway,” lately published, another version of the tradition about *Macnabston* is given. It runs thus:—

“When the English, in 1319, besieged the Castle of Loch Doon, being unable to take it by storm, they raised an embankment of earth and stone, lined with raw hides, to prevent the water from oozing through the rampart, across the place where the lake discharges itself; hoping thereby to inundate the castle. The work was finished; and the water rising rapidly, one of the soldiers, named *M'Nab*, volunteered to destroy the caul; and, being a good swimmer, he took the water at midnight, with a large *bonnet sword* folded in his cap, with which he succeeded in cutting several large holes in the hides, through which the water rushed with such force, sweeping away every thing in its course, that he was carried down in the current, and consequently lost his life in saving his companions; but, in gratitude for the service he had rendered his country, a grant of land was conferred on his son, which bears the name of *Macnabston* to this day.”

This improbable story is countenanced by tradition only in so far that it is said the castle was upon one occasion—though assuredly not by the English in 1319, for they were not then in the country—attempted to be taken, by damming back the lake; but the project failed, some of the *lanes* or feeders being lower than the level of the castle. The fiction, however, challenges itself. If the embankment had been composed of such solid materials as “earth and stone,” faced with raw hides, how could a few thrusts of a *bonnet sword* produce such an avalanche as to carry all before it, more especially as the swimmer by whom it was handled must have previously swam, or partially walked, picking his way amongst enemies, at least six miles—the castle being that distance from the foot of the Loch! As described by Barbour, Sir Christopher Seton was cruelly put to death by his captors, not in London, but at *Dumfries*. The charge against him was not only rebellion, according to the definition of Edward, but of murder and desecration, having been present in the convent of *Minorite Friars* when *Comyn* was struck down by Bruce. He is alleged, by an English historian, to have slain a brother of *Comyn*; but this charge is not corroborated by any other writer. The character and prowess of Sir Christopher was so much esteemed by Bruce, that “he afterwards erected,

* Robert Wishard, Bishop of Glasgow.

† Marcus, Bishop of Sodor and Man.

‡ Strongly closed.

§ Without, or withouten.

on the spot where he was executed, a little chapel, where mass was said for his soul." The Castle of Loch Doon is supposed to have been destroyed by fire in the reign of James V.—about the same period that Kenmore, and other strongholds of the nobility in Galloway, were reduced—the policy of the Monarch being to increase his own power by crippling that of the feudal barons. A portion of the roof, which seems to have been thrown over into the Loch, is visible in clear calm weather. So is the iron portcullis. In attempting to carry the latter away during frost, the ice broke down under the immense weight, and it sank to the bottom, to the no small disappointment of the parties, who had calculated on a valuable prize.

DEAN CASTLE.

THE ruins of Dean Castle, once the seat of the noble, but unfortunate family of Boyd, are situated within a mile and a half of Kilmarnock. They stand on a gentle rising ground on the banks of the Kilmarnock, formerly called, according to tradition, the *Carth Water*—

"The Water of *Carth* rins by the Dean,
That ance was Lord Boyd's lodgin':
The lord wi' the loupden han',
He lost his title and his lan'."*

This rhyme, of course, refers to the last Earl of Kilmarnock, who forfeited his title and estates by taking part in the rebellion of 1745. The "loupden hand" is in allusion to the crest of the family, which is a dexter hand, couped at the wrist, erect, pointing with the thumb and two next fingers, the others turning down, with the motto, *Confido*. The castle originally consisted of a single, but strong, massive oblong tower; built, as Grose conjectures, about the beginning of the fifteenth century. It was, in all probability, however, built somewhat earlier. Sir Robert Boyd, who was a faithful supporter of the patriotic party in the struggle for independence, obtained the lands of Kilmarnock by a charter from Robert the Bruce, dated 3d May, in the tenth year of that monarch's reign (1316), which charter, as mentioned in our last, is still extant in the archives of the Boyd family. It is presumable, therefore, that the castle was built in the fourteenth century, soon after the lands had been thus acquired. The castle, including the more modern portion of it, forms two sides of a square—the other two having been enclosed by a high and strong wall. The addition was no doubt built by James, eighth Lord Boyd, who succeeded to the title and estates on the death of his nephew in 1640. The arms of the family, with his initials, and an inscription below, are still, though much defaced, distinguishable on the inner wall of it. The inscription, which cannot now be clearly made out, seems to have been readable in 1789, when Grose took his drawing of the ruins. He gives it as follows:—

"James Lord of
Kilmarnock
Dame Katherine Creyk
Lady Boyd."

* Taken from the recitation of an old inhabitant of Kilmarnock, between 80 and 90 years of age.

This lady was daughter of John Craik, Esq., of the city of York. It is thus pretty evident that the modern part of the castle was built some time after 1640. But the fact is still rendered more certain by an enumeration of the *plenishing* of the castle at the death of Thomas, fifth Lord Boyd, in June 1611, which shows, from the extent and nature of the articles, that the square tower only was then in existence. This list occurs in a charge upon a decret obtained before the Lords of Council, at the instance of James Elphinstone of Wodsyde, "donatour of [a] gift of eschiet of vmgle. Thomas, Lord Boyd" against Dame Elizabeth Wallace, relict of the late Lord. This document, which bears to have been served on the 25th July, 1612, is amongst the Boyd papers. The list may be interesting to our readers, as illustrative of the furnishing of a nobleman's house in Ayrshire, 234 years ago. We shall therefore make no apology for copying it *verbatim* from the original:—

"Twa cowpis of siluer, every ane of thaim vechtain ten unce of siluer; ane lang carpet, half worsted half selk; ane schort carpet for the chalmier buird; ane lang greine buird claithe, the lenth of the hail buird; twa schort greine buird claitis for the chalmier buird; four cuschownis of tripe veluet;* four cuschownis of carpet ruche vark; thrie sehewit cuschownis of the forme of cowering vark; four cuschownis of ruishe vark; twa lang buird claitis of flandiris damais; saxeine seruietis† of damais; ane lang dornick; buird claithe; ane lang damais towel; ane cower buird claithe of small lynng; ane dusoun of dornick seruietis; ane braid dornick towel; twelf lang lynng buird claitis; four dosoun and ane half of lynng seruietis; fywe buird claitis of grit lynng; fywe dosoun of round lynng seruietis; aucht towellis of round hardine; four drinking claitis, twa thairof sewit with selk, and the vthur twa plaine; twa lynng drinking claitis; ane copbuird clait; ane down bed; aucht feddir beddis, with aucht bowsteris effering thairto; auchteine codis, pairtie filed with downis and pairt with fedderis; auchteine pair of dowbill blanketis; fywe coweringis of ruishe vark; ane fair rallow cadow; § sevin houshaild coweringis; saxeine pair of lynng scheittis; twa pair of heid scheittis of small lynng, sehewit with quhyet vork and perling; twa pair of heid scheittis, sehewit with black selk; ane pair of plaine heid scheittis; sax pair of heid scheittis; ten codwairis|| of small lynng, sehewit with black selk; sax codwairis of small lynne unschewit; ane stand of stampit crambasie¶|| vorset courteinis, with ane sehewit pand effering rto; ane stand of greine champit curteinis, with ane pand effering rto; ane vther stand of gray champit** vorset courteinis, vth ane pand effering rto; ane stand of greine plaidine courtainis, with the pand effering rto; ane stand of quhyet sehewit courteinis; ane pair quhyet voven courteinis, with the pand effering rto; seventie pewdir plaitis; ane dusoun pewdir trunchoris; ten coweris of pewdir;

* Tripe veluet—An inferior kind of velvet.

† Seruietis (servetis)—Table napkins.

‡ Dornick—A species of linen table-cloth.

§ Rallow cadow—A kind of streaked or rayed woollen cloth.

|| Codwairis—Pillow-slips.

¶ Crambasie (crammasay)—Crimson.

** Champit—having raised figures.

servine salaceris; two new Inglis quart stowppis; two new quart flacownis; thrie ale tyne quart stouppis; twaale tyne quart flacownis; ane tyne pynt stoup; two new chalmer pottis; four new tyne chandilieris; fywe grat brassin chandilieris; ane grit mortar of brass, and ane iron pester; two tyne bassings, with ane lawer of tyne; five grit brass panis; thrie meikle brassin pottis, and ane lytill brassin pot; two iron pottis; ane gris-pan of brass, and ane pair of grat standand raxis; fywe lang speittis; ane grit iron tank; ane meikill frying pan, and ane grit masking fatt; thrie gyll fattis, two meikill barralls; four lytill barralls; ane burnest, and two grit iron chimneys; two pair of taingis; ane chalmer chimnay; two lang hall buirds; thrie furnis; ane echort hall buird; two chalmer buirds; two chyris of aick; ane copbuird of aick; sax buffet stuills; ane meikill by-bill; two meikill meill gurnells of aick; thrie cofers; two grit kistis of aick for keiping of naipperi; four less kistis, and ane candill kist; two stand bedis of aick.

From this inventory may be traced the furniture peculiar to the various apartments in the tower, which consisted of four stories or flats. The first, vaulted, was no doubt used partly as the keep and partly as the kitchen, to which the "two grit iron chimnays," the "standard raxis," the "fywe lang speittis," and other culinary implements, belonged. The second, which is also vaulted, formed the large or grand hall. Judging of it even in its now ruinous state, it must have been a capacious and splendid apartment. It extended the whole length and width of the building. The roof is of great height. The large "burnest (burnished) chimney no doubt filled the fire-place. The two chairs of oak would also belong to it. It may seem rather curious that there should be only two chairs in a nobleman's castle; but the fact is easily accounted for, when it is known that seats of another description were used. The chairs, in all likelihood, were placed at the head of the "bairds" or tables, which, from the number of them—two long and one short—seem to have formed a double row: one of the long upon each side, and the short running across at the head of the hall. Stone seats, projecting from the walls on both sides, still remain; so that, with the three forms—mentioned in the list—placed parallel with the "bairds" in the centre of the floor, there would be a double row of seats to each set of tables. These, covered with Flander's damask; the stone seats, as well as the forms, laid over with cushions of velvet or carpet rush work; the walls, no doubt, covered with tapestry;* and the hall lighted up with five great brazen chandeliers, some idea may be formed of the splendour of the apartment on occasions of festivity, when the oaken chairs were filled by the noble host and hostess of the castle, and the cushioned seats with the fair and gallant of the land. On the third floor there seems to have been two principal chambers, besides smaller apartments, one only having a fire-place, as there is no more than one "chalmer chimnay" mentioned in

the list. This apartment would contain one of the "two stand bedis of aick," with the down bed, the head sheets of fine linen "schewit with black selk and perling," the pillow-slips of fine linen sewn with black silk, and the curtains of *crammery* worsted. Add to this the carpet-covered "chalmer buird," three or four of the "sax buffet stuills," with the walls hung with tapestry, and we have, in all likelihood, a fair picture of the state bed-room of the Lords Boyd in the sixteenth and beginning of the seventeenth centuries. The other chamber would be furnished after a similar and not much inferior fashion. The fourth and highest story would be occupied with the other beds—there having been nine in all, "ane down bed" and "auchte feddir beddis." For these there were "auchteine pair of dowbill blanketis"—two pair of double blankets for each, besides coverings.

Such was the plenishing of Dean Castle in 1611. Save "ane meikle bybill" (Bible) it does not appear that there was a book within its walls. According to tradition, the castle was destroyed by fire, through the carelessness of a laundry-maid, in 1735, while the Earl of Kilmarnock was absent in France. We know, from the town books of Kilmarnock, that the Earl was in France in 1732-3—the Countess having been then empowered to manage his estates in his absence; so that the tradition is probably correct. It is said the first notice his lordship had of the event was in a London newspaper, on his arrival from France.

CATTLE-LIFTING IN THE OLDEN TIME.

WILLIAM BANE MACPHERSON, a Lochaber man, died seventy years ago, about the year 1777, at the great age of a hundred years. He was wont to relate that, when a boy of twelve years of age, being engaged as *buachaille* at the summering of Biallid, near Dalwhinnie, he had an opportunity of being an eyewitness to a *creach* and pursuit on a very large scale—probably the last on so great a scale which passed through Badenoch. At noon, on a fine autumnal day in 1689, his attention was drawn to a herd of black cattle, amounting to about six score, driven along by a dozen of wild Lochaber men, by the banks of Loch-Errach, in the direction of Dalunchart, in the forest of Ben Alder, now Ardverrick. Upon inquiry, he ascertained that these had been lifted in Aberdeenshire, distant more than a hundred miles, and that the party of rieviers had proceeded thus far with their booty, free from molestation and pursuit. Thus they held on their way among the wilds of this mountainous district, far from the haunts of the semi-civilised inhabitants, and within a day's journey of their home. Only a few hours had elapsed after the departure of those marauders, when a body of nearly fifty horsemen appeared, tolling amidst the rocks and marshes of this barbarous region, where not even a footpath helped to mark the intercourse of society, and following on the trail of the men and cattle which had preceded them. The troop was well mounted, and armed, and led by a person of gentlemanly appearance and courteous manners; while, attached to the party, was a number of horses carrying bags of meal and other provisions, intended not solely for their own support, but, as would seem from the sequel, as a ransom for the *creach*. Signaling William Bane to approach, the leader minutely questioned him about the movements of the Lochaber

* No mention is made of tapestry in the inventory; but it was then common in the houses of the nobility, and probably it might be regarded as a fixture. It was only to the moveables and a certain sum of money that the gift of escheat to Elphinstone extended.

men, their number, equipments, and the line of their route. Along the precipitous banks of Loch-Erroch, this large body of horsemen wended their way, accompanied by William Bane, who was anxious to see the result of the meeting. It bespoke spirit and resolution in those strangers to seek an encounter with the robbers in their native wilds, and on the borders of that country where a signal of alarm would have raised a numerous body of hardy Lochaber men, ready at all times to defend the *crach* and to punish the pursuers. Towards night-fall they drew near the encampment of the thieves at Dalunchart, and observed them busily occupied in roasting, before a large fire, one of the beeves, newly slaughtered.

A council of war was immediately called, and, on the suggestion of the leader, a flag of truce was forwarded to the Lochaber men, with an offer to each of a bag of meal and a pair of shoes, in ransom for the herd of cattle. This offer being viewed as a proof of cowardice and fear, was indignantly rejected, and a reply sent to the effect that the cattle, driven so far, and with so much trouble, would not be surrendered. Having gathered in the herd, both sides prepared for action. The overwhelming number of the pursuers soon mastered their opponents. Successive discharges of fire-arms brought the greater number of the Lochaber men to the ground, and in a brief period only three of them remained unhurt, and escaped to relate the sad tale to their countrymen.—*Inverness Courier*, Aug. 17, 1847.

VANDYKE'S PORTRAITS OF CHARLES I.

"CHARLES is known to have sat to him very often, and it is said that there exist, in different collections in England and on the Continent, as many as thirty-six portraits of the king by the hand of Vandyke. This is a great number; but many must be copies either by Lely or old Stone. The best are well known; and two are already mentioned. A third fine picture of the king is at the Duke of Marlborough's, at Blenheim. The king is in complete armour, on a cream-coloured horse, nearly in profile; at his side, and on foot, is Sir Thomas Morton, one of the equeries, holding the helmet of the king. This picture was sold at the sale of Charles I., and purchased by the great Duke of Marlborough at Munich. The horse is somewhat Flemish in its make, but the whole picture is full of actual life and Venetian colour. A fourth fine picture of the king forms one of the attractions of the Louvre, and has been gloriously engraved by Strange. The king (a most graceful figure), in white satin, with his hat on, is standing by his horse, attended by an equerry and a page. In Vandyke's account sent into the king, and still preserved in the State Paper Office, he describes this picture as '*Le Roi alla classe*,' and placed £200 against it; but this the king has scored out with his own hand, and put instead '*£100*'—just half the price. This was done in 1637, when his 'troubles' were beginning, his exchequer low, and his accounts in arrear. The Duke of Grafton has a duplicate quite as fine, it is said, as the Louvre original. Other pictures remain to be noticed, without seeking for the whole of the suspicious thirty-six. At Blenheim, is a half-length of the king, very elegantly executed in a tender, silvery tone; at Wilton, a three-quarter picture, in armour—a genuine, carefully executed, elegant picture; the king with a truncheon in his right hand, and his left upon a

helmet, which, with the crown, lies upon a table; at St Petersburg (formerly at Houghton), a whole length, in armour, bought by Sir Robert Walpole, of the Wharton family, and described in Vandyke's account, sent in to the king, as '*Le Roy en Armes*, donne au Baron Warro, £50,'—reduced by the king himself to £40; and, lastly, that fine picture of the king—'*Three Heads*, in three points of view—front, profile, and three-quarter,' painted about 1637, for the purpose of being sent to Rome, to Bernini the sculptor, who executed a marble bust from it, destroyed in the fire at Whitehall, in 1697. The picture (now at Windsor, and excellently engraved by William Sharp) remained in Bernini's possession, and was transmitted to his descendants, from whom it was purchased by Mr Irvine, and sent to England in 1803. In the year following it was bought by Mr Champenowe, for 450 guineas, from whose possession it passed into the hands of Walsh Porter, and, at his death, into the hands of Mr Wells, of Redleaf, in Kent, who, at the earnest solicitation of George IV. was induced to cede it to the crown for the price he had paid for it—1000 guineas.

"Of the queen, Vandyke is said to have painted five-and-twenty portraits. Some are well known, others may remain in obscurity, for it is utterly impossible that he could have painted with his own hand one-half as many. One of the finest was given to the Earl of Stafford, on the 12th October 1633, and is now at Wentworth House, in Yorkshire, the seat of the Earl Fitzwilliam. Vandyke received £40 for it. It is full length, in blue, exquisitely lady-like, and most beautiful in point of colour. Her majesty is attended by Jeffrey Hudson, the dwarf (in crimson), with an ape in his arms. A second full-length, and fine, is at Althorp; a third, in an orange silk dress, at Warwick Castle; a fourth, at Woburn; a fifth, at Lord Clarendon's, at the Grove (engraved in Lodge); a sixth, at Lord Ashburton's, in Piccadilly; the seventh (the Wharton and Houghton picture), at St Petersburg; and an eighth, in white satin, at Windsor Castle. Half-lengths are less common. There is one at Wilton, a companion to the king in armour, but not so good; another at Blenheim, very elegantly executed; and a third, in white satin, at Windsor Castle. 'Of the numerous portraits which Vandyke painted of her, this,' says Mrs Jameson, 'is the most attractive, and gives us a strong impression of the lively, elegant, wilful Frenchwoman, whose bright eyes and caprices so fascinated her husband.' The royal crown and a red rose are on the table near her: and the king thought so highly of the picture that it was hung in his bedroom. It would be easy to add to the list already mentioned; but two alone seem worthy to be added—the two described in Vandyke's account sent in to the king, as:—

'*La Reyne pour Mons. Barnino*, £20,
'*La Reyne pour Mr Barnino*, £20,'

the full face and profile, now at Windsor, and intended to have been sent to Bernini, the Italian sculptor, as studies for a bust. The full face is the least interesting, but there are still the eyes of Henrietta.

"The king, in his necessities, reduced the two to £15 each: now, they would sell for £500 a-piece; but let us trust that no such degradation awaits them, and that our children's children may look upon them in the same place, and in the same state, as we ourselves now see them."—*Fraser's Mag.* for Aug.

JENNY LIND.

HER SUPPOSED DESCENT FROM THE LYNNE OF
THAT ILK.

ALL that is publicly known of the family history of this very celebrated artist is, that she was born at Stockholm of respectable parents. In the absence of ascertained facts to the contrary, it is not an improbable suggestion that she is descended from a Scottish family—the *Lynnes* of that Ilk.

The *Lin* or *Lynne* is a small property in the parish of Dalry, Ayrshire. The name is derived from a delightful cascade, or *lin*, on the water of Caaf, which runs through the lands. The manor-house of the family, a square tower, of which some remains are still traceable, overlooked this cascade. It is supposed that the well-known ballad, "The Heir of Linne," first brought to light by Bishop Percy, in 1756, refers to this locality.

"The bonnie heir, the weel-faur'd heir,
And the weary heir o' Linne,
Yonder he stands at his father's gate,
And naeboddy bids him come in."

Although it is only conjectural that *Linne* in Dalry is the *Linne* of the ballad, the circumstance of the family being of that *Ilk*—the chief of all who bore the name, accords with the remarks of Bishop Percy, in reference to the rank of the *Laird of Linne*.

The *Lynnes* of that Ilk, who had no doubt taken their patronymic from the cascade, were of old standing. Walter de Lynne is mentioned in the Ragman Roll of 1296, and though a regular genealogical account of the family, which is extinct, cannot now be made out, still their name is frequently to be met in charters and other documents. Passing from 1296 to 1452, we find that *Andrew Linne* of that *ilk* gave a sashine of the lands of Highlows, to the laird of Hunterston, dated the 4th of March in the latter year. "Jon. Lyn o yt. ilk" occurs in various testamentary papers from 1611 down till 1636, in which year he is mentioned in the latter will of "Jonet Jack, spous to John Craufuird in Robehilheid, Dalry."* This John Lyn appears to have been the last of the name who possessed the property. Soon afterwards it was acquired by the Kilmarnock family. Lord Kilmarnock was returned heir to a portion of the lands in 1641.

Besides the *Lynnes* of that ilk, there were the *Lynnes* of Over-Lynne, Bourtriehills, and *Lynnes* in Carrail—all branches, no doubt, of the main stock. The name has now entirely disappeared in Ayrshire. There was a David Lynne, depute-bailie of the regality of Kilwinning in 1680; and private papers show that several families of the same patronymic were burghers of Irvine during the early part of last century.

Irvine was the port of Glasgow till about 1670; and we know that considerable intercourse was maintained with the Baltic. The merchants and traders of Glasgow, for example, brought iron from Sweden in 1688. The communication thus opened between the two places must have been a great inducement for the early adventurers to emigrate to the Swedish capital; and we think it very likely

that some of the merchant *Lynnes* from Irvine settled in Stockholm at that period, from whom Mademoiselle Jenny Lind§ may be lineally descended.

The surname, *Jenny*, countenances the conjecture. It is purely Scottish—and not so euphonious to foreign ears, or even English, as to have been preferred by her parents, unless handed down as a family name by her Scottish ancestors.

Should these pages meet the eye of Mademoiselle Jenny, it is probable she may feel curious to inquire into the descent of her family—and if so, may we hope that she will, at no distant period, confirm or repudiate our conjecture.

"CHRONICLES OF THE CANONGATE."

No. III.

THE register-books of the Canongate, as previously observed, date back to October 1561. It is probable that no record of the burghal proceedings was previously kept. At all events the book which commences with that year may be said to begin a new era. The monastical superiority over the community had been swept away by the Reformation, and an entirely new state of things prevailed. By the king's grant a *commendator* was introduced in the room of the abbot, who enjoyed some of his privileges, and held as a trustee, all his property,* while the temporal superiority of Canongate was conferred on the Earl of Roxburgh. "The abbey church of Holyrood continued to be used as the parish church of the Canongate, with appropriate ministers;† and it would appear that, in the scramble for church patronage and property which succeeded the fall of the papal regainers, the burgh of Canongate succeeded in obtaining a share. The following *rental*, which we copy from the register-book, under date 1561, may be considered curious:

The Rental of the conuentis pittance siluer‡ of ye abbay of halierudhous wtin ye Regalitie thairof
Extractit furth of ye Rental buke of ye said
abbay of ye zeir of God ai v. and fourtie zeiris
and of vyeris rental bukis maid of the said
abbacie sensyne as followis:—

Johnne bellenden and isobell his spous hau-
and in few ye Landis of pettindreith wt the
Corne myln walk myln brewhous callit ye
smythis hous dowkt and coilhewt Bringand
zeirlie to ye conuentis pittance siluer iiij lib
Williamme hwme in lochcollo hauand ye landis
of lochflat in few extending to xxvij aikeris
payand yfor zeirlie to ye conuentis pittance
siluer viij lib

David Kincaid and James Kincaid hauand ye
landis of coittis in few Ayir of yame ane
half yairof payand zeirlie of pittance sil-
uer xij lib

Williamme Carnecrote hauand ye landis of Loch-
bank als halkerstounnis croft in few payand
to ye conuentis pittance siluer xl s.

Johnne Kincaid and Margaret his spous hau-

* Caledonia, vol. 2.

† Ibid.

‡ Pittance siluer, Scotch—(Pittance silver)—a small coin levied as duty, exclusive of feu-duty.

§ Believed to be a corruption of Lynne or Lin.

* Commissary Records of Glasgow.

- and ye landis of warestoun in few payand
to the conuentis pittance siluer
vi li. viijs. iiijd. and vi capone
- Patrick Creichtoun of Lugtoun hauand ye
landis of Sancte Leonardis in few payand to
ye conuentis pittance siluer xvi libs
- William Craufurde and Agnes his spous hau-
and the feird parte and thre aikeris of brot-
toun in few payand to the conuentis pit-
tance siluer iiij lib xxid.
- Alexander Makneill and Margaret his spous
hauand nyne aikeris of brochtoun in few
payand in pittance siluer x s.
- In the baroun seruandis handis ane pete land
liand at ye eist side of the abbottis medew
payand zeirle of mail y.foir ad pittantias v s.
- William Carnecrote his airis and assignais
hauand ye landis of reidhewt. in few payand
in pittance siluer v markis
- Andro Oswalde and the airis maill gottin of
his body qkis failzeand Johnne Kincaid and
his airis maill quhatsumeir hauand ye kirk
in few payand zeirle in pittance siluer
iiij li v s. vj capones
- Oliuer Sinclair and Katherine bellenden his
spous ye langur leuand of yame twa and
ye airis maill or femell lawtfullie gottin or
to be gottin betuix yame qkis failzeing ye
airis of ye said Oliver lawtfullie to be got-
tin of his body qkis failzeing James Sin-
clair sone naturale to ye said Oliver and ye
airis lawtfullie to be gottin of his body qkis
all failzeing ye said Oliver airis quhatsume-
ir hauand ye landis and baronie of alha-
mer als quhit kirk wt ye pendiclis and per-
tinentis in few payand in pittance siluer
vi lib viijs. iiijd
- James duke of Chattellaralt erle of Errane
Lord Hamiltoun et cet. hauand his landis of
Kerss in few payand in pittance siluer
viij lib viijs. jd
- ffrances tennand and Margaret merioribanks
his spous hauand ye pendicles of lugubra
crumlyfauld and Kilmwrheid in few payand
zeirle in pittance siluer xx s.
- James Watsoun in Sanchcounhall hauand ane
feird parte and ane half of ane auchtais
parte of Sawttonhall in few payand pittance xxx s.
- florente cornetoun liferent and Robert pater-
sone heretor hauand sax oxin gaing of ye
landis of Sawttoun in few payand in pit-
tance xxiijs. vd.
- Johnne leirmont and Janet Haldane his spous
hauand twa oxin gaing of ye landis of Sawt-
toun in few payand in pittance
vii s. iiijd ane capoun half capon
- George Gardinar hauand ane oxin gaing in
saucthtoun in few payand in pittance
iiij s. iiij d. ane capone
- James Archibald hauand ane oxin gaing of
Sawttoun in few payand in pittance siluer
iijs. iiijd. ane capone
- Margaret Allane liferenter and Johnne stane-
hoip heretors hauand ye corne myln and
walk myln of Sauchtoun myln landis and
multuris y. of in few payand in pittance
xliijs. vd and xii capones
- George levingstoun sone of vmqll Williame
levingstoun of Kilsyth hauand ane xvis
viijd land and ane coitland extending to xs.
land of ye landis of falkirk in few payand in
pittance siluer ixs. and iiij capones
- Johnne levingstoun sone and appeirand air to
Alexr. levingstoun of pentasken hauand
xvis. and viijd land of falkirk in few pay-
and of pittance xxxiiid
- Alexander levingstoun hauand thre oxin gaing
and ane coitland of falkirk in few payand to
ye conventis pittance viij capones
- Williame Weyirsone burges of linlyt.qw. and
Marioun robesoun his spous hauand ye
landis of littill Saltcoittis in few payand
in pittance vi kane fowls
- Maister Williame Johnstoun payand in pit-
tance for his landis of falkirk qk he hes
in few vs. vid twa capones
- James forestar of corstorphin hauand ye plew-
landis and Sacristaris landis in few pay-
and y.foir zeirle to ye tennentis pittance
siluer xxxvi. viijd.
- The larde of coilstoun hauand ye landis of
Sandersdane in few payand zeirle to ye con-
vent in pittance siluer iiij li xiijs iiijd.
- Elisabeth Williamsoun for ye landis of hewt.
payand xxxvjs.
- James Weyirspvne for neyirsaltcoittis pay-
and vs.
- Johnne mathesoun for his landis of brot.toun
payand xxs.
- Mr thomas m'calzeane for his landis of brot-
toun payand xxs.
- Stevin Kincaid for his landis of brot.toun pay-
and y.foir zeirle xliijs iiijd
- Johnne Watsoun for his landis of brot.toun pay-
and zeirle xs. ix d
- margaret richartsoun for hir landis of brot.toun
payand zeirle viijs. xd.
- George towris for ye hill payand zeirle xs. jd
- James Watsoun for his landis in Sauchtoun vis iiijd
- Johnne Astoun for his landis in Sauchtoun
payand zeirle iiis. xd
- James Girdwode for his landis in Sauchtoun
payand zeirle iijs. xd
- James haldane for his landis viis. viiid
- George west for his landis in Sauctonhall pay-
and zeirle viijs. xd
- Mr Robert Wynnyn for his landis in Sauch-
tounhall xiis. viid
- George Wilkie for his landis in Sauchtounhall
payand zeirle viiis. xd
- Robert Carmichaell for wryttislandis payand
zeirle xxvjs. viijd
- Johnne harte for Gadbairnis croft payand zeir-
lie xiiis.
- Lawrence bruce for Lochtheid payand zeirle xis. jd
- Halbart Maxwell for Cotlett payand zeirle iiij lib

The convent had also "pittance siluer or burrow
mail of the burgh of Canongait," Leith, and Had-
dington, amounting to 29 mar. 1s. 10d.

The "rentall of vmqll. Mr Andro Logane bene-
fice, now pertaining to ye counsale, baillies and
communitie of the gait" extended "to ye sowme
of 13 mar. 1s. 8d." The "rental of ye Lady altar-
aige in the vttr (outer) kirk now presentlie possessit
be Johnne brand, minister, extending to ye sowme
of 10 mar. 10s." "Ye rental of the chaiplanrie
sanct thomas chapell, situat at ye wattir zett, pos-

sessit be Sr. Johnne Scot, extending to ye sowme of 60 mar. 6s."

Such was the "pittance siluer" levied by the convent of Holyrood and the chapel of St Thomas in 1540.

The burgh of Canongate was governed in 1561 by 4 auld Baillies, 3 Deacons, 2 Treasurers, and 4 Councillors, "chosen and elected;" and, as enacted in 1567, the council met every eight days—on "fairsdays."

The first of the minutes of the register are taken up with lists of what are called "absentes," as for example, "Alexander Bruce of arth for his landis of arth" and other business details of little interest even to the antiquary. We shall give a few extracts from the subsequent entries, illustrative, as far as they go, of the state of the Canongate—its laws and manners:—

1561. The Tolbooth was then, as now, the council-room and court-house, as well as a place of punishment:—

8th Oct.—"The quhilk day Johnne Young baxter become souertie to enter Johnne Gibsoun befor the foirsaid barroun baillie this day xv dayis within the toulbiuth foirsaid to underly the law for the allegit mutilatioun of Johnne Smyth and utheris crymes continit in the foirsaid barroune baillie precepte direct thairupone vnder the pane of ane hundred merkis, and the said Johnne Gibsoun obliit him and his auries to releif and keip skaithlse the said Johnne Young of the said souertie."

Price of a "cullourdory cloik"—a purple or bright tawny cloak—from the French *Couleur de Roy*.

15th Oct.—"The quhilk day the baillies decernis and ordanis William Lang to deliuer to Petir Dowglas ane cullourdory doik now being in the said Williames possession and allegit be the said Petir to pertene to him and wranguslie tane fra him furth of sanct andros in September last bipast becaus he previt the said cloik to pertene to him as wes sufficientlie knawin to the saidis baillies and decernis the said Petir to pay to the said William incontinent xxs. of his awin consent in recompensatioun of the money debursit be the said William Lang for the said cloik."

29th Oct.—"The quhilk day the foirsadis baillies decernit and ordanit andro Donaldsoun to content and pay to Robert Muir xxxis. within terme of law and that in compleit payment of vj merkis viijs. xd. awand be him to the said Robert for the maill of ane third part of ane berne kill and cobill* occupit be him liand within this burgh of termes bipast and that be verteu of the said Roberts aith maid thairupoun referrit thairto be the party."

DUGHALD MOR AND HIS NEPHEWS.

ALASTAIR MAC DHONNIL GHLAIS, the eleventh chief of the Macdonalds of Braelochaber, was a Colonel in the English army. He returned home with strong predilections in favour of the feudal system, and resolved to apply for a charter of the lands belonging to the clan, and to convert them into a free barony, as had been done by Argyle and Macintosh, and many other long-headed chiefs, who, by these means, surreptitiously stripped the people

of their common heritage and patriarchal governments, and converted them, slowly and by degrees, into vassals and serfs, amenable to the laws of pit and gallows, so successfully administered by the feudal lords and barons, whom it was the pride and privilege of the kings of Scotland, who succeeded our Pictish dynasty, to appoint to rule over their people. He was accordingly jealously watched by the clan, who were determined, at all hazards, to maintain their patriarchal rights and privileges, for which they had previously fought many bloody battles against the Macintoshes, whose chief had obtained a charter of their lands. Macintosh, however, never was able to complete the conquest, or to reduce them even into the condition of a free tenantry, until the battle of Culloden. Until then Macintosh was paid the rents claimed by him of the Macdonalds of Lochaber, with the edge of Andrea Ferrara; but to return to our tradition:

It being clearly ascertained by the clan that it was the intention of their chief to accept a charter of the lands, Macintosh having been successfully resisted in every attempt to reduce them into a state of vassalage or serfage, his own uncles, *Donul Gorm* and *Ailen Buidhe*, along with the other ceann-tighes of the clan, held a meeting, which Iain Lom calls "the counsel of Friday," and signed a bond for the chief's destruction. From this crime, however, they were saved by the rashness of the chief, and of a bold, determined character, well known in Highland tradition, called *Dughal Mor*, or Big Dugald.

Big Dugald was of the Clanranald family, but had settled in Braelochaber in his younger days, and became a most extensive and successful cattle dealer,—a trade which, in those days, required not only a shrewd, but a daring character, at the head of a strong and well armed party of adherents. To this person, Macintosh, to whom his charter of Lochaber had hitherto been barren of all, except raids, battles, and their bloody consequences (in which he seldom came off otherwise than second best), with the Macdonalds of Braelochaber, and the Camerons, over whose lands he had also obtained one of those unrighteous charters, had granted a charter of the lands of Inverlair, belonging to the Macdonalds of Braelochaber, among whom he had been received as a friend.

Dugald Mor had carefully concealed his charter, as was usually done by such clansmen as were led by their greed and dishonesty to accept a surreptitious title to that which an imprescriptible right, of many centuries, had legalised in the possession of their native race; but being, as he believed, on the point of death, and hearing that Keppoch had resolved himself to accept a charter from Macintosh, he considered it his most prudent, if not his only chance of securing the benefit to his family, to send for him, and to place his charter and the guardianship of his children in his hands. When the chief arrived at Inverlair, he found Dugald Mor in bed, and, as was supposed, at the last stage of mortal existence. After some solemn conversation with the chief, befitting a dying man, he desired his wife to bring his son, who was a mere child, and all his papers, which she did with some reluctance. Dugald Mor introduced the boy, and delivered the papers to the chief, and entreated

* Kobill, a place for steeping malt in.

his protection for him and his family. The chief, however, the moment he got his eye on and clutched the charter, spurned the boy from him with his foot, and consigned it and all the other papers to the flames. Dugald Mor made an effort to spring from the bed, but only succeeded in raising himself on his elbow. Regarding the chief sternly for a moment in this position, he hissed these words, in the emphatic language of the Gael, through his almost clenched teeth, "If I live, it will need no god to avenge that deed," and then sunk exhausted on his pillow.

Dugald Mor, contrary to all human probability, began rapidly to recover from that day; and not long thereafter, the chief and his two brothers, one of them a mere boy, were murdered in their house of Keppoch, at night, by himself and his friends. Such was the inveteracy of the clans against all chiefs or *ceann-tighes* suspected of designs to introduce the feudal system into the Highlands, that not even their proverbial attachment to their chief could rouse the Macdonalds to avenge this murder, although the celebrated bard, Iain Lom, used all the influence of his electrifying poetry among them for that purpose. Dugald Mor, with his seven brave and stalwart nephews, who formed his *leine chrios*, built a block-house on a high knoll, in the centre of a marsh, at Inverlair, where they dwelt openly, in the midst of the clan, for three years afterwards, with the murder of the chief unavenged and unrequited.

Iain Lom alone was inveterate in his determination and unceasing in his efforts to bring them to punishment. From a verse which he addresses to Donul Doun Bhohuintin, it would appear that some proceedings had been had recourse to in Edinburgh against the murderers. Donul Doun was a celebrated warrior, as well as a poet, and carried on a poetic warfare with Iain Lom, who, being the Celtic poet laureate, was in favour of all royal grants and commissions; while the former considered it a point of honour to levy black mail on every man who possessed a single inch of the lands belonging to his clan, in virtue of charters, which he considered as unconstitutional as they were inconsistent with equity and justice. This difference in opinion added a spice of acrimonious feeling to the poetic "fighting" of Iain Lom and Donul Doun. One line by the latter, in particular, which may be thus translated,

"The howling of that vagrant cur has stunned mine ears"—

seemed so severely expressive of the busy-body, undignified, and, as it is believed, mendacious wanderings of the bard—that he never could compose a retort sufficiently bitter, to satisfy himself, in answer to it. His feelings were so irritated by this line, that, in his replies, he descended almost into mere scurrility. The following lines give but a faint idea of the severity and harshness of the original—

A vagrant, sayst? That frenzy I disown,
Bright is my fame, extensive my renown;
And not for daring robbery or theft,
Or slaughtering cattle, from their owners' reft.
The king avenged me on my deadly foes,
My joy he rose upon the fall of those,
Whilst thou wert stalking, like a greedy gled,
Around some fold, or well-stocked poultry shed.

In these lines he refers to the punishment of the race of Dugald Mor, and seems to countenance the belief that the proceedings had been instituted through his own influence with the king. But be that as it may, tradition is uniform in asserting that the expedition under *Ciaran Mabach*, the brother of Sir James Macdonald of the Isles, by whom the murder was avenged, had been the result of Iain Lom's determined hostility to the murderers, and great influence with that chief.

Iain Lom states that the lofty banner of *Ciaran Mabach* had been displayed on Wednesday over his band of "black-headed warriors," and that he set fire to the block-house, and took off the heads of Dugald Mor and his nephews on Sunday—thus performing his journey from Sleat to Inverlair, in the dead of winter, in three days—for he invested the block-house on Saturday night, and stormed it on Sunday morning. The heads were carried to Invergarry, where, after having been washed at *Tobar-nan-cean*, they were boiled in a cauldron and sent to Edinburgh. The monument at *Tobar-nan-cean* (which is called, in consequence of the inscriptions written upon it by the people of the district, *Clach-nan-breug*) was erected by the late Glengary (who, from his enthusiastic character, and ambition to be considered the chief of the whole clan Macdonald, was peculiarly liable to be imposed upon by mercenary retailers of tradition) to commemorate the above instance of feudal vengeance—for Sir James of the Isles, as well as his ancestors, from the days of Robert the Bruce, was not a patriarchal chief, but a feudal knight and baron—a distinction which is little known or attended to, but without a proper knowledge of which, no man need attempt to form any just idea of the character of the ancient clans of Scotland.

Dugald Mor and his nephews defended the block-house with great spirit and determination, so long as their bullets lasted; and the masculine and brave wife of the old man, when these began to fail, melted all her pewter plates and other dishes, which, at that period, constituted the delf (to speak an Irishism) of a Highland castle, and cast them in the *camus* to keep up the supplies. The ammunition being at length exhausted, the block-house was set on fire over their heads. The whole party then made a desperate *sautie*, under the cover of the smoke, but were soon surrounded and overpowered, when their heads were hewn from their bodies, as already mentioned. They had previously, however, left abundant evidence of their bravery and dexterity in the use of their weapons among their enemies, not fewer than sixteen of their number having been slain and wounded.

Dugald Mor had a daughter, who was remarkably handsome. He advised her to make her escape, before the block-house was completely invested, at daylight in the morning. She succeeded in getting away some distance before being discovered, but was speedily pursued and overtaken by one of the besiegers, when a struggle took place, and she was thrown down. This was seen by Dugald Mor and his wife, who, notwithstanding their own perilous position, stood watching her escape from a loophole. On seeing his daughter prostrated by a ruffian, Dugald instantly levelled at him with his long Spanish gun, when his wife re-

monstrated against his firing, lest he should kill his "own daughter." "Death before dishonour to the daughter of Dugald Mor," replied the stern warrior, and fired. The ravisher rolled over, and the daughter escaped uninjured.

The spot where the ruffian fell was pointed out to me, by the late Captain Macdonald of Inverlair, thirty years ago; and its distance from the block-house shows that there were good guns in Britain before Joe Manton was born.

In connection with this tradition, an anecdote may be mentioned of the late Dr Smith of Fort-William:—Dr Smith was a native of Edinburgh, and had a strong antipathy to every thing in the shape of Gaelic poetry and tradition, to which, while of course, in perfect ignorance of both, he denied the slightest merit or pretension to antiquity. He was especially opposed to all attempts at verifying the authenticity of Ossian's poems. In short, Dr Smith was imbued with the true spirit of *imitative antiquarianism*. He had great veneration for poetry and incidents, however poor or incredible, that had been committed to writing hundreds of years before he was born; but he thought nothing of such, however true or however touching, as had taken so strong a hold of the imaginations and the hearts of a whole people, as to be communicated by one generation to another, for many ages, before being written at all. Yet he was by no means an indiscriminate critic of the ancient history of his country, which he looked upon as little better, in point of verity, than that of Ossian's poems. His incredulity, as to Highland tradition and poetry, was the mere result of education. He received the adverse statements on trust, and swam with the tide, until the following accidental circumstance staggered his prejudices, and induced him to apply the powers of his strong and cultivated mind to the study and elucidation of the subject.

The Doctor and some other gentlemen happened to meet together to enjoy the genuine hospitality of Inverlair, when the above tradition was repeated to them by Captain Macdonald. "Come," exclaimed the Doctor, "I have at length found what I have long been in search of—a tradition which may be grappled with and directly refuted. You say that the bodies have been buried in yonder knoll, and the heads carried to Glengary, boiled in a cauldron, and sent to Edinburgh. Now, sir, if the headless trunks were buried in yonder knoll two hundred years ago, then the bones will be found quite entire (from the dryness of the soil) at this day. Get us picks, shovels, and a party of men this moment, and dig them up. I'll bet ten to one, that for every skeleton we shall find a skull."

The picks, shovels, and a party of labourers instantly set to work, under the immediate superintendence of the Doctor, who exercised the utmost vigilance, and perseverance in the examination of the bones as they were dug up, the size and thickness of which elicited from him several remarks confirmative of the tradition, as to the great size and strength of Dugald Mor and his nephew; but there was not a single skull to be found in the whole group. Nay, more, the Captain had mentioned that Dugald had broke his thigh, and that (the bone having been badly set) he was always lame, having a "bowed" leg in consequence. The bone of this thigh united laterally,

and, with the joint thus formed, it was discovered and pointed out by the Captain to the Doctor, who, for a while, looked extremely disconcerted at so complete a discomfiture of his anticipated refutation of the tradition.

Dr Smith drew out an account of the circumstance, and, having a small hand-press, gave several copies of it away to some of the gentlemen of Fort-William. He afterwards studied the Gaelic language, bought Ossian's poems, of which he became passionately fond in the original (but he could not bear Macpherson's name or translation), and collected a great fund of interesting traditions.

D. C.

THE AGED BARD'S DESIRE.

AN ANCIENT POEM.

Translated from the Gaelic.

[The scene of this ancient poem is in Drimalbin, the very centre of the Caledonian forest, where the traditional kings and heroes of Albyn had their hunting-grounds. "The beauteous lake of woody isles" is Lochlaggan, at the east end of which is the hunting-lodge of the Marquis of Abercorn, where our illustrious Queen and her royal consort are now residing. The lovely and sublime scene of the aged bard's desire is again associated with the history of the lineal and true representative of the royal Caledonian race; but, alas! where are we to find representatives of the chiefs and clans who were wont to pitch their standards at *At na Meir-gie*, where our ancient sovereigns enjoyed the princely sports of their Caledonian forest?]

Lay me by the streams that slowly move,
With mild and pleasing steps along the plain;
The fragrant shade my leaning head above,
Whilst thou, O Sun, look'st kindly o'er the plain.

Soft on a bank of daisies stretch my side,
Where Zephyr sweetly breathes and lightly plays;
My frail feet laving in the pleasing tide,
Whose graceful windings murmur as it strays.

Around my verdant bank, all bathed in dew,
Be the fair lily's modest form display'd,
The pale, soft primrose, of the loveliest hue,
The fragrant *elvm** beauteously array'd.

Around the lofty borders of my glen,
Let bending boughs their azure robe display,
And aged rocks in echo breathe again,
The tale of love which tunes their minstrels' lay.

And since mine eyes have failed, ye winds, O say,
Where do the frail and mournful reeds reside,—
Still wailing sad—while trout among them play,
Nor feel the gale that curls the genial tide.

Then o'er the wood that crowns the mountain's brow,
Swan, from the land of waves, do thou arise,
Pouring thy pleasing tale of love and wo,
In melting music o'er the ambient skies.

And, through the ivy'd rocks of voice profound,
Let limpid springs with heavy murmurs break;
And ocean's waves, with ever-raging sound,
The tuneful voice of every echo wake.

Close by me let the calves their vigour ply,
In mimic conflicts and in feigned alarms,
And, tired of strife, the young kid guileless lie
On the smooth turf, encircled by mine arms.

* I do not know the English name of this flower.—
Translator.

Then, as the voice of rocks and mountains wild,
To the gay heifer joyously replies,
Pleased let me hear, by distance rendered mild,
The low of herds extending o'er the sky.

And streaming softly on the plaintive gale,
Let the fold's gentle bleat attract mine ear;
The parent race return their answering hail,
And, racing down, to meet their young, appear.

But let my soul yon peerless maid behold,
Beneath the oak, the king of every shade,
Her hand of snow, 'mid locks of flowing gold,
Harmoniously sustains her leaning head.

Her mild blue eyes, that softly, slowly move,
Bent on the youth, who, breathing by her side
The plaintive lay of fond and faithful love,
Dissolves her beating heart in music's tide.

The sound expires, and lo, her bosom grows
In virgin ardour, to his faithful breast;
Her lips, unsullied as the dewy rose,
In love's untainted zeal, to his are prest.

So, as love triumphs in their silent joy,
And lures their souls in his delightful maze,
A herd of deer, as o'er the hills they fly,
Struck by the magic sight, incline and gaze.

Eternal pleasure to the guileless pair,
Who waked a joy that may no more be mine,
And fair thee well, thou virgin, kind and fair,
Whose heavy locks in graceful ringlets twine.

Now let the hunter's steps approach mine ear,
The dogs and sound of darts, that whiz along,
That youth upon my cheek may re-appear,
And brace my nerves, by conquering age unstrung.

The very marrow in my bones shall start,
When dogs have stags at bay, and bow-strings sound,
And when the shout proclaims the fallen hart,
My feet like lightning o'er the hills shall bound.

Then shall my faithful dog again appear,
Whose steps still followed wheresoe'er I moved;
The hills we sought their frowning rocks uprear,
The woods we hunted and the glens we loved.

The hospitable cave I shall behold,
That oft rescued me from the lowering night;
Whose blazing faggots banished damp and cold,
Whose social cups still nourished our delight.

The branchy hart shall yield our smoking fare,
Trega our drink, our music her soft wave;
And though ghosts shriek, or groaning mountains glare,
Peace, gentle peace, shall smile within our cave.

Now o'er the lofty borders of the glen,
The tall scur-elt her blooming grove uprears,
There the sweet thrush pours forth her earliest strain,
And gentle spring in flowery robes appears.

And next her Gormal, of the loveliest hue,
In towering ease attracts the wondering sight;
Her thousand firs still growing on the view,
Her elks, her deer, her roe, so shy and tight.

The beauteous lake of woody isles I see,
Heaving young waves along the pebbly shore,
O'er which the forest waves, tall, stately, free,
With rowan wavy, and with hawthorn hoar.

Chief of a thousand hills! do I behold
Thee, Ardven, in thy glorious tints array'd;
Thy locks have been the dream of stags of old,
The bed of clouds is still thy lofty head.

* * * * *
Vision of bliss, ah, fail'st thou on my view!
Return once more, a moment's space return!
She hears me not—hills of my soul, adieu,
Lone in the dark, the bard is left to mourn.

Farewell, fond youth, and lovely maid, farewell,
My eyes no more behold your love divine!
May summer's joys long in your bosom swell,
Though winter and his thousand woes be mine.

Bring forth my tuneful harp and flowing shell,
And be they placed all quietly by my side;
The shield that saved my sires in battle's swell,
And oft rolled back th' invader in his pride.

Then on the harps of Ossian and of Daal,
Oh, let me hear a sadly-pleasing sound,
As opening wide is seen their airy hall,—
When evening comes the bard will not be found.
D. C.

THE MARSHAL EARL OF STAIR.

THE following memorial relating to the above celebrated Statesman and WARRIOR, as he is popularly called in Wigtownshire, having fallen into our hands, we give it, as likely to be interesting to our Galloway readers, being connected with an important period in the public career of our great countryman.

It is matter of history, that the skilful arrangements of Marshal Stair led to the victory at Dettingen, and that the important advantages which should have followed, were, in a great measure, lost, in consequence of the Marshal's plans being thwarted by the interference of King George II., who joined the army only in time to check the Marshal's career of victory. It has been said, and was generally believed in Galloway, that the Marshal, seeing the serious consequences which would result from this interference, refused to obey his Majesty's orders, maintaining that a commander-in-chief must not be controlled in the hour of battle, even by his sovereign. Certain it is, he fearlessly urged upon the King the vast importance of following up the victory; and military men, and his countrymen generally, did justice to the wisdom of the plans which the General and his troops were ready and anxious to execute.

On the 4th Sept., 1743, to the regret of the whole English army, the Earl resigned his command.

The following memorial which he presented to the King, contains his reasons for taking that step:—

MEMORIAL OF FIELD-MARSHAL THE EARL OF STAIR.

"The march from Archhaffenberg was made entirely without my knowledge. I got into my coach in the morning, resolved to continue there during all the march, but being afterwards informed that the French were passing the Maine, and advancing to attack us, I immediately mounted on horseback, and made all the dispositions proper for the drawing up of our army in order of battle, which I executed without any confusion. Meeting Count Neuperg soon after, I informed him of the dispositions I had made, and he approved them entirely. This general was of opinion that the enemy's design was not to attack us. Your Majesty coming up afterwards, I had the honour to acquaint you with everything I had done, and you expressed, in strong terms, your approbation of all.

"I shall not take notice of what happened during the action. Your Majesty knows that my opinion was, that, without losing any time, we

should make all the advantage we could of the victory we had gained.

"When the army arrived at Hanau, I proposed to seize on Hochot, and lay a bridge over the Maine to pass that river, and to post our army in such a manner as to hinder the enemy from getting back over the Rhine, which, from what had passed on this side the Danube, I judged would soon happen. I pressed the same advice with your Majesty by means of General Ligonier. I am utterly ignorant how it came to pass that it was not followed.

"I proposed afterwards to lay bridges over the Maine, on the side of Hanau, that thereby we might be in a condition to take all possible advantages of the enemy's conduct, in case they should think fit to quit that river.

"This being over, I told your Majesty there was still one only means left of maintaining your superiority over the French, viz., to embark all the foot to send them down the Rhine, and march them with all possible expedition towards Flanders. I cannot help still repeating the same advice.

"I have received several marks of contempt for my advices, even in the view of the whole army, particularly of the English troops. Posts of command that became vacant, and which used to be disposed of by the recommendation of the commander-in-chief, were given away without my knowledge, and some particular generals have been named to command at the head of the line, while I was there present.

"I have served under the two greatest generals of their time: their confidence and favour have procured me a knowledge of the plans and dispositions which they made for operations. At the late King's accession to the crown, I was sent ambassador to the court of France. My conduct at that court is sufficiently known.

"I had the misfortune not to please your Majesty's ministers, but this never in the least cooled my zeal for the advancement of your glory and the public good, as far as in my power.

"In 1734 I got a plan delivered to your Majesty, for forming an army upon the Mozelle, which would infallibly have made you arbiter of Europe. When M. Maillebois marched into Bohemia I formed another plan for assembling an army in Flanders, with which, had the plan been put in execution, it had been easy to penetrate as far as Paris.

"No ambition, nor any hopes of raising my fortune, could, at my age, have engaged me to quit my retirement. No other motive but the hopes of contributing to your glory, and of being useful to the public, could ever have drawn me from thence.

"I flatter myself that, with regard to what I have here represented to your Majesty, you'll be pleased to think the Lord Stair an honest man, though a stranger to art and cunning.

"I shall leave it to your Majesty, as my political testament, never to separate yourself from the house of Austria. If ever you do, France will treat you as she did Queen Anne, and all the courts that are guided by her counsel.

"I hope your Majesty will give me leave to re-

tire to my plough, without any mark of your displeasure."

Lord Stair had several times before offered to resign his command, but, till he presented this memorial, all his offers were rejected.

From the memorial, it appears, that though it was reserved for modern times to assemble an army in Flanders, and "to penetrate as far as Paris," a similar plan was arranged by the military genius of a prior age, and would probably have been then carried through, if the weak counsels of the sovereign had not weighed against the comprehensive eagle-view, and sound manly judgment of his veteran general.—*Galloway Paper.*

THE CHURCH AT STRATFORD-UPON-AVON.

"STRATFORD-UPON-AVON is on the south-western border of Warwickshire, on a gentle ascent from the banks of the Avon, which rises in a small spring at Naseby in Northamptonshire. It is eight miles south-west from Warwick, and ninety-four north-west from London.

"The church was originally a rectory, and was purchased in 1837 of Simon Montacute, Bishop of Worcester, by John de Stratford, Archbishop of Canterbury, and attached to the chantry he had founded in the chapel of St Thomas the martyr, adjoining the south aisle of the church. This chantry consisted of five priests. Eventually it acquired the title and privileges of a collegiate church, and on the dissolution was made a vicarage.

"Stratford church, dedicated to the Holy Trinity, is a spacious edifice in the early style of English architecture. It consists of a nave, and side aisles, a transept or cross aisle, and a chancel or choir, with a square embattled tower rising from the intersection, and surmounted by a lofty octagonal spire. It has been supposed to occupy the site of an ancient monastery, and to have been either built or rebuilt by Archbishop Stratford.

"In the transepts are several both ancient and modern monuments; and at the extremity of each is a large enriched window. Massive piers of clustered columns and lofty arches support the tower, and separate the nave from the chancel, 'which,' says Neale, 'is the most beautiful as well as the most perfect division of this church, and was erected between the years 1465 and 1491 by Thomas Balsall, D.D., who then held the office of dean.'

"There are many monuments in the chancel. Among them may be noticed that of Dean Balsall, on the north wall; and that also of the most distinguished native of Stratford, William Shakespeare, enclosing his bust. A slab very near covers the ashes of the poet, and is inscribed with the well known lines, said to be from his own pen:—

"Good frend, for Jevs' sake forbare
To digg the dvst enclosed heare:
Blest be ye man yt spares these stones,
And cvrst be he yt moves my bones."

"Shakespeare's wife and other members of his family also lie in Stratford church.

"The story goes, that the inscription just given, on the sepulchral slab, was prompted by the sight of the charnel-house, entered by an ornamented doorway just beyond the stalls, which was filled with skulls and bones, and that the poet apprehended his bones might one day be cast upon the heap. This charnel-house was taken down in 1800, and the bones arched over.

"An avenue of lime-trees, with their branches entwined, form a pleasing approach to the northern porch, over which is a room, originally lighted by a window, which is now blocked up by a tablet. This room was probably used as a record chamber."—*New Monthly, Aug.*

Varieties.

PROWESS OF SCOTTISH MATRONS IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.—The following extract is from an old volume, printed in 1682, entitled "Memorials of the English Affairs, or an Historical Account of what passed from the beginning of the reign of King Chas. the First, to King Charles the Second his happy Restauration:"—"June 25, 1652.—*Kirk Tumult.*—Letters of the Synod's meeting at Perth, and citing the Ministers and people who had expressed a dislike of their heavenly government, that the men being got out of the way, their wives resolved to answer for them. And on the day of appearance, 120 women, with good clubs in their hands, came and besieged the church where the Rev. Ministers sat. They sent one of their number to treat with the females, and he threatening excommunication, they basted him for his labour, and sent a party of sixty, who routed the rest of the clergy, bruised their bodies sorely, took all their baggage, and twelve horses. That one of the ministers, after a mile's running, taking all creatures for his foes, meeting a soldier, fell on his knees for quarter, who knowing nothing of the matter, asked the blackcoat what he meant? That these conquerors having laid hold on the Synod Clerk, beat him till he forswore his office. That thirteen of the ministers rallied about four miles from the place, and voted, that the village should never more have a Synod kept in it, but be accursed; and that although in the years 1638 and 39, the Godly Women were called up for stoning the Bishops, yet now the whole sex should be esteemed unlucky."

HIGHLAND SUPERSTITION.—Women who die in childhood are carried straight to heaven, whatever may have been their sins during life; such a death being an indemnity in full for all offences or omissions. The only allusion to this superstition that the writer can find is, not in any Gaelic tradition, but in one of the border ballads, that of Clerk Saunders. It is given both by Scott and Motherwell, in their collections of Border Minstrelsy, without any comment from either editor on the verses in question. Clerk Saunders having been slain by the brothers of his love, May Margaret, his ghost, comes by night to claim from the lady the restitution of his plighted troth, without which he could not sleep quietly in his grave. May Margaret, unable to resist the impulse of curiosity, and anxious to obtain some equivalent for the troth-plight she was required to give up, offers the following very fair bargain:—

"Thy faith and troth thou sall never get,
And our true love sall never twin,
Until you tell what comes of women,
I wot who die in strong travaillin'."

The ghost, though he has left the body but twenty-four hours, seems to have made good use of his faculties in the interval, for he promptly replies,—

"Their beds are made in the heavens so high,
Down at the foot of our good Lord's knee,
Weel set about wi' gilly flowers,
I wot, sweet company for to see."

This information, if not very explicit, at least implies that sufferers by that peculiar mode of dying were repaid by an honourable resting-place in the heavenly mansions. It is probable this idea was derived from the Roman Catholic religion, and that the Virgin was supposed to have some influence in the exemption from earthly penalties bestowed on the dead mother. The poem has, therefore, represented this as the feeling which dictated a superstition too full of tenderness to excite the sneer of the most sceptical despiser of the faith of old.—*Book of Highland Minstrelsy.*

ALICE PERRERS.—Of this celebrated woman, Barnes, in his history of the reign of King Edward III., states, "That being a person of extraordinary beauty, she was (48th Edward III.) made Lady of the Sun, and rode from the Tower of London through Cheapside, accompanied with many lords, knights, and ladies; every lady leading a lord or knight, by his horse's bridle, till they came into West Smithfield; where presently began solemn jousts, which held for seven days together. That she had been constantly misrepresented by most of our writers (one taking it from another), as being King Edward's concubine, but that it was improbable, from the reputation she had of being taken in marriage by so considerable a person as the Lord William Windsor; and that King Edward, who never else is said to have gone astray, even in the flower of his age, should, within five years of the queen's death, when he was very infirm, burn in flames. That the records wherein she is mentioned are not severe on her reputation, as appears from the charge against her, brought into parliament in the 1st Richard II., in these words:—"Dame Alice Perrers was introduced before the lords, and by Sir Richard le Scrope, Knt., steward of the king's household, charged for pursuing of matters, contrary to orders taken two years before; namely, that no woman should, for any advantage, present any cause in the King's Court, on pain of losing all they had, and being banished the realm for ever. That, particularly, she had procured Sir Nicholas Dagworth to be called from Ireland, whether he was sent; and that she also procured, from the king, restitution of lands and goods, to Richard Lyon, merchant of London, whereas the same lands, having been forfeited by him, had been given to the king's own sons. To all which the said Dame Alice replied, that she had not pursued any such thing for any advantage of her own. Whereupon divers officers, counsellors, and servants to King Edward III., being examined, proved that she made such pursuit; and that, in their conceits, for her own private gain. Then judgment was given by the lords against the said dame, that according to the order aforesaid, she should be banished, and forfeit all her goods and lands whatsoever." Sir Robert Cotton, in his Abridgement of Records, makes this remark on the above judgment: "To say truth of the devil is counted commendable, and therefore surely the record against the said lady, being very long, proves no such heinous matter against her; only it sheweth, that the same dame was in such credit with Edward III., as she sat at his bed's head, when all the council, and the privy chamber, stood waiting without doors; and that she moved those suits that they dared not; and these two suits, whereof she was condemned, seemed very honest; her mishap was, that she was friendly to many, but all were not so to her." The effect of this conviction was, however, subsequently removed.

THE SCOTTISH THISTLE.—This ancient emblem of Scots pugnacity, with its motto, "*Nemo me impune lacessit*," is represented on various species of royal bearings, coins, and coats of armour, so that there is some difficulty in saying which is the genuine original thistle. The origin of the national badge itself is thus handed down by tradition:—When the Danes invaded Scotland, it was deemed unwelcome to attack an enemy in the pitch darkness of night, instead of a pitched battle by day; but on one occasion the invaders resolved to avail themselves of this stratagem; and in order to prevent their tramp from being heard, they marched barefooted. They had thus neared the Scottish force unobserved, when a Dane unluckily stepped with his naked foot upon a superb prickly thistle, and instinctively uttered a cry of pain, which discovered the assault to the Scots, who ran to their arms, and defeated the foe with a terrible slaughter. The thistle was immediately adopted as the insignia of Scotland.

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WILLIAM MARSHALL AND THE AUTHORS OF OUR NATIONAL MUSIC.

OUR progenitors have left us our national music as a legacy of almost equal value with our ballads and songs. Our ballads are not more distinguished by the beauty of their imagery, richness of language, and vigour of diction, than is our music for its originality of design, sweetness, and expression. To a Scottish ear it has a distinct character, seldom successfully imitated. The power that a full harmonious choir exerts over the mind is great; but those melodies which Burns placed above all "Italian trills" have a charm of their own, never without its influence. When and whence we derived the more ancient of our melodies are questions easier to ask than answer. Some of them, as "John Anderson," and "Scots wha hae," were originally chaunts belonging to the church, traces of the peculiarly rich singing of which may still be found in the psalmody of the Highlands. The number derived from this source must, however, be limited; and though amongst a people naturally musical new expressions of melody must always arise, still we are indebted to the professional minstrels of the olden time for the great body of our airs. But while their strains have been transmitted from age to age, the composers themselves have been forgotten. Our fields are marked with monumental stones, and tradition has preserved some dim remembrance of the sleepers; but the names of our minstrels have been inscribed upon less tangible monuments. We are ignorant of the older composers; and of those even in recent times we are little better informed. Something is known of the Gows; it is understood that Marshall, the author of many beautiful strathspeys, was butler to the Duke of Gordon; but not one of a thousand who appreciate the archness of the tune, "Jenny's Bawbee," know that it was the production of an Ayrshire musician, a blind man of the name of Riddell, the author of "The merry Lads o' Ayr," and many other well-known melodies. The tune, "Ayrshire Lasses," is widely known, but few are aware that it is the composition of a nobleman, the late Earl of Eglinton—an excellent performer on the violoncello and harp, and an enthusiast in music, though better remembered from his numerous and extensive improvements. In the Highlands, the professional musician held an important and honourable place in the establishment of his chief; war and victory, birth, marriage, and death, he cele-

brated each with its swell of triumph, of rejoicing, or sorrow. In the Lowlands, music held an equally prominent position; and, particularly in the west country, it is capable of proof that until a comparatively recent period every town and village of any note had its minstrel, as, indeed, many of them have to this day. The gentry, too, if they individually retained no musician, gave their support to some one of the best known. As late as the last century, Riddell—the blind composer already mentioned—had an annual salary, though of no great amount, from the higher gentry of Ayrshire. For this fee, it was his duty to visit the residences of his patrons, at intervals, as he found it convenient, or when sent for, to play to the family at their balls and assemblies. Riddell, however, never went alone; like others of the class, he carried with him his apprentices, regularly articulated, whose duty it was to attend their "master" at all times, to do his errands, and to officiate, probably, as body-servants, as well as assistants in the orchestra. One of Riddell's pupils is still alive in the "west country," who, speaking of his young days, has said—"In one week we passed twenty-six parish kirks, and returned to Ayr (the head quarters) on Friday, in time for a ball, never getting to bed till Saturday night, but snatching a moment's sleep when it could be got." Considering the rough mode of travelling, passing through so many parishes, was certainly no small feat. From these professional musicians, Highland and Lowland, our national music has been derived; and as they have passed to their graves, leaving few memorials, no signs by which their names may be connected with their works, we can only lament that their stories have been left unwritten.

A memoir of William Marshall, the composer of many of our favourite strathspeys, reels, and melodies, recently published, has made a valuable addition to our musical biographical knowledge, as we may call it. The memoir is tastefully written, and prefixed to a collection of Marshall's hitherto unpublished airs, brought out by the late Mr Robertson, music-seller, Edinburgh. Marshall was born in the old town of Fochabers, Banffshire, on the 27th December 1748, old style; a season, we might suppose, very unpropitious for the advent of a songster. His father's name was Francis Marshall, his mother's, Isabel Innes. William was the third son of a large family. Like many kindred geniuses, William must have given early indications of his future talent, for we learn that on account of those indications he became the favourite of his father. Six months at school, and

a few extra lessons from a gentleman at Gordon Castle, completed his education. At twelve years of age he entered the service of the Duke of Gordon, and in a few years was elevated to the post of house-steward and butler. In this situation he remained for thirty years, accompanying the family wherever they went. Marshall also displayed a taste for architecture, astronomy, mathematics, and mechanics, and in all these sciences he made astonishing progress. Land-surveying was a favourite amusement; and in latter years he laid down meridian lines upon which he built the houses of Keithmore and Newfield. Of his mechanical skill he has left a wonderful evidence—a clock constructed by him and presented to the Duke of Gordon. It still remains at Gordon Castle, and is thus described:—

"This clock indicated the months and days of the year—the equation for each day, and the various differences of time, in minutes and seconds, between the sun and a clock, regulated to exact equational time—it showed the moon's revolution round the earth, and the number of divisions between the hour and the moon's indices—pointed out the moon's age, while the moon's index signs to the various places at which it is high water by the clock—an index pointed out the twelve constellations or signs of the zodiac, with the sun's place for each day in degrees and minutes, and the sun's declination, north or south of the equator, for every two days—it pointed out the time of the sun's rising, with the length of day and night, and the vernal and autumnal equinoxes, the longest and shortest day in the year—it showed the day of the week corresponding with each day and month of the year *for ever*, &c.; and required winding up once in four or five weeks."

Marshall was above the middle size, compactly built, and handsome in his youth. He was, as we may easily believe, an excellent dancer. He understood the craft of falconry, was an excellent angler, could throw the hammer, leap and run with a dexterity, agility, and speed, against which few could successfully cope; and, to add to his extraordinary doings in his age, he made roads, constructed bridges, and administered the law of the land. It is as a musician, however, that we have more immediately to deal with him. At Gordon Castle he employed his leisure in the practice of his favourite art, and among his earlier compositions were "The Duke of Gordon's Birth-day," "The Bog of Gight," "Miss Admiral Gordon," and "Johnnie Pringle." To the last, the facetious author of "John o' Badenyon" wrote the song, "Tune your Fiddles;" and to "Miss Admiral Gordon," Burns wrote the words "Of a' the airts the wind can blaw." The air is one of the sweetest in the whole range of Scottish melody; and it is united to one of the tenderest of lyrics: both became at once, and have ever continued, universal favourites. Marshall's airs were all the result of momentary whim or fitful inspiration. They cost him no labour; and when once he had mastered the rhythm, it is said he seldom retouched it. He did not trust wholly to his own partial judgment. At the age of twenty-five, he had married "a winsome wee

thing," by name Jane Giles—who, although no musician, possessed a fine natural taste. That taste was the ordeal he chose for his airs. In the evening he would take his fiddle, and, while she listened, he would go over with a delicate hand the air he had composed during the day. If she disapproved of it, the piece was rejected—what she admired, he instantly committed to paper. In this way Marshall selected and preserved upwards of three hundred airs. Latterly, however, and when a very old man, we find him throwing off melodies so rapidly that we can scarcely think he was as fastidious as in his younger days. As a performer on the violin, Marshall was a master. His correctness of ear was extreme; his management of the bow perfect; his style at once precise and full; and his execution brilliant. As a performer he became even earlier known than as a composer. He was on one occasion dining with a party of friends, when a blind minstrel—probably more a lover than a master of his instrument—came under the dining-room windows and began to play. By way of a joke, one of the company told him that one of the party was a learner; and as he (the blind man) had delighted them, it was right that the "loon" should give him a bar in return, although it might neither be sweet nor tender. The old man handed up his instrument; Marshall good-naturedly took it, and played several strathspeys in his own perfect way. When asked what he thought of the learner's "quality," the old man earnestly replied—"Na, na! that's na a 'loon's' playing; I'll wager a groat that's Mr Marshall o' Keithmore, for there's naeboddy hereabouts that could play like that but him!" When Marshall played strathspeys, the inclination to dance was as irresistible as if the listener had been inoculated by the tarantula. In his compositions—no matter by whom performed—there was a charm almost equally powerful. Writing from India, in 1822, to Marshall, Mr John Stewart of Belladrum humorously remarked, that "though he thought his dancing days were over," yet, in the house of a lady, both he and Mrs Stewart had danced to some of his strathspeys "with the thermometer at 85°." Marshall left Gordon Castle in 1790 for a farm near Fochabers. Shortly afterwards, he removed to a larger, Keithmore, and was appointed factor by the Duke of Gordon, from whom the farm was held. The situation of factor he filled until 1817. From his earliest connection with the Gordon family, Marshall was held in the highest estimation. Similarity of taste led to an early friendship betwixt him and his Grace; and time, as it went, revealed so much and so varied talent, with such private worth, that Marshall advanced higher and higher in the esteem of his patron, the Duke. His personal merit procured him respect—his musical powers, constant admiration. At Gordon Castle, the fruits of his genius were always first displayed and appreciated; and from the hall they rapidly spread into every corner of the district, and latterly, over the land. With the extension of his works his popularity increased, until it reached London itself, where, in the Opera House, several tunes of his became favourites. It was no longer left to him to give the name of some imaginary gentle one, or fanciful title to his compositions. He ran no hazard in coupling with his strains the

names of the noblest of the land ; for the fair sex of the higher classes paid the composer considerable attention, and were emulous of having their names united to his melodies. As his years increased so did his popularity, and in his later correspondence scarcely a tune is embodied for the name of which he had not been solicited long before. In the collection of his hitherto unpublished airs, for example, only three out of upwards of eighty tunes occur to which the name of some fair creature or noble personage is not attached. Frequently, and long after Marshall left Gordon Castle, his music was heard in its halls. The Duke still acknowledged the charm of his compositions ; and frequently Marshall's successor (Daniel Macdonald, also a composer and performer) and the musical retainers were called upon to perform his music to his Grace's guests. The Duke, of all Marshall's tunes, had one particular favourite, "The Marchioness of Cornwallis," and he showed his partiality for it on such occasions by calling specially for it as the wind-up of the entertainment. Marshall, although repeatedly urged by his Grace, had always declined to collect his compositions for publication. At length, when many of them had become known and admired, his reluctance was overcome by the Duchess, to whom all lovers of Scottish melody must feel indebted. The first volume appeared in 1822, and contained above 170 original airs. To this work there were 600 subscribers, many of whom put down their names for ten, fifteen, and twenty copies ; and among these the Gordons were thickly interspersed. The composer was now in his 74th year. From Keithmore he then retired to a cottage called Newfield, which he had built for himself, near Craigelachie Bridge. Having made an arrangement with Mr Robertson, the music publisher, Edinburgh for the publication of a supplement, or second volume, at some future period (now carried into effect), Marshall continued the pleasing task of composition, scattering his melodies in profusion. Often the old man thought of hanging his harp on the willows, but with the importunities of his fair admirers, or when his soul would fain have expression as before, the desire was as often overcome, and the old strings struck anew. Shortly after removing to Newfield, he wrote to Mr Robertson as follows :—"I enclose twelve or thirteen reels to help up your supplement ; but as I have no copies of the spare ones that I left with you, I cannot tell if I have encroached on any of them." So little of self-sufficiency was in the heart of the veteran, that he adds, "You will therefore examine them, and leave out what you think improper, or alter any passages that you may think by so doing can be improved." In the occasional excursions which he made at this period to Edinburgh, he seldom failed to attend the theatre, to revel in the fine strains of the band led by the late Mr Dewar, who was himself a composer, and had arranged many of Marshall's airs. Placed beside the leader, Marshall enjoyed the sweet performances of the finely-trained band, and Mr Dewar seldom failed to give one or two of the aged composer's own and favourite compositions. On one occasion he felt so delighted with the accompaniments to his air "Of a' the airts the wind can blaw," that it was repeated at his own request. No one who heard Mr

Dewar and his band perform such melodies as "The wind blew the bonnie lassie's plaidie awa," or "This is no my ain house," can doubt the effect which his own beautiful melody, executed with such care, taste, and power, would have on Marshall's delicate ear. The last letter he wrote respecting his new volume was in 1830, when he had reached his 82d year ; and three years afterwards, in his 85th, in the month of May, when all was harmonious around him, he ended the journey of life. He was buried beside his forefathers and his wife—who predeceased him in 1825, at the same age—in the churchyard of Bellie. Marshall had five sons and one daughter. Only one son—the third, who is now Colonel William Marshall, survives. The eldest son, Alexander, became a Major in the East India Company's service, and died at the age of 39, in 1807, at Keithmore, having returned home in bad health after the siege of Seringapatam. The second was a jeweller in London, but he too retired from bad health. The fourth, John, Captain in the 26th foot, died in 1829 at Madras ; the fifth, Lieutenant George, in Spain, in 1812. The only daughter married Mr Macinnes, Dandalieth, and in her family is a magnificent portrait of her father, painted by Moir at the command of the Duke of Gordon, and since presented to Mrs Macinnes by the Duke of Richmond. Marshall, as a musician, had no claim to the same rank as the Mozarts and Handels. He knew little of the effects of complicated harmony. He was thoroughly a native genius. His taste, his inspiration, the current of his thought, were all imbued with the spirit of the old Scottish minstrels—that spirit, which, borrowing no more than it lent, gave a character distinct and beautiful to the music of our country. His melodies were at once natural, original, and effective—for strathspeys, Burns called him "the finest composer of this age." With him sleeps the cunning of the craft—he was the last of the band of pure, enthusiastic, prolific Scottish composers.

Inverness.

J. C. P.

THE EARLY LAWS OF SCOTLAND.

No. II.

THE great point at issue amongst those who have made the subject a matter of study, refers to the first written code of Scottish laws. We have seen that there was a common law in Celtic times—when the government was purely patriarchal. When that system began to be superseded by the feudal, in the reign of Malcolm Canmore, statutory enactments must have followed as a matter of course. The assumption of all power and right to the soil by the crown involved the necessity of supporting it by measures originating in, and directed by that assumption. It was, however beneficially it may have worked for the general weal, a palpable encroachment upon common right and common justice ; and, like all other infringements, required to be enforced by arbitrary means. We have thus a philosophical reason for believing that the written or statutory law of Scotland is at least coeval with the introduction of feudalism.

The earliest known collection of statutory law is the manuscript book, alluded to in a former arti-

cle called *Regiam Majestatem*, said to have been compiled in the reign of David I. This has been disputed by various learned antiquaries on both sides of the Tweed. Robertson, in his "Introduction to the Ancient Records of Scotland,"* took up the subject in a masterly and interesting manner. After quoting from the catalogue of charters deposited at Berwick, he proceeds—

"These two entries prove indisputably, that in the year 1292, when the inventory in which they occur was drawn up, there existed among the Archives of Scotland Rolls of Scottish Statutes accounted ancient at the early period when those Rolls received their titles, which probably happened several, perhaps many years before 1292, the date of the inventory.

"Supposing the titles on those rolls to have been written no earlier than the reign of King Alexander III. it is not likely that the statutes contained in them were those of that King's father, or those of his grandfather King William, or even those of his grand-uncle King Malcolm, between whose death and the accession of King Alexander III. about eighty-four years only had intervened. For statutes of a date not more remote than a century prior to the time when those rolls received their titles, could with no propriety be denominated ancient.

"Under what King, then, or under what Kings were the statutes recorded in those rolls enacted? And do any traces of those statutes now remain?

"Undoubtedly there is in Scotland a collection of ancient laws known during the space of more than 370 years by the name of *Regiam Majestatem*, a name formed of the two first words of the book—that collection having been clearly and unequivocally recognised as a book of Scots law by a public statute in the year 1425.

"In the sequel, perhaps, we shall be able to show, that that collection, though under a different name, was, many years before 1425, regarded as a genuine collection of the laws of Scotland. But it is certain, that from that year at least, it has been regarded by the lawyers of Scotland, with very few exceptions, as a system of the more ancient law of that country.

"This code of law, if it may be called such, is attributed to King David I., who filled the throne of Scotland twenty-nine years, viz. from the year 1124 to the year 1153; a supposition which seems to derive support from the personal character of that King, from internal evidence in the book itself, and from a memorable edict of King Edward I. of England, of the most unquestionable authority.

"But that collection must not be considered as containing only the laws enacted by King David himself. Its great basis must have consisted of the statutes and usages of preceding times, collected under King David's authority, improved no doubt and enlarged by some statutes of his own.

"If we look into history, we shall perceive, that in point of personal character no king perhaps ever lived whose disposition was by nature better adapted to legislation.

"The book itself, without insisting on the words of its introductory chapter, contains direct evidence that King David was a legislator. For it presents us with several statutes expressly bearing to have been enacted by that King;—a circumstance which affords strong presumptive evidence, that the rest of the *original collection* was made under the authority of the same King David.

"In later times, however, in the course of the pre-

sent century especially, the authenticity of *Regiam Majestatem* has been called in question by several writers, at the head of whom may be ranked the Lord Chief-Justice of England, Sir Matthew Hale. It has been by those writers held forth as little better than a servile transcript of a reputed digest of English law, said to have been written towards the end of the reign of King Henry II. when Ranulph de Glanville was Justiciary of England, by whose name that digest is generally called.

"The principal circumstance that seems to have induced those writers to form this general conclusion, is the similarity of the matter in the two books, which is stated to be so very strong, as could not have happened unless the one had been copied from the other, or both from some common original; and no such common original having been pointed out, a variety of topics are adduced to prove that *Glanville* (by which name the English work shall be called on this occasion) is the original, and *Regiam Majestatem* the copy.

"The similarity shall, for argument's sake, be admitted; for at present it is by no means intended to investigate all the minute particulars that have been advanced on this subject. At some other time, perhaps, such an investigation may be attempted; previously to which the two books must be collated with care, as in a question of this nature discrepancies that at a first glance might appear immaterial, may, when more deliberately considered, powerfully influence a final determination.

"Nor will it be then less necessary to inquire, Whether the English compilation was really digested when Glanville was justiciary of England?—Whether it actually contains the laws of England as they stood at that time?—and, Whether its authenticity was ever sanctioned by any English statute?

"These inquiries again will introduce several subordinate questions intimately connected with them.—What is the precise or the probable date of the most ancient manuscript of Glanville now to be found?—What is the most ancient book or manuscript in which Glanville is mentioned?—and, Does Glanville contain any reference to any law, or to any historical fact; relative either to England or Scotland, of a date later than the year 1189, when King Henry II. died?

"On the other hand, we know certainly, as observed before, that more than 370 years ago *Regiam Majestatem* is under that very name mentioned in a public statute of Scotland as a book of Scots law. It is impossible, therefore, to believe that it could have obtained that solemn parliamentary sanction, if it had not been deemed genuine and authentic for time-immemorial antecedent to that period. This consideration seems effectually to overthrow the opinion of some writers, who fix the introduction into Scotland of that supposed pilfered edition of Glanville to the reign of King David II. For that King having died only fifty-five years before the date of the act of parliament 1425, many persons were probably then alive who had been men before the conclusion of King David II.'s reign, and knew exactly the character of authenticity which *Regiam Majestatem* then bore. Hence again it seems necessarily to follow, that it bore the same character for time immemorial prior to that King's reign; and that therefore its introduction into Scotland, and its adoption there as a system of law, must have happened at a period more early by many years than that King's reign.

"But at whatever time that adoption took place, it must appear a very extraordinary event; for one of two consequences seems unavoidable, viz.

* Published in 1797.

"Either that the Scots then laboured under a total privation of municipal law; an idea as absurd in theory as it shall be shown to be false in fact:

"Or that the Scots at once abandoned all their former usages and laws, and substituted this English code in their place.

"In an abstract point of view, it is a violent supposition that any nation, however uncivilized, would at once adopt in the gross the juridical system of a different country. Laws are the gradual result of necessity and social experience. Even among a people but just emerging from barbarity, established customs, however rude, bend slowly and reluctantly to the milder institutions of a more refined state of society.

"Certainly at whatever time this adoption of Glanville's system can be supposed to have taken place in Scotland, the people of that country must have attained a state of civilization altogether incompatible with such an adoption. Between the accession of King Edgar in 1068, and the death of King Alexander III. in 1286, a period of nearly two centuries, that nation appears to have enjoyed, both externally and internally, a state of peace and quiet unprecedented in the history of any nation of Europe during the same period. On some few occasions indeed their kings were engaged in disputes with those of England. But those disputes were of very short duration, and could not have disturbed the general tranquillity in any material degree. In fact, the catalogue of Scottish records now before us, unaided by any other circumstances, affords demonstration, that the general polity of Scotland had, before the formation of that catalogue, reached a degree of perfection not inferior to that of any European state in the same age.

"Under such circumstances, it is incredible that the people of Scotland should at once have assumed for their juridical system the laws of a different kingdom; and those too, not as detailed by Bracton, a later and more perfect work than Glanville; not as contained in the still later and much more perfect system of King Edward I.; nor as exhibited in the public subsisting statutes of that kingdom; but as presented in the anonymous compilation of a private individual, which at the time of its supposed introduction into Scotland was in a great measure disused and antiquated in the kingdom from which it was borrowed.

"But the learned Lord Chief-Justice carries the matter much farther. He maintains, that the laws of Scotland in general were imported from England. Nay, he argues, contrary to every degree of probability, and to the judgment of the soundest antiquaries, that the laws of Normandy, as exhibited in the *Grand Coutumes*, were likewise borrowed from the laws of England.

"Here it may be observed, that if the feudal customs, instead of being gradually introduced into the different countries of Europe, as is most agreeable to the ordinary course of things, were at once adopted in the gross by any nation, it is most likely that they would be copied from the system esteemed at the time the best and the most complete.

"The learned Judge adduces various reasons for the general importation of the English laws into Scotland;—the contiguity of the two countries, and the intercourse between the inhabitants resulting from that contiguity;—the superiority and interest that the Kings of England obtained over the Crown and kingdom of Scotland;—and finally and chiefly, the policy of King Edward I.; on which last point the words of the Chief-Justice himself shall be afterwards stated.

"On the circumstance of the contiguity of the two kingdoms, more stress perhaps is laid than on deliberate reflection it may appear to be entitled to, or than the fact will justify. For that contiguity, by furnishing perpetual occasion for mutual injuries and encroachments, was more likely to produce animosity, discord, and hostility, than an adoption of each other's laws; a consequence too clearly proved by the histories of both countries.

"It is unnecessary here to enlarge on the trite subject of the Scottish dependence. Providentially it is now a subject totally inconsequential. It has become a point merely of curious investigation among antiquaries.

"But the policy of King Edward I. furnishes the principal argument to the learned Chief-Justice for the introduction and establishment of the English jurisprudence in Scotland.

"If, as Sir Matthew argues, the contiguity of the kingdoms, and the feudal dependence of Scotland on England, had naturally produced an introduction of the English laws into Scotland, what occasion was there for all this profound policy of King Edward?

"But overlooking this seeming defect in the deduction of Sir Matthew's argument, and supposing that King Edward, from those political motives, had really intended to establish the English jurisprudence in Scotland, why should he have preferred the antiquated system of Glanville, as transcribed in *Regiam Majestatem*, to the more perfect and later system of Bracton? or to his own system so much more improved than even that of Bracton?

"The reasoning of the learned Lord Chief-Justice on this point furnishes an instructive lesson to every reader, '*not rashly to assent to arguments merely theoretical, however ingenious and plausible.*'

"For it shall here be shown, on the most unquestionable authority, viz. that of King Edward the English Justician himself,

"That when he intermeddled with the affairs of Scotland, the Scots nation had laws of their own; and

"That King Edward never intended to establish any system whatever of English law in place of those Scots laws.

"That the Scots had municipal laws of their own, and that they were particularly anxious that no innovation should be made in those laws by the interference of this same King Edward and his successors, Kings of England, is evident from the remarkable instrument before alluded to, printed in the *Fœdera*, vol. 2, p. 482 and 483.

"It will be recollected, that on the death of King Alexander III. without any other descendant of his body than an infant grand-daughter, the Maiden of Norway, King Edward employed all his influence to obtain her for wife to his eldest son, and by that means to effect an union of the two kingdoms. In this negotiation King Edward was successful. The marriage-articles were drawn up and engrossed in the instrument here referred to, dated 18th July 1290, in the form of a declaration by King Edward's plenipotentiaries.

"In different parts of the same instrument the *leges et consuetudines Scotia* are repeated: and special provision is made in it for the safe custody of the relics, charters, privileges, and other monuments touching the royal dignity and the kingdom at large.

"Can a more irrefragable proof be desired, that prior to the 1290 the Scots nation had a system of laws peculiar to themselves?

"To prove again that King Edward, after having apparently conquered Scotland by his victories at Berwick and Dunbar in the year 1296, after having obliged King John Balliol to execute in his favour a solemn resignation of his crown and kingdom, and after quelling several formidable insurrections of the Scots, by which Scotland seemed to be completely subjected to his authority, was far from entertaining the design imputed to his wisdom by the Chief-Justices, but on the contrary was determined to govern the Scots by their own laws, the words of King Edward himself shall be here laid before the reader. The words shall be taken from an edict issued by King Edward for the government of Scotland, '*pro stabilitate regni Scotiae*,' printed in Prynn, vol. 3, page 1053, and in the *Rotuli Parliamenti* of England, vol. i. p. 267 and 268. It is dated in the year 1305, and contains this remarkable passage. 'Endroit de leis et usages pur le gouvernement de la terra d'Escoce, ordene est, que l'usage de Scot et de Bret* desordenroit soit defendu, se ques mes ne soit usez. Et ordene est ausint, que le Lieutenant le Roi, del houre qu'il serra venuz en la terre d'Escoce, face assembler les bones gentz de la terre, en aucun certyn lieu le quel il verra que a ce soit covenable, et que illoques, en la presence de lui et de gentz quil y serront assemblez, soient rehercez les leis que le roi David fist, et ausint les amendemens et les addicions q'ant este pais faictes par les Rois,'† &c.

"These words afford the most satisfactory evidence,

"That King Edward had no intention of introducing into Scotland the laws of England; and

"That King David I. was a legislator, and that his laws were regarded as the basis of Scottish jurisprudence: and it is humbly conceived, that those laws of King David, with the *amendments and additions* by succeeding Kings, convey so exact a description of the book called by the general name of *Regiam Majestatem* as can scarcely be mistaken.

"Thus, in a connected point of view, we see, that in the year 1292 there were among the archives of Scotland 'rolls of the ancient statutes of the kingdom of Scotland, of the laws and assizes of that kingdom, and of the laws and usages of its burrows.'

"That in the year 1305 King Edward directed 'the laws of King David, with the improvements and additions made in those laws by succeeding Kings,' to be publicly read in presence of the people of Scotland;

"And that in the year 1425 a public statute was enacted, appointing a committee, consisting of eighteen of the states of Parliament, to 'see and examine the bukis of law, yat is to say, *Regiam Majestatem* and *Quoniam Attachiamenta* and mend the lawis that neidis mendment.'

"Little doubt, therefore, it is humbly thought, can

* "The nature of this usage is now unknown; but it should seem to have been peculiar to Scotland.

† "In regard to laws and usages for the government of Scotland, it is ordained, that the usages of *Scot and Brit* be for the future prohibited, so that they may be no more used. And it is also ordained, that the King's Lieutenant, immediately on his arrival in Scotland, cause the good men of the country to assemble in any certain place that he shall see convenient for the purpose, and that there, in presence of him and of those who shall be there assembled, be rehearsed the laws which King David made, and also the amendments and additions which have since been made by the Kings," &c.

be entertained, that the *Regiam Majestatem* and *Quoniam Attachiamenta* mentioned in this statute, are the laws of King David, with the improvements and additions of succeeding Kings, mentioned in King Edward's edict just an hundred and twenty years before; and that the *Rotuli de Antiquis Statutis Scotiae*, &c., put into King Edward's hands in 1292 thirteen years before his edict, contained those laws of King David, and the subsequent improvements and additions, &c.; in other words, that those three different references denote precisely the same thing, viz. the *Regiam Majestatem*.

"No verbal or theoretical criticisms, however ingenious, can shake a weight of written evidence so firmly connected, and so direct."

Chalmers, the learned author of *Caledonia*, treats the *Regiam Majestatem* as a forgery; but he does not meet the arguments of Robertson; and, though great in facts, his judgment, or deduction, is not always to be depended upon. The compiler of the first volume of the Scottish Acts of Parliament, or rather of a portion of it, follows in the wake of Chalmers, but, in our humble opinion, without damaging, in the slightest, the strong position of Robertson.

BATTLE OF BANNOCKBURN—POSITION OF THE SCOTTISH ARMY.

BY DONALD CAMPBELL, LIEUT. H.P. 57TH REGIMENT.

THE Rev. Mr M'Gregor, in his Statistical Account of Stirlingshire, published a plan of the battle of Bannockburn, drawn by a military engineer, in which the left wing of the Scottish army is made to rest on a small brook at St Ninians, and the right below Grey-stael, on a small brook which runs into the Bannock. Mr Tytler, in his History of Scotland, represents the line as drawn in the same direction; but, as this would have been a bad position, in a military point of view, and as it does not agree with his own description of the field, I respectfully beg leave to submit to his consideration my objections to that position, and my reasons for believing that the Scottish army, at the battle of Bannockburn, was drawn up in a totally different direction.

1. The above position does not cover Stirling castle, the relief of which was the primary object of the English army.

2. The front of the above position is not "covered" by any "marshes."

3. Neither the small brook at St Ninians, the small brook at Grey-stael, nor even the river Bannock itself (any where above Milton), could have presented a serious obstacle to the passage of an army in the month of June. The front and flanks of the Scottish army would have been, therefore, wholly unprotected; so that the English army would not have been "confined by the nature of the ground; but, on the contrary, might have extended itself freely along the whole front of the Scottish line, and far beyond both its flanks.

4. The above position, instead of being unfavourable, would have every way have been favourable for the evolutions of cavalry; the whole ground in its front being hard and firm, and no where too steep for a charge. Indeed, the steep parts of the field are mere sloping banks, and would run not

parallel with, and in front of, but at right angles to the line of battle.

5. The Coxe-hill and the Gillie's-hill are separated from one another by a deep *syke*,* and a narrow plain, which was intersected, until within these few years, with quagmire bogs, and rough with trees and underwood. This *syke* and plain would be at right angles to the right centre of the Scottish army, thus exposing it to the certainty of being attacked separately, and cut off from the main body; a military blunder of the most fatal tendency.

6. The bored stone which marks the station of the Bruce's standard, and the small holm on which De Bohun fell, are half a mile in front of any part of the above position. Would the Bruce fix his standard, and station himself, for the purpose of forming his line, half a mile in front of his line of battle?

Taking these objections into consideration, I feel satisfied that the above was not the position of the Scottish army at the battle of Bannockburn; but that, on the contrary, it was formed on the declivity which runs along the east side of the marshes of Halbert and Milton; with its left flank resting on the Bannock, at the bend east of Milton mill, and its right on the south end of the deep *syke* which winds round the west and north base of Coxe-hill. I am the more convinced of this, because the position agrees in every particular with the historical features of the field of battle as described by Mr Tytler in his History of Scotland.

1. The river Bannock, from the bend east of Milton mill, runs through a deep and rugged ravine, which could not be passed by the English in the face of the Scottish army. This ravine terminates at the carse below the village of Bannockburn, where Clifford is represented to have crossed the river with his plump of spears. But although a small party might have effected a passage over the river, with the assistance of the doors, &c., (which, if I recollect Barbour's statement, are said to have been furnished for that purpose the night before, by the governor of Stirling castle) yet it is not likely that large masses could have done so, otherwise the English columns might have marched over the carse and relieved the castle; thus terminating the truce before striking a blow at Bannockburn. There is no reason to doubt, therefore, that the carse was at that time a perfect marsh, altogether incapable of being traversed by an army. Hence, considering the character of the ravine (and supposing the carse, thence to the Forth, incapable of being marched over by the English columns), the left flank of the Scottish army, resting on that ravine at the bend east of Milton mill, could not be turned.

2. There was a deep *syke* and a narrow plain (the surface of which, until within these few years, was intersected with quagmire bogs, and rough with trees and underwood), running north between the Gillie and the Coxe-hills. Hence, the right flank of the Scottish army, supposing it to rest upon the south end of that *syke*, could not be turned.

3. The Gillie's-hill is divided by a deep hollow, which runs through the middle of it from east to west. Here the undisciplined or inferior clans were placed in ambush. The word *Gillie*, which is now understood to mean a half-grown boy, or a *callan*, was of old applied to every person subordinate to, or in attendance upon, a gentleman. An army subordinate to another army, might, in the more ancient sense of the word, be called the army of "*Gillies*." John Lom applies the word to a party of M'Donalds, who were employed to avenge the murder of Keppoch in the seventeenth century. He describes them as "a lofty banner of black-headed *Gillies*." In a state of society where all men carried arms, it may easily be conceived that 20,000 *Gillies* might have constituted a force of no small value in the hands of such a leader as Bruce. The right flank of the army of *Gillies* is represented as resting upon a perpendicular rock, which is separated by a ravine from the Campsie or Monteith range of hills; and its left flank is represented as resting upon a rock, which is now opened up as a quarry, and which rises from the west side of the quagmire plain already described. There is no part of the order of the battle which I consider more worthy of admiration than the disposition of the inferior clans, or *Gillies*. They appear to have been formed in such a position as would have enabled them, upon a given signal, to rush down upon the rear and left flank of the English army; and thus, by their sudden appearance, create such an effect as could not fail to check its advance or to precipitate its retreat. In short, the Bruce, strange to say, had evidently made the same use of his inferior troops at Bannockburn, as the Duke of Wellington generally made of his Spanish auxiliaries during the Peninsular war; thus anticipating, by five hundred years, a remarkable feature in the tactics of that illustrious leader. I cannot part with this feature of the Bruce's order of battle, without remarking upon the consideration and skill with which the position of the *Gillies* was chosen, not only with a view to their efficient co-operation with the main army, but also with strict regard to their own safe retreat, in the event of the defeat of both. The Campsie or Monteith range of hills, which is of easy access by the south side of the Gillie's-hill, would—in case of their descent upon, and defeat by, the left wing of the English army—lie within a few hundred paces in their rear; and there is no doubt, that the natural instinct of undisciplined mountaineers would lead every one of them, in the panic of a defeat, to fly to these fastnesses, where they would not only be perfectly inaccessible to pursuit, but where they might also rally and prove a most efficient check upon the advance of the English army, (by hovering upon its flanks along the ridge of these hills,) should the main body of the Scottish army find itself compelled to retire upon the ford of Frew, which would, no doubt, have been the direction of their retreat, had they lost the battle.

4. The old Torwood road (which, so far as I could learn, was of old the only road from the south to Stirling) crossed the Bannock by a ford, the traces of which are still visible, and thence over the hard ground between the marshes of Halbert and Milton, and by the bored stone on

* "A rill or rivulet, one that is usually dry in summer."—*Jamieson*.

Caldon hill. The face of that hill, between these marshes, may, therefore, be regarded as the key of the Bruce's position. According to the uniform and time-honoured tradition of the district, his standard was fixed on this part of the position; and he slew De Bohun in the centre of the little holm before it. The Bannock, from the south end of Milton marsh to a considerable distance above the ford, runs between two deep banks of earth, over a soft bottom. It is extremely probable, therefore, that the vanguard of the English army had found it necessary to halt upon the south bank of the river, while making the necessary dispositions for crossing the ford, and that De Bohun, in the interval, dashed over it and menaced the Bruce; who is described by Barbour as riding in front of his army, forming his line of battle. Barbour, I think, distinctly states that the Bruce "advanced" to meet him. Supposing the Bruce to have been in the front of the key of his position, between the marshes, and De Bohun to have been in the front of the English vanguard, on the north side of the ford, when the signal of defiance passed between them, each had a career of about two hundred paces to the spot where the latter fell. It appears, therefore, that this was an affair of pure chivalry, proceeding upon an open defiance, given and accepted, and ending in a regular tilt half-way between both armies. In my humble opinion, however, it may be charged upon the spirit of the age rather than the indiscretion of the Bruce. Had he shrunk from the offered encounter, it would have afforded a triumph to the enemy, and might have done violence to the feeling of romantic heroism cherished by his own army.

5. The continued treason of some of the Scottish nobility, and the bad faith not unfrequently exhibited by the leaders of the English army, were such, that I have no doubt a corps of observation was stationed on Coxe-hill, the moment the army was placed in position, for the purpose of protecting its rear against the incursions of any hostile clan, or any breach of the truce on the part of the governor of Stirling castle. Clifford, by sweeping round the hills on the south of the river Bannock, and crossing below the bank which bounds the carse on the west, appears to have escaped notice until he ascended the table land of St Ninians. It is evident, therefore, that no corps of infantry, withdrawn from any part of the Scottish line, could possibly be in time to intercept him, at the place marked out by the stone pillars as the scene of the conflict between himself and Randolph. The inference, that the corps by which he was intercepted had been stationed on the east side of the Coxe-hill, is, therefore, inevitable. Indeed, Barbour himself affords some countenance to this inference, by stating, that Randolph went "down" to intercept Clifford; there being no ground in the vicinity *higher* than the place upon which they fought, excepting Coxe-hill.

Note.—The banks of the deep *syke*, along the west base of Coxe-hill, were being levelled, and the marshes of Halbert and Milton drained, when my friend, Mr Archibald Leckie of Paisley, and myself visited the field. We had thus the gratifying opportunity of seeing the field before these pro-

minent historical features were smoothed down or obliterated. We were also present while the drainers were throwing open the pits, mentioned by Barbour, at the west end of the Halbert marsh. I have no doubt that the whole space in front of the line, from that marsh to the *syke*, was covered with these pits; at least they were found to extend as far in that direction as the drains had then been carried. The whole front of the Scottish position was thus covered, and rendered inaccessible to a charge of cavalry by the Bannock, the marshes, and these ingeniously constructed pits. Indeed, I am also of opinion, that the front of the *schiltrons* were kept at such an exact distance behind the Bannock, the marshes, and the pits, as to render it necessary for the archers to be detached from the English masses, and to pass over to the Scottish side of these defences, before they could have produced any serious effect on the Scottish army; and that to this circumstance is to be ascribed the facility with which they had been swept from the field by the handful of cavalry employed in that service. Had they been on the same side of these defences as the English men-at-arms, their immediate and complete destruction, by so inadequate a force, would be incomprehensible. The pits consisted of circular holes about eighteen inches deep, very close to one another, with a sharp pointed stake in the centre of each. The stakes were in a state of decomposition, and offered no resistance to the spade; but the bark was sufficiently entire to enable us to see that they had been made chiefly of hazel. There were some swords, spear-heads, horse shoes, horse hair (the latter generally mixed with a whitish animal matter resembling tallow), found in them.—*From the Appendix of the last edition of Tyler's "History of Scotland."*

THE VICTORIES OF MONTROSE ACCOUNTED FOR.

THE Commissioners of the General Assembly, attributing the ill success of the Covenanters to the sins and backslidings of the ministers, drew up a list, dated 5th August 1645, only ten days before the signal victory obtained by Montrose at Kilsyth, of their short-comings, together with certain remedies, which they ordered to be engrossed in the books of the various presbyteries. This document is a curiosity in its way. It advances numerous grave charges against the clergy; and, as a whole, presents no very favourable picture of their character; albeit the period to which it refers is usually regarded as the golden age of Scottish presbyterianism. Besides worldliness, lightness of carriage in themselves and families, *ambiguities*, slander, silence of the public cause, and so on, they are charged with Sabbath profaneness, and "tipping and bearing companie in untymous drinking, in taverns and aill-houses, or any where else, whereby the ministrie is made vyle and contemptible." The "list of sins," as the document is called in the circular of the commissioners to the presbyteries, is as follows:—

"The enormities and corruptions in the ministers, and the remedies throf. recommendit to the severall presbyteries.

"1. The first and main sinne, reaching hott to

our personal carriage and calling, we judge to be not studying God, to keep commands, and fellowship with God in Christ, but walking in a natural way, without employing Christ, and drawing virtue from him for sanctification, and preaching in spirit and power. And in our lives, first, frivolous conversing in company, and complying with the times of all sorts, nor behaving ourselves as becomes the men of God.

"2. Great worldliness is to be found amongst us—muzzling and speaking most about things of this life, being bussied about many things, forgetting the main.

"3. Slighting of God's worship in their families, and therefore no cordial trying of it upon others, quha altogether wanting it in some if it be credible.

"4. Want of gravitie in carriage and apperrell, dissoluteness in hairt, and shakings about the [] lightness in the apperrell of their wyves and children.

"5. Tippling and bearing companie in untymous drinking in tavernes and aillhouses, or any where else, whereby the ministrie is maid vyle and contemptible.

"6. Discourtenancing of the godlie, speaking ill of them, berand of some that are unanswerable to their profession.

"7. The Sabbath is not sanctified after sermon, whilk maketh the people think that the Sabbath is ended with the sermon.

"8. Their are also to be fund amongst us who use smaller and mised oaths.

"9. Some so great strangers to Scripture that, except in their public ministeries, although they read many things, yet they are little conversed in the Scripture and in the meditation thereof, a duty incumbent to all the people of God.

"1. Sist our callings. First, corrupt duties in former tymes, and following the course of desertion, though forsaken, yet never seriously repented, and also present entering into the ministerie, as to a way of living in the world, and not as to a spiritual calling.

"2. Helping in the holding in of insufficient and suspected men, who savour the things of this life, and keeping the door shuttied upon them whom God has solved. Whereupon them who has les obedience of the power of grace and holiness.

"3. Partialitie in favouring and speaking of the scandalous, whether ministers or other persons, teaching them how to shift and delay censure.

"4. Silence of the public cause, not labouring to cure the disaffection of people, nor urging them to constancie and patience in bearing publick burthens, nor to forwardness in the publick cause, whereby malignants are multiplied—yea, sum are so gross herein, that evin in publick fasts little or nothing is to be heard from them sounding this way.

"5. Some accompt it a poynt of wisdom to speak ambiguously. Some inclyne to justify the wicked cause, uttering words qlk savour of disaffection, and all through complaining of the times in such a way as may steal the hearts of people from lyking of good Instruments in the work, and, consequentlie, from

God's cause. Yea, some reading publick orders, are ready to speak against them in their private conference.

"6. Idleness, or seldome in preaching, as once onlie on the Lord's day, or in preparation for publick duties, not being given to reading and meditation. Others have bot fittes of paines, not lyke other tradesmen continuallie at their work.

"7. Want of zeale and love to the conversion of soules, not weighted with the want of success in reclaiming of sinners, nor searching in themselves the cause of not profiting. Preaching, *ex officio*, not *ex conscientia officii*.

"8. Self-seeking in preaching, and a venting rather of their witt and skill than a shewing forth of the wisdom and power of God.

"9. Lyfelesnes in preaching, not studieing to be furnished by Christ with power—and so the ordinance of God reacheth not to the conscience, and hereto belong the not applying of the doctrine unto the auditorie and tymes.

"10. The indiscret curing of the indiscretion of pious people and ministers, whereby godlines has groun a deip wound, and profanitie lifted up the head, contrare to the wyse and gracious order sett furth by the great Assemblie at Edinburgh, in 1641.

"11. Little care to furnish our armie, either abroad or at home, with ministers, one of our grevous sinnes, and causes of our calamitie.

"12. Last, it is to be feared that ministers in secret are negligent to warstle in prayer for a blessing to be poured out upon their labours, contenting themselves with their publick performance."

SKELDON HAUGHS: OR, THE SOW IS FLITTED!

CRAUFURD O' KERSE sat in his ha,—
White war his locks as driftit snaw;
For stealin' change o' shriv'lin' Time
Had quencht the vigour o' his prime;
An' totterin' limbs puir service yield,
Whan rivals struggle in the field!
His shrunken airm refused its part,
Tho' warm the throbbin's at his heart—
For through his veins there flow'd the bluid
O' Auld SIR REGINALD* the gude!—
That bluid that roused the soul and might
O' SCOTLAND'S Hero, WALLACE wight!
In suith, he was a Baron bauld,
For tuilzies tough, in days o' auld;
A lion in the battle fray—
In deadly feud a deadly fae!
But now, a venerable Lord,
He, mirthfu' cheer'd the festive buird
Wi' merry tale and hamely jest:—
Or whiles he reard his warlike crest,
As if prepared the brunt to meet!
An' then recountit mony a feat
O' apin strife and artfu' wile.—
Thus wald he listless hours beguile;

* SIR REGINALD CRAUFURD of Loudoun, the heritable Sheriff of Ayr. He was maternal uncle to SIR WILLIAM WALLACE.

While a' around, his sinewy race,
 Gazed, dumb wi' rapture, in his face!
 Crack follow'd crack, the cup gaed roun',
 That mony a caukerin' thought cou'd droun—
 Whan, sudden, at the yett a guest
 Admittance claim'd—Quoth Kerse, "The best
 Our almourie can yield bring ben—
 I trow there's walth, gin he war ten!—
 Shew in the stranger!"—"Fair and free,
 In strode young GILBERT KENNEDIE.
 "Kerse," (quo' the youth), "whan feuds are sworn,
 It matters nought how slight the thorn
 That poisonous rankles in our side—
 I bring defiance to your pride!—
 The bauld BARGANY bids me say,
 Whan mornin' breaks, on Lammas-day,*
 A Sow upon your land I'll tether!
 Like midges let the Craufurds gather,
 Some teeth in angry fit may chitter—
 But de'il a man o' Kyle sall flit her!"
 Kerse e'ed him wi' contemptuous sneer—
 "My merry man—an' come ye here
 To jeer me at my ain fire-side?
 Gae hame, for ance, in a haill hide!
 Time was, that Kerse wad blythe hae ridden
 Out owre yon hills at sic a biddin':
 Fu' little value I, or mine,
 Ten score o' Kennedies—and Swine!
 Had wither'd Kerse a limb to wag—
 But let the bauld Bargany brag!
 The Kennedies, wi' a' their power,
 Frae Cassillis to Ardstinchar Tower,
 May rise an' flock like screechin' craws,
 Frae heighs an' hows, fra hames and ha's,
 An' hither come wi' blawin' crack—
 They'll bear anither story back!
 Kerse is, alas! nair mair the man
 That in the onset led the van!
 But he has sons to shield his name,
 Heirs o' his valour and his fame!
 And if on Lammas-day they fail,
 Curse him wha lives to tell the tale!—
 Let your proud baron croosely crawl
 On his ain midden, days but twa;
 But on the third—by this grey head,
 He'll aiblins thank his geldin's speed!—
 This in defiance! (Craufurd says)
 Gie the chiel' room, lads—Slip your ways!"

'Twas Lammas-morn; on Skeldon Haughs
 The glintin' sun had tinged the saughs;
 Frae Girvan banks an' Carrick side,†
 Down pour'd the Kennedies, in pride:
 An' frae Kyle-Stewart and King's-Kyle
 The Craufurds march'd in rank and file,
 (If our forefathers own'd, of yore,
 Sic term o' military lore.)
 Let them march on!—A Rhymner, I
 Shall hae nae finger in the pye!

* One of the four cross Quarter-days anciently held, which fell on the First day of August, or the Feast of St Peter in bonds (Festum S. Petri ad Vincula)—and got its name from the circumstance of the Apostle being considered as 'the patron of lambs'—from the metaphorical expression of our Saviour, 'Feed my lambs!' In the Romish Church, a Mass was instituted, on this day, for St Peter's benediction, that the lambs shorn at this time might escape the danger of cold, &c.

† Districts belonging to the KENNEDIES, and where their strongholds were chiefly situated.

It's time enough for us to glower
 On battle-fields, whan a' is ousre!
 An' draw our sketches o' ilk action,
 Safe, amang heaps o' putrefaction!
 But, troth, a' battles are alike—
 Some chieils are stricken, an' some strike.
 Weapons are sharp, an' hides are tender—
 An' some maun fa'—or else surrender!
 Troops charge on troops, an' slay an' slash,
 An' soughin' bullets smite an' smash—
 Nae time, I trow, to shilly-shally—
 Aff gaes the tae side—then they rally—
 An' on again in mad delusion,
 While heads an' legs flee in confusion—
 Some turn their backs an' skelp awa—
 An' they that follow cry Huzza!
 Half o' the baill dung aff their feet—
 Then is a Victory compleat!

Craufurd o' Kerse sat in his yett,
 Mournin' a dowie carle's fate—
 That he, when stalwart bands war gane,
 Fourscore, maun hurkle there his lane!
 He gazed, as lang as darklin' sight
 Could trace their march oure ilka height.
 "An' now," thought he, "they're bye Drumloch,
 An' bye the Craigans, an' the Trough,*
 An' bye the know, an' Bright-burn birk,
 An' down upon Dalrymple Kirk—
 An' now, stark ESPLIN† rushes on—
 Had ever man a braver son!
 Come on, ye Kennedies! Come now!—
 Fight on, my sons! The loons sall rue
 The day they trode on Kerse's land!—
 Now is the pingle‡—hand to hand—
 Esplin, stand till't, nor finch nor bend!
 Forward! ye Craufurds, wi' a stend!§
 The bluidie tuilzie|| settle soon,
 And drive the Reivare¶ oure the Doon!"

'Twas fancy a'! His aged trunk,
 Worn and fatigued, supinely sunk!—
 On wayward chance he ponder'd deep,
 An' sorrow felt—but scorn'd to weep!
 Then roused again—Again the sight
 Flitted before his dazzled sight.
 His anxious ee, but firm and fierce,
 Wander'd bewast* the Loch o' Kerse,††
 Watchin' some messengers o' speed
 Tidin's to bear, in time o' need,
 Whan lightsome Will o' Ashyntree‡‡
 Cam breathless, pechin's § oure the lee:

* Places in the vicinity of Kerse.

† A favourite name among the Craufurds of Kerse of old.

‡ The heat of the battle or strife. *Fingle* denotes the most strenuous exertion, in contending against difficulties, &c.

§ Vigorous impulse; literally, a spring or leap.

|| Broil. Fr. *touiller*, to mingle tumultuously in strife.—*Chaud-melle*, 'quhillk is opposed as contrair to fore-thought felonie.'—*Skene* de Verb. Sig.

¶ Here used as a term of reproach. Literally, a spoiler or robber; one living by plunder.

** To the westward of.

†† Kerse Loch is a small sheet of water on the farm called Kerse—a short distance from the site of the Castle of Kerse.

‡‡ Ashyntree, now a farm, but formerly a small possession, held by a branch of the Kerse family.

§ § Panting; breathing laboriously, from over-exertion.

Lang, lang, or* he cou'd parley hear,
 The auld man cried, fu' loud and clear,
 "Is THE SOW FLITTIT?—Tell me, loon,
 Is auld Kyle up—an' Carrick down?"—
 Mingled wi' sobs, his broken tale
 The youth began—"Ah! Kerse, bewail
 This luckless day!—Your blythe son John,
 Now, wae's my heart!—lies on the loon—
 An' he could sing like ony merle!"—
 "Is THE SOW FLITTIT?" cried the carle—
 "Gie me my answer—short and plain—
 Is THE SOW FLITTIT?—yamm'rin' wean!"†—
 "THE SOW (De'il tak her) 's oure the water—
 An' at their backs the Craufurds batter—
 The Carrick cows‡ are cow'd|| and bitted!"§—
 "My thumb for Jock! THE SOW IS FLITTIT!"

This well-told "tale in rhyme" was written by the late Sir Alexander Boswell, Bart., of Auchinleck, and privately printed at the Auchinleck press in 1816.¶ It is inscribed to "George Rankin, Esq., of Whitehill," near Ayr, from whom Sir Alexander obtained the tradition. There are, however, two versions of the story—the one, as narrated in the poem; the other—"that three of the Craufurds of Lochnorris were present at the battle; one of whom returned, heavily bemoaning the fall of his two brothers, when his widowed mother suddenly cut short his lamentation by exclaiming, 'Is the sow flitted?' 'Aye is she,' replied the youth, 'and five score of the Kennedies are drowned in Doon!'"

The scene of the conflict, as pointed out by tradition, is on the Kyle side of the river Doon, on a high bank not many yards from the water's edge. There is a farm-house in the vicinity called the *Boarland*, from the circumstance, it is said, of the sow having been tethered there. A delightful and extensive glen, through which the Doon flows, immediately above the house, also bears the name of *Boarland* or *Boreland*. But, as there are many *Borelands*—in various parts of the country—it is probable that the name had a different derivation. In former times, a portion of suitable land was usually set apart for the herd of swine—hence the number of *Boarlands*. This, however, does not militate against the tradition, which is supported by the fact that a broad pool in the water of Doon, in a holm adjacent to the rising ground already mentioned, has been known beyond living remembrance by the name of *Kennedies' Dub*, from the number of Kennedies, it is said, drowned in it in their retreat, pursued by the victorious Craufurds.

It is well known that feuds continued to prevail with deadly animosity, between the Craufurds

of Kyle and the Kennedies of Carrick, for many centuries. The first on record was the slaughter of Gilbert, Earl of Cassillis, by Hew Campbell of Loudoun, sheriff of Ayr, at Prestwick, in 1527. This violent act originated, it is supposed, in political motives. Loudoun being the head of the Craufurds by the female side, a number of them were engaged in the assault; for it required a considerable force to overcome the followers of Cassillis—every person of rank, in those days of feud and foray, deeming it imprudent to travel without a formidable body of attendants. George and William Craufurd of Lochnorris were both engaged in the affair. The slaughter of their chiefs led to various retaliatory inroads by the Kennedies. The following year, Robert Campbell in Lochfergus, Alexander Kirkwood, and Patrick Wilson, were slain by the Kennedies. From the number and rank of the latter, who were charged with the offence in the Books of Adjournal, there can be little doubt that a large body of Carrick men were engaged in the invasion. In 1530, John Kennedy of Giletree, Patrick Mure of Cloncard, and fifty-eight others belonging to Carrick, were accused before the criminal courts "for art and part of the thieftuous stealing, under silence of night, from John Craufurd of Kersehill, six score of oxen and cows, ijc. sheep, and six horses and six mares"—a raid, it must be allowed, of no ordinary description.

Sir Alexander Boswell assigns the *Flitting of the Sow* to the fifteenth century—but upon what authority we know not. We rather incline to think that it occurred at a later period. The Craufurds of Kerse, from the time that David, with his adherents, in 1508, prevented the Bailie of Carrick* from holding his court and serving "the brieve of the Laird of Kilhenze," down to the great feud of the Kennedies, which terminated with the *Tragedy of Auchindrain* in 1611—were at all times ready, like knight-errants, to shield the oppressed, and undertake a crusade in Carrick.

The Craufurds of Kerse were an ancient race, descendants of the Loudoun Craufurds. The first of them, *Reginald*, had a grant of the lands from his brother Hugh of Loudoun, in the reign of Alexander III.—between 1249 and 1286. The family ended in a female, *Christian Craufurd* of Kerse, who married Mr Moodie of Molcester, and having no succession, sold the property of Kerse about the middle of last century.

The following receipt for rent—1737—was granted while it remained in possession of the Craufurds:—

"Received by me John Gairdner Wryter in Ayr Factor on the Estate of Crauford of Kerse now and formerly from Helen Dun Relict of James Paton in Calsay Satisfaction for her Rent of Calsay† from Whitsunday Jaj vijc. and Thretty four to Whitsunday Jaj vijc. and Thretty fyve years In which all former payments are allowed in victual or otherways and I have payed the master's part of the Cess Therefore I herchy Discharge the said year's

* Ere; before.

† Whining child.

‡ Colts; a derisive appellation.

|| Depressed by fear. *Jamieson*.

§ Bitted, in allusion to the *bitting* of a fractious horse.

¶ The imprint is—"Auchinleck: Printed by James Sutherland, 1816." Sutherland, we believe, is still alive, and employed as a compositor in Edinburgh. He conducted the Auchinleck press for a number of years. The premature death of Sir Alexander in 1823 deprived him of his situation, which, it is understood, was a very comfortable one. The printing materials are still preserved at Auchinleck House.

* The Earl of Eglington held the office at this time.

† The farm of *Calsay* or *Causay*, so called from its proximity to the *Roman road* from Kirkcudbright to Ayr.

Bent as witness my hand at Ayr the Eighteen day
of Janry Jaj vije. and Thretty seven years
GAIRDNER."

Kerse Castle was situated in Kyle Regis, about eight miles south-east of Ayr, near the Craigs of Kyle. Not a stone of the building now remains. The greater part of it was carried away by the new proprietor to build a house on another property, some miles distant; and the only wall left standing was blown down by the same storm which, in 1797, scattered the French armament which had been destined for the invasion of Ireland.

SIR WILLIAM MURE,

KNIGHT OF ROWALLAN.

AMONGST the earlier poets, the author of the "Trve Crvcifixe for Trve Catholikes" is entitled to hold no mean place. His genius may not have been of the highest order; but his literary acquirements were fully equal to the age, and his writings bear the impress of a chaste and vigorous intellect.

Sir William Mure, born in 1594, was a lineal representative of the ancient house of Rowallan. Little is known of his education—where and how long he studied—but no doubt can be entertained of his general proficiency as a scholar. He was a nephew—by the mother's side—of Montgomerie, author of the "Cherry and the Slae," whose fame as a poet may not have been without its effect in fanning the early muse of Rowallan. Before his twentieth year he had completed a metrical translation of Virgil's "*Dido and Æneas*," extending to 407 stanzas of six lines each. Of this unpublished work, a favourable opinion may be formed from the following introductory verses:—

I sing *Æneas*'s fortunes, while on fyr,
Of dying Troy he takes his last farewell;
Queen *Dido*'s love, and cruell Juno's ire,
With equal fervor which he both doth [did] feel.
Path'd wayes I trace, as Theseus in his neid,
Conducted by a loyal virgin's threid.

But pardon, Maro, if myn infant muse
(To twyse two lustris scarce of yeirs attained,)
Such task to treat (vnwisely bold) doth choose,
As thy sweet voyce hath erst divinely strained!
And in grave numbers of bewitching verse,
Ravisht with wonder all the vniverse.

But, ravisht with a vehement desire,
Those paths to trace, which yields ane endless name!
By thee to climb Parnassus I aspyre,
And by thy feathers to impen my fame,
Nothing asham'd, thir colours to display,
Vnder thy conduct, as my first assay.

Sacred Apollo! lend thy Cynthia light,
Which, by thy glorious rayes, reflexe doth shyne,
That I, partaking of thy purest spright,
May grave, anew, on tyme's immortal shryne,
In homely stile, those sweet delicious ayers,
In which thy muse so admirable appears.

And ye, Pierian maids, ye sacred nyne!
Which haunt Parnassus and the Pegas spring,
Infuse your furie in my weak ingyne,

That (mask'd with Maro) sweetly I may sing;
And warble furth this hero's changing state,
Elish's love, and last her tragick fate.

Many of Sir William's manuscript effusions are dated as early as 1611, so that he could not be

more than seventeen years of age at the time of their composition. Some of these are exceedingly creditable to his youthful muse. For example the following

"CHAUNSOVNE."

Calling to mind the heavenly feature,
The bashful blinks and comely grace,
The form of her angelic face,
Deck'd with the quintessence of nature—
To none inferior in place:
Oft I am forced,
Although divorced
From presence of my dearest's eyes,
The too slow day,
To steal away
Admiring her my smart who sees.

Although she, ruthless she, doth know
The secret burden of my woes,
The tear which from mine eyes down goes—
Regretting fortune, now my foe,
In whom much once I did repose:

Yet she, alace!
Cares not my case;
No spates of tears her heart can move:
She knows my pain,
Yet doth disdain;
But woe's me, I must still her love.

Though by mine eyes I should distill,
And quite dissolve in tears my heart,
To satisfy her causeless smart;
Yet, rather she delights to kill,
Than any joy to me impart.

But since the Fates,
Who rule all states,
Such tragic luck to me doth threat,
Do what she can,
Resolv'd I am,
To love her more than she can hate.

Although she frown, shall I despair?
Or, if it please her, prove unkind,
Shall I abstract my loyal mind?
Oh no! 'tis she must hale my sair;
For her, I loath not to be pined,
She I suppose,
Like to the rose,
The prick before the smell imparts:
Heart-breaking woes
Oft times foregoes
The mirth of mourning, martyr'd hearts.

Our author was as precocious in love as in poetry. In 1615, before attaining his majority, he married Anna Dundas, a daughter of the "laird of Newlistone," by whom he had five sons and six daughters.* Sir William succeeded his father in 1639. Prior to this event, he had published a translation of the *Hecatombè Christiana*, "Invected in English Sapphicks, from the Latine of that Reverend, Religious, and Learned Divine, Mr Robert Boyd of Trochoreg," and the "Trve Crvcifixe for Trve Catholikes,"† the latter of which became very popular. Though possessing no great poetical merit, it was nevertheless well calculated—by exposing

* Sir William married, secondly, Dame Jane Hamilton, Lady Duntreath, by whom he had two sons and two daughters.

† These works were printed in 1628 and 1629 respectively.

the superstition and absurd pretensions of the Romish priesthood—to advance the work of the Reformation. The following description of priestcraft, in the days to which the author alludes, may afford some idea of the manner and style of this now rare publication :—

Thus do those *glow-worms*, which but shine by night,
The substance of the world suck vp by slight;
By shows of holynesse, by secret stealth,
Congesting mountains of entysing wealth,
To which, as *Ravens* which doe carlon see,
Trowps of *Church-orders*, swarms of *Shavelings* fle;
Of which none idle, all on work are set:
By cousing miracles, some doe credite get;
To cristen bels, tosse beads, they some appoint;
Some crosse, some creepe, some sprinkle, some anbynt;
Some ballow candles, palmes, crisme, ashes, wax;
Some penitents admit to kisse the Pax!

With the exception of some verses in the *Muse's Welcome*—a collection of poetical panegyrics on the visit of King James to Scotland in 1615, printed the following year—the *Heatombe Christiana* and the "*Tree Crucifixe*" were all that the author gave to the world of his productions. A number of his MSS., however, were discovered some years ago, amongst a quantity of old papers found in the Castle of Rowallan; and in 1825 a proposal was made to publish the "*Poetical Remains*,"* of Sir William, but we are not aware that the design was ever carried into effect. Apart from these is an entire version of the Psalms—several manuscript copies of which exist—completed in 1639—public attention having been for some time previously much taken up with the subject of an improvement of the Psalmody. It does not appear that Sir William's version was laid before the Westminster Assembly of Divines; but though that of Mr Rous was adopted, the Committee of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, appointed to revise the Psalter, were instructed to avail themselves of the "*help of Rowallan's*," which, in not a few instances, was allowed to be very superior.

But Sir William's exertions in the cause of civil and religious liberty were not confined to the pen. In 1639, when the policy of the Court had driven the Covenanters to the necessity of taking up arms, Sir William repaired to the camp at Dunse-Law, at the head of a company, constituting a portion of the "1200 foot and horsemen" levied from Ayrshire, raised amongst his own tenantry and neighbours. He was a member of the Scots Parliament for the county in 1643; and in 1644 accompanied the army in the second expedition to England. He was engaged at the battle of Marston-moor; and at the subsequent storming of Newcastle had for a time the chief command of the regiment—the Colonel and some other officers being absent in consequence of their wounds. The following letter from Sir William at this period is peculiarly interesting :—

Lovinge Sonne
We are now lying before Newcastle engaged anew

* See "*Historie and Descent of the House of Rowallane*," from the original MS. by Sir William, edited by the Rev. Mr Muir—Glasgow, 1825. Also, "*Ancient Ballads and Songs*," by Thomas Lyle—1827—from which this notice of the Poet has been chiefly compiled.

to rancounter wt new dangers, for we are to adventure the storming of the town if it be not quickly rendered by treaty, whereof there is very smal appearance for they look very quickly for ayde to releave them. They are very proud as yet for oght we can perceave, and those that come out to us resolute, and for the most part they are reformer officers under the commandment of the Earle of Craufurd and Mackay. We have had diverse bowts wt them, and on Satterday last their day, a sound one, wherein we had good sport from sunryseing till twelve a'clock, both parties retreating and chairing by touers wtout great losse to eyther, for or gen: Ma: shew himselfe that day both a brave and wise commander, and if it had not been so, we could not but have had great losse, for we wer put back over the water at last, for their forces grew, and we had no armes but pistoles and they played upon us still at a very far distance wt muskets and long fowling peeeces. I am kept heir now beyond my purpose wpon necessity, having the only chaarge of the Regiment till Col: Hobert, the Lieut: Col: and Major come heir, who have bein all in very great danger but are now pretty well recovered so that I expect them heir very shortly. I am engaged in credit and cannot leave such a chaarge, of such consequence, in ane abrupt maner, ilk might hazard the breaking of the Regiment notwithstanding of the wrght necessity that I know calls for my presence and attendance wpon my own affaires at this time, which in so far as yee can be able ye must have aue eye to.

I have written to Adam Mure, to whom yee shall also speak and request, that he must take the whole care and chaarge of my harvest and stay constantly at my house for that effect and I will sufficiently recompense his paynes. Yee may be now and then visiting my workers and hasting them to their dwty as yor owne affaires may permitt. It is very long since I heard from you, and am uncertaine whither ye received my letters written since the battle at long marston moore, I know I will hear from you by this bearer, again whose retourne to me I hope to be ready to take a voyage home. Praying heartily the Lord to blesse you, your bedfellow and children, till or. happy meeting and ever I rest

Your lovinge father
S. W. M. ROWALLANE.

from Tyne-side before newcastle
the 12 of august 1644.

I blesse the Lord I am in good health and sound every way. I got a sore blow at the battle upon my back wt the butt of a musket, which hath vexed me very much but specially in the night being deprived thereby of sleep, but I hope it shall peece and peece weare away, for I am already nearby sound. I thank God for it.

[*Superscription*]
for his very Lovinge Sonne
Sir William Mure
yo: of Rowallane.

What part our author took in the stirring events which followed is not known. He died in 1657—having attained the same age precisely as his father had—63. Sir William was greatly esteemed as a pious and worthy man. Besides having "*an excellent vaine in poyesie*," he was scarcely less fond of music. A manuscript book, of his own noting, which we have seen, is well written, and

contains several airs still popular. He appears to have had considerable architectural taste, and to have taken great pleasure in beautifying the castle and improving the estate. According to the MS. chronicle of the family, he "deylted much in building and planting; he buildd the new wark in the north syde of the close, and the battlement of the back wall, and reformed the whole house exceedingly." Rowallan Castle, situated on the banks of the Carmel water, about three miles north of Kilmarnock, is rapidly falling into decay, having been long unoccupied, except partially by the ground officer on the estate. The male heirs of the family failed in 1700—and, by the female side, it is now represented in the person of the youthful Marquis of Hastings.

THE OLD IRISH NEWSPAPER.

THERE is an Irish provincial newspaper which has claims to a very respectable antiquity—the *Belfast News-Letter*, which is said to have commenced so long back as the year 1737. I have not in my possession any of the earlier publications, but have a dilapidated and discoloured volume containing the greater portion of those issued in 1750 and 1751. It appears to have been published, at this time, twice in the week; and as the number on that of March 1, 1750, which I may take up as a sort of text for this communication, is 1408, the existence of the paper thirteen years previously is thus fully established. It consists of four small pages, the letter-press occupying about fourteen inches in length, and nine in breadth; and though nearly a century, with all its momentous changes and improvements, has rolled round since this little sheet first saw the light, it is printed more clearly and correctly, and on better paper, than a journal of the present day which passed through my hands a short time ago. A postboy blowing his horn, and with his horse at full speed, is figured at the top of the first page, illustrative either of the importance of the speedy transmission of news, or of the fact that by such mode of conveyance was this publication then sent to the towns in the neighbourhood, which was indeed the case down to a comparatively recent period. The "Foreign Intelligence" is generally first detailed, but consists of brief and meagre abstracts, which the newsmongers of these latter times would look upon as altogether unsatisfactory and contemptible. The "Plantation News" is next despatched in a few words; then that from London, and finally that from Dublin. This arrangement in subsequent papers is sometimes departed from; but there scarcely appears in any one of them the smallest reference to the town from which the publication issued, in the way of domestic intelligence, remarkable events, or proceedings of public bodies. These details, which swell the columns of modern newspapers, had either no great charms for our forefathers, or were not such necessities of existence as in our own more exciting days; or, perhaps, as it has been said, or rather sung, in allusion to other times and other people, no chronicler existed to transmit them to posterity. Belfast did not probably contain, in March, 1750, more than one-twentieth of its present population, and there was possibly not one among them taking notes of

the progress of events. The advertisements in the paper are about thirty in number, setting forth accounts of ships for sea, lands for sale, as well as food, clothes, and luxuries of various kinds, all presenting the germ of the commercial eminence and activity to which this great town has now risen. These advertisements, it is announced, if of moderate length, will, with the exception of the first, be inserted for sixpence-halfpenny each; the paper itself, at the place of publication, was sold for the moderate sum of a halfpenny; and it is a proof of the difficulty and expense of transit when there were no mail or stage coaches, and when the roads were universally bad, that the price was nearly double in towns only thirty or forty miles distant. The state of the markets is also regularly given, the prices, at the time, of many articles of prime necessity being sufficiently tantalizing this melancholy year. Wheat and oatmeal are quoted for many months at prices which would not respectively exceed, at an average, seven shillings per hundred weight, and barley three-and-sixpence; while a still greater discrepancy appears in butter, which seems to have been less than threepence per pound. It is curious that commodities of great value were not known to trade at this period. The most considerable of these is pork, which has formed for many years an article of commerce of the very first importance in the town in which this paper was published. Nor can I see, either directly or indirectly, the slightest reference to potatoes, which would seem to have been as rare in the reign of George II., as many political economists would wish they should be for the time to come. Both these commodities probably rose into importance together, as the one has hitherto in Ireland been entirely dependent on the other for its production. Finally, and to conclude this branch of the subject, the tail-piece of the *News-Letter* informs the public that it is printed at the Peacock, in Bridgestreet, the location, or at least the street, from which it still issues. The Peacock, however, has disappeared; but the mention of the fact gives us to understand, either that newspaper establishments in old times had their street signs, or that the bird of gaudy plumage, being an emblem rather inappropriate to the press, indicated the existence of some other trade or occupation in the premises, the most insignificant corner of which was probably found sufficient for the preparation and sale of the humble broadsheet.

There are few intelligent or inquiring persons who will not find matter for reflection in this old paper. Some may be most impressed with the contrast which it exhibits with the present time in the state of foreign and distant lands; others with the great political, commercial, and manufacturing changes in our own favoured country; while others, of less ambitious taste, will pause over the evidences of social progress, which it cannot fail, more or less, to shadow forth. How changed is the aspect of those nations to which its foreign news refers! Poland, for instance, occupies a conspicuous place; whole kingdoms and dynasties have since been overturned and remodelled, in a manner, and by means, and to an extent, of which the politicians of those days, the far-seeing men, never dreamed; while, of all the plans here alluded to, the profound schemes, the

alliances and projects, which were to produce effects so great and permanent, how long did they endure? Are they not unknown, except to the very student of political history—as unknown and forgotten by the world as the courtly ambassadors and diplomatists who figured both before and behind the scenes? Should these foreign topics fail to excite any interest, or stimulate to any further inquiry, the reader may, perhaps, have his attention aroused by matter nearer home, by a few pictures from our own annals, and if not led by any previous study or reflection to think of the state of society in former times, will scarcely believe some of the pieces of news inserted in this old journal. If he should happen to be, for example, a young, active, bustling, railway traveller, interested in some of the colossal manufactures of England—a man altogether of the present day, neither knowing of the past nor caring for it, familiar with all the conveniences and facilities around him, and almost thinking they had ever been—he will scarcely believe that it should be announced, as an extraordinary feat of speed, that a London tradesman, at the death of the Prince of Wales, father of George the Third, travelled by post from the metropolis to Manchester in thirty-two hours—that the object of this rapid journey was to anticipate his fellow-tradesmen in the purchase of mourning—that success rewarded his activity, and that he bought up, in the course of the morning, all the black goods in the town, “both linen and woollen, mercery and millinery.” Truly, he who can only think of the Manchester of the middle of the nineteenth century, with its enormous powers of production, with its manufactures to clothe the world, might ask, “—All, did you say all?” and though he might feel disposed to envy the times which produced so rare a customer, would hold in very small account the rapidity of his journey when thinking of Grand Trunks and Grand Junctions, and thirty or forty miles an hour. But here is another “tale of the times of old,” from our criminal statistics. I copy a sample of the “London News” of 1750, in these words:—“Yesterday the ten Malefactors were executed at Tyburn. Vincent, Clements, and Westly, three boys, went in the first cart; Smith and Davis in the second; Applegarth and Sauce in the third; and Field, Sullivan, and Parsons, in the last. Field’s legs were chained together, for fear his brother bruisers would attempt to rescue him. Mr Parsons, a few days before his execution, ordered a Diamond Mourning Ring to be made, with the following inscription:—‘William Parsons, Ob. 11 Feb., 1750—1, æt. 33,’ and the Poesy was ‘When this you see, Remember me,’ which Ring he presented to a certain young Lady, as the last Token of his Affection for her.” Does not this exhibit a remarkable difference between the newspaper spirit—between the state of popular feeling and opinion—of that era and the present. No word of comment from editor or correspondent appears on this wholesale execution; no account is given, either in this old paper or any previous one of the crimes of the sufferers; no long columns are filled with their trials; no hairbreadth escapes are detailed, nor strange chains of circumstantial evidence, nor unexpected providential discoveries, to awe and amaze the people, to strike dumb and confound

the guilty. I would be curious to know something of the history of these men, whose names, entombed for a century, are thus again brought to light. Of what had these three poor boys been convicted? Of what Mr Parsons, whose tenderness and questionable taste the prospect of a violent and disgraceful death could not extinguish? The *Newgate Calendar*, doubtless, contains at length the fatal record; but that which is here extracted is the brief memorial—thought sufficient for the Irish public—of one of the passing events of the great metropolis: a proof of the appalling state of the criminal law, and of the apathy with which it was regarded. The London news also contains numerous accounts of robberies by mounted highwaymen, and there are in the other papers, in two places, within the space of a few weeks, most remarkable and lengthened relations of witchcraft doings. In one case, at a market town in England, two old women are formally proclaimed as witches at the cross, by a large assemblage of people; and in the other at Tring, in Hertfordshire, an old man and his wife, with their thumbs and toes tied together, are thrown into a pond, where the latter is smothered for the same imaginary and impossible crime.

Information referring to the domestic history of the time, or to the occurrence of any remarkable local events, is, as I have said, unrecorded, and not to be met with. The advertisements sometimes incidentally give us some notices of this kind, rather as confirming, however, former well-known usages of society, than as presenting anything very original. They should of themselves be curious and interesting to the present inhabitants of Belfast, if it were only as proofs of the state of trade and business among their predecessors, as affording faint glimpses of the past, or even as mute memorials of men and things that have long since passed into oblivion. None of the names which are now most prominent in the same locality are to be found among them, for almost every generation finds a large town occupied or ruled by new men, by new merchants. In a few cases, however, I have reason to know that the descendants of those who issued these advertisements are persons of wealth and station—in fact, “squires of high degree.” Observe in that advertisement of hardware, in the middle column of our old paper, *cockheels* announced for sale, among the tools of workmen and various articles of domestic usefulness. What a change in the state of society does that word suggest, indicative as it is of the prevalence of a base amusement, now happily extinct among us, or, if known at all, practised by stealth, and by the very lowest of the community! How odd it would appear to find such inserted in the advertisement of a hardware merchant of the present day! Yet the following extract from the paper itself, and which is only one of several of a similar kind that I observe in turning over these tattered leaves, would go to prove that the advertiser was only the medium of supplying a required want—that he did not offer a commodity in doubtful, or, perhaps, even in slender, demand:—“This Week thirty-six Battles were fought at the Royal Cock Pit, on Cork Hill, between Stags, for 2000 Guineas, Twenty-one of which were won by Captain Ver-

non's Cocks. There were also nine By-Battles for a considerable Sum, which were won by the Earl of Meath."

The Cock Pit forms the subject of one of the best productions of Hogarth, but perhaps the influence of the works of that great genius was yet unfelt in this remote region. There are also no less than two advertisements respecting servants who have absconded from their masters, and carried off property with them, and, in both cases, the fugitives are described as wearing wigs of a particular colour; or, more remarkable still, a long advertisement appears, raising the hue and cry after certain criminals who have escaped from the jail of a neighbouring county, and while most of them, for the purpose of leading to their identification and apprehension, are set down as having black or brown wigs, one remarkable fellow, whom we may conjecture, perhaps, to have been in advance of his age, is described as a "soft-faced man, with a large nose, wearing his own hair." These were the times when not alone gay sparks in ball costume, and gentlemen of worship, and grave citizens, and all the respectable members of the community, but the very convicts wore wigs as ordinary articles of apparel. A few, a very few, articles of some talent now and then enliven the sameness of these pages. There are two or three poetical extracts of this stamp. A schoolmaster, whom we conceive to have been a quaint and dry original, advertises to teach the mathematics, and to "Demonstrate the Laws of Motion by several Experiments by which are found a true Measure for Time which I hope some Men of able Minds and Opulent Fortunes will improve to the advantage of their King and country," a sound advice for such in every age, and coming thus unexpectedly in the middle of an advertisement, which immediately goes on to speak of mensuration and other kindred subjects, might be remembered when the precepts of the former moral essay would be forgotten. Quack medicines, too, are advertised, for credulity is of ancient growth, and in so far, at this improved era, of exhibiting any symptoms of decay, that the pills, elixirs, and styptics, which were to renovate the frames of our ancestors, are put forward with much less pretence and effrontery than by those who now pursue the same discreditable occupation.—*Belfast People's Magazine.*

Varieties.

THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY.—Lasflamma (says Voltaire), who wrote in the fourteenth century, complains, that frugality and simplicity had given way to luxury. He therefore regrets the times of the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa, of the twelfth century, and of the Emperor Frederick II. of the thirteenth century, when in Milan, the capital of Lombardy, they eat flesh meat but three times in a week; wine was very scarce; they had no idea of wax-candles, and even those of tallow were deemed luxury, inasmuch that even the better sort of people used splinters of wood instead of candles; they wore woollen shirts; the most considerable citizens gave not above 100 livres for their daughters' portions. But now, says Lasflamma, we wear linen; the women dress in silk gowns, some of which are embroidered with gold and silver; and they have 2000 livres for their portions, and have their ears adorned with gold pendants. Table linen was very scarce in England. Wine was sold only by apothecaries as a cordial. Private men's houses were all of wood in Paris as well in London. It was reckoned a

kind of luxury to ride in a two-wheeled cart in the ill-paved and dirty streets of Paris, it being forbidden to citizen's wives by Philip the Fair. Let no one presume (says an edict of Charles VI.), to treat with more than a soap and two dishes. The use of silver knives and forks, spoons, and cups, was a great piece of luxury. Money was exceeding scarce in many parts of Italy, and much more in France, in the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth centuries. The Florentines and Lombards, who were then the only people that carried on any trade in France and England, together with the Jews their brokers, usually extorted 20 per cent. for the interest of money. Great usury is the infallible sign of public poverty. Yet it was quite otherwise with the great trading cities of Italy, where alone the people enjoyed conveniency and opulence; whilst the people of the northern parts of Europe, and also of Spain, had only barbarous feudal customs, uncertain, tumultuous, and superstitious witchcrafts, &c.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SCOTS MAGAZINE."

Edinburgh, April 10, 1764.—Sir, I have sent the inclosed account of Oliver Cromwell's birth, thinking it may entertain your readers; none of our historians having observed, that his mother was a Scotchwoman. I am, &c. M. R.

Robert Cromwell, father to Oliver, though he was, by the countenance of his elder brother Sir Oliver, made a justice of peace in Huntingdounshire, had but a slender estate: much of his support being a brewhouse in Huntingdon, chiefly managed by his wife, who was sister to Sir Robert Stewart, of the city of Ely, Kt., and by whom he had issue this our famous Oliver, whose uncle, Sir Robert Stewart, left him an estate of five hundred pounds a-year, in the Isle of Ely.—*Short View of the Troubles in England*, p. 458. Oxford, 1681, folio. Oliver Cromwell's mother was daughter to Stewart of Rothayth, in the shire of Fife, Scotland. The situation of Rothayth Castle is almost opposite to Hopetoun house, on a rock near the sea. It is supposed the family of Rothayth went into England with James VI. The barony of Rothayth is now the property of the Earl of Hopetoun, worth five hundred pounds per ann.—*Lond. Chron.*

THE SCOTTISH FISHERIES.—The Hon. the Trustees for improving the Fisheries and Manufactures of Scotland have lately [1764] ordered two vessels to be fitted out, one from the Clyde, the other from Campbeltown, to make an experiment of fishing of cod, on the great bank described by Sir William Monson in his naval tracts (Churchill's Voyages, vol. 3), running from the island of Rona, above a hundred miles in length, as far as Till-head in Ireland; which bank, he says, affords the best quantity of cod and ling of any part of the seas, and for 160 years has not been used. The distance of this bank is 25 leagues, without the western Highland isles. The experiment is likewise to be made on banks about Bockel, which stands 50 leagues without St Kilda. If this laudable undertaking proves successful, it will open a new source of wealth to these kingdoms.

THE "ELVUI."

THE translator of the Gaelic poem, "The Aged Bard's Desire," which appeared in No. III. of the SCOTTISH JOURNAL, observes, in a note, that he is not acquainted with the English name of the flower *ajacis*. I find in another translation of the same poem, which is given in a forthcoming work by the Chevaliers John Sobieski and Charles Edward Stuart, entitled, "*Lays of the Deer Forest*," that the English name is *Wild St John's Wort*:—

"And the wild bright star of St John,
Shall bend beside my cheek."

CORRESPONDENT.

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EARLY LAWS OF SCOTLAND.

No. III.

WE have no continuous record of the Acts of the Scottish Parliament earlier than the reign of James I., beginning in 1424. This may be accounted for by the long and devastating wars which both preceded and followed the successful assertion of his country's freedom by Robert the Bruce. Parliaments, under such circumstances, could not be regularly held; and no doubt the records of many of those that were convened have perished. As remarked in a former paper, the first volume of the Acts of the Scottish Parliament, recently printed, is made up from various fragmentary remains, and cannot be regarded as by any means complete.

The long imprisonment of James I. in England threw Scotland still farther back in the march of civilisation. By the time he ascended the throne, in 1424, the country had become ruinously disorganised. Amongst his first proceedings was the assembling of a parliament, and the enactment of such laws as tended to the establishment of order and the administration of justice. His reign extended to twelve years, during which period he devoted himself with extraordinary activity and zeal to the promotion of social improvement. Many of the statutes passed by his parliaments are not only curious of themselves, but interesting as illustrative of the state of society at the time. They may be classed under heads:—

THE KIRK.

"That the halie Kirke joyis and bruikes, and the ministers of it, their aulde privileges and freedoms, and that na man let them to set their landes and teinds, under the paine that may follow, be spiritual law, or temporal."

OF THE KING'S AUTHORITY.

"That na man openlie or notourlie rebel against the kingis person, under the paine of forfeitling of his land, and gudes." "That all men assist the king to punish rebelles."

ADMINISTRATION OF THE LAW.

"That there be maid officers and ministers of law, throw all the realme, that can, or may holde the Lawe to the kingis commounes."

"That all and sindrie the kingis lieges of the realme live and be governed under the Kingis Lawes and estatutes of the Realme allanerlie: and under na other Lawes, nor special Priviledge, nor be na kingis of other Countries nor Realmes."

"That na persones that inditis men to the Justice Aire, be on their assise."

"That na man be admitted to the attorney in the Justice Aire, bot gif he be ane honest and sufficient person of discretion for that office."

"That sex wise men and discreete, of ilk ane of the three Estaites, quhilk knawis the lawes best, sall be chosen (sen fraude and guile aucht to help na man), that sall see and examine the Buikes of Law, that is to say, *Regiam Majestatem* and *Quoniam Attachamenta*. And mend the lawes, that neidis mendment."

"The King with consent of his Parliament hes ordained, that his Chancellor, and with him certain discrete persones of the three Estaites, to be chosen and depute be our soueraine Lorde the King, sall sit fra thine fourth three times in the zeir, quhair the King likis to command them: Quhilk sall knaw and examine, conclude, and finallie determine all and sindrie compleintes, causes and quarrelles, that may be determined before the King and his Council."

"That all statutes and ordinances of this Parliament,† and of the two Parliaments preceidand, be registrate in the Kings Register, and given to the schireffes: quhilkis statutes and ordinances, ilk schireffe be halden to publish openlie in the chiefe place of his schirefdome, and utheris notabil places, and als to glue the copies of them to Prelates, Barrones, and Burrowes of his Bailliaris, upon the expenses of the askers," &c.

"That Judges sall be sworne to determine all causes after their coming."

We have here the origin of Circuit Courts. Other acts of the same reign regulate the "forme of proces" before these courts, the "election of the overs-man in arbitrie," &c. While in the two following statutes are prescribed the obedience due to his majesty's horn:—

"Gif it happenis the schireffe, to persew fugitours with the Kingis horne, as is foresaid, and the cuntries rise not in his support, they all, or parte, hearand the King's horne, or beand warned be the maires, and followis not the out-horne, and that may be over-tane upon them be ane assise before the schireffe, ilk Gentle-man sall paye to the King unforgiven fourtie shillinges, and ilk zeaman* twentie shillinges."

"That ilk officiar of the Kingis, as Maire, or Kingis serjand, and Barroune serjand, sall not pass in the Countrie, nor Barrone serjand in the Barronnie, but ane horne and his wand, and that sall be in this maner. The Kingis officiar as is aforesaid, sall have an horne, and ilk ane a read wande of three quarters of ane zairde lang at the leaste, and the officiaris of the Regalitie ane wand of the samin length, th'ane end reade, th'other ende quhite, and ane horne quhair he

* This act, passed in 1425, is one of the proofs adduced of the antiquity of *Regiam Majestatem*.

† The third of James I.

‡ Yeoman.

passis within the Regalitie. The Baronne serjand ane horne and a quhite wand of ane elne lang, the serjand of the Burgh ane reade wand allanerlie, like the Kingis Officiar, and als aft as hee beis founden without his wand in the Burgh, hee sall paie aucht shillings un-forgiven to the Kinge: and there-attoure to abide challenged before the Chalmerlaine, and gif the Kings serjand hes not horne and wand, as is afore-said, he sall be challenged before the Schireffe at the heade Courtes," &c.

"That Advocates and Forespeakers in Temporal Courtes, and alswa the parties that they pleade for, gif they be present, in all causes that they pleade, in the beginning or he be heard in the cause, he sall swear, that the cause he trowis is gud and leill, that he sall pleade. And gif the principal partie be absent, the Advocate sall swear in the saule of him, after as is contained in their meters:—

Illud juretur, quod lis tibi justa videtur.
Et si quaeretur verum, non inficietur.
Nil promittetur, nec falsa probatio detur.
Vt lis tardetur, dilatio nulla petetur.*

PARLIAMENT.

"That all Prelates, Erles, Baronnes and Free-halders of the King within the Realme, sen they ar halden to give presence in the Kingis Parliament, and General Councel, frae thine fourth be halden to compeir in proper person, and not be a Procuratour: But gif the Procuratour alleage there and prove a lauchfull cause of their absence."

By a subsequent enactment "small baronnes and free halders" were relieved of the duty of attending Parliament, "twa or maa wise men, after the largenes of the Schirefdome," to be "out-tane" from each sheriffdom—which commissioners to appoint a speaker, &c.

ESTABLISHMENT OF ORDER.

"That firme and sicker peace be keeped and halden throw all the Realme."

"That all men assist the King to punish rebelles."

"That na companies passe in the Countrie, to lye upon onie the Kingis Lieges: or thigt or sojourne horse, outhor on Kirkmen or husbands of the land."

"That na Thiggeres† be thoiled to beg, nouthor to Burgh or Land-wart, betuix fourtene and threescore ten zeires." Those allowed to beg to have "a certaine takin on them," granted by the sheriffs and aldermen.§

All "Bands and Leagues forbidden."

"Receipters of rebelles to be forefaulted."

* This was not the oath itself, but simply the manner of an oath administered to the Advocates. We append a double translation:—

Take oath upon that which appears to thee to be a just cause:

And if the truth be inquired into, deny it not:

Make no promises, and let no false proof be given:

Do not seek a pretext for delaying the settlement of a suit.

Otherwise thus:

Swear only when the cause before thee brought

Seems just; let truth be told when truth is sought;

Beware of bribes: let no false proof be made;

Let not the course of justice be delayed.

† Beg.

‡ Sturdy Beggars.

§ This was, in all likelihood, the origin of the *Blue Gowns*.

DEFENCE OF THE COUNTRY.

James I. was careful to encourage warlike exercises amongst his subjects. With this view he prohibited several pastimes, such as "fute-ball," and ordained "that ilk man busk them to be archeres"—

"That all men busk them to be archeres, fra they be twelve zeir of age, and that in ilk twelve pundis worth of Lande, thair be maid bow markes, and speciale neir to paroche Kirkes, quhair in upon halie daies men may cum, and at the least schutte thrice about, and have usage of archere, and quha sa usis not the said archerie, the Laird of the Land sall raise of him a wedder, and gif the Laird raisis not the said paine, the Kingis Schireff or his ministers sall raise it to the King."

"That in ilk Schireffdome of the Realme, be maid weponschawinges four times in the zeir."

In another act the "maner of Weponschawinges" is set forth at some length:—

"That ilke Gentle-man, havand ten pounds woorth of land or mair, be sufficientlie harnished and armed with Basnet, haill legge Harnes, sworde, speare, and dagger: and Gentlemen havand lesse extentes of Landes, nor na landes, sall be armed at their gudlie power, after the discretion of the Schireffes, bot all uther zeamen of the Realme, betuix xvj. and sextie zeirs, sall be sufficientlie bowed and schafed, with sword and buckler and knife: And that all the Burgeses and indwellers within the Burrow townes of the Realme in like maner be anarmed and harnished, and make Weponschawinges within the Burrowis of the Realme in like maner, four times in the zeir, and that be the Aldermen and Baillies, upon the quhillk the Chalmerlane and his Deputes sall knaw and execute the said thinges. And that all men Seculares of the Realme, be weil purvayd of the said harnes and wepones be the feast of the Nativitie of our Lord Jesus Christ nixt to cum."

"That ilk man that may dispend zeirlie twentie pund, or an hundreth pund in movable gudes, that he be weil horsed, and haill harnished, as Gentlemen aucht to be: And uther's semplar of tenne pounce of rent, or fiftie pundes in gudes, have hat, gorger, and a pesane with wambrasserie and reirbrassers, and gloves of plate, breast plate, pans, and leg splents at the least, or gif him likis better."

"That ilk Zeaman, that is of twentie pound in gudes have a gud doublet of fense, or ane habirgeon, an iron hat, with bow, schaff, sword, and buckler, and knife, and the Zeaman, that is na archer, nor cannot draw a bow, sall have a guid suir Hat for his head, and a doublet of fense, with sword and buckler, and a gude axe, or else a brogged staffe."

"That ilk Barrone within himself sall see and ordaine his men to be bodin, as is before written."

All burgeses were to be armed in a similar manner, in proportion to their means. For the further protection of the country, it was enacted that no person should pass into Ireland without license, or come from it without testimonial—"And for twa causes," says the act, "and principallie, sen the Kingis notoure Rebelloures are receipt in Irishrie in Ireland, and for that cause Passingers passed fra thine, might do prejudice to this Realme; an uther cause is, that the men that are under Irishrie subject to the King of England, might espy the privities of this Realme, and do great skaith."

The "statute anent Ireland men" which follows is rather curious, as exhibiting the ancient

amity which existed between the *Irishrie* and the Scots:—

"That it be maid manifest be the King's Deputes upon the Frontiers, that it is not done for hatred, nor breaking of the auld friendship betuixt the king of Scotland and his Liegis: and the gude aulde friendship of Irishrie of Ireland: Bot allanerlie to eschew the perrel foresaide."

Assurance with Englishmen was held to be treason.

The other acts of the reign of James I. embrace a variety of regulations for the improvement and better government of the country. Mines of gold and silver were declared to belong to the king—gold and silver not to be taken out of the country—customs were imposed—the unseasonable slaying of Salmon forbidden—muir-burning prohibited after the month of March—Deacons of Trades instituted—"Harnes and Armoures, with speares, Schafes, Bowes and Staves" to be brought home by merchants—"haivall men to ludgewith Hostillaries"—every man that "hes nocht of his awin" to labour for his living—Buying and selling of English goods prohibited—Horses not to be sold out of the country under three years of age—that no wine be purchased from "Flemings of the Dam."

Sumptuary laws were enacted by James I. as follows:

"That na man sall weare claithes of Silk, nor Furrings of Martrickes, Funzies, Purry, nor greate nor richer furring, bot allanerlie Knichtes and Lordes of twa hundreth markes at the least of zeirlie rent, and their eldest Sonnes and their aires, but special leave of the King, asked and obtained. And none ither were broderie, Pearle, nor Bulzeone, bot array them at their awin list in all ither honest arraiments, as serpes, beltes, broches, and cheinzies.

For some years great complaints have been made against rookeries by the farmers. Similar complaints occurred in the reign of James I. The following law was in consequence enacted:

"For thy that men consideris that Ruikes biggand in Kirks Zairdes, Orchardes, or Trees, dois greate skaith upon Cornes: It is ordained, that they that sit Trees pertainis to, lette them to big, & suffer on na wise that their birdes flie away. And quhair it be tainted that they big, and the Birdes be flowin, and the nest be fanden in the Trees at *Beltane* the trees sal be foirfaulted to the King (bot gif they be redeemed fra him, throw them that they first pertained to) and bewin downe, and five schillings to the Kingis taks."

Wolves, it would appear, were common in Scotland in the fifteenth century, for it was statute and ordained,

"That ilk Barronne within his Barronie in gang and time of the zeir, chase and seeke the quhelpes of the Woolfes, and gar slaie them. And the Barronne sall give to the man that slays the Woolfe in his Barronie, and bringis the Barronne the heade, twa shillings. And quhen the Barronnes ordainis to hunt and chase the Woolfe, the tennantes sall rise with the Barronne, under the paine of ane Wedder of ilk man, not risand with the Barronne. And that the Barronnes hunt in their Barronies and chase four times in the zeir, and als oft, as onie Woolfe beis scene with in the Barronie. And that na man seeke the Woolfe

with schot, but allanerlie in the times of hunting of them."

For the better cultivation of the land it was enacted, "That ilk man of simple estaite, that suld be of reason labourers, have outhir half ane ox in the pleuch, or else delve ilk day seven fute of length, and seven on breadth, under the paine of ane ox to the king." Severe laws were also passed for the protection of growing timber and orchards, to which the popular ryme no doubt refers:

The Oak, the Ash, the Elm-tree,
Hang a man for a' the three;
For a branch you may won free,
But for a root you'll hanged be."

A RAMBLE IN KINROSS-SHIRE.

THE OLD CHURCHYARD, AND THE STANDING STONES
OF ORWELL—THE BIRTH-PLACE OF

MICHAEL BRUCE.

THE old church of Orwell, the foundations only of which can now be traced, was situated on the northern bank of Loch Leven, about one and a half miles from Kinross. There is a great lack of information regarding the antiquity of this building, which appears, by a charter of Robert I., to have been merely a Chapel of Ease in 1330, when it was gifted by that monarch to the monastery of Dunfermline; and it is nowhere apparent at what period it was converted into a parish kirk. A considerable portion of the old building existed within the last forty years, but it was gradually taken to pieces for the purpose of building dykes. A beautiful Gothic window, which was spared when the other portions of the building were demolished, ultimately shared the same fate not many years ago. An aisle, which stood on the south side of the church, and which is said to have been the burying-place of the lords of Burleigh Castle, has been somewhat more tenderly dealt with, one or two loose stones, ready for removal, still remain to mark the position which it occupied. We have heard it stated, although we hope the rumour is without foundation, that even the grave-stones were not spared in this reckless appropriation, several of them having been carried away to form sides for a pig-house! The churchyard, which occupies a gentle slope between the site of the church and the lake, is surrounded by a low wall, and, except on a close inspection, is altogether undistinguishable from the ordinary farming enclosures by which it is environed. There are no venerable trees, the growth of a century, bending over the graves of the generation they have outlived, and giving forth a melancholy murmuring as the breeze sighs through their branches. They have no representative save a scranky saugh tree, which is fast hastening to decay, and, at no distant date, will lay its branches alongside the dust of those over whom it is the solitary sentinel. Although this churchyard has long been disused for purposes of interment, there are still a considerable number of grave-stones in good preservation. Several of the inscriptions are quite illegible, and few of the

others possess any general interest: the earliest date we could decipher was 1623. Here, as in most old churchyards in this and the adjoining county, traces of the persecution are to be found. The following is part of an inscription pointing out the resting-place of "Robert Stirk," who appears to have outlived the troublous times in which it was his lot to be an actor:—

"This man . was . intercommuned . for . 10 . yrs . under . prelacy . and . he . with . his . family . were . forced . from . his . dwelling . in . this . parish . July . 1683 . and . durst . not . return . til . the . revolution . in . 1688 ."

At the south-west corner of the churchyard there is a stone with the following inscription:—

"Here . lays . the . corps . of . John . Henderson . his . age . is . 63 . who . died . in . the . yier . of . God . 1697 . in . April . the . 23 . day . 1718 ."

After which comes a quotation from Job, and, at the bottom of the inscription, there is a rude carving, in relief, of a pitchfork. The last mentioned date comes in very awkwardly, but it seems to refer to the period at which the stone was erected. In reference to the pitchfork, which appears on the stone, the following brief legend is told:—One of the Bruces of Kinross was, on a certain occasion, hunting in the neighbourhood of Blairathort, no great distance from Orwell, and, being fatigued, he entered a house to refresh himself. In this house a number of young women were at the time employed in the thrifty task of spinning. After refreshing himself, Bruce proceeded to enjoy a little harmless *daffin* with the fair spinsters, who, nothing loath, heartily seconded his wishes. Henderson, who was working near the house, hearing some of their screams, and mistaking the cause, rushed into the house, with a pitchfork in his hand which he had been using when disturbed. Seeing a stranger present, he at once threatened him with the instrument which he held in his hand; this the other highly resented, and a struggle ensued, during which the pitchfork was wrested from Henderson and plunged into his body. During the confusion which ensued, the hunter mounted his horse and escaped. Henderson subsequently died of his wounds, and Bruce, after being concealed for some time about Kinross, escaped abroad, where, after meeting with a variety of romantic adventures, he is reported to have died.

About half-a-mile above the old churchyard, in a field by the roadside, are two large upright stones, known as "the Standing Stones of Orwell." They are placed east and west of each other about fifteen yards apart—that to the west is flat, and about six feet in height—the one to the east is of a round form, tapering slightly to the ground, and stands nine feet high. The latter, although still of considerable size, has lost somewhat of its circumference within the last ten years, and, at the present moment, there is a large crack down one side, which, by the action of the weather, will lead to a further diminution of its bulk. It has not been ascertained to what depth these stones are embedded in the earth, but it must be considerable, in order to retain them in the position they occupy. The common belief is, that these stones are of Danish origin, erected in commemoration of a victory, or to mark the spot where those who had fallen in battle were interred. This supposition is so far

countenanced by the fact that a stone coffin, of large size, was found on digging up the space between the stones. Similar coffins have also been turned up in the same field, and, ten or twelve years ago, the ground was dug up in several places by a neighbouring proprietor, when large quantities of bones, much decomposed and mixed with charcoal, were discovered. It may also be mentioned, that near "the Standing Stones of Lundin," in the parish of Largo, which are also reputed to be of Danish origin, Sibbald states that "ancient sepulchres have been found." Plausible as this theory is, it nevertheless can scarcely be supposed that the Danes would be disposed to waste so much time in their marauding incursions, as the conveyance and erection of these stones would require, and the more especially as, during the time that they were so employed, they would be constantly exposed to the attacks of the natives, who would be afforded ample time to gather in force, and who by no means relished the presence of such visitors. Moreover, had these been Danish monuments, they would, in all probability, have been overturned by the natives the moment that the invaders turned their backs. The most probable conclusion is, that both these stones, and those at Lundin, which are of much greater height, formed part of Druidic circles, and it is only by adopting some such conclusion that we can account for their preservation to the present time.

Eastward from the "Standing Stones," at the base of the Bishop's Hill, and at no great elevation above Loch Leven, lies the little village of Kinnesswood. The situation is by no means devoid of the picturesque, but the village is chiefly remarkable from having been the birth-place of Michael Bruce, "the Scottish Kirke-White," who was born here in 1746, and returned to die of consumption at the early age of twenty-one. The house, or rather cottage, in which Bruce was born, is situated in a narrow lane which ascends towards the hill from the main street of the village. It consists of two stories, with a thatched roof. The upper one is that which was occupied by the parents of Bruce. The entrance is from the back of the house, where there is a small garden, which was the poet's favourite resort during his periodical visits to Kinnesswood, while at college and teaching at Gairney Bridge. But the bower, in which the youthful poet dreamed his bright visions has been uprooted; the bushes which then flourished in the garden, have been taken away, many of them as relics, and the grassy bank where he delighted to recline, has been cut up by a footpath; so that this spot presents little resemblance to what it did in Bruce's day. Within, there has been less change. Originally the house consisted of but one apartment, but it was subsequently divided into two small rooms, badly lighted and worse ventilated, and must have proved an exceedingly uncomfortable dwelling for a consumptive patient. The building is in very indifferent repair, and the floor of the inner apartment, the place we believe where Michael died, is in a very frail condition. It creaks and shakes beneath every tread, and, unless repaired, it threatens speedily to give way altogether. When so much is doing at the present time to repair and preserve the "homes and haunts of genius" throughout the land, it is to be hoped that the lowly birth-place

of Michael Bruce will not be overlooked. The cottage is now occupied by an elderly female, who very kindly gave us all the information we required. On leaving, we offered her a slight acknowledgment for the trouble which we had occasioned her, but this she firmly, but respectfully, declined. Her reply was so characteristic of that spirit for which our peasantry was wont to be famed, that we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of recording it: "I have never taken money from any one who has called to see the place, and would not like to begin it now. Siller's very good in its own place, but I would think it an imposition to take money from those who thought so much of Michael Bruce as to visit the place of his birth;" and a tear glistened in the good woman's eye as she said this.

We have no intention of entering on a narrative of the life of Michael Bruce at the fag-end of a brief article, but we cannot pass from the scene of his birth and death, without indulging in a few remarks on some of the peculiar circumstances in the history of this ill-used child of genius. His beautiful "Ode to the Cuckoo;" his "Elegy written in Spring;" and those singularly poetical versions of Scripture which now form part of our paraphrases, and which have been erroneously attributed to Logan, were alone sufficient to secure him a place on the roll of Scottish bards, whose works shall live while the language lasts, and this honour he achieved in poverty and suffering before he had reached the age of twenty-one. A doubly unhappy lot was his. While in life, he had to maintain a stern struggle for existence, borne down at the same time by the fell disease which ultimately proved fatal; and, when his blameless life and early death might have been expected to awaken the sympathies of every liberal heart, his productions were unblushingly appropriated by one who, under the mask of friendship, had, with deliberate forethought, possessed himself of every document which he conceived likely to lead to proof of the original authorship. By a breach of every thing appertaining to honour, John Logan, who afterwards wrote himself "Reverend," possessed himself of the MSS. of Michael Bruce, and, after doing all he could indirectly to damage the poetical reputation of the man he pretended to serve, completed his treachery by publishing the best productions of the deceased as the efforts of his own muse! Those who are desirous of seeing Logan's pretensions utterly scattered to the winds, will do well to consult the admirable memoir which the Rev. Dr M'Kelvie has prefixed to the latest edition of Bruce's Works. The Rev. Dr has accumulated a mass of indisputable evidence, which places Logan's conduct in the most contemptible light, and forever settles the question of authorship. A very chaste monument has been erected to the memory of Bruce, in the churchyard of Portmoak, where his ashes repose.

"Hail, and farewell, blest youth! soon hast thou left
This evil world. Fair was thy thread of life;
Not quickly by the envious Sisters shorn.
Thus have I seen a rose with rising morn
Unfold its glowing bloom, sweet to the smell,
And lovely to the eye; when a keen wind
Tore its blushing leaves, and laid it low,
Shorn of its sweets.—"

W. H.

LETH-SGEUR, NOW CALLED SGEUR NA BAINTIGHEARNA.

ELIZABETH, the daughter of Gilliesping Ruadh, or Red Archibald, the second Earl of Argyll, and sixteenth chief of the Campbells, counting from their succession to the chiefship of clan *duine*, (who are supposed to have been a remnant of the *damni* of the Romans that settled in Argyleshire when the southern tribes were scattered,) was married to Lachlan Catanach, the chief of the Macleans. She had no family, and the disappointment, as is frequently the case with ladies so situated, having irritated her susceptibilities, rendering her of an unequal temper, she indulged in jealous reproaches against her husband, in consequence of which both led so "unblessed a life," that Lachlan Catanach at length determined to get quit of her. She was accordingly doomed by him to be drowned, and placed on a rock, called Leth-Sgeur, situate to the south of the island of Lismore, about a mile from Duart Castle. This rock is covered by the sea, excepting when "the tide is out," it being intended by the cruel chief that the unfortunate lady should have time to look her death in the face, before the returning flood should gradually swallow up the rock and overwhelm her.

The poet of Hope made the above tradition the subject of one of his beautiful elegiac pieces; and the authors of the guide books, so industriously thrust into the hands of Highland tourists, seem to have considered themselves entitled to use the same poetic license as the bard, in their version of it. It is stated that Maclean and his clan marched in funeral procession, carrying a bier, in which the lady's corpse was supposed to be deposited, to Glenarary, where they were met by "her sire and her kinsmen;" and that a clansman of her own, by whom she was beloved previously to her marriage, and who, passing the rock opportunely before she was drowned, had heard her cries and rescued her, caused the bier to be set down and opened; and thus exposed and disgraced the treacherous husband in the presence of both clans.

For this version of the tradition there is no foundation, excepting in the verses of the bard. The established and genuine tradition of the district is, that the lady was rescued by a party of the Macleans themselves; and conveyed in safety to her father's castle of Inverary; and this tradition is perfectly consistent with the genuine spirit of the clan, while the version of the poet and guide books is only consistent with that of the feudal system. Lachlan Catanach was a fierce, bold and stern chief, and altogether incapable of stooping to the paltry subterfuge of a fraudulent procession and a mock funeral, to obviate a feud even with the Campbells; nor would any Highland clan tolerate a chief capable of disavowing his actions and shrinking from their consequences.

The Highland chiefs were not, like the feudal barons, absolute in their respective districts, or possessed of the power of "pit and gallows." They were, in all matters of jurisdiction, tied by the *cleachdadh*, or common law of the clans. The *ceann-tighes* made it not only a matter of conscience, but also a point of honour, never to allow any violation of their *cleachdadh* by the chief or any other person. Had they acted otherwise, they

would have lost caste, and been looked upon as disgraced by all the other clans of the kingdom. It is impossible to conceive a more admirable system of government than that which prevailed among the patriarchal Celtic clans. It appears to have been the very model on which is founded the present constitutional monarchy of Great Britain. For, like the chief of the patriarchal system, our Queen is potent to execute, but powerless to break through our laws; while her exalted station affords her every means of conciliating the respect, and gaining the love of her subjects. Such was also the case with the patriarchal chief; and the result was the same in both cases. Hence, the devotion of her subjects to our Queen is but a type of the devotion of the clans of the olden time to their chiefs. Those who have been in the habit of regarding the institution of clanship as identical with that of feudalism, have, accordingly, been puzzled to comprehend, or to account for the difference between the tie which connected the baron and his vassal and serf, and the chief and his clansman; and, in their endeavours to do so, they seem to have come to the conclusion that the clansman was a creature of a much more degraded rank and character than the vassal and serf on the same principle that they consider the spaniel an inferior animal to the bull-dog, in consequence of his superior affection and devotion to his master.

The lady of Lachlan Catanach, therefore, was under the guardianship of the "use and wont," or common law of the Celtic clans; and when her husband overstepped the bounds set to his authority by these laws, the clan and their chieftains interposed; and, advancing to her rescue, conveyed her in safety to the guardianship of her father and kinsmen.

A legal separation afterwards took place between the ill-assorted couple; and Lachlan Catanach married the daughter of the chieftain of the island of Weiserneis. By this lady, he had two sons, whose warlike adventures are equal to those of the most celebrated warriors of their clan, distinguished as that clan have been even down to the present day, for their romantic and patriotic heroism—we mean Eeachan More and Ailein nan Sop. Nor did the lady (his former wife) carry her wrongs and her sorrows unavenged to the grave. She was afterwards married to a clansman of her own, Campbell of Achanambreac; and her brother, Achachallader, slew her former husband, Lachlan Catanach, in Duneidein, in revenge of the treatment his sister had met with, and an attempt he was said to have made on the life of his brother, Jain Gorm of Lochnell, while yet but a mere youth.

D. C.

ORIGIN OF THE CANONGATE.

A RESPECTED correspondent, in reference to No. I. of "The Chronicles of the Canongate," writes us upon this subject. He is of opinion, with various other antiquaries, that no such place as *Herbergare* existed at the time the abbey of Holyrood was founded; and that the word itself "is simply a Latinized form of the old word *herberie*, which signified a lodging, an inn, a camp, a harbour, or

indeed any place where accommodation was obtainable." The clause in the original charter of David I. to the canons of *Santa Crucis* runs thus: "Concedo etiam ei herbergare quoddam burgum inter eandem ecclesiam et meum burgum." Maitland has translated this passage, which Chalmers, author of *Caledonia*, adopts, in the following words: "I likewise grant to the said canons the town of *Herbergare*, lying betwixt the said church and my town of Edinburgh." Our correspondent says, the passage "seems to imply no more than that the abbot was at liberty to erect certain burghal habitations [*herbergare*] between the abbey and the burgh of Edinburgh, viz., in the Canongate." The weight of modern opinion is in favour of this construction; but we have great difficulty in assenting to it.

The question started by our correspondent formed an interesting point of debate in the Court of Session immediately before the Reformation. The action was brought by the Commendator of Holyroodhouse, Robert Stuart, natural son of James V., against the magistrates and council of Edinburgh, in vindication of the rights and privileges of the Canongate. In their defences, the authorities of Edinburgh disputed the titles of the abbey:—

"The said fundament contenis that the Queen's grace progenitoris infeft and gave to the abbot and convent of the said abbay ane burgh callit Harbargary quhilk is now allegit to be callit the Cannongait; thair saidis tytillis in na wayis contenand that ony burgh wer disposit to thame nother Harbargarie nor utheris, nocht grantand that Harbargarie wes ane burgh, nor yit in cace Harbargarie had bein ane burgh, or rather gif ony village or pepill wes callit Harbargarie, nocht grantand the samyn, yit it was nocht callit the Cannongait in the titill product to us; bot allanerlie the titill tueching thir purposis contenis thir wordis, efter mony uthir dispositiones,—Concedo eciam eis harbargary quoddam burgum inter eandem ecclesiam et meum burgum;—quhairin na specificatioun is maid that Harbargary wes ane burgh, or wes ordanit to be erectit in ane burgh; *nec hec sonant aut volunt verba in carta posita, bot erar that licence wes grantit to big sum burgh quoniam dicta Harbargary, illic posita potius videtur esse verbum licet barbarum significans creditibiliter id quod edificare, quam nomen significans urbem oppidum vel burgum; quia si nomen esset, verba et dispositio aliter taxerentur, viz.—Concedo eis burgum de Harbargary, vel burgum quod harbare appellabatur inter eandem ecclesiam et meum burgum; quhairfor sen Harbargary in the said infeftment can nocht be tane as ane propir name of ane toun, nor yit can be understanding be the samyn that Harbary is now callit the Cannongait in cais it had been ane burgh; the titill na wayis verefeis that part of the narrative and fundiment that thair ar infeft in ane burgh callit Harbargary, and now the Cannongait. In fortificatioun of the premissis it is notourlie knawin be the inspectioun of histories that thair wes na biggingis about the said kirk of Haliruidhous the tyme of the granting of the said infeftment, nor yit in that rowme quhilk is now callit the Cannongait, but allanerlie woddis and wilderness. Thairfor in the infeftment it is said—concedo eciam eis quoddam*

burgum—nocht expremend* the certaine name of the toun, for gif Harbary had been ane propir name of ane toun this dictioun *quoddam* had nocht been admittit to it,—*que dictio solet apponi designative ad res certam appellationem non habentes*. And als the boundis now callit the Cannogait hes ay broukit that name past memor of man, and ay continwallie sen the foundatioun of the said abbay, and nevir callit with this name Harbergarie, nor nevir knawin as ane frie burgh broukand that name.”

In the “answeris for the parte of the commendator,” the objection thus pleaded is met as follows:—

“Answerand to the first pretendit exceptioun objectit aganis the first parte of the said summondis, touching the molestatioun done to the inhabitaris of the said burgh of the Cannogait be stopping of thame to use the privilegis qualifit in the saidis summondis, sayis that the first parte of the said first exceptioun foundit upoun the significatioun of Harbergary item the maner of ane grammatical disputatioun quibidder Harbergary be ane verb or ane nounne substantive, quihilk we reckon to be ane nounne substantive and sumtyme to be ane propir name in auld dayis of the boundis now callit the Cannogait; for we culd not find in latine sick ane word as Harbergary to be ane verb, and thairfore apperandlie the saidis boundis now callit the Cannogait wes abefoir callit Harbergary, and swa is reput and haldin be the anciant inhabitaris thairrof. Alwayis quibidder Harbergary be ane nowne or the name of ane toun or ane verb, that disputatioun makis na defence or exceptioun aganis the summondis as it is consavit, berand speciall that the boundis now callit the Cannogait wes the toun and boundis quihilk wes erectit in ane frie burgh at the tyme libellat, and that the inhabitaris of the boundis hes bene continwallie in possessioun of the preuilegis libellat during the space mentionat in the saidis summondis, and thairfor quibidder Harbergary be ane propir name of burgh than ane verb signifiand power to big ane burgh, yit in sa far as the samyn wes to be biggit within the boundis libellat now callit the Cannogait, and erectioun of the said burgh maid within the boundis libellat, as the saidis summondis beris, the titill productit is sufficient titill to persew the saidis summondis as it is consavit: and albeit the saidis boundis be now callit the Cannogait and swa hes bene past memor of man, nocht-theles it may sua be that the saidis boundis had bene callit Harbergary the tyme of the erectioun of the burgh libellat, as Edinburgh beis nocht all the very propir name quihilk it had at the tyme libellat, for be impositioun of men the names of boundis and landis are changit according to thair fantasie: and ferder quhair it is said all wes wildirnes, betwix the abbay of Halyrudhous and the burgh of Edinburgh, at the tyme of the making of the infetment libellat, trewlie we beleaf the contrar to be veritie, for thair wes na wildirnes but plenissit ground within the boundis foirsaidis.”

Such were the arguments advanced on both sides of the plea; which the reader will perceive rest mainly on the question whether *herbergare* is a proper name or a verb. It is not a Latin word, hence the dubiety. Lord Hailes, who did a great

deal to correct or dissipate erroneous opinions, observes in his “Annals of Scotland,” (1153) “The true sense of the word [*herbergare*] is to be seen in a grant made by Malcolm IV. to the prior and monks of Coldingham. ‘Ut secundum voluntatem suam, adducant suos proprios homines abicunque maneat in terra sua, ad *herbergandum** villam de Coldingham,’ i.e. “to inhabit or people.” Sir Walter Scott, in his “Provincial Antiquities,” article *Holyrood House*, in relating the incident which led to the foundation of the monastery, remarks—“In consequence of his [King David’s] escape from this imminent danger, the grateful monarch founded and richly endowed the church of the Holy Rood, granting to it, and to the canons regular of St Augustine, serving God therein, the privilege of erecting a borough betwix their church and the Nether-bow gate of the city, which is now called from thence the Canongate, but was formerly denominated the Herbergerie (or Hospitium) of the monastery.” Again, in the Report of the Burgh Commissioners for Edinburgh, the reporter, in noticing the charter to the abbot and convent of Holyrood, says, “the abbot of Holyrood was, by this charter, permitted to establish, for the accommodation of his kindly tenants, a burghal habitation [*herbergare quoddam burgum*] situate between the Abbey and the burgh of Edinburgh. In this permissive grant, which led to the erection of the burgh of Canongate, we have one of the earliest examples of those establishments, so well known afterwards as burghs of barony.” Dr Jamieson, in his *Scottish Dictionary*, explains the word *herbery* thus: “Sueo-Gothic *haerberge* is used in the sense signifying an inn, a lodging, a place where a multitude may be entertained; deduced by Ihre from *haer*, a crowd, and *berga*, to store, to nourish. But the word originally denoted a military station, as, indeed, it is used by Barbour; A. S. *herberga*, the abode of an army, a tent, a camp. Thence it came to signify a lodging of any kind; and particularly one appropriated for the reception of a multitude.”

The meaning of the Anglo-Saxon word *herberg* or *herberga* is thus well defined; and we see, from the charter quoted by Lord Hailes, that it also signified “to inhabit,” thereby changing its character of a substantive to a verb active. Still, granting this to be the signification of *herbergare* in the foundation charter of Holyrood, the passage would be far from admitting of a satisfactory translation. The words are plain in the original, “Concedo etiam ei” *herbergare quoddam burgum inter eandem ecclesiam et meum burgum*.” If we translate *herbergare* as a verb active, the passage would read thus—I grant also to the same [the canons of Holyrood] to inhabit or people, as a

* Ducauge, the greatest authority as to mediæval Latin, supplies several quotations which clearly indicate the sense. For example, in this passage from a deed in the chartulary of one of the churches of Rouen, of the twelfth century, *Licet siquidem eadem Gilberto et heredibus suis hanc predictam terram et domum HERBERGARE de ligno et lapide, aut vendere*, &c. So also in a charter of Poncius de Mont-launi in Baluze’s History of Auvergne, anno 1219—“*Dicto Episcopo auciensi . . . licet firmare cast-rum suum de Charbonneriis, HERBERGARE et augmen-tare pro voluntate suo.*”

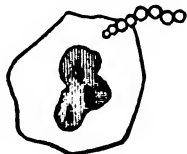
* Expressing.

burgh, between the same church and my burgh [of Edinburgh]. Now this would be extremely vague in a charter, no boundaries being described on the south and north. Nor would it be improved were we to vary the translation thus:—"Also I permit them to erect a burgh between the said church and my burgh." If we regard *herbergare* as a noun, the passage is very different: I grant also to the same [the canons of Holyrood] the burgh Herbergare, between the same church and my burgh [of Edinburgh]. By this reading, the town or burgh, of Herbergare, as it then stood, constituted the boundaries. And it is not at all improbable that there was a hamlet or town where the Canongate now stands, in the twelfth century, when the charter of Holyrood was granted by David I. The rise of towns and villages in this country, we hold to be much more remote than is generally imagined. At the earliest dawn of written evidence we find the country studded with castles, towns, and communities. This is apparent from the very charter now under discussion. It shows that several places in the vicinity had the essentials of a community earlier than Edinburgh itself; as, for example, the mills of *Liberton* and *Dene*, and "my *new* mill of Edinburgh." Besides, the answer for the Commendator positively states that "the saidis boundis now callit the Cannogait was abefoir callit Harbargary, and swa is reput and haldin be the anciant inhabitaris thairof." And Sir Walter Scott, as already quoted, repeats that it "was formerly denominated the Herbergeire (or Hospitium) of the monastery." Now, if it is admitted that the Canongate was anciently known at any time by this name, how is it to be decided that it was not so before the foundation of Holyrood? Assuredly not by the charter of David I. Maitland may therefore, after all, be in the right.

THE LEE PENNY.

BELONGING TO SIR NORMAN MACDONALD LOCKHART OF LEE AND CARNWATH.

OF the marvellous virtues of the Lee Penny every one has heard. If the legends respecting it have not originated the story of "The Talisman," in the "Tales of the Crusaders"—there can be little doubt that they have given rise to some of the most interesting incidents of that beautiful tale. The Lee



Penny is a stone of a dark red colour and triangular shape—in size about half an inch upon each side, set in a piece of silver coin, which, though much defaced, is supposed, from letters still remaining, to be a shilling of Edward I.—the cross being very plain on coins of his reign. This curious piece of antiquity is affirmed to have been in the Lee family since about 1323—a short time after the death of King Robert the Bruce. That monarch having ordered his heart to be conveyed to the

Holy Land, it was carried there, it is said, by Simon Locurd of Lee, who about that time, borrowed a large sum of money from Sir William de Lindsay, Prior of Ayr, for which he granted a bond for an annuity of ten pounds of silver, during Sir William's lifetime, from his lands of Lee and Carnwath. The original bond, dated 1323, and witnessed by the principal nobility of the country, is still among the family papers. The sum, which was a great one in those days, is supposed to have been destined for that expedition; and it is said he changed his name to *Lockheart*; or *Lockhart*, from his having charge of the heart. For part of his arms, in consequence, he obtained a heart within a lock, with the motto—"Corda serata pando."

According to the tradition, Sir Simon made prisoner a Saracen chief, whose lady came to ransom him, and on counting out the money or jewels, the stone in question dropped from her purse. She hastily snatched it up—but Sir Simon observing her, insisted on obtaining it. The lady, rather than sacrifice her husband's liberty, gave it to him, telling him of its many virtues—its power to cure diseases, in man as well as bestial.

These virtues are brought into operation by dipping the stone in water given to the diseased to drink—washing, at the same time, the part affected, as in the case of hydrophobia. No words are used in dipping the stone, or money permitted to be taken by the servants at Lee. People used to come from all parts of Scotland, and many places in England, to carry away water in which the stone had been dipped, to give to their cattle—especially when ill of the murrain or blackleg.

A complaint was made to the ecclesiastical courts against the Laird of Lee, Sir James Lockhart, for using witchcraft, as appears by the following copy of their act. No year is mentioned, but from the orthography, and the name of the laird, the entry must belong to the seventeenth century:—

COPY OF AN ACT OF THE SYNOD AND ASSEMBLY.

"Apud Glasgow, the 25th October,
"Synod Sess. 2.

"Quhilke dye amongst the referries of the brethren of the ministrie of Lanerk, it was propounded to the Synode, that Gawen Hammiltoun of Raplock had preferrit an complaint before them against Sir James Lockart of Lie, anent the superstitious vsing of an stene set in selver for the curing of diseased cattell qlk. the said Gawen affirmit could not be lawfully vsed, and that they had differit to give any decisioune therein till the advice of the Assemblie might be had concerning the same. The Assemblie having enquired of the manner of vsing thereof, and particularie vnderstoode by examinatioune of the said Laird of Lie, & otherwise, that the custome is onlie to cast the stone in sume water, and give the diseasit cattil thereof to drink, & y^t the sam is done wtout vsing onie words such as charmers and sorcerers vse in their unlawfull practisess; and considering that in nature they are monie thinges seen to work strange effects q^of no humane witt can give a reason, it having pleasit God to give vnto stones and herbes special virtues for the healing of mony infirmities in man and beast,—advises the brethren to surcease thir proces, as qⁱn they perceiue no ground of

offence; and admonishes the said Laird of Lie, in the using of the said stone to tak heed that it be vait hairafter wth the least scandal that possible maye be. Extract out of the books of the Assemblie helden at Glasgow and subscribed be thair Clerk, at their command. M. Robert Young, Clerk to the Assemblie at Glasgow."

When the plague was last at Newcastle, the inhabitants sent for the Lee Penny, giving a bond for a large sum, as a pledge for it; and they thought it did so much good, that they offered to pay the money and keep the "Talisman," but the owner would not part with it.

About a century and a half ago a remarkable cure is alleged to have been performed on Lady Baird of Saughton-hall, near Edinburgh, "who having been bit by a mad dog, was come the length of a hydrophobia; upon which, having sent to beg the Lee Penny might be sent to her house, she used it for some weeks, drinking and bathing in the water it had been dipped in, and was quite recovered."

Lee is also famed for its "Pea Tree," perhaps the oldest and largest oak in Scotland. It takes its sobriquet from its being the yearly custom to build at the top of the main trunk among its wide spreading branches a huge pease stack. The trunk has been for a long time much hollowed from decay: but its dimensions may be imagined when we mention that its interior is large enough to dine an ordinary party with comfort. Near it stands a stately larch, which was one of the first few seedling plants of that variety of the pine that the then Earl of Hyndford brought to Scotland in a flower-pot, on his return from the Embassy at St. Petersburg.

Lee itself is a beautiful retreat. It lies two or three miles below Lanark, in some low grounds not far from the Clyde, and is surrounded by many romantic wooded dells. In retired beauty it yields to none of the many highly picturesque residences that stud the rocky vales of the Upper Ward of the Clyde. E. A.

ORIGINAL LETTERS.

OF THE EARL OF LOUDOUNE.

MY VERY NOBLE GOOD LORD,

Yours of ye 12 of yis instant came to my hands yesterday, and for continuing so frequent intelligence of the Irishe affaires I render your Lop: most greate thanks. I can write no more to your Lop: for ye present than is contained in my last to you which was despatched from hence yesterday morning, but yat I shall be ready at all occasions to witness my earnest desyre yat our freinds and countrey men in Ireland may be speedily relieved, and yat I am

Your Lop: affectionate friend
and servaunt

Edm^r. 15 Janry LOUDOUNE, *Can^{us}*.
1642.

To my very noble good Lord
The Earle of Eglington.

[The Earl of Loudoun was Lord High Chancellor of Scotland at this time. The Earl of Eglington, to whom the letter is addressed, had gone over to

Ireland on the breaking out of the Irish rebellion under Sir Phelim O'Neill, at the head of one of the regiments, raised by himself, composing the force of ten thousand men, sent by the Scottish parliament to aid the Scottish planters in protecting themselves.]

OF THE EARL OF LEVEN.

MY LORD,

Because I am abundantly persuaded of your integrity and straught desyres for the peace and happines of o^r poor distressed kingdome I have thought it necessary to desyre your Lo: to employ your utmost endeavor to preserve an union at this tyme in the Parlia^t and labor to sie justice ministered equally to the confusion of the Enemyes of God and his cause, and the comfort of that afflicted countrey: Sertinly it seemes very strange to honest men that there should be any to appear for those that have done all in their power to ruin their country. I have great confidence in your Lo: w^{ch} makes me write thus friely. Yesternight wee came to this place, and took the bridge of Mosscyme and the house on the other side within les than a mile of the river. I pray God save us from these divisions at home. Though I have not led such an inconsiderable party these many years, yet there shall be nothing left undone by me w^{ch} may contribute to the publick good. If your Lor: send Col. Robertson Giffen to us I shall supply your absence, and in every thing approve my self to be

Your Lo:

Most affectionat

Servant,

LEVEN.

Great Mosscyme

28th Nov: 1645.

For the rig^t honourable
The Earle of Eglington

[The Earl of Leven was at the head of the Scottish army in England at this date. The great battle of Longmarston-muir, in which the Scottish forces bore a conspicuous part, was fought some time previously.]

OF THE EARLS OF LOTHIAN AND
ARGYLL.

RIGHT HONBLE.

The Rebells are come south from the mountaines they made a faint yesterday as if they intended to march westward bot this morning advanced towards our armie and are betwixt vs and ye Path of Droone on ye south hand we resolved to keep our ground here the enimie faced vs and with their bodie came within shot of Cannon to vs where they yet lye if they advance farther to vs we resolve with gods assistance to reiceave them bot being vncertaine of their motions or where they may bend we intreat yo: Lop: with all possible speed to conueene yo: freinds Gentlemen and heritours of ye countrie and march up to gether with all ye hast you can toward Stirling and cause ye ablest and best of yo. yeomen and foot mount themselves on horses with their muskets and bring

them alongst with you that if ye enimie march west you may be in a posture to oppose them and we shall God willing wait on his reare or if he fall into fiffe or attempt his worst against vs we may have yo. assistance and goyne our strength against the enimies of god our couenant and countrie and be no lesse zealous and active ffor these ends then they are to subuert and destroy them we shall not vse anie other motiue to yo. Lop. bot expect yt speed and activitie which such an exigence requires and is the earnest desire and expectation of

ffrom the Camp at	Yo : Lop : faithfull freinds
the brig of Erne	and seruants :
the io of August	LOUTHEUN.
at fivie o cloak	ARGYLL
in ye afternoon	

Countersigned "Lauderdail," who was President of the Scottish Parliament at the time.

[No year is given in the above letter ; but it evidently refers to the expedition of the Earls of Lothian and Argyll against the Marquis of Huntly, who rose in arms in favour of the King in 1644. Argyll was appointed Commander-in-Chief. Huntly was obliged to fly—and Montrose, who also appeared in force, sought safety in the mountains. Subsequently, however, at the battle of Inverlochy, Montrose was the victor. "The Path of Droone" referred to in the letter, is in the parish of Dron, in the south-eastern part of Perthshire.]

HISTORY OF BRITISH PASTIMES.*

With the relaxations and pastimes of the ancient Britons we are unacquainted, but as their religion, like that of the early Greeks and Romans, was a savage superstition, delighting in human sacrifices, it may be inferred that their sports and games were of an equally ferocious character. However, there can be no doubt that in imitation of their Roman conquerors, they partially adopted paganism, and introduced many classical customs, sports, and holidays. And those had not entirely disappeared when the Saxon conquest effected a total change in the laws and Government of England, which, having driven the subdued Britons into their fastnesses, they may be said, in a great measure, to have repeopled. In addition to their natural love for hunting and other robust exercises, the Saxons appear to have inherited from their German ancestors an immoderate attachment to gaming, the only vice, unaccountable as the fact may be, which seems to exercise an equal influence over the most barbarous and the most civilized nations. After dice, chess and backgammon appear to have been the most favourite sedentary amusements of the Saxons and Danes,—amusements in which the inhabitants of London, as well as of the kingdom at large, extensively participated. At length, Christianity dawned upon the land, and with its thousand blessings mellorated the condition of the people. Even the feasts, processions, shows, spectacles, mysteries, moralities, mummeries, and all "the pride, pomp, and circumstance" of the Roman Catholic worship, exercised a beneficial influence in winning over, or attaching to religion, the illiterate masses amongst whom they were first instituted and practised. These

were the precursors of better and brighter days. And then came the Norman Conquest, which occasioned two striking changes in the sports and pastimes that were prevalent at the close of the Saxon era, by restricting the privileges of the chase, and by establishing the game-laws. But, take it for all and all, the descent of William the Norman proved a blessing of no mean value to the country. "The transfusion of the rich Norman blood into our veins improved the breed. Additional physical strength, additional courage—physical or moral—the Normans could not give us; but by their introduction and spread of literature and the polite arts, they polished, refined, and heightened our national character, and made us what we are—made us better than they themselves had ever been. The intermixture of the two races produced an infinite improvement upon both."

Another remarkable change in our sports and pastimes, occasioned by the descent of the Normans, was the introduction of tournaments and jousts, with all the splendid and exciting observances of chivalry which, though they bore the visible impress of war, were decidedly of a civilizing character, and even ennobling in their general tendency. Under these influences, and those of female society, the mind began to be cultivated as well as the powers of the body; and the manners of those times experienced a sensible improvement by an infusion of incipient politeness and urbanity. Indeed, when such qualities are found to distinguish the upper classes, fashion, and an inherent love of imitation, will soon cause them to penetrate, more or less extensively, into those of a lower grade. Accordingly, the sons of citizens and yeomen, especially the young Londoners, affected to adopt, in all their sports and pastimes, the martial exercises and usages of chivalry. In this country the decline of chivalry may be dated from the conflict of the Roses, which had too much of the reality of war to leave much time for the exercise of its mockery. Henry VIII. proud of his physical strength and agility, and passionately fond of display, gave a new impetus—a temporary fashion—to military pastimes and athletic sports. According to Hall, his biographer, "even after his accession to the throne, he continued daily to amuse himself in archery, casting of the bar, wrestling, or dancing, and frequently in tilting, tourneying, fighting at the barriers with swords and battle-axes, and such like martial recreations." But these, we are told, "were not practised to the exclusion of intellectual pursuits; for he spent his leisure time in playing at the recorder's flute, and virginals, in setting of songs, singing, and making of ballads." But the amusements of the court and nobility, and subsequently of the people, gradually assumed a more subdued aspect. Thus we find, in the "Itinerary of Fynes Morison," published in 1617, the following notice of the sports and relaxations of Charles, Lord Mountjoy:—"He delighted in study, in gardens, in riding on a pad to take the air, in playing at shovelboard, at cards, and in reading of play-books for recreation, and especially in fishing and fishponds, seldom using any other exercises, and using these rightly as pastimes, only for a short and convenient time, and with great variety of change from one to the other." Something of a milkop, by-the-bye, his lordship certainly appears to have been; at all events, one not likely to have incurred the risk of strangulation for "setting the Thames on fire."

James the First's notions on these points were of a more manly stamp than might have been expected. In a set of "Rules" which he drew up, and addressed to his eldest son, Henry Prince of Wales, we find the

* Sports, Pastimes, and Customs of London, ancient and modern, with Illustrative Anecdotes, &c., 12mo, London: Cradock and Co.

following instructions respecting amusements:—
 "From this court I debarre all rough and violent exercises; as the foote-ball, meter for laming than making able the users thereof; 'as likewise such tumbling trickes as only serve for comedians and balladines to win their bread with; but the exercises that I would have you to use, although but moderately, not making a craft of them, are running, leaping, wrestling, fencing, dancing, and playing at the catch or tennise, archerie, pallemalle, and such like other fair and pleasant field games. And the honourablest and most recommendable games that yee can use on horseback, and especially such as may teach you to handle your arms thereon, such as the tilt, the ring, and low-riding for the handling of your sword. I cannot omit here the hunting, namely, with running boundes, which is the most honourable and noblest sort thereof; for it is a thievish sort of hunting to shoote with gunnes and bowes; and greyhound hunting is not so martial a game. As for hawkinge, I condemn it not, but I must praise it more sparingly, because it neither resembleth the wars so neere as hunting, and is more uncertain and subject to mischances; and, which is worst of all, is therethrough an extreme stirrer up of the passions. As for sitting or house pastimes, since they may at times supply the rooms which, being empty, would be potent to pernicious idleness, I will not, therefore, agree with the curiosity of some learned men of our age, in forbidding cards, dice, and such like games of hazard: when it is foul or stormy weather, then, I say, may yee lawfully play at the cardes or tables; for, as to dicing, I think it becometh best deboshed souldiers to play it on the heads of their drums, being only ruled by hazard, and subject to knavish cogging; and as for the chesse, I think it overfonde, because it is overwise and philosophicke folly." During and subsequently to the civil wars of the time of Charles the First, when the Puritans had gained the ascendancy, the sports and pleasures of all classes, especially the lower, were lamentably crushed. All the theatres and public gardens were closed; and a war of extermination was carried on against may-poles, wakes, fairs, organs, fiddles, dancing, Whitsun-ales, puppet-shows, &c. Under these proceedings the national mind received a saturnine stamp, which, notwithstanding the burst of licentiousness and demoralization that disgraced the return and reign of the heartless prodigate, Charles the Second, has to this day prevented it from recovering its natural and healthful tone.

THE LAIRD O' CHANGUE.

From "The Ballads and Songs of Ayrshire." Edinburgh: T. G. Stevenson.

There is a preacher in our chappell,
 And a' the live lang day teaches he:
 When the day is gane, and the night is come,
 There's ne'er ae word I mark but three—
 The first and second is—Faith and Conscience,
 The third—ne'er let a traitor free;
 But Johnnie—what faith and conscience was thine,
 When thou took awa my three kye frae me?

Border Minstrelsy.

In Changue ance dwalt a worthy man,
 And a buirdly carl was he;
 At kirk or market, far or near,
 His like ye might not see.

And Changue he was a right rich man,
 His flocks spread far and wide,
 For they cover't a' the hills o' Barr,
 And down by the Stinchar side.

Yet free was his honest heart o' pride,
 And kindly to a' the poor,
 And mony a benison blest his head
 As alms were gien at his door.

And Changue was a pious guidly man,
 For aft, at the day's decline,
 He raid to the Alti-kirk* to pay
 His devoirs at our Lady's shrine.

And aye as before the haly cross
 He kneel'd sae reverently,
 Auld father Grub, the parish monk,
 Looket on wi' a greedy e'e.

"What brings ye sae aften," says father Grub,
 "To bend the penitent knee,
 I fear ye hae done some evil deed
 You hae nae confess'd to me.

"And well ye ken that never a sin
 Ye may hope to be forgiven,
 Till confession be made, and penance done,
 And mass prevail with heaven."

"If feedin' an' cleeidin' the naked poor,"
 Says Changue, "be an evil deed,
 And thankin' heaven that gies the power,
 My weird will be ill to rede;

"But of nae ither ill, I ween,
 Need I confession give,
 Nor need they penance wha like me
 In pious duty live."

"Ye sin, ye sin," cries father Grub,
 "And an heretic near ye be,
 Ye squander your gear on the worthless poor,
 But it's little ye gie to me.

"Wha gies to the kirk, to our Lady lends,
 And lays up a haly store;
 But ten merks and acht pecks o' groats,
 You never have gien me more."

"Ten merks but an' acht pecks o' groats,
 Are a' that the kirk may claim,
 And weel are ye paid I wat," says Changue,
 "If aye ye get that same."

"Ye sin, ye sin," the monk replied,
 "And penance sair maun dree,
 Sae hearken your doom, ye heretic carl,
 The will o' heaven, frae me:

"The morning sun maun see you boun'
 For fair Crossraguel's† pile;

† "Alti-kirk"—so called from its elevated position amongst the hills of Carrick. Its ruins stand on the farm of Knockgirran, parish of Barr, by the side of the little romantic glen of Pinwhapple. When in its "pomp and pride of place" before the Reformation, it was, in all probability, a dependency of the neighbouring Abbey of Crossraguel.

* Crossraguel Abbey, now in ruins, is in the parish of Kirkoswald. It stands in a plain by the roadside, between the village of Kirkoswald and Maybole, and still presents an imposing and interesting appearance.

This Abbey was founded by Duncan, Earl of Carrick, according to some authorities, in 1144, and to others, in 1240. In 1561, the celebrated Abbot of Crossraguel, "Maister Quentin Kennedy" disputed for three days in Maybole with John Knox the Reformer.

Quentin Kennedy, according to Douglass and Crauford, died in 1564. His successor in office, Allan Stewart, was the well known victim roasted in the "Black Bout" at Dunure, by Gilbert, fourth Earl of Cassillis.

And the hour o' noon maun hear you knock
At the haly abbot's stile.

"And ye maun bring the evangels four
Frae aff Saint Mary's shrine,
That I may teach you a' their store
Of truth and light divine.

"And ilka night, as the sun gaes down,
O'er Arran's ocean isle,
You'll meet me, at the Alti-kirk,
Whate'er the pain or toil."

Changue sought his hame, and lang ere noon
He stood at the abbot's door;
And fifty merks he had to tell
For the evangels four.

Then hame he came to father Grub,
And a weary man was he;
As roun' the Alti-kirk he crap,
Fu' low on his bended knee.

And ilka night, at the twilight hour,
He thither did repair,
To con his lesson to father Grub,
Wha nightly met him there.

But never a word, or letter, e'er
Could Changue or learn or spell;
For the beuks were written in French right fair,
By the friar o' Machry-Kill.*

But the monk aye read, and better than read,
An' storm'd and read again;
That Changue might learn his wrath to dread,
He grudg'd nor toil nor pain.

"Oh! was be on your beuks o' lair,"
At length says weary Changue,
"For I'll be dead, e'er I see the end,
Of this wearyfu' beuks and lang.

"I learn't to read when I was young,
Of nature's sacred lore;
But of flyting beuks, in a foreign tongue,
I never hae heard before!

"I ken the starns whilk tell the hours,
As blythely they look down,
And silently speak o' the haly powers
Wha rule and reign aboon.

"There's bless'd St Peter's staff o' strength,
And there's the starns seven,
And our Lady's wand an ell o' length,
Whilk metes our deeds in heaven.

"And there's the plough gangs roun' the north,
And tells the time o' night;
And the bonny north-pole that sparkles forth—
The guide of ilk wandering wight.

"And I ken twa moons in ither's arms
Bode aye o' wind and rain;
But weel do I like the braid hairst moon,
For she ripens and fills our grain.

"And there's the spunkie, witch and fay,
And the guid neighbours† dress'd in green:

* "At Machray-Kill, in the parish of Dailly, there was once a small church or chapel, probably dedicated to Saint Macarius," from whom the place derived its present name.

† There is a statute in the laws of Fairyland which expressly forbids the use of the term Fairy by mortal lips. In the north of Scotland, about twenty years ago,

And then there's the water kelpie sly,
For I ken them ilka ane.

"And have seen, on the sunny summer days,
On Craiganrarrie's hight,
The elves float past on the wee white cluds
Of the gossamer web sae light.

"I can read the corbie's eerie wail—
And the rin of the startit hare—
And the magpie's clamorous counsel tell,
But *thir beuks* I'll ne'er read mair."

"Weel even's ye like," says father Grub,
"But hearken to my decree:
A hunner merks ye down maun pay,
For the trouble you've gien to me,

Forbye threescore o' ewes and lambs
To our haly abbot send—
To pay for the shrivin' o' your sin,
And a mass that ye may mend."

"Odsooks! ye greedy monk," says Changue,
"I wonder'd you took sic pain;
But it was nae that my puir saul was wrang,
But the greed o' your heart for gain.

"A hunner merks ye sall never get,
And the abbot for me ye'll tell;
If a dinner of braxy please his pate,
He maun come for't himself."

"Swyth out o' my sight," says father Grub,
"With the foul thief ye ha'e been;
See, see he's whisperin' in your lug,
And glowrin' frae your e'en!

"You've been with that apostate Knox,
While preachin' at the Bar;*

this statute was strictly observed; and I recollect, in my boyish days, that while roaming over the green knowes and valleys in search of flowers, my youthful companions were perfectly acquainted with its provisions. The popular form of the statute ran thus—

"If ye ca's guid neighbours, guid neighbours we will be:
But if ye ca's fairies, we'll fare you o'er the sea."

And, in order to give weight to this mysterious announcement, it was always sagely added that they did, on one occasion, make good their threat. Having been detected using the misnomer, a person was actually fared o'er the sea: and what was still more terrible to youthful imagination to contemplate, the vessel in which he was conveyed was no other than an egg shell.

At the time and place I allude to, both old and young had as much faith in the existence of fairies as they had in their own. No man, for instance, would put clean straw in his shoes at night, because the fairies would then undoubtedly come and dance in them the whole night; nor would any spinster be so hardy as to leave the band on her wheel, because the fairies would then most assuredly come and spin till daybreak.

* The Bar Castle at Galston, Ayrshire, was one of Wishart's preaching stations in the year 1545 and of Knox in 1562. In that year, the name of John Lockhart of Bar appears as one of the seventy-eight "barons and gentlemen of Kyle, Cunninghame, and Carrick, professing the true evangel," who assembled at Ayr and subscribed a bond "to maintain and assist the preaching of the holy evangel, and the ministers of the same, against all persons, power, and authority, that will oppose the self to the doctrine proponed and by us received," &c.

It appears strange, in our day, that Changue should have been accused of being with Knox, when there is such a distance between the places mentioned; but it must be remembered that, in those days, when the light of truth was only beginning to break in upon the mind—

But soon I'll scatter your bonny flocks,
An' boil your bouk in tar!"

The monk has gathered the countryside
To the Alt-kirk by night;
And there he has cursed* the laird of Changue,
By bell, book, and candle light.

And cursed ilk ane soud wi' him speak,
Or wi' him soud buy or sell;
Or in his face soud dare to keek,
Or tread on the samin bill.

And he has hired a gipsy band,
That fen'd in Pinwhapple glen,
To spulye his sheep, and herry his land,
And vex him might and main.

Ane Riever Rab o' this band was chief,
And he was a desperate loon,
For he raised black mail o' mutton and beef
O'er a' the country roun'.

And fast by the side of Pinwhapple burn,
'Neath the Dow Craig's rugged steep,
O'erhung by the mountain ash and arn
His houf was houket deep.

And aye as the evening shadows crept,
Far up the woody glen,
On the green spy knowe a watch was kept,
To guard him and his men.

Now when the laird afield did gang,
Sic thuds he had to dree
Frae stanes and clods, wi' mony a bang
Yet fient ane could he see.

And round and round the house at night,
Sic awesome sounds were heard,
As if ilk corpse had risen in fright,
And left Kirkdamdie yard.

The bauldest in the earldom,
Were like to swarf wi' fear;
For they thought the "roarin' deil" was come,
To carry them to his lair.

Changue heard with awe the gathering host,
Yet whiles he'd bauldly say—
Were they men, instead of deils and ghosts,
He soon would end the fray.

For he had been a warrior brave—
Had led a stalwart band;
And fear'd nae danger in the field,
Nor strength of mortal hand.

At length he of the siege grew tired,
And vow'd to end the plight:
And wi' a draught o' *Hollands* fired
His courage for the fight.

Then down he taks his auld claymore,
Steel-bonnet, spear, and mail,
That aft had stood his stead before,
When many a mortal fall.

But, as in this dread fight of *feinds*
His harness was untried,
The four evangels, too, he finds,
Then out the hero hied.

Dark was the night, and round poor Changue
Loud rose a horrid yell;
And stanes upon his corslet rang,
And pelted him pell-mell!

"In name of the evangels four,
Ye ghaists and devils hear me:
I've sworn to gie your heads a clour,
If ye should daur to steer me.

"Ye maun be cowards, whan ye hap
By dykebacks, sheughs, and ditches;
But come to Craiganrarie's tap,
Be ye deils, ghaists, or witches.

"And if there's in ye ony bluid,
I rede ye hae a care o't;
Be't black, or white, or green, or red,
I vow I'll hae a share o't."

Then rose an eldrich hollow laugh,
Like echo from a cavern,
But nae ane spak, which mair than half
Set Changue's resolve a waverin'.

But grasping firm his Carrick spear,
He kiss'd the four evangels,
Then vow'd the deil he docht na fear,
Nor his maist gruesome angels!

Then up the brae he nimbly scour'd,
And now and then he rested,
And warily around him glower'd
Lest, unawares, molested.

On Craiganrarie's tap at last
His feet he firmly planted,
Within twa rings* he fenced him fast,
Then showed a front undaunted.

Whiles in the dark he glower'd aroun'—
Whiles to the left he glinted—
Whiles watch'd their rising through the grun',
Till patience maist he tint it.

At length a rustlin' din he hears
Behind and eke before him—
A closing ring of white appears,
Like ghaists wi' grave-claes o'er them.

Then, wi' a wild unearthly yell,
They closely gather'd near him;

enslaved peasantry, it was no uncommon matter for the people to travel ten, twenty, or even thirty miles, to hear a preacher of the true evangel.

* Rome has been more sparing in her maledictions than she was at the date of the circumstance mentioned in the text. The last instance on record is as late, however, as the year 1844, when Priest Walsh, in the glens of Antrim in Ireland, pronounced the greater excommunication against one of his congregation, because he had been caught reading the Bible in Irish to some of his ignorant neighbours. This victim of priestly tyranny was a miller, and the priest declared that "he would make his mill as dry as the road;" but the times are sadly altered. Priest Walsh was cited before a court of justice, and fined in £70 damages and costs.

* On the conical top of the green hill of Craiganrarie, where the indomitable Changue took up his position, are two foot-prints, which tradition asserts to be his, indented deeply in the surface, and around which, at about a sword's length from the centre, are the "two rings" or circles which he drew around him, also strongly marked in the sward. Neither on them, nor on the foot-prints, does the grass ever grow, although it thrives luxuriantly around the very edges of the mysterious markings.

In bygone times, when it was no uncommon thing to traffic in Satanic influence, it was the universal practice to draw a circle of protection around the person of the conjuror, before summoning his sable majesty to appear, round and round which he still kept running so long as he was visible to mortal eyes.

But, ere they wist, the foremost fell—
Changue mortally had spear'd him!

The trusty spear, an all or sae,
Gaed through his body gorin';
An' heels-o'er-head quick down the brae,
He row'd and tumbled roarin'.

Then Changue his twa-han'd falchion wheels—
Around the ring he kept them,
Till heads frae half a score o' deils
Sae manfully he swept them.

But one remain'd, a gruesome fiend,
And hot and hard he press'd him;
But though the utmost ring he gain'd,*
Changue soon and snoddy dressed him.

For closing fast, at arms-length,
Wi' steeket gauntlet Changue drew
Ae stroke wi' sic prodigious strength
The deil's harns frae the pan flew!

Thus Changue was master of the field,
Till dawn'd the morning light,
And then his wond'ring eyes beheld
A sad and woful sight:

There Riever Rab and a' his men
Lay reft o' heads and breath;
And the spear stuck fast in Father Grub,
Wha's eyes were seal'd in death!

The foregoing excellent ballad is by Mr Harrison, bookseller, Edinburgh, who lived for some years in Ayrshire. It was written in illustration of the tradition of the Laird of Changue's encounter with the enemy of mankind. It would seem that there were two Lairds of Changue distinguished for their personal prowess—the one at a much earlier period than the other. The circular appearances on the spot, where the alleged conflict took place, are by no means modern remains.

SKETCHES OF IRELAND SIXTY YEARS AGO.†

(From "The Critic.")

"SIXTY years ago," says the author, "we were an isolated and peculiar people, only settling down into the order of a peaceful community, after centuries of intestine commotion. Intercourse with our sister England was limited and unfrequent; few of our neighbours visited us, and we visited few of our neighbours." A voyage to Liverpool occupied ten days, and was a matter of boast to the adventurer.

The vast strides in the direction of improvement which Ireland has made during the interval, can only be appreciated by those who look back and review what was the actual state of society sixty years since. That is the object of the little volume before us, and a curious picture it presents of a condition that scarcely deserves the name of civilized.

Sixty years ago riots were of continual occurrence, and the most trivial causes provoked them. The College students were always prominent on such occasions, and the theatre was the favourite fighting-place. One of those here recorded shows the character of these

* Tradition affirms that the "great enemy" did break through the largest or outside ring, and a corresponding break in the circle is shown—but, before he could break the inner one, victory had declared for Changue!

† Dublin: M'Glashan, 1847.

COLLEGE RIOTS.

On the evening of the 19th of January 1746, a young man of the name of Kelly, a student of the University, entered the pit, much intoxicated, and climbing over the spikes of the orchestra got upon the stage, from whence he made his way to the green-room, and insulted some of the females there in the most gross and indecent manner. As the play could not proceed from his interruption, he was taken away, and civilly conducted back to the pit; here he seized a basket of oranges, and amused himself with pelting the performers. Mr Sheridan was then manager, and he was the particular object of his abuse and attack. He was suffered to retire with impunity, after interrupting the performance, and disturbing the whole house. Unsatisfied by this attack, he returned a few nights after, with fifty of his associates, gowmsmen and others. They rushed towards the stage, to which they made their way through the orchestra, and across the lights. Here they drew their swords, and then marched into the dressing-rooms, in search of Mr Sheridan, to sacrifice him to their resentment. Not finding him, they thrust the points of their weapons through chests and clothes-presses, and every place where a man might be concealed—and this they facetiously called *feeding* for him. He had fortunately escaped; but the party proceeded in a body to his house in Dorset Street, with the murderous determination of stabbing him, declaring with the conspirator in "Venice preserved," "each man might kill his share." For several nights they assembled at the theatre, exciting riots, and acting scenes of the same kind, till the patience of the manager and the public was exhausted. He then, with spirit and determination, proceeded legally against them. Such was the ascendancy of rank, and the terror those "bucks" inspired, that the general opinion was, "it was impossible any jury could find a *gentleman* guilty of an assault upon a *player*." "Then, sir," said Sheridan, "I hope you see one now." Kelly was found guilty of a violent assault, sentenced to pay a fine of five hundred pounds, and, to the surprise and dismay of all his gentlemen associates, sent to Newgate.

The streets of Dublin were without a police. Even at night there was no watch till 1723, when an Act required the parishes to appoint "honest men and good Protestants" to be night watches. Wild young men associated in clubs for purposes of violence, and were known by such names as "The Chalkers," the latter being a more brutal imitation of the former by the vulgar.

Duelling was a universal practice, and it prevailed more especially among the lawyers. A barrister required to be at least as ready at a pistol-shot as at a point of law.

Another *Institution* shows the state of society in Ireland sixty years since. Abduction of heiresses was a regular branch of business. Abduction clubs were formed among the young men, and gave rise to a law of the utmost severity. This is the account of

THE ABDUCTION CLUBS.

This association was "an abduction club," the members of which bound themselves by an oath to assist in carrying off such young women as were fixed upon by any members. They had emissaries and confederates in every house, who communicated information of particulars—the extent of the girl's fortune, the state and circumstance of the family, with details of their intentions and domestic arrangements and movements. When a girl was thus pointed out, the members drew lots, but more generally tossed up for her,

and immediate measures were taken to secure her for the fortunate man by all the rest. No class of society was exempt from their visits, and opulent farmers, as well as the gentry, were subject to these engagements of the clubs, according to their rank in life. The persons who were most usually concerned in such clubs were a class of men abounding in Ireland, called "squireens." They were the younger sons or connexions of respectable families, having little or no patrimony of their own, but who scorned to demean themselves by any useful or profitable pursuit. They are described by Arthur Young, and other writers of the day, as distinguished in fairs and markets, races and amuses, by appearing in red waistcoats, lined with narrow lace or fur, tight leather breeches and top-boots, riding "a bit of blood," lent or given them from the stables of their opulent connections.

IRISH CONVIVIALITY SIXTY YEARS SINCE.

Fear to the kennel of his father's hounds was built a small lodge; to this was rolled a hog'shead of claret, a carcase of beef was hung up against the wall, a kind of ante-room was filled with straw, as a kennel for the company, when inclined to sleep, and all the windows were closed, to shut out the light of day. Here nine gentlemen, who excelled in various convivial qualities, were enclosed on a frosty St. Stephen's day, accompanied by two pipers and a fiddler, with two couple of hounds, to join in the chorus raised by the guests. Among the sports introduced was a cock-fight, in which twelve game cocks were thrown on the floor, who fought together till only one remained alive, who was declared the victor. Thus, for seven days, the party was shut in, till the cow was declared cut up, and the claret on the stoop, when the last gallon was mulled with spices, and drank in tumblers to their next merry meeting. The same writer describes a party given in an unfinished room, the walls of which were recently plastered, and the mortar soft. At ten on the following morning some friends entered to pay a visit, and they found the company fast asleep, in various positions, some on chairs, and some on the floor among empty bottles, broken plates and dishes, bones and fragments of meat floated in claret, with a kennel of dogs devouring them. On the floor lay the piper on his back, apparently dead, with the table-cloth thrown over him for a shroud, and six candles placed round him, burned down to the sockets. Two of the company had fallen asleep, with their heads close to the soft wall; the heat and light of the room, after eighteen hours' carousal, had caused the plaster to set and harden, so that the heads of the men were firmly incorporated with it. It was necessary, with considerable difficulty, to punch out the mass with an oyster-knife, giving much pain to the parties, by the loss of half their hair and a part of the scalp.

Executions were frequent, and were vastly more brutalising and disgusting exhibitions even than they were, and are still, in England. What a picture is this of

AN IRISH HANGMAN.

We may mention, in passing, that one circumstance which contributed to the strange contradiction exhibited at an Irish execution, turning that awful scene into an opportunity for merriment and jest, was the character and dress of the hangman. That functionary was generally disguised in a fantastic manner, very ill suited to the occasion. On his face he wore a grotesque mask, and on his back an enormous hump, in the whole resembling Punch in the puppet-show. The original design of this apparent levity was to

protect the executioner by the disguise, and it was in some degree necessary. The use he made of the hump was curious. It was formed of a large wooden bowl-dish, laid between his shoulders, and covered with his clothes. When the criminal was turned off, and the "dusting of the scrag-boy" began, the hangman was assailed, not merely with shouts and curses, but often with showers of stones. To escape the latter he ducked down his head, and opposed his hump as a shield, from which the missiles rebounded with a force that showed how soon his skull would have been fractured if exposed to them. After some antics, the finisher of the law dived among the sheriff's attendants, and disappeared. This grotesque figure, surrounded by two or more human beings, struggling in the awful agonies of a violent and horrible death, was regarded by the mob as presenting a funny and jocular contrast. Many anecdotes are recorded of the levity of hangmen eminent in their day. The last and most notorious of the craft was "Tom Galvin." He is not very long dead, and in his old age was often visited at Kilmainham jail by persons who indulged a morbid curiosity to see him and the rope with which he had hanged most of his own nearest relations. One of his practical facetiae was to slip the rope slyly round a visitor's neck, and give it a sudden chuck, which would nearly cause the sensation of strangling. He was brutally unfeeling in the discharge of his horrid duty, and when a reprieve would come to some wretch whose hanging he anticipated, he would almost cry with disappointment at the loss of his fee, and say, "It is a hard thing to be taking the bread out of the mouth of an old man like me!" He was always impatient at any delay made by the convict. When the wretched Jemmy O'Brien was about to be executed, he exhibited the greatest terror, and lingered over his devotions, to protract his life thus for a few moments. Galvin's address to him is well known. He called out at the door, so as to be heard by all the by-standers, as well as the criminal, "Mr O'Brien, jewel, *long life* to you, make haste wid your prayers; de people is getting tired under the swing-swung."

We conclude with the melancholy story of

M'NAGHTAN AND MISS KNOX.

On the Derry side of the Foyle, and about two miles from the city, is Prehen, the seat of the Knoxes. It is highly wooded, and covers a considerable tract, descending to the river, and overhanging the broad expanse of water in this place, with its dark shade. The circumstance which marked its ancient owners with affliction is of such a character as to correspond with the gloom that pervades its aspect; and no traveller passes it without many reflections on the sad event which happened there. John M'Naghtan was a native of Derry. His father was an opulent merchant, who gave his son all the advantages of a most liberal education. He graduated in Trinity College, Dublin; but having inherited from his uncle a large estate, which precluded the necessity of engaging in any profession, he commenced a career of dissipation, then too common in Ireland. He married early, but his extravagance soon involved him in such distress that he was arrested by the sheriff, in his own parlour, for a considerable debt, in the presence of his pregnant wife. The shock was fatal. She was seized with premature labour, and both wife and child perished. Being a man of address and ability, he was appointed to a lucrative situation in the revenue, by the then Irish government, and in the course of his duty contracted an intimacy with the family of Mr Knox, of Prehen, whose daughter, a lovely and ami-

able girl, was entitled to a large fortune, independent of her father. To her M'Naghtan paid assiduous court, and as she was too young at the time to marry, he obtained a promise from her to become his bride in two years. When the circumstance was made known to her father, he interdicted it in the most decided manner, and forbade M'Naghtan's visits to his house. This was represented as so injurious to M'Naghtan's character, that the good-natured old man was persuaded again to permit his intimacy with his family, under the express stipulation that he should think no more of his daughter. One day the lovers found themselves alone, with no companion but a little boy, when M'Naghtan took from his pocket a prayer-book, and read himself the marriage ceremony, prevailing on Miss Knox to answer the responses—which she did, adding to each, “provided my father consent.” Of this ceremony M'Naghtan immediately availed himself; and, when he next met her at the house of a mutual friend, openly claimed her as his wife. Again he was forbidden the house by the indignant father. He then published an advertisement in all the newspapers, declaring the young lady was married to him. By a process, however, in the spiritual court, the pretended marriage was entirely set aside.

In the course of these proceedings, M'Naghtan wrote a threatening letter to one of the judges of the court of delegates, and, it was said, lay in wait to have him murdered when he came on circuit, but fortunately missed him in consequence of the judge's taking a different road. The result was, that M'Naghtan was obliged to fly to England. But here his whole mind was bent on obtaining possession of his wife: so at all hazards he returned, and lay concealed in the woods of Prehen. Warning of this circumstance had been communicated to her father, but he seemed to despise it. There was, however, a blacksmith, whose wife had nursed Miss Knox, and he, with the known attachment of such a connection in Ireland, always followed his foster-daughter, as her protector, whenever she ventured abroad. To detach his daughter from this unfortunate connection, Mr Knox resolved to leave the country, and introduce her to the society of the metropolis: and in the beginning of November 1761, prepared to set out for Dublin. M'Naghtan and a party of his friends having information of his intention, repaired to a cabin a little distance from the road, with a sack full of fire-arms. From hence one of the party was despatched to the house of an old woman who lived by the way-side, under the pretence of buying some yarn, to wait for the coming up of Mr Knox's carriage. When it did arrive, the woman pointed it out, named the travellers it contained, and described the position in which they sat. They were Mr Knox, his wife, his daughter, and a maid-servant. It was attended by but one servant, and the smith before mentioned. The scout immediately ran before, and communicated to M'Naghtan the information he had received. The carriage was instantly surrounded by him and three other men. M'Naghtan and one of his accomplices fired at the smith, whom they did not kill, but totally disabled. The blinds of the carriage were now close drawn, that the persons inside might not be recognised. M'Naghtan rode up to it, and either by accident or design discharged a heavily-loaded blunderbuss into it at random. A shriek was heard inside. The blind was let down, and Mr Knox discharged his pistol at the assassin. At the same moment another was fired from behind a stack of turf, by the servant who had concealed himself there. Both shots took effect in the body of M'Naghtan. He

was, however, held on his horse by his associates, who rode off with him. The carriage was then examined. Miss Knox was found dead, weltering in her blood. On the first alarm, she had thrown her arm about her father's neck, to protect him, and so received the contents of the murderer's fire-arms. Five balls of the blunderbuss had entered her body, leaving the other three persons in the carriage with her unhurt and untouched by this random shot.

The country was soon alarmed, and a reward of five hundred pounds offered for the apprehension of the murderers. A company of light horse scoured the district, and amongst other places were led to search the house of a farmer named Wenslow. The family denied all knowledge of M'Naghtan, and the party were leaving the house when the corporal said to one of his companions, in the hearing of a countryman who was digging potatoes, that the discoverer would be entitled to a reward of three hundred pounds. The countryman immediately pointed to a hay-loft, and the corporal running up a ladder, burst open the door, and discovered M'Naghtan lying in the hay. Notwithstanding his miserably wounded state, he made a desperate resistance, but was ultimately taken and lodged in Lifford gaol. Some of his accomplices were arrested soon after. They were tried before a special commission at Lifford, and one of them was received as king's evidence. M'Naghtan was brought into court wrapped in a blanket, and laid on a table in the dock, not being able to support himself in any other position. Notwithstanding acute pain and exceeding debility, he defended himself with astonishing energy and acuteness. A singular trait of Irish feeling occurred in the course of the trial. One of his followers implicated in the outrage, named Dunlop, was a faithful and attached fellow, and his master evinced more anxiety to save his life than his own. As a means of doing so, he disclaimed all knowledge of his person: “Oh, master, dear,” said the poor fellow beside him in the dock, “is this the way you are going to disown me after all?”

On the day of execution, M'Naghtan was so weak as to be supported in the arms of attendants. He evinced the last testimony of regard for the unfortunate young lady he had murdered, of whom he was passionately fond, and whom he mourned as his wife. The cap which covered his face was bound with black; his jacket was trimmed with black, having black jet buttons, with large black buckles in his shoes. When lifted up the ladder, he exerted all his remaining strength to throw himself off, and with such force that the rope broke, and he fell gasping to the ground. As he was a man of daring enterprise and profuse bounty, he was highly popular, and the crowd made a lane for him to escape, and attempted to assist him. He declined their aid, and declared he would not live; he called to his follower, Dunlop, for the rope which was round his neck, the knot of which was slipped and placed round his own. Again he was assisted up the ladder, and collecting all his energies, he flung himself off and died without a struggle. His unfortunate but faithful follower stood by wringing his hands as he witnessed the sufferings of his dear master, and earnestly desired that his own execution might be hastened, that he might soon follow him and die by the same rope.

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GLIMPSSES OF THE PAST.—PRODIGIES.



It is very interesting, when tracing the incidents of by-gone times, to step aside for a little from the beaten highway of history—from the details of kingly enterprise or courtly intrigue—from the record of “unsuccessful or successful war”—and to enter, as it were, the vale of private life; to consider what agitated the bosoms of undistinguished men, far removed from the immediate scenes of conflict, or what supplied the gossip of their lowly hearths while the “fate of nations,” as the phrase is, was being decided. Perhaps there are no writings which so much facilitate this digression into the by-ways of history as those private Memoirs or Diaries which our Literary Clubs have recently rescued from oblivion. For, while their writers relate with tolerable fidelity the principal incidents of their times, yet, not assuming the elevated platform of the general historian, they often descend to those minutiae of which we speak. Under the title of “Glimpses of the Past,” we shall occasionally draw a few illustrations from those sources.

Did an intestine war agitate our country at present, there is no doubt that its circumstances would occasionally form the theme of almost every conversation. But, in some remote district, were an awful phenomenon to appear in the sky; were, night after night, the heavens to be peopled with aerial visitants, and the hills to re-echo with sounds of unearthly warfare; was the very course of nature apparently reversed, and the sun to shoot up into the midnight sky—how would the occurrence of such wonders absorb the meaner topics! How insignificant would appear the rumours of warlike feats in distant parts of the earth, when here, before their very eyes, were the visible prodigies of Heaven! and how trivial would seem the petty dissensions of rival leaders in a state, when here it would seem as if the powers of heaven

“Led the embattled cherubim to war!”

These considerations may enable us to form some conception of the consternation into which some remote districts of Scotland were put, about the year 1644, by the appearances of the prodigies we are going to relate.

The haughty disregard, by the first Charles, of the wishes of a people, every day becoming more alive to a sense of their rights, had gone far to foment the great civil war. The Covenanters were in arms—Strafford arraigned—Laud confined in

the tower—and, in the words of the Chronicler* we are about to quote, who was a staunch royalist,

“Seauen yeires had this terrible distemper of the vnparalleled Couenant rulled, or rather ouer rulled this kingdome; and such new, and newer before practissed formes of the gouernement, that we might, with greiued heartes say, trewlie, *In those dayes there was no king in Ieruell*; but the rest of that sentence we could not fitly apply, for it was not euey one, but some of the pryme heades of the Couenant, that did whatsouer seemed good in there owne eyes. * * * *

Therefor, God, Who loueth euer to carie mercie along with His justice, would let them find how hatefull there inhumane dealling towards there brethren was in His eyes.

“His wraith, being kendled lyke a consumeing fyre, was fortold by diuers prodigies; there was strange motiones scene in the aer, as of armed men in battell raigned to feght. Upon the hill of Manderly, foure mylls from Banfe, tuo armies ware scene to approach the one against the other, then to joyne feght; the thundering of the shott and claisheing of armes mad such a fearefull noyes as the people round about hard; and this vision made such a reall show, as those that duelt in the tounes neirest about the hill caryed away there stuffe and ther best thinges to marishes and boges, and there buried them vnder bankes of earth.

“The sunne in diuerse partes was scene to shine with a fant beame, yelding a dime and shaddow light ewen in a cleare heaven, and sometyme did show like a deipe and large pound or leacke of blood.

“The beating of drumes and sounding of trumpets, with salutes of canones and muskeate, was ordinarily hard in many places, as semeing to foretell the lairge lose of blood that was sheed soone after. * * *

Att Ellen, in the countie of Buchan, the preacher of that toun, called Mr David Leich (as I am informed) being forced, for the discharge of a naturall bussines, to arise betuixt twelue and one at night, did see the sune to shine as if it had bene at midday, and, therefor, much astonished at so fearefull a prodigie, called vp his bedell to sie it also; and least the treuth heiropould not wine beleiff, he caused the same bedell to raise a number of neighbours from there bedes, all which did testifie the same when the preacher was questioned about it by the committie sitting at Aberdene.”

* “A short Abridgement of Britane’s Distemper, from the yeare of God 1639 to 1649, by Patrick Gordon of Ruthuen.” Spalding Club Ed.

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Another historian* relates, after describing the locality of the hill which "bears the name of Duneycht (or, to wrytte it truly, Dun Pictie):" "Upon the topp of this swelling hill (whiche is situate easterly and contigouse with the mountaines called the Hill of Faire, famouse for the defeate and slaughter of George Earle of Huntly, by James Earle of Murray, at Corrichy, hard by) there are to be seen old ruined walles and trenches, which the people, by a receaved traditione, affirme to haue been built at such tyme as the Picts wer maisters of Marre. Upon the topp of this said hill of Duneight, it was that, for the space of all the winter, almost evry night, drumms wer hearde beatne about four a clocke, the parade or reteering of the gwardes ther taptoos, their reveilles and marches distinctly. And eare witnesses, souldiours of credite, haue told me that, when the parade was beating, they could discern when the drumer walked towards, or when he turned about, as the fashion is for drummers, to walk too and again, upon the heade or front of a company drawne upp. At such tymes, also, they could distinguish the marches of severall nationes; and the first marches that wer heard ther was the Scottish marche; afterward the Irish marche was harde; then the English marche. But before thes noyses ceased, thes who had been trained up much of ther lyves abroad in the German warres, affirmed that they could perfectly, by their hearing, discern the marches upon the drumme, of severall forraigne nationes of Europe, such as Frensh, Dutch, Danes, etc."

These apparitions, however, were not always of a fearful cast. The historian we first quoted from narrates one which was coloured rather by the beauties and solemnities of devotion, than the terrors and parade of war, and the writer evidently rises in his style while relating it.

"At Rethine, in Buchan, (he says) there was, about the tyme of morneing prayer, for diuerse dayes together, hard in the church a quire of musicke, both of woces, organes, and other instrumentes, and with such a rauisheing sweetnes, that they were transported which, in numbers, resorted to heire it, with vnspeakable pleasure and neuer wried delight."

These aërial musicians, however, were determined to preserve a strict incognito, for, "The preacher on day being much takin with the harmonie, went, with diuerse of his parishoners, in to the church, to try if there eyes could beare witness to what there eares had hard; but they ware no sooner entered when, lo, the musicke ceased with a long not, or stroke of a *violl de gambo*; and the sound came from ane vpper loft where the people vsed to heare seruice, but they could sie nothing."

Although such enquiries might be both profitable and agreeable, we do not conceive it to be our province to examine into the philosophy of these prodigies, or to consider how far they were produced by the operation of natural causes; there is no doubt that they were considered as purely supernatural by the witnesses of them, and as such

it is for us also, in the present instance, to regard them.

How must the rustic inhabitants in the neighbourhood of Banff have marvelled when those impalpable armies met amid "the thundering of shott and claisheing of armes," while the sun, perhaps, "did show lyke a deipe and large pound or leacke of blood!" What must have been the amazement of the people of Echt and Midmar to hear, for a whole winter, when evening began to close in, the "taptoos, reveilles, and marches" of regiments, when no soldier was to be seen in the old encampment! And who cannot imagine the awe of the humble hinds of Buchan while that heavenly music was ringing in their ears with "rauishing sweetness!" How completely, too, must their minds have been under the power of the preacher when, "much takin with the harmonie," he summoned them to enter the church, if, peradventure, they might discover those mysterious musicians; and when the music ceased with that

"—— winding bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out,"

and he was alone with them in the solitary church,

"With its empty pews and its closed books
And its stonen men with awful looks,
Carven in niches, or lying in nooks;
And its pulpit with never a parson there;
And its clerk's desk with no one to mutter a prayer;
And its organ hushed, and no girls and boys
To lustily sing with heart and voice.
And all looking ghostly, and quaint, and odd,
In the hushed and desolate House of God."

It was a time when, according to the will or ability of the preacher, he might have wound up their souls to bliss or bale, and no doubt he improved it as his disposition prompted him; and no doubt, also, but such occurrences must have tended greatly to promote that prodigious sway which the clergy of old maintained—too often for selfish purposes—over the minds of the people.

By this time, however, the light was fast breaking in upon the public mind—yea, had already broken. Milton was bequeathing a legacy of sublime thoughts to all time coming by his poetry, and was attacking the very citadel of church abuse by his vigorous prose. Cromwell and his compatriots were fast dispelling that imagined halo of "divinity that doth hedge about a king." And, altogether, although soon to be subjected to a lamentable re-action, this was an age which did so much for the march of mind, and which, even at our remote period, is considered so interesting an epoch, that, instead of being surprised at those marvels which either accompanied or preceded it, the wonder might rather be, if

"No prodigy appeared in earth or air,
Nor aught that might a strange event declare."
Aberdeen. C.

"CHRONICLES OF THE CANONGATE." No. IV.

We continue our extracts from the records of the Canongate, illustrative of the manner in which the duties of the magisterial bench were fulfilled, and

* "History of Scots Affairs, from 1637 to 1641, by James Gordon, Parson of Rothiemay." Spalding Club Ed.

the nature of the cases brought before the authorities :

" 19 November 1561.

The quhilk day Johnne Gibsoun is convict be the foirsaid assise for the cuming upoun Johnne Smyth baxter upoun the xiiij day of Julie last bipast in the baikhous of the bak land of the said Johnne Gibsoun land within this burgh quhill he was laborand at ane bache with ane drawin sworde and thairwith strykand and wondand him on his tholme on the rycht and on his heid to the effusione of his blude in greit quantitie uthirwys nor he aucht upoun law For the quhill cause he is adjudgit in ane amerchiamment of court siclik as he aucht to tyne upoun law amend to the party and to be punist for his fault and acquitis the said Johnne Gibsoun of the mutilatioun of the said Johnne Smyth of his tholme and that gevin for dome."

John Smith seems to have retaliated upon the aggressor in this instance pretty severely, and a counteraction was the consequence :

" The quhilk day Johnne Smyth is convict be the foirsaid assise for the crewall strykin of Johnne Gibsoun upoun the xiiij day of July last bipast foranent the baikhous of the bak land of the said Johnne Gibsoun with ane battovn wondand him thairwith in his heid and twa of his medmost fingeris of his left hand to the effusione of his blude in greit quantitie utherways nor he aucht upoun law For the quhill caus he is adjudgit in ane amerchiamment of courts siclik as he aucht to tyne upoun law amend to the party and to be punist for his fault and is acquite of the hurting of him upoun set purpose passione and forthocht fellownie and that gevin for dome."

" 17 December 1561.

The quhilk day the saidis baillies decernit and ordaint Arthure bennat to content and pay to Cristiane Stevingstoun the swme of twelf merks vsuall money of Scotland Becaus the said Arthure upoun the xv day of November last bypast In presens of the minister and elders of this burg grantit to gyf to the said Cristiane the foirsaid swme in contentaning of certane geir resaut be him fra her in hoip that the said Arthure suld have completit marriage with the said Cristiane and failzeit thairin as the said act of the dait foirsaid subscrivit be Johne brand Letter product in Jugement in presens of the said Arthure," &c.

Occasionally very trifling cases engaged the attention of the bench, as in the following :

" 23 October 1567.

The quhilk daye Thomas Craufuird being accusit be the baillies and counsall of the manassing and boisting of James burrell and david baillie The said Thomas confessit thatt he said to James Burrell sone being gangand withe the bell that heid it bene ane man that heid gane thairwithe he wald nocht haif bene content."

The punishment of the *branks*, or *jouge*, was a pretty common award :

" 31 October 1567.

The quhilk daye bessie Tailzefer being accusit be the baillies and counsall of the sclandering of thomas hunter baillie sayand that he heid in his hous an fals stoip and thane after tryall tane thairrof be James Graye baillie and James Selkrig officer fand the samyn nocht to be veritie and thairfoir

the baillies and counsall ordaine the said bessie to be brankit the morne and set vpoun the croce of this brucht thair to remaine the space of ane heure."

" 27 October 1567.

The quhilk daye the baillies and counsall haifand proovt to thame certane tin quartis pyntis and cheppynis stoupis poyndit be the baillies as fals mesouris causit roip the samyn quhill wes roupit and sauld to the officers for vi^d ilk pund trois wecht the haill extending to thre stains viii^d pund wecht and in munye according to the said pryce to thre pundis xiiii^d viii^d and ordanit the said sowme to be delyvrit to the thesaures."

" 26 Jan. 1575.

The quhilk daye Gilbert Wat flescheuer being wardit within the tolbuith of this burch for the injuring and blaspheming of James Hairt baillie as the said Gilbert confessit he was ordanit to sit down on his kneis and ask the said James Hairt bailleis and counsall forgervenes and in lykmanir to do the samyn on Setterday nixt to cum in the sessioun of the kirk and als the said Gilbert obleist him of his awin consent that gif euer he be convict in the lyk offence to ony magistrat of this burch to tyne his fredeme and remove himselfe furth of this burch during the bailleis and counsall will."

" 5th September 1588.

The quhilk day Thomas Russell baxter being accusit befor the bailleis and counsall for disobedience of James Eistounne baillye upoun the feird day of September instant efter that the said baillye himselfe and the officiaris of this burch in our Soverane Loird name and my Loird Justice Clerk had commandit the said Thomas to pas to waird for the cruell stryking and dinging of James Dik Wilkeyne Pott and James Martene Smyth burgessis of this burgh and diverse uthers with ane pistolet upoun thair heidis faces and schoulderis diverse bangis straikis to the effusione of thair blude in greit quantitie and thairby contemptand and disobeyand the saidis bailleis and officiaris efter that the said Thomas was commandit as said is at the stair fute of the tolbuith of the said burgh sayand the devill ane fute wad he gang to waird and thairefter being put up the stair quhill he come to the tolbuith dure and than declairit he wald gang na farder and beand commandit be the said baillye to pas up the stair and enter his persoun in waird for the offences he had committit in dinging of the foirsaidis persounes Refuisit sayand the said baillye leyit falselie As alswa dang and manassit Patrik Speir and Robert Craufuird officiaris in executioun of thair offices as in the dittay gevin in thairupoun at mair lenth is contentit Quhill being verefeit sufficientlie be famous witnessis The said Thomas Russell was convict of the foirsaidis offences and contentis of the said dittay and thairfoir was decernit in ane unlaw of ten pundis money and tinsell of his friedome and libertie and to be debarrit thairfra during the bailleis and counsall will and als was ordanit to sit doune on his kneis and ask God and the said baillye and officiaris forgervenes for the saidis offences."

When the authority of the ecclesiastical courts failed in compelling compliance, the civil power became subservient to the church :

"10th January 1568.

The quhilk daye in presens of the bailleis and counsall Williame harrat younger baxter become out of his awin frie motive will as cautionar sourtie for George harratt that the said George sall remeif and devoid himself furth of this bruche and fredome thair of within the spaic of xv dayis nixt and immediatlie following the daye and dait heirof and na to be fundin thairintill In cais the said George associatt nocht himself to the religion of crystis kirk and satisfie the kirk in maiking of repentance as effeiris within the said space vnder the pains of xl lib and the said George oblist him to releif the said Williame his said sourtie anent the payement of the saidis bailleis and counsall."

"20 March 1573.

The quhilk daye in presens of the bailleis and counsall compeirit Daut Surghie and of his awin consent become actit and oblist of as cautionar and sourtie for Johnne Mossman sone to Johnne Mossman burges of this burch that the said Johnne younger sall at quhatt tyme or how sune he be chargit compeir befor the kirk and assemble of this burch and obey and fulfill such Iniunctiouns thatt sal be laid to his charge for fornicatioun committit be him and als that he sall fulfill and obeye the satisfiatioun and pwnishment that sal be comandit him to do to James selkrig and Johnne sprott thair officers for iniuring and doing them wrangis in execution of thair offices and that at the sicht and delyverance of the saidis bailleis and counsall and siclyk that the said Johnne sall in na tyme heireftir truble molest nor Iniure the saidis officiars be word nor deid vnder the pains of ane hundred pundis mone to be payit be the said dauid as cautionar foirsaid Incais the said Johnne failzie in fulfilling and observing in anye part of the promiss as the saidis bailleis and counsall think expedient and the said Johnne mossman eldar become sourtie to releif the said dauid anent the cautionn."

ROBROYSTONE—BETRAYAL OF WALLACE.

ROBROYSTONE, the scene of the betrayal of Sir William Wallace, is about four miles north-east of Glasgow. It is situated in a valley, in the parish of West-Calder, on the old road from Glasgow to Kirkintilloch. Tradition points out an elm tree as the spot where stood the *barn* in which Wallace and his faithful Keirlys slept on the fatal night of his capture. Some, however, are of opinion that the house still exists, and forms part of the modern mansion of Robroystone. It is a square building, with only a single apartment on each flat—one of which is called *Wallace's room*. The entrance to the upper apartment is by a narrow stair-case. It was in this room, possibly, that, in the words of Hamilton's *Blind Harry* modernized,

"—— The barb'rous byke

Surround the hero; but he, Sampson-like,
Got to his feet; finding no other tool,
Broke one rogue's back with a strong wooden stool;
And at a second blow, with little pains,
Beat out another footy rascal's brains."

In describing the place of Wallace's retreat, the same authority says—

" Rabreston it was near to the way-side,
And but one house where he used to bide."

The present mansion of Robroystone is two stories high, and of comparatively recent erection, if we except the square building already alluded to. There is a dial stone in the front wall, with "1679" upon it—probably the date of its erection. A more secluded retreat could not be found in the neighbourhood than "Glasgow Muir," as Blind Harry calls it. Even at this day, when every other road around this great city is thronged with travellers, solitude reigns there as undisturbed as when the hero of Scotland made it his hiding-place.

The circumstances of the betrayal of Wallace by "the fause Monteith" are minutely detailed by Blind Harry, and well known to every Scottish reader. He was attended only by his "faithful Keirly" and

"The young man that false Menteith had sent."

Who "faithful Keirly" was, however, is not so generally understood as it ought to be. His name was *William Ker* of Kersland, in Ayrshire. He shared in many of the most perilous adventures of Wallace, and was styled his steward by Blind Harry. Kerlie, or Keirlie, was slain in resisting the "vile barbarian crew" by whom Wallace and he were treacherously surrounded.

From "The Tragedy of Sir William Wallace," a "chap-book," as the cheap publications of a past age were denominated, we copy the following verses—not assuredly on account of their poetical merit, but as illustrative of the appetite which existed among the peasantry for every thing pertaining to the history of the patriot:—

"Now loud is heard the traitor's cry,
Wallace! thy time draws nigh!
Get up and come with us.—Ah why
Was not thy broad sword by?"

Then up did start the hero lord,
At the sound of danger near,
Says, boy, where is my good broad sword?
But boy nor sword was there!

Ah! cursed wretch! why did'st thou so
Bereave him of his brand?
Thou hast taken all away to go
And bring the traitor band!

Then up he took a piece of board,
'Twas the nearest weapon by,
An' he did strive to stave the sword,
To keep back the band did try.

Now out then spoke the traitor sleet,
The false traitor mean an' sly;
'Wallace! thy kinsman speaks to thee,
So lay all resistance by.

• • • • •

Besides, I now must let you know,
That you may fear no ill;
For Edward much desires to shew,
And his great mercy to fulfil.

King Edward much desires to view
A man of your great power,
Assure yourself you shall not rue,
For you'll find his bounty shower."

• • • • •

In prison lay he there till then
 When King Edward sends to know ;
 ' Why did you slay so many men ?
 Tell me why did you so ?

Acknowledge me your lawful king,
 An' of Scotlan' master too,
 Or I'll shew you a fearful thing,
 So make haste and shew you do.

Ask pardon for your many sins
 That you have done below ;
 The wicked here no favour wins,
 And that you soon shall know.'

Wallace did laugh at this brave speech—
 ' Go tell your king from me !
 I scorn his favour to beseech,
 An' despise the lowest treachery.

I scorn his mercy for to crave,
 For mercy he has none ;
 An' let him know I'll be no slave !
 My honour's not yet gone.

An' as for killing of your men,
 I own I've slain a few,
 But not so much as one to ten,
 I've wished to slay I vow !

* * *

O Scotlan' old ! then well may mourn !
 An' sigh an' weep thee dry !
 For where shew you your hero's urn ?
 Where does his ashes lie ?

Did he not toil and fight for thee ?
 An' wrought himself full sore ?
 In the saving of thy country,
 His blade for thee he wore.

Did he not stand against the foe ?
 Unsheathed the weapon bright ?
 But now he's gone and does lie low,
 As silent reigns the night.

But why should men expect to find
 The rose without the thorn !
 For know ! 'tis this that proves the mind ;
 Then forbear to be forlorn."

Lord Hailes, in his "Annals of Scotland" attempted to discredit the popular tradition that Wallace was betrayed by his friend Sir John Menteth. In a foot-note he says,—“Sir John Menteth was of high birth, a son of Walter Stewart Earl of Menteth. At this time, [1305] the important fortress of Dumbarton was committed to his charge by Edward. That he had ever any intercourse of friendship or familiarity with Wallace, I am yet to learn. So, indeed, is said by *Blind Harry*, whom every historian *copies*, yet whom no historian, but Sir Robert Sibbald, will venture to *quote*. It is most improbable, that Wallace should have put himself in the power of a man whom he knew to be in an office of distinguished trust under Edward ; but it is probable that Wallace may have been apprehended and committed to the castle of Dumbarton, where Menteth commanded ; the rest of the story may have arisen from common fame, credulity, the spirit of obloquy, and the love of the marvellous."

Dr Jamieson, author of the *Scottish Dictionary*,

in a note to "The Bruce and Wallace,"* thus discusses the point with Lord Hailes :—

"The account given of the treachery of Menteth is one of those points on which Sir D. Dalrymple shews his historical scepticism. He introduces it in language calculated to inspire doubt into the mind of the reader ; observing, that the popular tradition is, that his friend Sir John Menteth betrayed him to the English. Annals, I. 281. It is rather strange that he should express himself in this manner, at the very moment that he quotes the *Scotichronicon* on the margin ; as if this venerable record, when a modern should be disposed to adopt a theory irreconcilable with its testimony, were entitled to no higher regard than is due to 'popular tradition.' He adds—'Sir John Menteth was of high birth, a son of Walter Stewart Earl of Menteth.' I can perceive no force in this remark, unless it be meant to imply that there never has been an instance of a man of noble blood acting the part of a traitor. On the same ground we might quarrel with all the evidence given of the conspiracies formed against Robert Bruce ; and even call in question the murder of that amiable and accomplished prince, James I.

"But 'at this time,' we are told, 'the important fortress of Dumbarton was committed to his [Menteth's] charge by Edward.' Here, it would seem, the learned writer fights the poor minstrel with his own weapons. For I find no evidence of this fact in *Fœdra*, *Hemingford*, or the *Decem Scriptores* ; and Lord Hailes has referred to no authority ; so that there is reason to suspect, to use his own language, that he here 'copies' what 'is said by *Blind Harry*, whom no historian but Sir Robert Sibbald will venture to *quote*.' If Harry's narrative be received as authority, it is but justice to receive his testimony as he gives it. Now, in the preceding part of his work, he represents Menteth as holding the castle of Dumbarton at least with the consent of Wallace, while acknowledged as governor of Scotland. It would appear, indeed, that the whole district of the Lennox had been intrusted to him.

In the Seynhouse a quhill he maid repayr ;
 Schyr Ihon Menteth that tym was captane thar.

But even at this time there was something dubious in the conduct of Menteth. While he retained the castle, the English held the town under Edward.

In peess thai duelt, in trubyll that had beyn,
 And trewbut payit till Ingliss capdains keyn.
 Schir Ihon Menteth the castell had in hand :
 But sum men said, thar was a prewa band
 Till Sotheroun maid, be meny off that knyght,
 In thar supplé to be in all his mycht.

It is perfectly conceivable, that, although it was known to Wallace that Menteth had some secret understanding with the English, this artful man might persuade him that he only wished an opportunity of wreaking the national vengeance on them, or at least of more effectually serving the interest of Wallace when he saw the proper time. Although Wallace had been assured that Menteth had taken an oath of fealty to Edward, he would have had no more reason for distrusting him than for distrusting by far the greatest part of the nobility and landholders of Scotland, who, as they

* 4to. Edinburgh : Manners and Miller, &c., 1820.

believed, from the necessity of despair, had submitted to the usurper.

"John de Menteth is designed by Arnold Blair *immanis proditor*; and the writer proceeds to curse him as if with bell, book, and candle. Sir David aims another blow at this account in the following words: 'That he had ever any intercourse of friendship or familiarity with Wallace, I have yet to learn.' But the truth is, the worthy judge does not seem to wish to *learn* this. It is difficult to say what evidence will satisfy him. The incidental hints, in the preceding part of the poem, in regard to Wallace's connection with Menteth, all perfectly agree with the mournful termination. Such confidence had he in him, according to the minstrel, that he not only resided in Dumbarton castle for two months, while Menteth had the charge of it, but gave orders for building 'a house of stone' there, apparently that he might enjoy his society.

Twa monethis still he duelt in Dumbertane;
A house he foundyt apon the rock off stayne;
Men left he thar till bygg it to the hycht.

"But independently of the testimony of Blind Harry, Bower expressly asserts the co-operation of Menteth with Wallace, Graham, and Scrymgeour, in the suppression of the rebellious men of Galloway: In hoc ipso anno [1298], viz. xxviii die mensis Augusti, dominus Wallas Scotiæ custos, cum Johanne Grhame, et Johanne de Menteith, militibus, necnon Alexandro Scrimzeour constabulario villæ de Dundee, et vexillario Scotiæ, cum quinquaginta militibus armatis, rebelles Gallovidienses pruerunt. These words, which seem to be a quotation in the *Relationes* of Blair from the *Scotichronicon*, are not found in the MSS. from which Goodall gave his edition. They appear to have formed the commencement of the xxii chapter of the eleventh book, one of the two chapters here said to be wanting. Now this, whether it be the language of Bower, or of Blair, could not have been borrowed from the minstrel, for the circumstance is overlooked by him. It seems to refer to that period of the history of Wallace, in which he is said to have made a circuit through Galloway and Carrick.

Fra Gamlis peth the land obeyt him haill
Till ur wattir, bath strenth, forest, and daill.
Aganyis him in *Galloway* hous was nayne.

"It is to be observed, that John Major expressly affirms the treachery of Menteth, as acting in concert with Aymer de Vallonis, Earl of Pembroke. He says that Menteth was considered as his most intimate friend;—ipsi Wallaceo putatus amicissimus. Now, although he rejects many of the transactions recited by Blind Harry, 'as false,' so far is he from insinuating the slightest hesitation as to this business, that he formally starts an objection as to the imprudence of Wallace in not being more careful of his person, and answers it by remarking, that 'no enemy is more dangerous than a domestic one.' He differs from the minstrel, in saying that Wallace was 'captured in the city of Glasgow.'

"It may be added, that Bower expressly asserts that Wallace, 'suspecting no evil, was fraudulently and treacherously seized at Glasgow by Lord John de Menteth.' Bower again refers to the treacherous conduct of Menteth towards Wallace when afterwards relating a similar plan which he had

laid for taking King Robert Bruce prisoner, under pretence of delivering up to him the castle of Dumbarton, on condition of his receiving a hereditary right to the lieutenancy of the Lennox. These two chapters are not in all the MSS., but are found in those of Cupar, Perth, and Dunblane. Now, Bower was born A.D. 1385. The date assigned to the *Scotichronicon*, as published with his continuation, is 1447, and that to the minstrel's poem 1470. It is therefore impossible that Bower could have borrowed the account given of Menteth from Blind Harry. Bower was born, indeed, only eighty or eighty-one years after the fact referred to; and considering the elevation of the character of Wallace, and the great attachment of his countrymen even to this day, as well as the multitude of his enemies, it is totally inconceivable that a whole nation, learned and unlearned, should concur in imputing this crime to one man *without* the most valid reasons.

"Wyntown finished his *Cronykil*, A.D. 1418. He, it is generally believed, was born little more than fifty years after the butchery of our magnanimous patriot. Sir D. Dalrymple could not, we would suppose, reasonably object to his testimony. Let us hear it.

A thousand thre hundyr and the fyft yhere
Eftyr the byrth of oure Lord dere,
Schyre Ihon of Menteth in the days
Tuk in Glasgw Willame Walays,
And send him in-til Ingland swne,
There was he quartaryd and wndone
Be dyspyte and hat inwy:
Thare he tholyd this martyry.

"I shall only add an important proof from the *Lanercost MS.* '*Captus fuit Willelmus Waleis per unum Scottum, scilicet per dominum Johannem de Mentiphe*,'* et usque London ad Regem adductus, et adjudicatum fuit quod traheretur, et suspenderetur, et decollaretur, et membratim divideretur, et quod viscera ejus comburentur, quod factum est; et suspensum est caput ejus super pontem London, armus autem dexter super pontem Novi Castri super Tynam, et armus sinister apud Berwicum, pes autem dexter apud villam Sancti Johannis, et pes sinister apud Aberden.'"

Glasgow.

R. R.

THE PECULIAR RELIGIOUS AND SUPERSTITIOUS OBSERVANCES OF THE HIGHLANDERS.

THE little interest which the more eminent class of literary men have hitherto taken in Gaelic literature (if we may with propriety so term the beautiful traditions and poetry orally preserved and composed in the Highlands,) has always struck us as singular, when compared with the avidity with which the public receive all works that treat of the religious observances and superstitions of mankind in general. The doubts in which M'Pherson involved the authenticity of Ossian's Poems, and the heavy controversy written, *pro* and *con*, on the subject, accounts, in some measure, for the discouragement Gaelic literature has met with from those who require undoubted evidence of all traditions and

* William Wallace was captured by a Scot, that is to say, by Lord John Menteth.

poetry introduced to their notice as belonging to the olden time; yet, it ought not to be forgotten or overlooked, that the same peculiar and secluded state of society, which gave rise to and aided in the preservation of the religious observances and superstitions of the Highlanders, and other people similarly situated, may have been equally potent in the preservation of their poetry and traditions.

Since the public taste, however, has an evident partiality for the perusal of sketches of the peculiar religious and superstitious observance of ignorant and secluded people, (and we have not been uninterested auditors of some of those of the Highlands in the olden time,) we shall devote this communication to one or two of them.

In doing so, we take the opportunity of observing, that we are persuaded the subject will be found more worthy the consideration of the philosophical inquirer than it has hitherto been deemed. For instance, we have no doubt that the class of superstitions denominated *gisreagan* in the Highlands and *freits* in the Lowlands, have been intended as a system for the correction of vicious and slovenly, and the encouragement of virtuous and tidy habits among an adult people, on the same principle that nursery maids check naughtiness and encourage goodness in children, by threatening them with the presence of "a great big black man," or promising them the favour of some benign fairy. We recollect one or two of these *gisreagan* at this moment, and could easily recal many other that have evidently been meant to inculcate forethought and cleanly and tidy habits; but we forbear such illustrations in the mean time, and revert to our object—that of laying before our readers a few of the (we think) *peculiar* religious and superstitious observances of the Highlanders.

Religion was invoked to aid and protect the Highlander in all his enterprises. For instance, when his ship was launched, she was consecrated by a formal and solemn blessing; and whenever he undertook a voyage, from one port to another, religion in like manner was invoked to bless and prosper the enterprise. We have a specimen of the former in the collection of Raonul Dubh, the son of the celebrated bard of Prince Charles; and of the latter in a Gaelic periodical, published in Glasgow some years ago, which fell to the ground for want of encouragement, (in consequence of the poverty and widely scattered position of the people for whose instruction and amusement it was intended,) not for want of zeal, genius and talent in the founder and contributors. It bears to have been extracted from a work, now out of print, and which is extremely interesting, not only because of the understood value of its contents, but also because it is the first Gaelic work ever printed in Scotland—Bishop Carswell, or Kerswell's Liturgy.* Our translation of the former is as literal as we could render it consistently with a due regard to the meaning of the author.

BEANNACHADH LUINGE,
From Ronald M'Donald's Collection.

May God bless the ship of Clanranald,
This day when she is launched on the sea,

* Any of our readers who can tell us where a copy of the above book can be obtained, will greatly oblige

Herself and her warlike crew,
Who excel in strength and in worth.
May the holy and benign Deity
Bless the elements and the breath of the skies,
Bear her sweepingly through the rough desert of the ocean,
And guide her to a safe and calm haven.
Father, who hast created the turbulent sea,
And the winds which rush from every art,
Bless our slim bark and our warriors,
And preserve herself and her crew entire.
Son of God, do thou bless our anchor,
Our sails, our implements and our helm,
Our masts and all they sustain,
And, by thy knowledge, bring us into the harbour.
Holy Spirit, do thou preside at our helm,
And guide us on the course that is right;
Thou knowest every bay under the sun,
And we throw ourselves wholly on thy inspiration.

THE MANNER OF BLESSING A SHIP WHEN THEY GO
TO SEA.

From Kerswell's Liturgy.

The Steersman says—Let us bless our ship.

The answer by all the crew—God the Father bless her.

Steersman—Let us bless our ship.

Answer—Jesus Christ bless her.

Steersman—Let us bless our ship.

Answer—The Holy Ghost bless her.

Steersman—What do you fear since God the Father is with you?

Answer—We do not fear any thing.

Steersman—What do you fear since God the Son is with you?

Answer—We do not fear any thing.

Steersman—What are you afraid of since God the Holy Ghost is with you?

Answer—We do not fear any thing.

Steersman—God the Father Almighty, for the love of Jesus Christ his Son, by the comfort of the Holy Ghost, the One God, who miraculously brought the children of Israel through the Red Sea, and brought Jonas to land out of the belly of the whale, and the Apostle St Paul to safety out of the troubled raging sea, and from the violence of a tempestuous raging storm—deliver, sanctify, bless, and conduct us peaceably, calmly, and comfortably through the sea to our harbour, according to his divine will, which we beg: and let all unite, saying, "Our Father which art in heaven," &c.

Among a great many observances in honour of the sun, the *deiseal* may be mentioned in particular. The Highlanders went *deiseal*, or to the right about, at every meeting of importance. They went to the right, around the grave, with the funeral—to the right three times, around the consecrated well, before drinking—the company at a wedding went to the right, round the house, before entering—when the party sat in a circle, at a wedding or a funeral, the same rule was observed—when the boat was pushed from the shore, it was turned round to the right—when any one even sneezed, somebody behaved to say *deiseal*,—when an infant came to the world, the *horedie* circled it three times, right about, with the candle, &c., &c.

There were also a great many observances in reference to the moon. No Highlander would begin any serious undertaking in the waning of the

moon, such as marrying, fitting, or going on a far journey from home. When the *roth*, *rath*, or circle of the moon, was full, then was the lucky time for beginning every serious or important matter. Hence the Gaelic word *roth* or *rath*, luck or fortune, as such a person is *raihail* or *mirathail*, i.e. lucky, or unlucky; or, in other words, the full moon arose or did not arise on his destiny.

The Highlanders were also very observant of the winds and the clouds, at all times, as well as at certain or stated periods, one of which is new-years' night. If the wind blows from the west on that night, it is considered extremely lucky, and foretells a season of abundance. The following rhymes are repeated, in reference to the winds:—

The south wind, heat and plenty,
The west wind, fish and milk.
The north wind, cold and storms,
The east wind, fruit on trees.

The Highlanders always wished the first three days of winter to be dark and cloudy. The following are the relative rhymes, but, as we are not certain that we exactly understand the meaning of the two last lines, we copy the original.

Dorcha, dorienta, dubh,
'Cheud trì laithean do'n gheamradh;
Ge e'bé bheir geil do'n spreidh,
Cha tugain fein gu samhradh.

Translation.

Gloomy, stormy, black,
The first three days of winter;
Let who will despair of the cattle,
I will not (do so) till summer.

The copy of the following charm is stated to have been received by the transcriber forty years previously, and appears to have been published verbatim. We have made some corrections of palpable errors, and of misarrangement of the lines (which should always be attended to by persons noting down rhymes or verses from oral recitation), but have taken no other liberty with the original, in our translation, excepting the pruning of exuberances, and the omission of repetitions.

SEUN.

For thy preservation and prosperity,
Be endowed with the charm with which
Bride encircled the daughter of Dordéal,
Mary (the virgin) encircled her son;
From thy feet to thy knee,
From thy knee to thy bosom,
From thy bosom to thine eye,
From thine eye to thine hair,
From the crown of thy head
To the sole of thy foot.
Be the sword of Michael on thy side,
The shield of Michael on thy arm,
The flag of Christ waving over thee,
The power of Christ overshadowing thee.
Thou belongest to God and his powers,
And thy enemy shall be vanquished.
Thou shalt go forth in the name of thy king,
And the people will follow thee.
Thou shalt not be struck from behind,
The point of the sword shall not pierce thee,
The sea shall not drown thee.
Thou shalt be the son of Eala* in battle.

* Can this be the Ella by whom Lodbrog was conquered?—TRANSLATOR.

Thou shalt run through five hundred.
Thou shalt stand in the midst of the slaughter.
The charm of God is around thee.
There is not between the heaven and the earth
(A being) Who will be victorious over the God of mercy.
Fear not, be bold and determined,
Thou shalt ascend to eminence.

D. C.

THE CLAN CHATTAN.

CLUNY MACPHERSON NOT THE CHIEF.

It is true that on several occasions a claim to that title has been set up by various predecessors of Cluny, and it is still maintained by himself; all evidence, however, is against it. I might show this at great length, but that would scarcely suit the pages of a newspaper, and I will therefore quote briefly from a few authorities that I chance to have at hand.

William, seventh Laird of Macintosh, son of Angus, sixth Laird, and of Eva, heiress of Clan Chattan, was designated "Captain of Clan Chattan," in a charter of the lands of Glenluy and Locharkaig, granted by the Lord of the Isles in 1337; and confirmed in that title by a grant from King David (Bruce), dated at Scone, the last day of February, in the 29th year of his reign, 1359.

The thirty men of the Clan Chattan, who fought the same number of the Clan Kay on the Inch of Perth (1396) were commanded by Shaw Macintosh, cousin-german of Lachlan, 8th Laird, he having had only one son, Ferquhard, who, from physical causes, was unable to engage in the combat.

In 1411 the Chattan formed a large part of the army of Donald of the Isles, at the battle of Harlaw. It consisted of the Macintoshes, Macphersons, Shaws, Farquharsons, Macgillivrays, Macqueens, Macbeans, Macphalls, Clan-Duy (Davidsons), Clan Chlerrich (Clerks), &c., and was commanded by Malcolm, 10th Laird of Macintosh (*vide* Boethius). This Laird Malcolm was made Governor of the Castle of Inverness, by King James II., in 1429.

Duncan, 11th Laird, obtained a charter of the lands of Brnelochaber, in 1466, from John, Earl of Ross, chief of all the Macdonalds, in which he was designed, "*Duncanus Macintosh, cansanguineus noster, capitanius de Clan Chattan.*" He afterwards received a charter of confirmation, and sashine was given (upon the said lands) by King James III., in 1476 (4th July); and he was therein designed, "*Dilectus noster Duncanus Macintosh, capitanius de Clan Chattan.*"

William, 15th Laird, in a charter from Queen Mary, 19th July 1545, received the same title; and in a commission from George, Earl of Huntly, Lieutenant-General of the north of Scotland (as his deputy), dated "Inverness, the penult day of October 1544," he was denominated, "Captain of Clan Chattan."

King Charles II., in a letter to Lachlan, 17th Laird, dated Perth, December 24, 1650, addressed him as "our right-trusty and well-beloved the Laird of Macintosh and the gentlemen of his kin of Clan Chattan."

There are extant obligations of mutual friendship between the Macintoshes and the Earl of Huntly, the Earl of Argyll, the Earl of Atholl, the

Earl of Murray, Lord Forbes, Sir Donald Macdonald of Sleat, the Laird of Macleod, the Laird of Kilravock, the Laird of Foulis, and the Laird of Calder, in every one of which the Macintosh is designated, "Captain of Clan Chattan."

Lesly in his work, "*De Gestis Scotorum*," 9th book, has these words:—"Tribus Clanchattana, vulgo nuncupata Macintoshiana, Principe Mackintoshio," and in the 10th book he calls William Macintosh "*Clan Chattanæ Tribus Ducem*."

Hollingshed calls the same William, "Head and Chief of the Clan Chattan."

Sir George Mackenzie (Heraldry, page 67) styles him "Chief of the Clan Chattan."

In a bond, dated Feb. 28, 1396, granted by the Macphersons and others of the Clan Chattan, to the Laird of Macintosh, they acknowledge him to be "the principal Captain of the haill kin of Clan Chattan," and oblige themselves to concur with, maintain, and defend him against all who shall oppose him.

In another bond of the same nature, dated April 4, 1609, by the Macphersons and all the other branches of the Clan Chattan, they give the Macintosh the title of "Principal Captain of the haill kin of Clan Chattan, according to the King's gift of Chieftaincy of the whole Clan Chattan."

A third bond of a similar tenor, dated 19th of November 1655, is subscribed by Andrew Macpherson of Clunie, Lachlan Macpherson of Pitmean, John Macpherson of Innesie, and several others, and in it the Macintosh is recognised as "our Chief."

In a declaration by Sir Charles Areskine of Cambu, Lord Lyon (Nov. 10, 1672), the Macintosh is pronounced to be "the only undoubted Chief of Clan Chattan."

Lachlan, 17th Laird of Macintosh, received from Lachlan Macpherson of Clunie, "with the special advice and consent of his friends of the name of Macpherson," a bond in which Clunie, "for himself, his heirs, and successors, not only owned and acknowledged the Laird of Macintosh as his and their undoubted Chief, but disclaimed and utterly renounced whatever has been (at any time past) wrote, said, or done to the contrary."

I might multiply authorities to the same effect, but I take it that enough have already been cited. To show, however, the natural effect produced by this mass of evidence on the minds of competent judges of such matters in the Highlands, I will just subjoin half a dozen lines from Donald Gregory's "*History of the Western Highlands and Isles of Scotland*," published at Edinburgh in 1836. The author says (page 422)—"During the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the Clan Chattan was a flourishing clan; and the present Alexander Macintosh, Captain and Chief of Clan Chattan, besides his estates in Badenoch, still possesses the lands in Lochaber, so long disputed between his ancestors and the Macdonalds of Keppoch. The Macphersons, or Clanvurich, having during the same period succeeded in establishing themselves as a separate clan from the Mackintoshes, although not without a struggle. At the head of the Clanvurich is the present Ewen Macpherson of Cluny, commonly called Cluny Macpherson, who styles himself also 'Chief of Clan Chattan.' It is, however, well known and easily

proved that the title of Captain and Chief of Clan Chattan has been enjoyed by the family of Macintosh for at least four hundred years."

A MEMBER OF THE CLAN CHATTAN.

August 17, 1847.

In a Letter to the Editor of the "*Morning Post*."

MILKY HOLLOW.

THE voyager by the Caledonian Canal, as he passes from Loch Ness to Loch Oich, may observe a line of road ascending the high hills on the left. Through the valleys at the foot of the farthest mountains it works by "sinuosities along," to preserve a line amidst innumerable knolls; but, from the bottom of the tallest mountain of the range, the road begins a tedious ascent, and for eight or ten miles together, it sweeps boldly on, scaling height after height, until it is lost over the shoulder of the hill, or veiled by the clouds that almost invariably hover round the top. The mountain is Corryarrick, separating the blue waters of Loch Laggan from Loch Oich; the road is the old military highway, formed with so much perseverance by General Wade. Until late years, this was the only road by which the district of Badenoch was accessible; in fact, it was the main highway from the north to the south, though a more difficult and dangerous road it is hardly possible to conceive. Now it is crossed only by a few drovers, and still fewer tourists. At best but a narrow track, crossing moors and marshes, and unfenced from the bog-holes that are ready to entrap the unwary traveller—like the pits in the bridge of Human Life (Vision of Mirza)—encroaching streams have added to the difficulties, sufficient before. Here, filling up the road for many yards, down the slope of the hill, rushes a mountain torrent, impetuous and strong: now, the accumulated waters rest in some hollow of the way, forming a loch over which there is a ferry-boat. As the road approaches the summit the air becomes cold: snow lies in the crevices; snow-posts, extending a long and irregular line, in winter mark the road, and in summer tell the perils of the winter passage. The prospect, at the same time, widens. Over the green slopes that were as walls to the valleys below, the glen of the Garry, Glen Quoich, Loch Quoich, the peaks of Kintail, the hills of Strathglass—all are opened up; but the grey cairns to the dead, put up at almost every hundred yards, where some poor heart became hushed, frozen in the "winter wild," invests the scene with an interest impressively affecting.

At the commencement of the last and long ascent, the road, by a sudden sweep round the elbow of a green hill, enters "Lagan Bhainne," or Milky Hollow. It is an oasis in the midst of a desert. A small branch of the Tarff finds its way down in the bottom of the glen; dwarf birches cast their fantastic shadows over its streams; aspens and mountain-ash admire themselves in its pools; and the hollows on its banks are green with thickets of hazel. Sheltered from the north winds, but open to the sun, in Lagan Bhainne all the delights of a sweet mountain valley congregate. The soft air is odorous; the moss is spotted red with cranberries; the bee flies heavy with honey; and the purple bloom of the heather feeds numerous coveys

of grouse. In this teeming glen there is one solitary bothy. All the magnificence of the summer morning, noon's glory, and evening's dreamy gentleness, passes unseen and unfelt. The finch, returning from her long winter journey, finds her old nest undisturbed in the bushes. Here is no one to whisper love "when the kye come hame;" but it was not always so. When the hills were first profaned by the foot of the road-making soldier, the valley was a smiling natural temple, sacred to "meek-eyed peace." Its holms were dotted over with the rude dwellings of a rude but kindly people. The strath was cultivated, and yielded excellent corn, while the heights were the favourite pasturing-places of milk-giving cattle. The spindle, buzzing at the door; the shuttle clacking within; the churn sputtering in the cow-house; the noise of the quern, made use of at the river side by young and merry millers,—were so many voices speaking of comfort in a delightful solitude. But the secret of the prosperity of the inhabitants was the great plenty and richness of the milk which the herds fed in the valley yielded. There seemed to be a charm in the grass. However valueless the cow might be when fed on any other part of Corryarrick, within the bounds of Lagan Bhainne, it became a fine productive animal. Its bare ribs obtained a due covering of flesh; its skin a silky sleekness; and at the regular hours the flow of its milk would fill the dairy-maid's pails. For milk, and butter, and cheese, the valley was the Cuninghame of the surrounding country; the cottars thrived and were rich; and all this was obtained by the courage and readiness of a native of the glen, at a very early period. Long before Bruce was King, a famine of milk was felt all over Badenoch and Glengarry. The grass seemed luxuriant, but the cattle gave no return; milk, butter, and cheese were no longer to be had. Some potent spell was over the land: all the suspected evil-doers were watched and questioned; prayers and counter-charms were tried. All was in vain—the dugs of the kine remained sealed, there was no milk; and the good-wife left her spindle, and the good-man his corn-rig, to ponder over the misfortune, but without the desired result. Through summer, and autumn, and winter, and spring, this scarcity continued. At length it happened, one fine evening in June, when the sun was setting behind the dark hills of Moidart, and the last rays glanced upon the snowy cap of Corryarrick, that Allan 'a Skene trudged slowly down into the valley, musing, with a heavy heart, on the continued unproductiveness of his herds. He had got about half-way down the hill-side, when the playful voices of his children reached his ear, rising like music through the thin vapour; and he leaned against a solitary rowan, to survey his possessions dimly seen far down. Allan had stood in this meditating humour for a few minutes, when a solitary figure appeared, climbing slowly up from the valley towards him. At first he supposed it to be a herd-boy out on some late errand; but as the creature approached, Allan, surprised, saw that it was a strange old man, much less in stature than even Dugald na Snathad, the smallest bodach in the whole country side. He wore no bonnet, and his bare brown locks contrasted strangely with the time-worn aspect of his face; while Allan had never

seen any thing at all like the fashion of the night-walker's habiliments. Over his shoulder the old fellow carried a long, slender twig, cut from a hawthorn, that bent as if it would break with the weight of some invisible burden, under which the bearer struggled with difficulty up the face of the hill, hauling his legs slowly and wearily after him, and drawing long breaths, as if fatigued with long travel. The wind came up the glen with a roaring sound, the rowan leaves trembled, and Allan felt his heart beat with mixed fear and curiosity as the stranger came nearer. But a new idea flashed upon him as the traveller passed within arm's length—out went the keen deer-knife, and, keeping his eye fixed, half in fear, on the stranger's face, he cut the wand by the middle. The little old man pursued his way, as before, in silence and sadness, apparently feeling no diminution of his load, until he disappeared over the hill; but as he vanished, a rushing sound came from the bleeding twig, like the up-boiling of a vigorous spring. Rich yellow milk flowed from it in a stream as it lay at Allan's feet—roared and rushed down into the valley—spread itself thinly over all the plain—filled the channel of the rivulet, that for hours together flowed with the golden current, till the whole of the milk which had been stolen from Badenoch and Glengarry had run from the old man's severed switch. Allan 'a Skene had broken the spell. The cattle over all the wide district gave their milk as before; but the valley on which the stolen fluid was out-poured, was thenceforward a favoured spot. Its grass was more nourishing, its kine more lacteal, than any other grass or kine in Badenoch or Glengarry. While inhabited, it was truly a land overflowing with milk; and now, that it is abandoned to the wild flowers and fruits of nature, it retains its distinguishing name, the "Milky Hollow."

J. C. P.

WILLIAM ALEXANDER, EARL OF STIRLING.*

WILLIAM ALEXANDER was born in New York, in 1726. His father, James Alexander, was a native of Scotland, who having served at an early age as an engineer officer in the army of the Pretender, in the rebellion of 1715, on its suppression took refuge in America. Through the interest of friends, he obtained employment, on his arrival, in the office of the secretary of the province, and devoted his leisure assiduously to the study of law. His mathematical acquirements soon obtained for him the appointment of surveyor-general of the provinces of New York and New Jersey. He was also admitted to the bar in New York, and, practising in the intervals of his duties as surveyor, according to Smith, the historian of the colony, "attained great eminence for his profound legal knowledge, sagacity, and penetration." In 1720,

* The life of William Alexander, Earl of Stirling, Major-General in the Army of the United States, during the Revolution, with selections from his Correspondence. By his grandson, William Alexander Duer, LL.D. Published for the New Jersey Historical Society, by Wiley and Putnam. New York, 1847. 8vo. pp. 272.

Governor Burnet appointed him a member of his council. According to the biographer,—"It was not merely as a lawyer, a politician, or a statesman, that Mr Alexander was distinguished, but also as a man of science. He was not only the principal author, with Dr Colden, of the memorable Report on the Indian Trade, in defence of the policy of Governor Burnet, but, together with Dr Franklin, Francis Hopkinson, and others, founded the American Philosophical Society. He maintained, moreover, a constant correspondence with Halley, the Astronomer Royal at Greenwich, and other learned mathematicians in different parts of Europe, upon subjects relating to their common pursuits." James Alexander died in 1756, leaving an ample fortune to his children.

William Alexander had received the best education the country at that time afforded, and had the advantage of private instruction from his father in the exact sciences. Early in life he had engaged in commercial pursuits, and subsequently joined the commissariat of the army. "The zeal, activity, and military spirit he displayed in the discharge of his duties, in the field as well as in the camp, attracted the notice of the commander-in-chief, General Shirley, whose staff he was eventually invited to join as aide-de-camp and private secretary. In this capacity he served during the greater part of the war, which, although not formally declared in Europe until 1756, had actually commenced on this continent some years before. It was thus that young Alexander had an early opportunity of acquiring a knowledge of military affairs, during three severe campaigns in which he served with General Shirley."

In an interval of his service with the army, the enlightened benevolence which marked his character exhibited itself in his uniting with five of his fellow-townsmen in laying the foundation, by a donation of "six-hundred pounds to purchase books for the people," of the admirable institution now known as the New York Society Library. About this period he married Sarah, the eldest daughter of Philip Livingston, proprietor of Livingston Manor.

General Shirley having been superseded in the military command in the colonies, Major Alexander accompanied him to England in the autumn of 1756, to aid in the settlement of his accounts, and to vindicate by his testimony the character of his commander. He was accordingly examined as a witness on his behalf at the bar of the House of Commons, in April 1757, and his evidence contributed materially to the justification of his friend and patron. The candour and intelligence of the young American in giving his testimony received the marked approbation of the House, and contributed with the interest of Shirley, and the letters he had brought with him from other military men of rank and family, to facilitate his introduction to some of the most eminent public characters in England; while his conciliatory manners, social accomplishments, general information, and enlightened views in regard to the mutual interests of the mother country and her colonies, recommended him strongly to their esteem and confidence. Among the friends distinguished by rank and station that he made at this period was the eloquent and ingenious Charles Townshend, the

versatility of whose talents has obtained a permanent celebrity in the splendid eulogy and quaint metaphors of Edmund Burke.

James, the father of William Alexander, was known, at the time of his leaving Scotland, to be the presumptive heir to the title of the Earl of Stirling. On the death of that nobleman, in 1737, James Alexander was probably prevented from laying claim to the title by the circumstances under which he left his native country, being implicated in the rebellion of 1715.

His son, William Alexander, being free from reproach on this account, and having received from his father a considerable inheritance, which he had increased by marriage, so as to render his fortune sufficient for the support of a Scotch earldom, felt bound to make good his claim to a title which he considered rightly his own. Nor was Mr Alexander's object in procuring himself to be judicially recognised as the heir-male of the deceased Earl of Stirling limited to the attainment of the peerage alone. The estates of the last earl in Scotland had all been sequestered for the benefit of his creditors. But there remained large tracts of country in America, which had been granted to his ancestors, and which had escaped the sequestration, as well on account of their remoteness, as their inconsiderable value at that period. The progress of time, settlement, and the consequent development of resources, had now given to these tracts no trifling present, and immense prospective value, which their enumeration will suffice to show.

They consisted first of Nova Scotia, next of Long Island, and lastly of St Croix or Sagadahock, a territory comprising all the present State of Maine lying eastward of the Kennebec river. The last Earl of Stirling had conveyed his title to Long Island and St Croix to the Duke of York, in consideration of an annuity of £300, which is said never to have been in any part paid. The right of the Earl to make this conveyance was also questioned, by reason of his having refused to enter on the inheritance of his father, on account of the debts with which it was incumbered, chiefly in consequence of the expenses incurred by his father in colonizing his American estates; he had therefore abandoned it to sequestration. The American estates had eventually come to be administered by the Crown, which now enjoyed the quit-rents.

Under these circumstances, Mr Alexander was persuaded to hope, that if he could make good, as he had just reason to believe he should, his claim to the earldom of Stirling, the inheritance of the family estates in America might follow. This inheritance he offered to divide equitably with the descendants of the female branch of his family in England, who cordially assented to his proposition, and authorised him to proceed in their behalf. Having made his claims known to his friends in England as well as in this country, "it was," says his biographer, "from the encouragement of Mr Townshend, the Duke of Argyll, and the Earl of Bute, in addition to the persuasions of General Shirley, and of his friends Messrs Thomas and John Penn, the proprietors of Pennsylvania, and of Mr Morris, their governor of that province, that

Mr Alexander was induced to lay claim to the vacant earldom of Stirling."

Having obtained the highest legal opinions in favour of his claim, among others that Mr Wedderburne, afterwards Lord Chancellor and Baron Loughborough, he repaired to Edinburgh in the summer of 1757, and remained there a year, occupied, with the aid of eminent counsel, in collecting the testimony necessary to substantiate his title to the peerage, and in instituting the proper legal proceedings to establish it. These matters not having been accomplished without the law's usual delay, Mr Alexander returned to London to await the result, where it was at length communicated to him by his legal adviser in Edinburgh, in March, 1759, in a letter which thus concluded:—"We had a most creditable jury of the best gentlemen in town, who, with one voice, have found you nearest male heir to the last deceased Earl of Stirling."

It had appeared in evidence before the jury, that Mr Alexander was lineally descended from an uncle of the first Earl of Stirling, whose direct male line had failed on the death of his great-grandson in 1738. Under the Scottish laws, a patent of nobility, not confined to heirs male in the direct line, went to the nearest collateral branch. This was not the case in England; but as the claim was to a Scottish peerage, which carried no right, except by election, to a seat in the House of Lords, Mr Alexander's counsel were of opinion that his title to the peerage resulted from his having established his claim to be considered the nearest heir-male.

Subsequently to the finding of the jury in his favour, Mr Alexander was addressed by his title of Earl of Stirling, which he continued ever after to use and to receive in his correspondence with the ministers of the crown and other officers of state. His able legal adviser in Scotland was of opinion that, having gone through all the forms which the Scottish laws required to put him in possession of his title, he should now assume it and rest satisfied, until objections should be made at an election of Scottish peers to represent the body in the Imperial Parliament. This opinion coincided with his own. But the Duke of Newcastle, then prime minister, and others of his friends in England, urged him to petition the House of Lords to acknowledge his claim to the peerage, as the most respectful course towards that body, and most likely therefore to conciliate its favour. This he accordingly did.

Whilst the matter was still pending, with several other contested peerages, before that body, the death of his mother in New York made it necessary for him to return home. He accordingly sailed from Portsmouth in the *Alcide* man-of-war, on the 28th July. This ship had to convoy a fleet of merchant-vessels for the West Indies, as well as for North America. The circuitous voyage which this involved, as well as the dull sailing of some of the vessels, and their general dilatoriness and disobedience of signals, so prolonged the passage, that the *Alcide* did not arrive at New York until the 21st of October, after a passage of eighty-five days. Soon after his arrival, he wrote to Lord Bute, congratulating him on the recent fall of Martinico, and expressing the opinion that the

force which had accomplished this conquest might advantageously be employed in the reduction of Havana, whose great importance in the hands of England he strongly enforced, especially as a means of subsequently conquering Louisiana. He suggested, moreover, that "if the troops already in the West Indies were insufficient, they might be reinforced by eight or nine good battalions from New York." Havana was, indeed, soon after taken, the expedition having sailed from England soon after Stirling's letter reached Lord Bute. It reinforced itself with the troops which had reduced Martinico, and was further aided in the siege, at a moment when failure seemed inevitable, by the timely arrival of a strong reinforcement from New York.

Stirling had intended returning in the following winter to England, to aid the favourable issue of his petition to the House of Lords. But his passage to New York had been so unexpectedly prolonged as to render this course incompatible with the necessary attention to his domestic affairs. His petition, which could only be entertained after several antecedent ones of a similar nature, were disposed of, probably languished for the want of his personal attendance. He wrote to Lord Bute, explaining the circumstances which rendered his immediate return to England impossible, and asking the favour of his "protection and interest, so far as to obtain that justice which every one in like circumstances has enjoyed."

A change of ministry soon after followed, bringing in the Tories, and dispossessing the Whigs, who were personally and politically Stirling's friends. The fall of Bute was especially unfortunate. Prime minister at the time, a Scotchman himself, and according to popular reproach the favourer of his countrymen, his great influence with the king, whose tutor he had been, and by whom he was greatly beloved, could not but have enabled him to give effect to his friendship to Stirling, by procuring a favourable issue to his claim. With the change of ministry that followed, it was doomed to languish and die. The last that was heard of it was its being postponed for consideration to a succeeding session of Parliament. Another claimant of the peerage subsequently arose, in the person of Alexander Humphreys, who claimed as descended from a daughter of the last earl, and produced a patent, extending the entail to heirs-female. But on the production of this document, he was indicted for forgery, and the patent, with other papers on which he relied to prove his title, was found to be spurious; and in a subsequent suit, so late as 1833, after the heir-male of Lord Stirling had failed, it was judicially decided that Humphreys was not the lawful heir to the earldom.

Turning his attention to what was attainable, and of more immediate interest, Stirling now devoted himself with renewed zeal to the concerns of his native country. He became surveyor-general of New Jersey, which office had been held by his father, and busied himself in collecting materials for a new map of North America, having detected many inaccuracies in the maps already published. He announced to Lord Bute his attention to make a journey of exploration around all the great lakes in furtherance of this project, and also to measure a degree of latitude on the Hudson, for which he

was then making preparation. An evidence of his scientific pursuits at this period is preserved in the library of the New York Historical Society, in a manuscript account of an observation made by him of the transit of Venus, for the purpose of verifying the longitude of New York. He was at this time one of the Governors of King's, now Columbia, College, in his native city, which was languishing for want of means to render it as useful as its friends desired. The governors determined to send an agent to England, to solicit aid from the benevolent patrons of education in that country. Dr James Jay, a brother of John Jay, was selected for that purpose, and bore from Stirling urgent letters to Lord Romney, Lord Buta, and other influential friends, in furtherance of his mission.*

On the return of Stirling to America, he had resumed his residence in New York. Soon after, he commenced building at Baskenridge in New Jersey, on an extensive estate which he possessed there, his father having been one of the proprietaries of East Jersey. On the completion of his house, he made it his summer residence, and eventually his permanent abode. Soon after his removal to New Jersey, he was chosen a member of the governor's council, and continued to hold the office without interruption until the period of the Revolution. In the political duties thus devolved upon him, in those of his station of surveyor-general, and in others which he appears to have assumed with the higher object of adding to what was then known of the geography of the country, for which purpose he had the aid of detachments from the king's troops in New York, his time was usefully employed; and any leisure that remained must have been occupied by the exertions required of him as a large landed proprietor, solicitous at once to raise the value of his estates and to promote the prosperity of his tenants, by the exercise of an extensive hospitality, and by the correspondence which he continued to maintain at home and abroad.—*From the North American Review.*

(To be continued.)

THE CASTLES OF BRAWL AND DIRLET.

PARISH OF HALKIRK, CAITHNESS-SHIRE.

[From Sir John Sinclair's *Statistical Account of Scotland*, reprinted in No. 11 of "The Caithness Chronicle," a small and neatly got up newspaper. Price 3d.]

BRAWL is truly a beautiful and princely place, and may with great propriety be called the Paradise of Caithness. Indeed, it would make a figure in any northern county, were it duly improved, for which

* Columbia College, thus fostered in its infancy by Stirling, has since become one of the most flourishing and efficient institutions, as far as its course of instruction extends, in this or in any country. For many years, and until the shattered state of his health occasioned his retirement, it was presided over with the greatest ability and entire success by the grandson of its early benefactor, to whom we are indebted for this volume. The discipline of Columbia College, which, from the independent character of our youth, is ever the chief difficulty in our institutions of learning, was perfect under the presidency of Mr Duer, whose dignified yet courteous bearing, and happy union of suavity and force, always restrained even the approach of insubordination.

it is a most excellent subject in this corner of the world. Though very little improvements have been made upon it, in comparison of what it deserves, yet of old it was a capital seat of the Harolds, Earls of Caithness. The fabric, which is called the Castle or Tower of Brawl, stands on an eminence, at a small distance from the river of Thurso. It is completely square, of a very large area, wonderfully thick in the walls, which are partly built with clay, partly with clay and mortar mixed, and in some parts with mortar altogether. The stairs and conveyances to the several stories are through the heart of the walls. These stories were all of them floored and vaulted with stones prodigiously large, as are indeed most of the stones of the whole fabric. A great part of it still remains, is as plumb and firm as ever, and seems, from its structure, to have been very high and stately; and what is strange, the highest stones seem to be larger than those below. It surely cost immense labour to get some of them up to such a height, especially in those days, when it is to be supposed, they had no proper machinery for the purpose. The plummet and rule were surely well applied in the progress of the work, but there is not the least impression of block or chissel, which shows the great antiquity of it. It was manifestly a place of strength, as well as of habitation. A deep, large, well contrived ditch secures it on the north; and we have reason to believe, that it was continued down to the river, which secures it on that quarter. It has the appearance of being fortified also with other outworks, such as walls, moats, &c., which have been all demolished, when the gardens about it were first planned or enlarged. It is not known by whom, or when it was built, though it is the current report, that it was built and inhabited by the Harolds, who came over here from Denmark, but more immediately from Orkney, where they bore a princely sway, as well as here. But very ancient as this fabric certainly is, there is the remains of another very near it, to the south, that seems to excel it far in antiquity, and to have been not inferior to it in strength. Nothing of it remains, but a huge unshapely cairn of stones, which yet indicate it to have been once a very large and strong fastness. We suspect that below it are subterraneous vaults and communications to other works, necessary for defence and security in those days of violence and constant invasion.

But the beauty of the whole are the remains of a much more modern building, which was extremely well begun, but never finished. It stands close to the bank of the river, below the fabrics above mentioned. The design is certainly grand and magnificent, and worthy of its princely site; and had it been finished, it would, in all appearance, have been one of the finest, and most stately, and commodious edifices in the north, according to the style of those times. The work was carried on a few feet above the vaults, which were completely finished, and are indications of the greatness, majesty, and elegance of what was to be above them. There, unluckily, the building was stopped, and never was resumed or attempted afterwards, though what was done already was a very great temptation to it.

Though there was abundance of stones ready at hand, excellently calculated for building on any

plan, yet to suit the grandeur and elegance of the design, vast numbers of large freestone were brought from the shore, at the distance of eight miles. This carriage was attended with great labour and expense, and occasioned the death of several men and horses; and this is very credible, because at that time there were no roads; and if there were, yet there were no carts then in use, but the tenants behoved to carry them in loads on the backs of horses. In short, all things put together speedily effected a total miscarriage of the undertaking, and the failure of funds, and left this piece of work as a standing monument of the undertaker's great spirit, but of his great folly also. It was begun by John Sinclair, one of the Earls of Caithness, distinguished by the mock appellation of *John the Waster*, but in what year is not known.

The next piece of antiquity worthy of notice is Dirlet Castle. It stands in a very beautiful, romantic place in the Highlands, called Dirlet, on a round high rock, very steep, almost perpendicular on all sides. The rock and castle hang over a very deep dark pool, in the river Thurso, which runs close by its side. On each side of the river and the castle, and very near them, are two other rocks much higher, looking down over the castle, with a stately and lowering majesty, and fencing it on these sides. By appearance, as well as by accounts, it was a place of strength in the days of rapine and plunder. For further security it had the river on one hand, and a ditch on the other, through which the water was conveyed, with a draw-bridge. The last inhabitant was a descendant of the noble family of Sutherland. He was called in Erse the *Ruder Derg*, that is, the Red Knight. Having been denounced a rebel for his oppressive and violent practices, he was apprehended by Mackay of Farr, his own uncle, and died on his way to Edinburgh, some say to Stirling, to be tried for his life. Mackay took possession of his estate, which consisted of the lands called the Tenpenny-land of Braygald, a very fine and lucrative estate, and his successors enjoyed it for a considerable time. Whether Mackay got these lands as a reward for his loyalty, and the services he did his king and country by this action, or by what other means, we cannot say. Neither can we say at what period of time this *Ruder Derg* lived. His name and title, by all accounts, was Sir William Sutherland of Braygald, that is, of the Height of Caithness. This estate has been for many years in the possession of the family of Ulbster, who acquired it from the Mac-kays.

"HARRIE THE SOWIE."

From "Tales of the Century," by John Bobieski and Charles Edward Stuart.
Edinburgh: James Marshall.

"HARRIE the Sowie" is a game played by boys in Scotland, and is a sort of shinty, or as it is called in England "*Hockie*," in Ireland "*Commons*." There is, however, considerable difference. In the latter, a "*hail*," or winning goal, is possessed by each party, which endeavours to drive the ball through its own hail, and prevent it reaching that of the opponents. But in the former there is but one, and the struggle consists in the contest of each party to obtain the honour of the hail, or driving the "*sowe*," which is generally a piece of

bone, into the goal. In shinty, the hails are gates marked by posts or any upright object, and are placed opposite to each other, at the distance of about two hundred yards, and the parties stand opposed between them; but in Harrie the Sowie they stand in a circle, and the hail is a hole in the centre of the arena.

It may be doubted whether—varying only by a very trifling aspiration—the name should not be "*farra*," or "*farrow-the-sowie*," in allusion to the ancient military engine, called a sow, and the ordinary jest of a besieged garrison, when they dislodged its inmates, that "the sow had *farrowed* her pigs." In the days when the military engine was familiar, this etymology might have arisen from a jocular comparison between the struggle to hail and prevent hailing the game sow, and the contest to advance and prevent the advancement of the military sow to the beleaguered wall.

Whether or not this analogy existed—since we have named the engine, for the sake of those who are not familiar with its nature—it may not be impertinent to remark, that it was a wooden shed upon small block wheels, closed at the head, top, and sides, by very strong planks, and used to protect the engineers employed in breaking the foot of a wall. It was one of that herd of wooden animals which, from their names, were called in Scotland "*Bestial*," and of which the principal were the "*War-wolf*," the "*Ram*," the "*Sow*," the "*Tortoise*," and the "*Cat*." A graphic account of the contest, for and against the advance of the sow to its attack, is given by the venerable and poetical Barbour:—

* * * * *

"Then they without, in great array,
Pressed their sow towards the wall,
And they within soon caused call;
The engineer that taken was,
And great menace to him mais,*
And swore that he should die, but he
Proved on the sow such subtilty
That he should crush her ilk dele,
And he that has perceived wele
That the deed was well near him till,
But if he might fulfil their will,
Thought that he, at his might would do.
Bended in haste then was scho,
That to the sow was even set
In haste he caused draw the clecket,†
And smartly let fly out the stone;
Even o'er the sow the stone is gone
And behind it a little way
It fell and then they cried, "*hey!*"
That were in her—"Forth to the wall!"
For dreadless it is ours all!"
The ginmer then actively
Caused bend the gin in full great hy,
And the stone smartly let fly out;
It flew out wizzing with a rout,
And fell right even before the sow;
Their hearts then began to grow,
But yet then with their mights all,
They pressed the sow towards the wall,
And has her set there-to gently.
The ginmer then cause bend in hy

* Make.

† The check or trigger of the engine.

The gin, and slapped out the stone
 That even towards the sky is gone
 And with great weight then dashed down,
 Right by the wall in a randown,
 And hit the sow in such manner
 That it that was the most sure,
 And strongest for to stand a stroke,
 In sunder with that crash broke;
 The men ran out in full great hy,
 And on the walls they made cry,
 That their 'sow was farrowed' there!"

We have modernized the orthography and some of the words of the above passage, for the facility of those unfamiliar with the old Scots.

A TAILOR'S LETTER OF TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

From the Arbroath Guide of 2d Oct. 1847.

We have now in our possession a veritable curiosity belonging to the olden time—no less, in fact, than the original letter of an Edinburgh tailor, written on the 17th September, Anno Domini 1647, and addressed to the then Earl of Airlie. This rare and curious document was recently discovered in Cortachy Castle, the seat of the present noble Earl, and has been by his Lordship liberally presented, through James Rait, Esq. of Anniston, to the Arbroath Museum. The letter is written in the bold quaint handwriting of that time, and is in every respect creditable to the tailor, who appears to have been no despicable calligraphist. What in an especial manner enhances the value of this ancient epistle, is the circumstance of its containing some samples of broad cloths of the year 1647, for which it would appear the Earl of Airlie had written Mr Morphie. There are five samples of cloth all in perfect preservation: indeed, just as if they had come from the calenderer's press, and all looking like stuffs that would wear for two hundred years to come. The letter bears the distinct impress of the tailor's seal—viz. a thimble. The following is an exact copy of the letter referred to:—

Rightt

Honorable Lord I reseuid your Lordships letter and have tryid for ye neirest suchis of clothe I could find conforme to ye orders reseuid and hes enclosid yaimie in yis letter withe ye pryces wretine be yaimie. As for ye Kentishe clothes your Lordships desyrid yair is feue or non to be found, butt we expecte same to be home shortlie. Yair is onlie ane suache off Kentishe clothe heare withe ye pryce yair-off. Lykuayis reseue ye peice yatt was takine outt off ye taill off your Lordships doublett. Aniey off yir clothis your Lordships pleaseis sendd for yaimie withe ye first ocatione or they be gone. Nott trubling your Lordships ony forder butt rests your Lordships humble and obedienn servauntt,

James Morphie.

from Edinburgh

Ye 17 day off September 1647.

This letter was addressed on the back thus:—

For the Rightt Honorable the
 Earllie of
 Earllie

By a reference to a work devoted to the Scottish Peerage, we find that in April 1639, eight years previous to the date of the letter to which we refer, the Earldom of Airlie and Linlathen was created—James, the seventh Baron Ogilvie, being the first

bearing that title. It is very clear, therefore, that this same James must have been the Earl with whom Mr Morphie cultivated a correspondence, and who had his doublet curtailed of its fair proportions in the year 1647. In an account of this Earl James, we find that he distinguished himself on several occasions in the service of King Charles I., particularly at the Battle of Kilsyth, for which he was excommunicated by the General Assembly. He married Isabella, daughter of the Earl of Haddington, and was father of James, the second Earl.

DUNCAN MACRA, FROM CORRY-CHOING.

At the battle of Sheriffmuir (*Sliu Thirra*), the Macras of Kintail greatly distinguished themselves. Being surrounded and overpowered by a superior force, they were cut down in great numbers, but performed prodigies of valour. It is related of Duncan More Macra—great-grandfather of the present tenant of Knocknagail—that, on that occasion, he killed fifteen men with his own hand, which was so much swollen in the hilt of his sword, that it could with difficulty be extricated. Irresistible, sword in hand, he was killed, in consequence of a trooper furiously plunging his horse on his sword, which, snapping in two, unfortunately failed him. While thus sorely pressed, a body of Glengarry men passing by, one of their number, perceiving the slaughter of the Macras, proposed to succour them. "No," exclaimed the leader of the Macdonells; "remember Innes-a-Cheil—the deil a care, let them have it"—alluding to the untimely death of the celebrated Angus Macdonnell of Glengarry. This Angus, in passing through Kintail, to uplift the rents of Lochcarron (then in dispute between Glengarry and Seaforth), killed a Macra, who attempted to check his progress, and maintain the claims of his chief, Seaforth; but was himself, with his party, slain by means of a well-laid stratagem, on their return, in their *birliem* at Kylerae. It was to avenge this deed, and the death of Innes-a-Cheil (Angus of the Kyle), that the Macdonells over-ran parts of Ross, and burned the church of Gilchrist. Revenge for deeds of violence or injustice was the recognised practice of the times.

Some years after the battle of Sheriffmuir, a handsome Highlander, while following his drove in the south country, sought a night's quarters at the house of a gentleman, Captain Macdougall, who commanded a troop of cavalry at that battle. The Captain questioned the Highlander as to his news from the Highlands, and asked if he knew a place called Corry-Choing, and the name of its owner. The Highlander listened unmoved, while Captain Macdougall related the following anecdote:—"In the pursuit of that day, he and other two well-mounted troopers pursued a stout Highlander, who, perceiving their approach, turned round, took off his ample plaid, which he coolly folded, and placing it on the ground, stood upon it, to give him a firmer footing. Desirous not to kill, but to take the man prisoner, the troopers skirmished with brandished swords round the devoted Highlander, when one of them, happening to come within reach of his trusty claymore, he, with one stroke, cleft his skull in two. The two others, on witnessing the fate of their comrade, kept at a respectful distance, until the second, coming too close, was touched with the same sword, and dropped dead from his horse. Captain Macdougall, on this, deemed it prudent to move off, questioning the Highlander, whose fine martial appearance and bravery he greatly admired, as to his name. With characteristic prudence he declined giving

ing his name, but said he was "from Corry-Choing." I know the man, said the drover, and his name is Duncan Macra. I wish him no harm, observed the Captain, but have felt a curiosity to know the name of so brave a man, to whom I am under such a singular obligation. I shall tell him so, answered the wary drover, who was the identical "Duncan Macra, from Corry-Choing."—*Inverness Courier*.

Varieties.

REIGN OF ALEXANDER III.—It is well known that Scotland enjoyed an unusual degree of prosperity during the reign of Alexander III. This was mainly to be attributed to the wise measures he adopted for the promotion of agriculture and commerce. Wyntown, in the graphic vernacular language of the age in which he wrote, gives us some idea, while he eulogises the Monarch, of the regulations enforced in reference to the cultivation of the soil, as well as of the prices of grain in the thirteenth century:—

"Yhwmen, powere Karl, or Knawe,
That wes of mycht an ox til hawe;
He gert that man hawe part in Placho;
Swa wes Corne in his Land enwche;
Swa than begowth, and eftyr lang
Of Land wes mesure, ane ox-gang.
Mychty men, that had ma
Oxyn, he gert in Pluchys ga.
• A Pluch of Land eftyr that
To nowmyr of oxyn mesure gat.
Be that Vertu all hys Land
Of Corn he gert be abowndand."

Here we see that every person possessed of land, and who was owner of a single ox or upwards, was compelled to have a certain portion of it in cultivation. It was from this law of Alexander's that, as the poet informs us, land came afterwards to be measured by the number of oxen necessary to work it. The value of corn at that period he thus briefly chronicles:—

"A Bolle of Atis pennys foure
Of Scottis mone past noucht oure;
A Boll of Bere for awcht or ten
In comowne prys sawld wes then;
For sextene a Boll of Qwhete;
Or for twenty the derth was grete."

Wheat was thus a common commodity in Scotland six hundred years ago. We know, however, from other sources that it had been so long previously. In David the First's time (1124), wheat was still cheaper than in the reign of Alexander. It could then be had for ten in place of sixteen pennies—the value of which, in sterling money, would be, at the respective periods, about 2s. 6d. to 4s. per boll. The great abundance and prosperity enjoyed under Alexander III. was speedily dissipated after his death. Wyntown says—

"This falyhyd fra he deyd suddenly;"

and quotes eight lines of a song, supposed to be the oldest which has reached our time, in corroboration of the statement:—

"Qnhen Alysandyr oure Kyng wes dede,
That Scotland led in Lwne and Le,
Away wes sons of Ale and Brede,
Of Wyne and Wax, of Gamyn and Gle:
Oure Gold wes changyd in-to Lede,
Cryst, borne in-to Virgynyte,
'Succour Scotland and Remede,
That stad is in perplexyte."

These often quoted lines are greatly to be admired for their simplicity and sweetness. The expression "Away wes sons* of Ale and Brede" has reference, in all likelihood, to the practice of Alexander, when in the vicinity of a monastery, of allowing the monks two flagons of ale

* Plenty.

or wine daily, at the royal expense, during his sojourn. Owing to the disputed succession and consequent wars which followed the death of Alexander, the monks no longer enjoyed the wonted munificence—hence the lamentation of the minstrel—

"Away wes sons of Ale and Brede,
Of Wyne and Wax, of Gamyn and Gle."

"COALS AND CAN'LE" DUTIES.—For the benefit of those who never heard of this interesting relic of a by-gone generation, we may offer a word of explanation as to the nature and origin of the custom. Every alternate week-day evening, during the winter months, the bellman of Haddington goes his round through the town, reciting with a musical, plaintive intonation, the following antique lines, intended to commemorate the total destruction of the town by fire about two hundred years ago, and thereby prevent, if possible, the recurrence in all time coming of a similar calamity. The fire was the result of accident, having arisen from the thoughtlessness of a nursery-maid who had one night placed a screen of clothes too near the fire. The lines were prepared at the time, and the bellman was appointed by the Magistrates to recite them through the town during the winter months—a practice which has been continued without intermission ever since. The remuneration, which was originally a pair of new shoes, is now given in cash, and entered annually in the treasurer's accounts thus—"Coal and Candle, 10s. 6d." The lines are the following:—

"A' gude men's servants, whae'er ye be,
Keep coal an' can'le for charity,
Baith in yere kitchen an' yere ha',
Keep weel yere fire whate'er befa'.
In bakehouse, brewhouse, barn, and byre,
I warn ye a' keep weel yere fire;
For often times a little spark
Brings mony hands to muckle wark.
Ye nurses that has bairns to keep,
See that ye fa' na o'er sound sleep,
For losing o' yere gude renown,
An' banishin' o' this burgh town."

The foregoing appeared in one of the Edinburgh newspapers two years ago, but the rhyme differs materially from the copy given in the Scots Magazine for 1801, which we subjoin:—

"All good men's servants where'er ye be,
Keep coal and candle for charitee,
In bakehouse, brewhouse, barn, and byres;
For all your sakes keep weel your fires,
Both in your chambers and your halls;
Keep weel your fires whate'er befalls;
For oftentimes a little spark,
Brings many hands to meikle wark.
Ye noursesses, that have your bairns to keep,
See that ye fa' not o'er sound asleep,
For losing of your good renown,
And banishing of this borrow's town:
'Tis for your sakes that I do cry;
Take warning by your neighbours bye."

DUEL WITH BOWS AND ARROWS.—On the 10th of February, 1791, two gentlemen met in the Meadows, Edinburgh, equipped with bows and arrows, to decide a point of honour. They were accompanied by seconds, and had a surgeon in attendance, in case their Indian artillery should by any chance prove effective. After a harmless exchange of three shots, the parties retired, the "point of honour," doubtless, being thus satisfactorily arranged. If similar weapons were always employed in duelling, this amusement would speedily become unfashionable, seeing that the seconds would run quite as great, if not a greater, risk than the principals.

ERRATA.—In foot-note, p. 72, col. 2.

Line 1, for *Ducauge* read *Ducange*.

Line 5, for *signidem* read *siquidem*.

Last line, for *voluntato* read *voluntate*.

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during the existence of the patriarchal system of the Celtic nations, appear to have been simply the supreme chiefs; and, as such, bound by the *cleachdadh*, like the other chiefs of the people. They could confer no titles, and grant no lands nor jurisdictions; ranks, lands and jurisdictions, among the patriarchal nations, being hereditary and unalienable. Neither could they make war nor impose taxes—the former being competent only to the people, in convocation assembled; and the armies, when in the field, being bound to provide their own supplies.

In these circumstances, although Scotland escaped the conquest, whereby the feudal system was established in the different states into which Europe had been divided by the spoilers of the Roman empire, her kings became acquainted with that system of government, and determined on its introduction.

The machinery of government was the same in the patriarchal and the feudal systems, with this difference, that the powers of the aristocracy were limited in the former, and absolute in the latter. That the feudal was only the patriarchal system, so altered as to suit the circumstances in which the conquerors of Europe found themselves placed, is not a new idea; for Dr Robertson observes that "it may be ascribed with great probability to the similar state of society, and of manners, which they were accustomed to in their own countries, and to the similar situation in which they found themselves when taking possession of their new domains." Not having undertaken the conquest under their hereditary leaders, they were obliged to elect others; and discipline could only be maintained by giving them increased power.

The change which had been produced by the conquest of Europe and the introduction of the feudal system, was compared to "a change from light to darkness;" but a writer in Chambers' Information for the People describes its advantages in a manner calculated to make us believe that the kings of Scotland, in their determination to convert the patriarchal constitution of their country into the feudal form, which it afterwards assumed, were actuated by patriotic motives. For it must be confessed that the patriarchal system was only suited to an early state of society. There was no supreme government or executive power to protect the lives

and property of persons beyond their own districts; and, hence, any injustice done to an individual by a different clan, or any member of a different clan, was left to the *cleachdadh*, which could be enforced only by the clans of the individuals concerned. The government of a country by patriarchal chiefs was thus too local in its operation, and too conservative in its character, for the exigencies of a state progressively advancing in either the arts of war or of peace; while the feudal system was quite the reverse, if justly administered. "Victorious armies," observes the writer already mentioned, "were centered out into countries which they had seized, continued arranged under officers, each of whom had a separate territory allotted to him, on which he could retain and support his immediate followers, while the principal leader had the largest; and in this way all were bound in allegiance, both to their superiors and to their chief, and all were in readiness to be called to arms whenever their services were thought to be required."

But the feudal system, though well adapted to the government of military states, and not adverse even to the progress of commercial and manufacturing enterprise, was good or evil according to the character of the sovereign for the time—for he was absolute, and had the lives and properties of his lords and barons in his power; as they, in like manner, had the lives and properties of their own feudal vassals in their power, being equally despotic in their respective districts; while the classes now called the lower orders "were counted and disposed of as the mere goods and chattels of the owners of the states to which they belonged. Hence, although the writer already referred to, states that "this military chieftainship, infusing itself, as an element, in the barbarian societies, was the first advance to anything like civil or social government, since the extinction of the Roman power;" yet, he is not silent on its glaring evils and defects. He admits that, under the feudal system, nations "were far from having the advantage of a regular government. The method of conducting judicial proceedings, and of administering justice, was still peculiarly unsettled and uncertain. The authority of the magistrate was so limited, and the independence assumed by individuals so great, that they seldom admitted any empire but by the sword. It was then that trial by ordeal became universal, and men's guilt or innocence was thought to be proved by the capacity of their bodies to withstand the influence of red hot iron, or boiling water applied to them, or by their overcoming the accuser in single combat."

It is not, therefore, at all discreditable to the

people of Scotland, whose patriarchal government, by chiefs and chieftains, was suited to the simple manners and customs, and the occupations and pursuits of the time, that they resisted the introduction of such a system into their country—especially considering that its immediate effect would be to sink themselves into the position of serfs, and to elevate their kings, chiefs and chieftains to a position whereby they should have absolute power over their lives and liberties. They accordingly did resist it, and that most manfully; but the division of the country into so many districts as there were clans, each governed by its own local court of chief and chieftains, was every way adverse to an effectual or combined national movement: and thus, clan after clan was drawn into a feud with some powerful feudal enemy, and broken up and dispersed, and their lands granted to feudal lords and vassals. Tradition affords sufficient grounds to lead us to the conclusion that, by these nefarious means, the clans were one after another reduced into the condition emphatically described, in royal edicts, by the term “broken clans,” before they suffered themselves to be dispossessed of their inheritances. In many parts, even in the south of Scotland, in comparatively recent times, as at Dundonald, (when a grant of that estate was made to the Earl of Abercorn,) the people resisted; and much blood was shed. The persecution of the brave and high-minded Clan Gregor is not altogether unknown, excepting to tradition; and is abundantly illustrative of the means used for the establishment of the feudal system in Scotland.

The royally descended Clan Gregor occupied a large district of the Highlands, which may be described generally as beginning on the south-east, not far from Stirling,—as extending northward to Fortingal, westward to the foot of Glenorchy; and again, southward by the upper part of Lochlomond, to the same place. This district became gradually surrounded by the estates of feudal lords and barons, whose power progressively increased, until they found themselves in a condition to provoke feuds with that numerous and great tribe, with the view of reducing them, as the custom was, into the condition of “a broken clan,” and so dividing their country among themselves.

At a period when something like public opinion seems to have arisen in Scotland, even under the feudal system, the Clan Gregor fought a battle, and gained a victory over the Colquhouns, in Glenfruin, the slaughter in which it suited their feudal enemies (for the purpose of rousing public indignation against them), greatly to exaggerate. It was accordingly alleged that they not only slaughtered the Colquhouns, in the most cruel and ferocious manner on the field, but that they also attacked a college, in which a great many scores of their sons were being educated, after the engagement, and murdered them also in cold blood. The greater number of the Colquhouns, notwithstanding their defeat at Glenfruin, “lived to fight another day;” and the college, with its precious charge, was never violated by the generous Clan Gregor. Nevertheless, a great and solemn procession (pretended to have been formed of the wives and mothers of the murdered Colquhouns) was fraudulently got up, and waited on the king; and,

each bearing a bloody shirt, alleged to have belonged to a murdered son or husband, and crying aloud for vengeance on the Clan Gregor. In short, a tragic scene, well got up, afforded to the king and his feudal vassals the coveted opportunity of striking a fatal blow at one of the most powerful clans who still inflexibly adhered to the patriarchal cleachdadh; and it was not neglected. The name of Macgregor was proscribed, warrants of fire and sword issued against the clan, and their country divided among the feudal lords and barons, who were most active in their persecution and betrayal, and by whose estates it was surrounded.

The Clan Gregor, for a long period, struggled against the spoiler and oppressor. They were at all times ready to face their feudal enemies individually; but when they joined together, and “went out against them” in a body, and with a combined movement, they were obliged to form themselves into small parties, and, separating from one another, to seek an asylum among such patriarchal chiefs and chieftains as were allied to them by blood, or to hide themselves among the rocks and caves of their native mountains. Among the many touching traditions, relative to the adventures of small bands of the Macgregors, while thus under hiding, the following may be mentioned:—

Macdonald of Tiradries, one of the chieftains of the Macdonalds of Braelochaber, was related to the Clan Gregor; and a small band of them, who had been pursued by their enemies to that district, were received by him with apparent cordiality; but their treacherous host, for some cause on which tradition is silent, betrayed their hiding place, and they were shot, in the most cowardly manner, while sleeping side by side, in secure dependence on his watchful protection.

The general indignation was roused against the base betrayer of the Macgregors; and Macdonald soon found himself hated, shunned, and despised even by his own clan. It is also possible that his violated conscience was armed against him. The consequence was that he became half deranged, as it would appear, and took it into his head that his steps were continually pursued, after night-fall, by the spectre of a fierce and powerful Highlander, fully armed. Tormented by this imaginary spectre, he determined to have the mystery explained by one of those wild and crazy beings whom the Highlanders of the olden time regarded as wizards, and believed capable of foretelling events, and solving sights and visions, by supernatural agency. The wizard lived in a cave, “remote from human haunt;” and, on being visited by Macdonald, and having the spectral appearance described to him, he assured his visitor that he was haunted by “his own *wraith*,” and that he had not many days to live. It is said that, on again seeing the spectre, Macdonald clearly discerned, by certain swollen glands or sinews in his legs, that the *wraith* was his own. He was killed, very soon afterwards, by one of the chiefs of the Macgregors, near his own house, in revenge of his treachery. Some say that the avenger was the celebrated Gregor *Glen dubh*; others assert that it was the scarcely less celebrated nephew of black Duncan of the Turban, by whom he was slain. The date of the event is therefore doubtful.

The brave but unfortunate Macgregors were buried at the side of the river Spean by the kind-hearted Macdonalds of Braelochaber, who reared a cairn over them. This cairn has been planted by Colonel Hugh Ross, with good taste and good feeling, with Scottish fir—the badge of the clan—that the tree “which they loved when living might wave over them when dead.”

WILLIAM ALEXANDER, EARL OF STIRLING.

[*Concluded from last Number.*]

THE even tenor of his life, whilst engaged in these tranquil occupations, equally beneficial to the land of his birth, and to that other country which he, in common with his fellow-colonists, was accustomed to consider and speak of as “home,” were ere long interrupted by the mad attempt of the administration to tax the American Colonies without their consent. This pretension was in violation at once of their charters and of their intrinsic rights at British subjects, and when once before suggested, it had been rejected by Sir Robert Walpole, for reasons the wisdom of which has long since been confirmed by history.

Stirling was among the most active of its opposers. He encouraged resistance to its execution by promoting the agreement to dispense with the stamped paper without prejudice to the validity of contracts in which the Act required it to be used.

It became apparent that arms alone were to vindicate the just rights of the Colonies. A Whig, not merely from education and early associations, but from the convictions of his mature judgment, Stirling had opposed the Stamp Act, and used his influence to procure its repeal; he had opposed with equal determination the expedients by which, under another form, it was attempted to attain the same unlawful end of taxing the Colonies without their consent. When coercion was at length attempted in Massachusetts, and was followed by the resistance of its people and the shedding of their blood, Stirling was among the first in the other provinces to take up arms in defence of what he knew to be the common cause of all the Colonies. The military experience which he had gained on the Canadian frontier twenty years before, under Shirley, together with his local influence and personal popularity, and, above all, his ardour in the cause of American liberty, led to his being unanimously chosen by the people of Morris county to command a regiment of militia, which he had been instrumental in raising in the summer of 1775; and the legislature of the province confirmed the choice, and commissioned him accordingly.

He displayed his characteristic energy and activity in recruiting and organising his regiment, supplying arms at his own expense to such of his men as were unable to arm themselves. Whilst engaged in this duty, he was ordered to organise two regiments of regular troops, which Congress had directed to be raised in New Jersey for the general service. He visited in rapid succession the various parts of the province to procure recruits, collect arms and ammunition, and prepare barracks. In a few days, he succeeded in completing the regiment intended for his own command, the head-quarters of which were established

at Elizabethtown. Immediately afterwards, he commenced preparations to defend any vessels that might take refuge in the neighbouring waters of New Jersey from molestation by the British cruisers in the harbour of New York; and he asked from Congress to take, for the public use, from any merchant vessels that might arrive, whatever ammunition they might have on board, on the payment of its value. This suggestion was adopted. Having reason to believe that the king's governor in New Jersey, William Franklin, son of Dr Franklin, was likely to undertake something in favour of the royal cause, he caused him to be placed under guard. Having subsequently issued a proclamation, in the king's name, for assembling the provincial legislature, Franklin was removed to Connecticut by order of Congress, and guarded there as a prisoner.

Early in January 1776, Stirling received a letter from General Washington, then commanding the army by which Boston was invested, advising him that the British were fitting out an expedition, which the General believed to be destined against Long Island, and possibly against New York itself. He stated that he had detached General Lee to take the command in New York, and prepare for its defence, and to overawe Long Island, where many of the inhabitants were disaffected; and he directed Stirling to reinforce Lee with troops from New Jersey. Whilst he was executing these orders, intelligence reached him that a transport for the ministerial army at Boston was hovering off Sandy Hook in distress, waiting for assistance from the king's ships in New York. Supposing her to be laden with arms and ammunition, he immediately started for Amboy, seized a pilot-boat which lay there, and manned her with volunteers to attempt the capture of the transport. He was joined by three boats from Elizabethtown, under Colonel Dayton. They found the ship nearly twenty miles seaward from Sandy Hook, and immediately boarded, captured, and brought her into Elizabethtown. She proved to be laden with coal and provisions. Though Stirling felt a natural regret that the ship was not laden with arms and ammunition, as he had conjectured, yet the capture was a serious annoyance to the enemy. Provisions were already becoming scarce in Boston, and fuel was in such requisition to meet the rigours of a severe winter, that many of the houses were demolished for firewood. The promptness with which this little naval enterprise was conceived, and the spirit with which it was conducted, at once established his character for zeal, activity, and gallantry, and gained for him and his followers one of the earliest votes of thanks from Congress. At the same time, he zealously exerted himself to check the attempts that were made by the disaffected and avaricious to ship provisions and wood from New Jersey for the aid of the troops in Boston.

On the 4th of February 1776, he received orders from General Lee to march with his regiment to New York. He set out the following day, and crossing the Hudson with difficulty through the running ice, reached New York on the 6th. There he found no commissary of provisions, and was obliged to supply his regiment with rations by such ways and means as he could devise. On the 1st of March, Stirling was promoted to the

rank of Brigadier-general, and his commission was forwarded to him in a highly complimentary letter from the President of Congress. General Lee being soon after detached to take the command in the Southern Colonies, Stirling remained for a season in the chief command at New York. He immediately directed his efforts to cutting off the communication between Staten Island, off which the king's ships lay, and Long Island, by stationing parties along the shores of the bay, to watch the movements of the enemy, check their depredations, and destroy their boats, as opportunity offered. He also made great exertions to prepare quarters in New York for the American army, under Washington, who proposed to march thither as soon as the royal forces should leave Boston, which it was evident they could not long continue to hold.

The forces under Stirling, including the New Jersey and Connecticut troops, and volunteers from the city, amounted to two thousand men. It being apprehended that the fleet and army from Boston would proceed at once to New York, to occupy that place permanently, and endeavour to divide the Colonies by opening a communication through Hudson's River and the lakes with Canada, every effort was made to strengthen the defences of the place. Stirling called for additional troops from New Jersey and Connecticut, and fortified the most commanding points on Long Island and at New York, being aided by the inhabitants in throwing up the works. In addition to other motives to exertion, he was stimulated by the assurance of Washington, "that the fate of this campaign, and, of course, the fate of America, depends upon you, and the army under your command, should the enemy attempt your quarter." Though Washington reinforced him after General Howe had embarked a portion of his forces, with an apparent intention to depart from Boston, still, lest his preparation might be only a feint, Washington could not withdraw his troops until the British fleet and army departed, on the 17th of March. Then he broke up his camp, and proceeded with his army by detachments to New York.

During a short time, Stirling was superseded in the chief command at New York, by Brigadier-General Thompson. He employed the interval in superintending the construction of additional works on the Jersey shore of the Hudson. General Thompson being soon after ordered to the Canada frontier, the chief command again devolved on Stirling, who continued to urge forward the completion of the defences. To the principal work on New York Island he gave the name of Fort Washington; to that opposite it, on the Jersey shore, the name of Fort Lee, in compliment to the officer who had planned the fortifications. Smaller works were constructed at Hore's Hook and Throg's Neck, to defend the approach by Hell Gate, while the approach to the city by land was guarded by a redoubt at McGowan's Pass, near Haerlem. Intrenchments were also thrown up on Long Island, and forts erected or repaired at Red Hook and the Narrows, and on the small islands in the harbour.

General Washington reached New York with the remainder of his army on the 14th of April, and assumed the chief command. General Howe, instead of proceeding at once, as was expected, to New York, had retired to Halifax, to await rein-

forcements from England. He arrived in New York towards the close of June, and landed on Staten Island on the 4th of July, the day on which Congress had solemnly proclaimed the independence of the United States. Being joined by his brother, Lord Howe, in command of a formidable fleet, the two were empowered as commissioners to treat of peace. They accordingly made overtures for this purpose; but as their powers extended to little beyond granting pardons to those who, as General Washington remarked, "had committed no fault, and therefore wanted no pardon," their overtures were ineffectual.

On the 22d of August the British landed, with nearly their whole force, under cover of their fleet, at Gravesend, on Long Island. General Putnam had the chief command on the island; and he remained within the line of fortifications which Stirling had erected. Under his orders, General Sullivan and Stirling were appointed to command without the lines. Only a portion of the American army had been ferried over to Long Island, probably to prevent the sacrifice of the whole; and General Washington did not assume the command in person. The object, therefore, was not a general and decisive battle, but a temporary check and annoyance: even this was considered perilous.

The centre of the British army, consisting of Hessians under General De Heister, occupied Flatbush. Earl Percy and Lord Cornwallis were on the right, and General Grant on the left. On the night of the 25th, General Clinton drew off the van of the British army to the eastward, and in the morning seized some heights which commanded the road from Jamaica to Brooklyn. General Grant, at the same time, advanced along the shore of the bay, at the head of the left wing, with ten pieces of cannon. Stirling was directed by Putnam to oppose this advance with the two regiments nearest at hand. Early in the morning he came in sight of the enemy, before whom our advanced parties were retreating. These he rallied, and skirmishing immediately commenced, the contending parties having come within one hundred and fifty yards of each other. The fire was kept up briskly for two hours, when the British light troops retired, though the cannonade continued on both sides.

Meantime, it became apparent from the firing that the British had turned the left wing of our force, and gained its rear, and that the centre also had given way, and was in full retreat. Stirling perceived that immediate retreat could alone save his own detachment from being made prisoners. Ordering the main body of his force to make the best of their way through Gowan's creek, he gallantly, and with great self-devotion, placed himself at the head of four hundred of Smallwood's Maryland regiment, and attacked a corps under Lord Cornwallis, advantageously posted at a house at the mills, near which his detachment was to pass the creek. The attack was kept up with the greatest intrepidity, the small party having been checked five times, and rallied again under his encouragement, with fresh ardour. They were on the point of driving Cornwallis from his station, when the approach of a British reinforcement compelled Stirling to draw off, in the hope of providing for the safety of the brave men who were still with him, those for whom they were sacrificing them-

selves having already effected their retreat. But fresh bodies of the enemy encountered him in every direction, keeping up a galling fire from several quarters. He succeeded in turning a hill-side, which covered him from the fire of the British, and was making a rapid retreat, when, meeting a fresh body of the enemy, he was compelled to surrender to the Hessian General, De Heister. He was soon taken on board of Lord Howe's ship, the *Eagle*.

Had not the enemy been allowed to turn the left of our army, from neglect of a precaution which had been specially enjoined by Washington, and had all parts of the line been defended with equal obstinacy with that intrusted to Stirling, the check to the British army would have been more effectual. Its advance would have been purchased by greater sacrifice, and Stirling would have been able to make good his retreat. Washington bore strong testimony to the bravery and resolution with which he had defended his position, and took the earliest occasion to effect his exchange; and Congress, in acknowledgement of his services, promoted him to the rank of Major-general.

Soon after the evacuation of New York, he returned to his duty in the army, and took part in the retreat through New Jersey, and in the operations on the Delaware, where he again signalised himself by the successful defence of Coryell's Ferry, which the British attempted to seize. When the army, elated by its successful efforts at Trenton and Princeton, but worn out by fatigue and privation, settled down for necessary repose, very late in the season, in winter-quarters at Morristown, Stirling's vigilance recommended him to Washington as a suitable person to command the lines immediately opposite to the enemy. This led to his being frequently engaged in skirmishes with detached parties of the British. On the opening of the campaign in 1777, Stirling encountered a strong party under Cornwallis, and, after sustaining the attack of the British with great gallantry, was compelled by their superior numbers to retire from the open country, with the loss of three field-pieces. But after reaching a more advantageous position, he made so obstinate a stand as to arrest the further progress of Cornwallis. Other similar checks led Sir William Howe to abandon the attempt to reach Philadelphia by land.

Stirling was then detached with his division up the Hudson, to reinforce the army intended to operate against Burgoyne. He had reached the highlands, when intelligence of the British army having embarked, with the probable intention of passing round by sea to Philadelphia, led to his recall to reinforce the main army under Washington. Discouraged by the difficulties of ascending the Delaware, Sir William Howe entered the *Chesapeake*, and, ascending to the north of Elk river, moved his army up in the transports as far as it continued navigable, and disembarked his troops to the number of eighteen thousand men. The effective force of Washington did not exceed eleven thousand, a considerable part being militia, in whom he had little confidence. This force he assembled on the Brandywine, to oppose the approach of the British to Philadelphia, and he determined to hazard a battle for the protection of our seat of government.

On the morning of the 11th of September, the British army got in motion to attempt crossing the river, and skirmishing commenced. Cornwallis had been detached from the left of the British up the bank of the Brandywine, and had crossed it at the Forks, without opposition. Washington immediately detached Generals Sullivan, Stirling, and Stephen, to oppose this column under Cornwallis, with whom was Sir William Howe, in person. Stirling's and Stephen's divisions formed on favourable ground, having both flanks covered with wood, and the artillery judiciously posted. Sullivan's troops, having made a longer circuit, had not had time to form, when the British commenced their attack with great impetuosity. The American column made a spirited resistance; but the right wing being in some disorder, was obliged to give way. Sullivan succeeded in rallying his command, but being briskly charged, it again gave way, and the flank of the column being thus exposed, the remainder of the line began to waver. Sullivan, left behind by his flying troops, joined those who continued to resist, and throwing himself, with Stirling and Lafayette personally into the conflict, made a stand until our forces were completely broken, and the enemy were within twenty yards of them; then, taking refuge in the woods, they succeeded in rejoining their routed followers. Lafayette was wounded, but Sullivan and Stirling escaped unhurt.

Washington soon after pressed forward, with Greene, to the succour of this column; but finding it broken, he succeeded in covering its retreat, and checking the advance of the British. The remainder of Howe's army having crossed the Brandywine, Washington retreated to Chester, and on the following day to Philadelphia. He again offered battle to the British army, and the action had commenced, when a heavy rain coming on, it was suspended. Washington then continued his retreat to Skippack, and the British took possession of Philadelphia, from which, notwithstanding their superior force, Washington had kept them out an entire month since their landing at Elk river.

Howe having extended the cantonments of the British army, Washington thought the moment favourable for attacking the portion of it which lay in Germantown. Stirling was to command the reserve, consisting of the brigades of Nash and Maxwell. At seven in the evening, the various corps began their march, and falling upon the British advanced parties by surprise, routed them with little difficulty. The plan was well concerted; but an unusually thick fog prevented the Americans from distinguishing friend from foe, occasioned them to lose their way in some instances, and threw every thing into confusion. A very determined and successful resistance was also made by a party of British troops which occupied Chew's house, a stone building of such strength as to resist a cannonade. The attack failed, therefore, in its main object. The reserve under Lord Stirling appears to have been actively engaged, General Nash, who formed part of it, having been among the slain.

Soon after, Washington called a council of his generals, to consider the question of an attack on Philadelphia. Eleven of them were opposed to the attack, and four in favour of it. Stirling, in behalf

of this minority, prepared an able plan for attacking Philadelphia at daylight. But the experiment was deemed too hazardous, considering the weakness of our own, and the strength of the British army, and our troops soon after went into winter-quarters at Valley Forge.

Just before this period, the American arms had gained a great triumph on the banks of the Hudson by the capitulation of the entire army of Burgoyne to the forces under General Gates. The successful commander, who, besides being favoured by fortune and the errors of the enemy, had conducted himself with ability, immediately became an object of admiration to the whole country. Many were in favour of placing the whole army under his command, instead of leaving it under the more cautious guidance of Washington, who, though he had shown that he could act with great decision and vigour when there was a fair prospect of success, was yet unwilling to hazard the liberties of his country by exposing an ill-provided and imperfectly disciplined army in frequent combats with superior numbers. This opinion had its favourers even in Congress. But the army, estimating Washington at his full worth, with two or three exceptions, was decidedly in his favour. General Conway, an Irishman, educated in France, had come with other foreigners to America to seek advancement in our army. He had been made a brigadier-general, but not having won any distinction in this rank, and having excited Washington's distrust, he became his secret enemy, and exerted himself to disparage his proceedings. With him originated the secret scheme to substitute Gates for Washington, known as the "Conway cabal," which was brought to the knowledge of Washington through the instrumentality of Stirling. Colonel James Wilkinson, aide-de-camp of Gates, being on his way with despatches to Congress, then sitting at York in Pennsylvania, stopped at Stirling's head-quarters at Reading, and having dined with him, repeated to Major M'Williams, an aid of Stirling, the following passage from a letter of Conway to Gates:—"Heaven has determined to save your country, or a weak general and bad counsellors have ruined it." Major M'Williams considered it his duty to disclose this communication to Stirling, who in turn felt bound by public duty as well as by private friendship to make it known to Washington. He immediately did so, with the remark, "Such wicked duplicity I shall always consider it my duty to detect."

This led to a correspondence between Washington, Gates, and Conway, and subsequently between Stirling and Wilkinson. Rumours respecting it got abroad, and public sentiment was so aroused against the conspirators, that they were compelled to abandon their ambitious projects. A part of the rancour of these disappointed men was naturally enough directed against Stirling. An attempt was made to disparage him for an imputed violation of the laws of hospitality, by imparting to Washington the scheme which had been divulged at table in a moment of conviviality. Those whose conspiracy could not bear the light, who were themselves plotting treason and circulating calumny, evinced a wonderful respect for the laws of honour and hospitality. But Stirling only communicated intelligence reported to him as a matter of duty

by his subordinate officer. It would have been treason alike against friendship and patriotism to have withheld a knowledge of this plot from its intended victim. The course which he pursued was identical with that of Patrick Henry, then governor of Virginia, when the same cabal attempted to poison his mind against the commander-in-chief. He at once informed him of what was plotting for his injury, remarking, "While you face the armed enemies of your country, and by the favour of God have been kept unhurt, I trust your country will never harbour in her bosom, the miscreant who would ruin her best supporter."

The army remained at Valley Forge until Sir Henry Clinton evacuated Philadelphia, on the 18th of June 1778, when Washington immediately started in pursuit, with the intention of hanging on the British rear, harassing its march, and, if a favourable opportunity occurred, of bringing it to battle. On the 28th, the British occupied the high grounds about Monmouth Court-house, Sir Henry Clinton having sent forward his baggage under Knyphausen, leaving the flower of his army wholly unencumbered to bring up the rear. At eight in the morning, the British rear having descended into the plains, Lee, who led the advance of the Americans, commenced cannonading them, and pushed forward a force on both their flanks. The whole of the enemy immediately marched back to resist this attack. Part of Lee's troops fell into confusion, and he ordered a retreat, intending, as he afterwards alleged, to rally them in a more defensible position. Washington, who was ignorant of what had occurred, ordered up the rear of the army to support the advance, and rode forward, when he was met by the troops in full retreat. He ordered Lee to rally his corps and make a stand, which he partially accomplished, but was again forced from the ground. At this moment, Stirling, who commanded the left wing, brought forward a detachment of artillery, which played with such effect on the British, who had now crossed the morass, as to check their advance. They then attempted to turn the left flank, but were repulsed by Stirling's infantry. Wayne had now come up with the right wing, and equally checked their advance on his side, compelling the British to retire to the position they had occupied on the arrival of Washington. Washington now ordered the artillery forward to cannonade the enemy, and detached a corps of infantry to gain their flanks; but before any further impression could be made, night put an end to the battle. At midnight, the British decamped so silently that their retreat was not perceived, and thus got beyond the reach of further pursuit. Lee subsequently requested a court-martial upon his conduct, and measures were immediately taken for his trial. Stirling was made president of the court, and Lee was found guilty of all the charges preferred against him, and suspended from command for a year.

In October, Stirling was ordered to Elizabethtown, to command the troops in New Jersey employed in watching the British fleet and the army in New York. On the opening of the campaign of 1779, he was ordered to take post at Pompton with the Virginia division, and cover the country towards the Hudson. Major Henry Lee, who, with his

light horse, formed part of the command, was stationed in advance to watch the motions of the enemy. Having learned that their advanced party at Paulus Hook was remiss in keeping guard, Major Lee formed a project of surprising it. His suggestion being approved by Washington, Stirling furnished him with the necessary force, and took part in person with a strong detachment to recover his retreat. The enterprise was carried through with great spirit, and was entirely successful, the British post being surprised, and one hundred and fifty men taken prisoners. For the part which Stirling took in this affair, he received the thanks of Washington and of Congress.

The main body of the army having gone into winter quarters at Morristown, Washington detached Stirling with two thousand men to attempt carrying the British posts on Staten Island. The troops moved rapidly forward on sleds, and having crossed the inlet on the ice, Stirling detached Colonel Willet to attack a British regiment at Decker's, whilst he proceeded with the remainder to the watering-place, where the main body of the enemy lay. Notwithstanding the precautions that had been taken, and the great despatch with which the assailants had moved, the spies of the enemy had gained intelligence, and the British troops were all within their works, prepared for resistance. The projected surprise having thus failed, the works being too strong to be carried by assault, and the communication, moreover, with New York being unexpectedly found open, by which the British could be reinforced, the attack was necessarily abandoned. Some skirmishing took place in the retreat, a charge on the rear from the enemy's cavalry was repulsed, and a few prisoners were brought off by the Americans.

The campaign of 1780 was not fruitful of any important events in the northern part of the United States, where Stirling was employed. Projects were entertained for the recovery of New York, with the assistance of the French, who had now engaged actively in our behalf; but on account of the delay in waiting for our allies, the plans for this purpose were not carried into effect. In 1781, Stirling was ordered to Albany, to take the chief command of the Northern army collecting there, to resist another invasion from Canada under St Leger. He had under his orders Brigadier-Generals Stark, Van Rensselaer, Gansevoort, and Enos, with a small body of regular troops and militia from New York, Massachusetts, Vermont, and New Hampshire. He collected the main body of his army at Saratoga, and made the most judicious arrangements to maintain the favourable omen of a battle-field already consecrated by victory.

Soon after his arrangements were completed, he had the satisfaction of announcing to his troops the complete triumph of our arms at Yorktown. This decisive event, with the approach of winter, doubtless put an end to the projected expedition of St Leger. Stirling soon after dismissed the militia to their homes, and transferred his headquarters to Albany. A scheme was formed for a winter's expedition, moving the troops in sleds over the snow, to reduce St John's, Chamblee, and Montreal; but it was deemed advisable to remain on

the defensive in this quarter, and the project was not prosecuted.

Stirling now resumed the command in New Jersey, and in January 1782, he repaired to Philadelphia, which was within his military command, and established his head-quarters there for the winter. In the spring of the following year he was appointed, with the adjutant-general of the army and another officer, on a commission to settle the rank of the subalterns of the Connecticut line; and he proceeded for that purpose to Fishkill, where those troops were encamped. This service being accomplished, he was again ordered to command the Northern department, and established his head-quarters at Albany. There were rumours again of a contemplated expedition from Canada, to join an army of the enemy from New York, and effect the long meditated junction by the Hudson river and the Lakes; but no real movement was made towards this object, and Stirling had only to remain on the watch, and use every effort to keep himself well informed of the intentions of the enemy.

While thus engaged in the service of his country, his useful and honourable career was suddenly brought to a close. "The fatigue of body and mind to which he had been subjected during his command on an important and exposed frontier, superadded to the hard service and constant exposure he had undergone from the commencement of the war, brought on a violent attack of the gout, which soon proved fatal. He died at Albany, on the 15th of January, 1783, in the fifty-seventh year of his age," within a week of the day on which the independence of his country was solemnly recognized by treaty.

He was buried in the vault of his wife's ancestors, within the walls of the ancient Dutch church in that city; and when that venerable edifice was demolished, his bones were removed to the cemetery belonging to the Protestant Episcopal Church, of which he was a member. His funeral was solemnized with the military observances appropriate to his rank, and the religious rites of his communion; and the ceremonies of the occasion are still remembered by the elder inhabitants of that city, as a spectacle of extraordinary interest and solemnity. He left a widow and two daughters: Mary, the elder, married to Robert Watts; Catharine, the younger, to Colonel William Duer. The death of Lord Stirling was lamented by his brother officers, and the troops he had commanded [embracing every brigade in the American army, except those of South Carolina and Georgia], as well as by his personal friends. He was regretted, indeed, by all, both in military and civil life, who knew him either in his public capacity or private relations; by many, also, who, without knowing him personally, were aware of the loss the public cause had sustained in being deprived of the influence of his character and the benefit of his services.

THE CURSE OF MOY.

A LEGEND OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

"I will tell you of aue wondrous tale,
As ever was told by man,
Or ever was sung by minstrel meet,
Since this base world began."

—*Mountain Bard.*

It was evening, the sun brightly shone from the west, Hill, valley, and wold, in his gold beams were drest,

The tempest was hush'd, and Loch Moy,* like a child,
In a cradle of flowers lay placid and mild;
No sound stirred the forest, nor voice in the hall,
And the flag of Clan Chattan scarce waved o'er the wall,—

Like a soft gleam of sunshine across a dark sky,
Was that calm, peaceful scene, in the valley of Moy.

But the warder's grim face dark forebodings exprest,
As often he turn'd his wild eyes to the west;
And hark! 'tis the pibroch arouses the glen,
The tramping of horses, the shouting of men,
Hill, valley, and pass, are awaken'd to life—
Clan Chattan returns from the red field of strife.

Let the slogan† resound, and the fiery cross gleam,
Afar over mountain, and valley, and stream,
From bleak Mealfuarvonie,‡ to the peaks of Kintail,§
Each Grant grasp thy claymore, and buckle thy mail;
Is no fire in thine eye? Yes, but bootless it burns,
For a prisoner, thy chief, with Clan Chattan returns,
And the young heir of Alvie,|| and Margaret his bride,
Are bound to the saddle, and ride by his side.

The dark chief of Moy, he smiled like a fiend,
As he heard the portcullis behind them descend.
"To the dungeon," he cried, "with the chief and his heir,

To the feast in the hall, carry Margaret the fair,
Though she slighted me once, yet this maiden so coy,
Shall now know the power of the chieftain of Moy."

In a tower of the castle was Margaret immur'd,
Where daily his love-suit the chieftain preferr'd;
But all her return was but anguish and tears,
And the pleadings for mercy she poured in his ears.
At last he affected a wish to comply,
And pronounced a behest, that one only should die—
"Thus far, maid, I grant thee, then calm your sweet voice,

And go, between father and lover make choice.
If your choice be your father, to-morrow shall see
Him released, and returned to Glenmorriston free;
But if your fond heart should of Allan approve,
To-morrow shall see you restored to his love."

* *Loch Moy*—A beautiful small lake in the glen of Moy, twelve miles from Inverness. Its length is about one mile and a half, and its breadth half a mile. A forest of birch surrounds it, which in summer gives it an enchanting appearance. The lake contains two islands, on the larger of which are still to be seen the ruins of an ancient castle, which, in the fourteenth century, was the fastness and family seat of Macintosh, the chief of the powerful Clan Chattan, and which was the scene of the barbarous incident related in the ballad.

† *Slogan*—The war-cry of the clans. Each clan had its peculiar "slogan." That of the Grants was "Craig-Ellachie," the name of a rocky eminence in their country. It was also the place where the clan assembled, when summoned to arms by the "fiery cross."

‡ *Mealfuarvonie*, or *Maulfuarnhonvie* (literally, the height of the cold moor). A mountain which rises 3200 feet above the level of the sea, and is near the eastern extremity of the Grants' country.

§ "The peaks of Kintail," from *Ceann da shail* (the head of the two seas). An eminence in the Macrae's country, on the south-western extremity of the country of the Grants.

|| "Alvie," probably from "Alleibh, the cold island, or 'Ealabhi,' the lake of swans, which latter derivation is countenanced by the fact that Alvie Loch has from time immemorial been visited by swans in the spring season. Alvie, Avimore, and the whole district known by the name of Strathspey, lying partly in the shires of Inverness and Moray, was the most ancient territory belonging to the Grants.

Fair Margaret was speechless, yet fain would implore,
But the tyrant was gone, and she sank on the floor.

With wailing and tears to their dungeon she hied,
And long they consulted, but could not decide;
At last the old chieftain his daughter embraced,
And her hand in young Allan's he tremblingly placed;
With a look of despair mixed with rage and with pride,
"Be the tyrant's doom mine, then!" he frantically cried;
"Be it yours, noble Allan, while youth is your own,
To live for one deed, and for one deed alone;
But a deed of such glorious vengeance I claim,
As may leave not a stain on our honour or name.
Come, swear by this hand, the hand of your bride,
And thus I unite, where but death may divide.
Warder, go! let my words to your chief be exprest,
The Grant of Glenmorriston bides his behest."

Fair dawned the morning, o'er mountain and bower,
As sleepless sat Margaret alone in her tower;
For fearful forebodings her mind had oppress'd,
And shadowy phantoms had reft her of rest.
All silent as marble, as motionless still
She sat, till aroused by the pibroch shrill;
The clanking of armour, and footsteps she hears,
And the chieftain of Moy in her presence appears.

"Come forth, lovely maiden, for, true to my word,
To the youth of your choice you shall now be restored;
Come, hasten, look here! let me share in your joy,
Pray, what think you now of your beardless boy?"
He said, and, oh! horror!—both father and heir
Suspended, and bloody, in death they were there!
One wild look she gave, one motionless stare,
And fell at his feet with a scream of despair.
"Thus, thus," cried the fiend, "does the chieftain of Moy,
Tame chiefs that are haughty, and maids that are coy:
Away with the lady—she'll learn by to-morrow,
To favour my suit, and to lessen her sorrow."

Again through her lattice the morning beams play,
But she heeds not, nor knows not the night from the day;

But she laughs, and she talks with the spirits unseen,
And sings of sweet bowers, and fields that are green;
To the red-breast that chirps on her small window sill,
In a sweet voice, but fitful, she sings wild and shrill.

SONG TO THE REDBREAST.

"Kind blythesome Robin, oh! come, wilt thou rest
Thy gentle head on my burning breast;
Come, listen, oh! listen to my behest,
For oh! I am weary and sad, unblest,
For Allan, my love, to the church has gone;
Go, tell him, sweet Robin, I follow anon.

"Yet stay, Robin, stay, till I tell you this,
You will find my love in his bridal dress,
With his yellow hair, and his comely face,
All bathed in blood—the unholy race
Of the hills have laid him to sleep alone,
But tell him, sweet Robin, I follow anon.

"Now, gentlest Robin, thou wilt repair
To where the nettles grow o'er his lair;
Thy song be the broken notes of despair,
And with thy wailing fill the air,
And flutter around his mossy grave-stone,
And tell him that I am coming anon.

"Oh! he was beautiful, oh! he was brave,
And oh! he was faithful, to me he gave
This bright wedding ring; and all that I crave
Is only to share in his peaceful grave;

For there to our bridal bed he has gone,
Haste, fly, Robin, tell him I follow anon.

"Oh! strong is the walls of this tower so hie,
But soon I'll be happy, sweet Robin, as thee;
And thou at our blissful meeting shall be,
To lull us to sleep with thy minstrelsy.
Then haste—away—to my love begone,
And tell him, oh! tell him, I follow anon."

She ceased, and the notes so wild and clear,
Fell sad on the tyrant chieftain's ear,
And again he opened her prison door,
To talk of love, as he talked before.—
She fixed her gaze on his visage grim,
While shook like the aspen her every limb:
As a tiger springs from the yielding ground,
She past him sprung with a single bound,
And she madly shrieked with wild delight,
As she flew to the rampart's dizzy height;
Then turning round, with uplifted hand,
She screamed, "Ho! fiend, black chieftain, stand,
Pursue one step, and your bed shall be
The bed of the lake below, with me.
Hark! hark! the blood of my murdered sire
For vengeance cries from Clagnahayre,*
And the vengeance of his child shall follow
Your steps, like a ghost, o'er height and hollow;
And still this curse in your ear shall cry,
"A bloody death shall you childless die!"
This said, "My Father, I come," she cried,
And down she plunged in the foaming tide.

J. H.

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"CHRONICLES OF THE CANONGATE."

No. V.

THE records of the burgh of Canongate are by no means so important in a historical point of view as might perhaps have been expected. They supply, however, some interesting notes of the proceedings of the authorities during the prevalence of the plague in the sixteenth century. The following minute of council, appointing visitors for the various quarters of the burgh, is the first we find in reference to the pestilence:

"Vicesimo Octobris anno 1568.

The quhilk daye the bailleis and counsall ordainit the persouns vnder-writtin visitors of the housss and persouns dwelland wtin the quarteris following euerye daye to visie quha is seik and quha is haill diligentlie euerie mornyng To wit James hart baillie George barbour Robert Mr and Johnne Watsoun for the first quarter begyuand att Leyt wynd fute and passand to Johnne patersoun bout The second quarter fra Johnne patersoun to Cuthbert fergusson The visatouris thair of Johnne Schort baillie Johnne hunter James Graye and Robert purvis The third quarter fra Cuthbert fer-

* "Clagnahayre."—This malediction was signally fulfilled a short time after. In the month of June, 1378, as the Monroes of Foulis were returning from a predatory incursion, they offered the chief of Clan Chattan a share of the booty, as use and wont, for the liberty of passing through his country. The haughty Macintosh, however, demanded the whole, when a bloody conflict ensued at the Point of Clagnahayre, and the savage chief was slain. The Monroes then returned to his castle of Moy, which they reached by means of rafts of wood, cut from the adjoining forest, and put the whole of the inmates unmercifully to the sword.

gussoun passand to Sanct Johnnis croce on baithe the sydis of the gait The visatouris thair of Thomas hunter, baillie, Johnne Achiesoun, Williame broun and George Skaithwne."

About this time there were what were called "extentaris" [assessors] chosen for the support of the poor. It appears that the affected were taken to "the hill," without the burgh, where suitable accommodation was no doubt provided for them, until their recovery:

"Quarto Novembris, anno 1568.

The quhilk daye It is statuit and ordanit be the bailleis and counsall thatt na maner of baxter nor na wthir Traffikar being suspectit of the pest put furthe on the hill and clengt and thairefter brocht in wtin this burche vse na change trafik nor [] in na maner of waye for the space of fourtie dayis eftir thair incoming of the hill and als thatt na Inhabitar wtin the samyn maltman baxter brouster fleschers or onye wthir trafikar or craftsman quhatsemevir haifand onye vevors. to sell hant frequent or vse thameselvis wt onye persoun or persouns suspect of the said seiknes nor that nane of thame ressaif onye siluer fra siklyik persouns bot thatt thaye ressaif it in ane uesthell and skaid the samyn thatt it maye be purifeit fra all conta-geousnes certefeing the saidis persouns that gif onye of thame sal happin to do the contrare and thairbye to be infectit or onye wther nychtbour in thair default in maner fairsaid thaye incontinent [forthwith] thaireftir sall suffir the panis of deithe for ye samyn wtout ferther [] of Judiciall Law."

"decimo die mensis Januarii, anno 1568.

The quhilk daye it is statute and ordanit be the bailleis and counsall thatt na Inhabitar wtin this burch tak vpon hand to Luge onye stranger in thair housse bot that thaye incontinent eftir the said stranger be ressavit to luge in thair saidis housss cum and schaw the samyn to the bailleis of this burche swa that the persouns names be knawin be thame vnder the paine of deid."

These measures were no doubt stringent enough, though this should not surprise us, when we consider the consternation which prevailed in our own time when the cholera appeared amongst us.

Of the other historical notabilia of the sixteenth century, we have scarcely a glimpse. In the treasurer's accounts for 1572-3 there is the following entry:

"To James Brouklaye for rowing of the staines of the croce quhen the English cannonnis come to sege the castell—xviijd."

The council had—on the 10th October 1572—ordained "Johnne Hart Thesaurer to vpput and big sufficientlie the corce and quhatt expensis he makis thairvpoun salbe allowit to him in his comptis."

These entries refer to the civil war between the friends of Mary and the partisans of the Regent Mar, when the castle of Edinburgh was invested by an English force under Sir William Drury. The author of the "Historie of James the sext," relates that "the Regent, Johnne Erle of Mar, for beseageing of the toun of Edinburgh, cawsit nyne pece of ordonance, great and small, be brought to the Cannogait, to have assailzeit the east port of the toun; bot that place was not thocht commodious, wherefore the gunnis war transportit to

a fauxburg of the toun, callit Pleasands; and thairfra they laid to thair batterie aganis the toun walls, whilk began the tent of September, and shot at a platfurme whilk was erectit upon a housheid, pertaining to Adame Fullartoun."

The meetings of the council were held within the Tolbuith, which building is repeatedly mentioned amongst the earliest of the records in a manner that attests the antiquity of the building:

"Vndecimo decembris, anno 1567.

The quhilk daye it was concludit be the bailleis and counsall to pursue quhatsumevir persoun that is knawin or brutit wt the breking of the tolbuith of this burcht the tyme of the furthe lathing of Jonet robertsoun being werdit wtin the samyn for adultrie, and ordanis the thesaurer to delyuir to Cuthbert fergusson xls. to be expenss for lettres and officers in pursuit of the said caus and the said Cuthbert to mak compt vpoun his debursing."

In the treasurer's accounts for 1572-3, the following item occurs:

"To sax pynonis [pinions?] att the bailleis command for taking down of the lintall stane of the auld tolbuith windo—iijjs vid."

The authorities were very tenacious of the privileges of the burgh. None but freemen burgesses were permitted to exercise any calling within its boundaries:—

"Quarto Decembris 1567.

The quhilk daye the bailleis and counsall staituit and ordanit that na maner of craftismen nor maltmen be admittit *stallangearis* earlier nor the feist of Witsoundaye nixt to cum nor sufferit to use onye of the saidis craftis without thai be admittit be the saidis bailleis and counsall but that thaye betuix and the said feist mak thameselvis friemen and be admittit burgesses and paye thame burgeschip thairfoir conforme to the act and ordinance maid thairanent," &c.

The letters *t* and *c* in the Canongate records of this period are so precisely similar, that the sense of the word alone decides what they are. *Stallangear* or *Scallangear* is explained by Jamieson in his "Dictionary of the Scottish Language," as "one who sets up a stall for selling his goods during a market." "The word," he adds, "in Dumfries, denotes a person, not a freeman, who is allowed to carry on business, for a small consideration to the corporation to which he belongs, for the term of a year, in the same manner as freemen do."

The supervision of the magistracy comprehended all matters. The importation and selling of wine was the subject of special attention:—

"decimus octavo die mensis
Septembris anno 1568.

"The quhilk day it is statute and ordanit be the bailleis and counsall thatt na maner of Inhabiter w^t in this bruchte ventaris or topparis of wyne tak vpoun hand to sell onye derar wyne fra this daye furth nor xvid the pynt vnder the painis of xviij. of vnlaw sa oft as thaye or onye of thame failze vnforgevin and gif onye of the saidis Inhabitaris be fund contravening the said act and ordinance thryis the contravenar thairfoir sall tynce his fredome and sall on na wayis be sufferit to vent wyne fra that tyme furthe unto the tyme he be of new admittit be ye saidis bailleis and counsall vnder ye

panis of escheatynge of ye saidis wynis that sal happen to be ventit be thame in the meane tyme."

The rouping of the "wyne say," which seems to have formed part of the common good, was a matter of considerable importance:

"secundo decembris
anno 1568.

"The quhilk day the bailleis and counsall eftir the rolping of thair wyne say for this present zeir w^t ane consent and assent hev sett the samyn to George barbour and George Skaytwne for the space of ane zeir fra thair entrie ilk entrie wes and began at the first incumming of the first schip that come hame this zeir w^t new wine and swa to continew quhill the hamecoming of the first schip w^t new wyne the next zeir payand thairfoir sax merks sax s. viiid monye at the ische [close] of the said zeir and for suir payment thairfoir to be maid att the said terme Johnne hunter thesawrer is becomin cautionar and scourtie thairfoir and the saidis George and George obleist thame and thair airis to frei and releif the said Johnne hunter anent the said scourtie and payment for the said sowme."

The "wyne say" appears to have been a large vat, let for the use of the various importers of wine. It is curious that we do not find the word *say* in Jamieson's *Dictionary*. It means, in Ayrshire, where the word is common, a large sort of *boyn*, or tub. Another minute still more decidedly show that the "wyne say" was burgh property:

"Quarto Maii 1570.

"The quhilk daye the bailleis and counsall hes sett thair wyne say for this present zeir quhill the nixt vantage for sax markis monye to thair officer."

The wine trade seems to have been a matter of very considerable importance in the burgh, if we may judge from the number of laws enacted, in respect to age, price, and quality, for regulating the "vending" of it.

COLONISATION OF ULSTER BY JAMES I.

THE IRISH SOCIETY AND THE CITY COMPANIES.

SOON after the accession of James I. to the throne, the entire suppression of the rebellions of O'Neil, O'Donnell, and other northern chieftains, and the possession of the greatest part of Ulster, which the confiscation of their lands ensured to him, left him full freedom to carry into vigorous operation, on a limited scale, a scheme that he had long cherished, of regenerating the country, and identifying it in institutions, laws, civil and religious polity, habits of industry, domestic economy, and customs, with Great Britain. Some of his predecessors, especially Elizabeth, meditated such a scheme; but they failed, from various reasons, to give it effect. James, seeing the causes of former failure, skilfully avoided them. In former reigns, grants of lands given to individuals, especially in Munster and Leinster, were so large, and accompanied by so few stringent stipulations, that they defeated the objects they were intended to promote. Many of the old settlers forgot the terms of the contract by which they held their possessions, built castles, and fortified houses in the richest portions of the country, assumed a semi-royal authority, and drove the natives, whom it was the wish of their rulers that they should protect and civilise, into the

recesses of the woods and glens. Thus they dragged out, in many cases, a wretched existence, without industry or security, hatching conspiracies, and occasionally sallying out to plunder or destroy the property of the English, who in their turn inflicted terrible retribution. Thus, in place of harmony and social improvement, feuds and barbarism were propagated; and it is a remarkable fact, that this anomalous state of society brutalised both classes alike. But James designed to produce, by an equitable distribution of property and power, and by an impartial dispensation of the imperial protection, such a complete amalgamation of both races as would tend to their mutual and permanent benefit—make the English more friendly to Ireland, and the Irish more industrious, happy, and loyal to England. He consulted the most experienced and judicious counsellors who could offer him practical suggestions, but the most sagacious and efficient of his advisers was Sir A. Chichester, the lord deputy of Ireland, from his intimate knowledge of the localities, of the habits and manners of the people and their chiefs, and of their wants and their wishes. Having then, mainly by his advice, formed his plan, he pursued it resolutely. His first step was to abolish the ancient laws and customs by which the natives were bound, knowing that their existence would be an insuperable barrier against the introduction of his measures. By their *Brehon* laws every crime, even murder, was punishable only by fine, called *Eric*, which was levied according to the rank of the criminal or the sufferer. After Fermanagh, the territory of the M'Guire, had been made an English county, Sir W. Fitzwilliam, the lord deputy, sent word to M'Guire that he was about to send a sheriff into his district to execute the royal commission. M'Guire answered he would be glad to receive him, but requested to know, in case his head should be cut off, what *Eric* should be demanded, in order that he might be prepared to have it levied on the district. By the law of gavelkind, all the land of every kind of a sept was divided after his death among his male children, illegitimate as well as legitimate; or the superior chief could make a new distribution as he liked among his descendants. Hence there was no fixed tenure of property, no incentive to industry, no encouragement to agriculture, to which alone they could trust (in the general absence of trade) for subsistence. No man was stimulated to till or plant when he had no security for the perpetual enjoyment of the fruits of his labours himself, or of the power of transmitting it as he pleased. Even the office of chieftain was not necessarily hereditary, for by the law of tanistry, (i. e. thaneship or chieftainship) it was conferred by the election of all the members of the clan. These elections were often carried by fraud and bloodshed. Though the chieftains had almost absolute power, yet they mainly derived their income from established dues contributed by the clan, or from oppressive exactions. Thus it appears that there were no definite laws of property, and but few of the elements of personal or national prosperity.

His next step was to take all the property of the country under his own jurisdiction—to require the surrender of all the private estates then held by those who had not incurred attainder. These he regranted to the original possessors, subject to such regulations as he deemed it necessary to impose, so as to prevent all future oppression of the people. In fine, he abolished all former privileges, and by doing so, removed all clogs on industry, and allowed no authority or power to exist, save those of the monarch and the law.

His third step was to have a survey taken of all the forfeited property in the province; to have the best sites selected for towns and villages; and to prepare the way for the introduction of courts of judicature.

Having thus laid the groundwork, he erected his plan. He divided the planters into three classes—1st, English or Scotch; 2d, Servitors, or those who had served the English Crown in a military or civil capacity in Ireland; and 3d, Native chieftains and inhabitants, among whom (as an example of his conciliatory spirit) were included many who had taken part in the preceding rebellions. These latter were allowed the privilege of selecting as tenants whomsoever they liked from their own religion and country. Servitors were allowed to select their tenants from England or Ireland, provided they did not admit *recusants*, or those who refuse to take the required oaths to the British crown; but the British undertakers were obliged to confine themselves to English or Scotch tenants. The Irish settlers were obliged to fix their residences in the open country and the most unguarded places, where they lived under constant inspection, and from the nakedness of their position were compelled to be pacific. The positions of the greatest strength and command were assigned to the British, thus reversing the state of things in the south in the reign of Elizabeth, and guarding against evil consequences, as the Irish could not form their hostile plans unseen on the mountains, or in the woods and glens, and then rush on the British located on the plains. To the Servitors were assigned the stations of the greatest danger and advantage to the service of the Crown, from their knowledge of the country and the people; and to enable them to perform this service they were allowed a body of guards and maintenance for them.

As there were three classes of settlers, so there were three portions of all the sequestrated property through the six counties. The first proportion consisted of 2000 acres; the second, of 1500; the third, of 1000; and each settler was allowed one lot, and one only. One half of the whole forfeited land in each county was divided amongst the smallest proprietors; and the other half among the two other classes of proprietors; and to prevent disputes, or the chance of favouritism, the settlements were to be granted by lots; and further, to make allowances for waste lands, as bogs, glens, &c., a new mode of measurement, since known as the Irish plantation measure, was adopted. These grants were all made to the occupiers and their heirs forever.

The undertakers of 2000 acres were to hold of the king *in capite*—were to build a castle, and enclose a strong court-yard, called *bawn*, as a defence against incursions, within four years—were to plant upon their lands within three years forty-eight able men of English or Scotch birth, to be reduced to twenty families—to keep a demesne of 600 acres in their own hands—to have four fee farmers on 120 acres each—six leaseholders on 100 acres; and on the rest, eight families of husbandmen, cottagers, and artificers. The undertakers of 1500 acres were to hold by knight's service, and were to erect a house and *bawn* within two years. The two latter classes were proportionably under obligations similar to the first class, and all the conditions of the grants were rigorously enforced, under certain penalties. An annual rent from all the lands was reserved to the Crown for every 60 English acres; 6s. 8d. from the British undertakers; 10s. from servitors; and 13s. 4d. from the Irish natives. But for two years they were exempt from such charges, except those natives who were al-

ready on the lands, and not subject to the expense of removal.

All were bound to reside within five years after the date of their patents on their settlements, either personally or by agents approved of by the state, and maintain an armed defence. The British undertakers and the Servitors were not to alienate their lands to the mere Irish, lest their lands might in process of time fall into the hands of those who might refuse allegiance to the British Crown, or to demise them to persons who refused to take the necessary oaths of supremacy, &c. They were under obligations to let their lands to tenants at determined rents, on leases of less than 21 years, or three lives. Their tenants' houses were to be constructed in the English style, and be united in villages for the greater security. They were empowered to erect minor courts of judicature, and grant tenures. The old natives to whom estates were granted in fee simple, to be held in socage, had the same privileges and were placed under the same obligations. They were required to grant leases at certain rents, and on the same terms as other undertakers, to take no exactions from them, and to oblige them to forsake their Scythian mode of wandering for pasture for their cattle (which was called *creaghting*), to dwell in villages, and to conform to the English course of life for the purposes of civilisation.

The corporation of London was induced to co-operate with the King in this great undertaking, and accepted, under his stipulations, of immense tracts of territory in the county of Derry. In avowing his sense of the importance of this corporation, he said, "When my enemies hear that the city of London hath a footing in Ireland, they will be terrified at looking into it as the back door of England and Scotland." (He alluded to assistance given by the Catholic powers on the Continent to the rebel chiefs, and by so doing thought they could surprise the kingdom of England on the rear.) The corporation undertook to expend £40,000 on their portion of the settlement; and, independently of erecting many villages and minor towns, to build the cities of Derry and Coleraine. This they did most nobly. These two towns are glorious memorials of their liberality and spirit. In order to support the charge of keeping up a necessary force for the protection of the settlement, he instituted the order of baronets, which was to be an hereditary dignity, and was to be conferred on a number of not more than 200, each of whom was, on taking out his patent, to pay into the Exchequer a sum sufficient to maintain in Ulster 30 men at 8d. a-day.

The settlement granted to the corporation was the most important, both in the extent of territory granted, and its influence to this day. Having estimated the necessary outlay at £40,000, they determined to divide it into twelve parts, to be distributed by lot among the twelve principal companies, who were to pay each a proportional part of the outlay, and receive a due proportion of the income. In case any one of the principal companies did not pay its proportion, then other inferior companies were to be united with it, so as to make up the deficiency. No one principal company subscribed its full proportion of £333, 6s. 8d. except the Grocers and Merchant Tailors, who exceeded their full proportion, the excess being joined to the contributions of the defaulters. In all 55 companies subscribed, and thus made up the full sum. In order to conduct the plantation with greater efficacy, a society was formed, consisting of a governor, a deputy-governor, and 24 assistants, constituting a sort of board of control and manage-

ment. This is known as the Irish Society of London, and was incorporated in 1613. Charles the First arbitrarily destroyed this society, and usurped the whole of the estates to himself. But the estates and the functions of the society were restored by Cromwell, and Charles II. confirmed by charter all the possessions and rights which the city originally enjoyed. For a long time, from mismanagement, from granting long leases at a nominal rent on the payment of fines, or from declining to expend the outlays, and giving the encouragement to tenants necessary from time to time; in a word, from swerving from the conditions of the grant, the settlement was allowed to run to waste. The society, however, has of late actively taken up the question of the improvement of these estates, and is using every effort to compel, if not induce, the companies to do their duty to the occupiers, by expending a great portion of their incomes on improvement. Notwithstanding the mismanagement or neglect of some of the companies, the value of the property has risen from the time of the original grant to the enormous amount of "one hundred fold." What would it not become under a better system of stewardship, and under a more judicious proprietorship, which, by dealing more liberally with the tenant, would reap ample profit for itself? Four of the companies have alienated their lands by letting them in perpetuity, and, therefore, cannot now be held responsible for their management—the Haberdashers, Goldsmiths, Vintners, and Merchant Tailors. The Skinners (who possess the largest tracts, and, if well managed, the most profitable), and the Salters have let their lands on terminable leases, which in a few years will expire. The remaining sixth, Clothworkers (whose lands lie on the river Ban at an average distance of three miles from the town of Coleraine), the Grocers (whose lands lie within five miles of Derry), the Fishmongers (whose lands lie at a distance of about twelve miles from it), the Ironmongers and Mercers have their estates in their own hands. Of these the Mercers alone, it appears from the last report of the society, feel the obligations imposed by the original grant, and the duties which they owe to their successors, and to the interests and welfare of their tenantry. There has been a dispute of long standing between the society and the companies as to the extent of the society's power in the disposal of the companies' revenues in improvements on the estates, the companies averring that the society are only their trustees, answerable to them for all their revenues, without possessing any discretionary power of applying any portion of them to the benefit of the estate, or any other public purpose; while the society contend that, by virtue of their own charter, and the terms of the original grant, they have the power of expending as much of the revenues as is expedient for improvements and useful purposes, and they are responsible to the companies only for the surplus. In the case of the Skinners' Company, Lord Langdale decided, in 1838, in favour of the society.

But it was not only in reforming civil society—in introducing secular civilisation—in modelling the rights of property on a secure and useful basis, and in promoting peace, industry, and prosperity in Ulster, that James did that province great and lasting service. He was equally alive to the interests of religion. The Church was in a state of utter decay; he revived and strengthened it. When he undertook the regeneration of the province, the incomes of most of the bishops did not yield competent maintenance for men of learning or station, in consequence of the inroads previously made on the revenues of the Church,

and the apathy or the cupidity of the new undertakers; and the clergy were even in a more miserable condition. The benefices were some of them retained by the bishops in *commendam*, or sequestration, and some were filled by men of immoral lives. The flocks were generally abandoned, the churches were in ruins, and divine service was rarely performed except in the towns. To remedy these abuses, he ordained that the lands previously belonging to the Church should be restored, that compositions should be made with new undertakers for the sites and the erection of churches and dwellings for the clergy, threatening that if the landowners refused to comply they should lose their grants. He compelled the bishops to relinquish their impropriations and parochial tithes to the incumbents, who were to enjoy, besides, glebe lands, varying from 60 to 120 acres, according to the size of their parishes. Each allotted property was made a parish, containing a parish church. To provide for a good succession of priests, he established and endowed free schools in the chief towns. He also gave large grants of land to the University of Dublin, together with the advowson of six parishes, three of the largest and three of the middle proportions, in each county. In addition to all this he incorporated several towns, and granted right of representation in Parliament.

THE LORD MARR'S ORDERS.

[FROM A MS. OF THE PERIOD 1715.]

Our rightfull and naturall K. James ye 8, who is now coming to relieve us from all our oppressions, having been pleased to Intrust me, with the direction of his affaires, and command of his forces of this his antient kingdome of Scotland, and some of his faithfull subjects meet at Aboyn viz L. Huntley, L. Tillebardin, E. Marshall & Southesque, Glengurie for the Clans, Glendewnel for the Earle of Broadalbin and Gentlemen in Argyleshire, Mr Patrick Lyen of Auchterhouse, Laird of Ould: Barr L. General George Hamilton, Mr Gelb: Gordon, and myself, taking to consideration his matie's Late, and Last orders, to us, find that as this is the time, he ordered us to appear openly In arms for him, so it seems to us absolutely necessary for his matie's service, and relief of our poor native Countrey, from all its hardships, that all his faithfull and Loving Subjects, and Lovers of their Countrey, should with all possible speed putt themselves In arms. These are therefore In his matie's name, and by virtue of the power aforesd and by the Ks special order thereant to me to require, and Impower you to raise what men you can, both Gentlemen and others with their best arms and to be ready to march and attend the Ks standart upon the first advertisement, which you're very soon to expect You are hereby empowred to seize what horses and arms are in ye houses of suspect person, the K. intending that all his forces shall be payd from the time of their setting out, he expects as he positively orders, that they behave themselves, cively and commit noe plundering or other disorders upon the highest penalty and his displeasour which is expected you'll see observ'd the K. mak's noe doubt of your zeal, for his service, especially at this juncture, when his cause is so deeply concern'd, and the relieving our native Countrey, from oppression and an foreign yoke, too heavy for us, and our posterity to bear, and when now is the time to endeavour to restore him not only our Rightfull and native K: but our Countrey to its antient freedom and Independant constitution, under him

whose ancestors reigned over us for so many Generations. In so honourable just and Good a Cause wee cannot doubt of the assistance, direction and blessing of almighty God, who hes oft restored the antient race of Steuarts, and our Countrey from sinking under oppression, your punctuale observance of all these orders is expected for doing of all which, this shall be to you and all of you, in execution thereof, a sufficient warrant, Given at Brea of Mar, Sept 7, 1715.

ANCIENT GUNS—THE ARMORY AT CASTLE GRANT.

THE degree of perfection to which our English artizans have now brought the art of gun-making can hardly be surpassed; and we look back with an interested eye on the specimens—preserved in armories and in the cabinets of the curious—of this kind of manufacture that were imported, centuries ago, from Germany and Spain. Fire-arms are said to have been introduced into Britain about the year 1471; and fifty years later they were used at various sieges on the Continent. It would, however, appear, in one instance at least, that the gun found a place, amongst other weapons of warfare, in the halls of our Highland chiefs at an earlier period than either of the dates alluded to.

Amongst several ancient guns in the spacious armory at Castle Grant, in Strathspey—the seat of the honourable family of Grant of Grant for upwards of eight hundred years—there is a well preserved gun which bears the following Latin inscription:—

“Dominvs . Iohannes . Grant . Miles . Viccomes . de . Inuernes . M . E . Fecit . In . Germania . Anno . 1434.”

Assuming that this curious piece of continental workmanship came into the possession of the Laird of Grant, at the time specified in the inscription, we find that it has been retained in the family for upwards of four centuries. The stock is of singular and antique construction. It reaches almost to the mouth of the barrel, and the butt is ornamented with figures of men on horseback and animals of the chase, &c. The barrel is four feet two inches in length; and the calibre about six or seven eighths of an inch. The delicacy of finish, and richness of mounting, are surprising, when it is considered that this interesting relic was manufactured in the middle ages. It was no doubt deemed of exquisite workmanship, and of great value, by the various Lairds whose property it successively became. From its narrowness of bore, and length of barrel, it is calculated to drive a bullet to a great distance; and we can easily conceive what deadly effect it must have had in the hands of the redoubted *Sheumas nan Creach*, when marching home from the low country with some scores of beeves, and the rightful owners following on his track. In the entrance room of Castle Grant there hangs a half-length portrait of the renowned *Sheumas*, painted in 1645. His appearance is mild and unassuming, and noways in keeping with his undaunted and enterprising character as the leader of an intrepid band of clansmen, bent on plunder and rapine. For his cattle-lifting propensities he was held prisoner in Edinburgh for a considerable time. It is, moreover, very probable that the gun

in question did some service, in various pursuits, after the neighbouring clansmen—especially the Lochabermen, who made frequent incursions into Strathspey with the view of driving away the bestial on the Laird's property. The armory, however, contains a much more formidable gun than the one we have been describing, but of later manufacture, and which, tradition says, was also successfully used against these depredators. This huge piece is known by the appellation of "The Lady's Pocket Pistol." It is some seven or eight feet in length, and the bore is of proportionate width. The strength of an able-bodied man is hardly sufficient to raise this monster gun; and it is accordingly provided with a rest, which was stuck into the ground, and the gun laid upon it, when a steady and deliberate aim was desired. Various other guns, in the same collection, are also similarly furnished. Additions seem to have been made to the armory by the various Lairds down to the time of Sir James Grant of Grant, the father of Lord Seafield, the present proprietor. Towards the end of the last century, this patriotic gentleman raised and equipped a regiment at his own expense; and the muskets and other paraphernalia then used form the largest portion of the collection, which includes several Spanish guns. There are, besides, a number of old pistols, some of them bearing date "1701." They contrast curiously with the pistols of our own day. It might interest some to learn the price given in "Scots monie," by the "Vice-Comes of Inverness," for the remarkable piece which bears his name; but this cannot be ascertained without reference to the family papers, where the fact of its purchase may be stated. M.

LOCHMORE CASTLE.

PARISH OF HALKIRK—CAITHNESS-SHIRE.

LOCHMORE CASTLE is situated about eight miles above Dirlot. It stood just on the bank of the loch, hanging over the first current of the river out of it. In that place the river is very narrow, and very deep, and withal very current. It is said, by report, to have been built and inhabited by a personage called *Morrar na Shean*, that is, Lord of the Game or Venison, because he delighted in these rural sports. It is said also that there was a chest, or some kind of machine, fixed in the mouth of the stream, below the castle, for catching salmon in their ingress into the loch, or their egress out of it; and that, immediately as the fish was entangled in the machine, the capture was announced to the whole family by the ringing of a bell, which the motion and struggles of the fish set agoing, by means of a fine cord that was fixed at one end to the bell, in the middle of an upper room, and at the other end to the machine in the stream below. This is by no means improbable; for in these days, when the salmon were more plenty than they are now, and had a free course, that stream and that loch must have been swarming with fish; and it would be so still, had not our modern inventions prevented it.

This *Morrar na Shean*, according to report, was very anxious and impatient to have a son to inherit his estates and honours; but he had only three daughters successively, at which he was so disappointed and enraged, that he maltreated the

mother and the daughters; and the mother, dreading more and more her husband's displeasure and ill usage of herself and the infants, detached them privately to a place where, without his knowledge, they were reared up into very beautiful and accomplished young ladies, all along amusing the barbarian husband and parent with the laudable pretext that they were dead. *Morrar na Shean*, at last despairing of having any more children, and making a vast regret that he had no child at all, his lady availed herself of the favourable opportunity, presents him with his three daughters, and thereby converts his rage and discontentment into a transport of joy and surprise. The happy snare disarmed him of his terrors; the charms of his daughters infused a complacency through his whole frame. The interview is a scene of love, heightened by a happy mutual disappointment; and he thanks God that his estates would not be under the belt of one man, as he called it. They are soon disposed of in marriage; the eldest to a *Sinclair* from the Orkneys, the second to a *Keith*, and the last to one of another name, but of some rank.

This story is wild and romantic, but is by no means irreconcilable to the savage notions and barbarous usages of these dark and superstitious times. It may not be altogether according to the original fact, but is exactly the current tradition of the neighbourhood. It may be too much exaggerated by the embellishments of fancy; yet, we are persuaded, it is founded on some event of this nature that has taken place in these times, otherwise it would not have been so currently and so sacredly transmitted from age to age by oral tradition. Who this *Morrar na Shean* was, we cannot find; but we suspect that he was one of the *Harolds*, who had one of his seats at *Brawl*, and retired occasionally to his hunting-seat at *Lochmore* for his amusement; for this reason he was called by the mock name of *Morrar na Shean*, i. e. Lord of the Venison or Game, because he loved the one for his table and palate, and the other for his sport and amusement. It cannot be expected that we can ascertain the era when this wonderful story happened, though we doubt not, had we access to the archives of the old families in the country, but we might trace it out, at least by way of induction. Suffice it, that it has the appearance of a very old story, and that it is very probable that these marriages gave the *Sinclairs* and the *Keiths*, who came over here more immediately from the Orkneys, the first footing in *Caithness*, where, in a short time, they grew so great and powerful; and to make this still the more probable, there was a *Keith* a viceroy, if we recollect aright, in the Orkneys, under the Danish monarchy, before any of that name, and perhaps of the name of *Sinclair*, had a footing in this country.—*Caithness Chronicle*.

LEGEND OF THE DEVIL OF ARDROSSAN.

SIR FERGUS BARCLAY of *Ardrossan* was inordinately addicted to horse-racing, and carried his exploits into all the neighbouring countries of Europe. His success in these pursuits was so great, and he became so famous, that all competition with him seemed hopeless. This, in the spirit of the times, was ascribed to an enchanted bridle, which it was believed he possessed in virtue of a secret compact with the devil; and hence

his alarming *soubriquet*—"The Devil of Ardrossan." At last, however, as ill luck would have it, this instrument of the baron's sporting infallibility was, by chance, or treachery, transferred to the head of a rival's horse, and thus he saw his power depart from him, and his sun of glory set for ever! Leaving him, no doubt, to exclaim with Macbeth,—

"Accursed be that tongue that tells me so,
For it hath cow'd my better part of man!
And be these juggling fiends no more believed."

How the Baron comported himself, or bore this trying disclosure of his secret, seems unfortunately, from some cause or other, to be pretermitted in the story. But the final terminus of his career is thus tragically related:—Leaving home on a distant journey, he gave strict injunctions to his lady regarding the care of his only son, a youth of tender years; in particular, that the young man should not be permitted to mount a spirited horse, of which he was exceedingly fond. During the father's absence, however, the youth had found means to obtain the horse, and unhappily riding out, was thrown from the animal and killed on the spot. This, of course, could not be concealed, and on Sir Fergus's return home, such was the ungovernable violence of his feelings, that in a paroxysm of rage he slew the unhappy mother of his child! There is another version of the story, which says that she was not the mother of the unfortunate boy, but the second wife of his father, by whom she had an only child, a daughter; and accordingly it is surmised that, desirous of the succession to the estate opening to her own offspring, she was not altogether sakeless of the death of young Barclay. Be this as it may, all future happiness was now reft from the miserable Sir Fergus. He retired with a favourite servant to the opposite island of Arran, and there, at the lone tower of Kildonan, ended his wretched days. A remarkable allusion to Ireland occurs in the story, while he sojourned here; and the manner of his death was this:—He had a presentiment that, should he ever set foot on Irish ground, he should no longer live. It so happened, that some Irish boats calling there had left a quantity of sods, which they had brought with them, on the beach; and the baron chancing, as he passed, to tread on them, inquired how they came there. Being told, he exclaimed, his end was now come, and giving orders regarding the disposal of his corpse, he died that same night. He commanded that his body should be sewed up in a bull's hide, and buried within sea-mark. This was punctually attended to by his faithful servant; but the sea afterwards washing off the sand, the body floated across the channel to the shores of Ardrossan, and landing immediately under the walls of the castle, was taken up in its sere-cloth, and finally interred within the adjoining chapel.

In this brief tale, the termination of the ancient barons of Ardrossan seems pretty distinctly shadowed forth; and the historical fact of the fate of Sir Fergus Barclay, at the battle of Arscoll, may be the foundation of the whole.

The original parish church of Ardrossan stood close by the castle, and though long removed, its site is still to be traced. Within its area lies an ancient tombstone, which tradition appropriates as that of Sir Fergus Barclay. On it is sculptured the figure of a man at full length, with two shields of arms laid over him—one appears to represent the royal arms of Scotland, being the Lyon rampant—the other is probably the escutcheon of the deceased. Before the building of the new town, this was an exceedingly secluded spot, and the superstitious dread which was enter-

tained for the sanctuary of "the Devil of Ardrossan," was very great. It was believed, that were any portion of the "moulds" to be taken from under this stone, and cast into the sea, forthwith should ensue a dreadful tempest to devastate sea and land!

Some fragments of the castle of Ardrossan still remain on a beautiful eminence overlooking the splendid harbour, and are encompassed on one side by a row of elegant villas of recent origin. It was long the principal residence of the Lords Montgomerie and Eglinton; until the time of the civil war, when, as we are informed, it was demolished by Cromwell's army. In an account of the district, written 200 years ago, the following curious description and anecdote of it occurs:—

"Ardrossan castell, so named in respect it is situated on a swelling knop of a rock running from a tounge of land advancing from the mainland in the sea, and almost environed with the same; for roas in the ancient Brittick tounge signifies a biland or peninsula. This castell is very strongly and weil built, having in it many rouses, and a spring of fresch watter, which makes it the more strong. In this castell there is a tower, named the red tower, and in it a vault called Wallace's lardner. For this castell being in the possession of the English, Wallace used this stratageme:—He set a house hard by a fire, that those who kept the castell, not suspecting any fraud, came out to the reskeu of the house, which they imagined by accident to have taken fire. But Wallace, with a weil armed company, gives them a very hote welcome, and kills them every mother's son; and furthwith forces the castell and wins it. In this deep vault in the bottom of the red tower, flang he the carcatches of these English, which to this day gave it the name of *Wallace lardner*.

"There is one thing to be admired in the fountain of fresch watter, which is in a vault in this castell; for it, like to the sea, ebbs and flows two severall times each 24 hours.

Its banks to pass, doeth tweiss assay,

And tweiss againe reiteirs each day.

The reason is, from the ebbing and flowing of the salt sea, which environs the rock whereon the castell stands, and at each surge, with horrible repercussions, regorges the fresch watter, not letting it isseu from its spring, and so makes the fountain swell. This castle was for many ages possessed by the Barclays; for in a charter of Sir Richard Morvell, lord Cunningham, to the monastery of Kilwinning, Richard de Barclay, dominus de Ardrossan, is a witness. Now it belongs to the Earls of Eglinton."

GOD WILL BE GOD QUHEN GOLD IS GANE.

Wa is the man that wantis [to seirch
Into the time that he hes [heir?
And wa is the man that [slyghts his friends,
And of his fols he hes [na fear?
Wo is the man that wow[s for gold,
And hes na hoip to cum [by mair?
And wo is the man that mar[ries ane mayde,
And then with hir his [geir will share?
Wois the man that lyeis [in pain
And hes na hoip to ryise and mend?
Wois the man that is cum of gentill [blood,
And hes na gold nor geir to spend?

Furth throcht yone finest [flowerie scene,
And at the xii hour of the day,
I hard ane kynd chield [maik complaynte,
In yone wod ayid quhair that I lay.

He sichis oft, and sayis "Alace!
All warldlie joy is fra me away."
Than to him self he sayis again,
"Thair is na God bot [goldyne paye]!"

Thus a behard the nichtingall
Sayes, "Man, I mervell at thy fair:
Is the God ather deid or seik,
Nor he ma mend the of thy cair?
Quhat wantis thou? lythis* or landis braid?
Or gold or geir to the ending day?
The taill is trew I to the tell,
God will be God quhen gold is away!

"Geir will come and geir will gang,
All warldlie riches is bot ane len;
The taill is trew I to the tell,
God will be God quhen gold is gane!"
The chield med answer yit to the bird,
The bonie bird sat on the mold,
"Thow hes hard tell, and say haif I,
Men haiff wyn worship throch thair gold;
Rathert ladyis fair and landis braid,
And castellis bigit of lyme and stane,
For falt of gold I wes forsaikin,
And than my gold wald sen me nein."

"And quhairfor murnis?" sayis the bird,
"And all is for ane gay lady.
Thair com another, than, did hir wed?—
Quhilk I wint best haid luiffit me!
Giff that thow luiffit that ladie,
Bot ane sa sorrowful, and sa trew,
Peraduentour hir knycht ma die,
Scho will marle the and the lowe."
This knight he deid into dispair,
Na kynd of lyiff was for him [bot pain.
Of this ballet ye will [nocht lerne,
Bot God will be God quhen gold is gane.
Finis quod NICOLSOUN.

The above is an essay to restore a mutilated poem inserted in a note to his Preface, by the Editor of the Second Volume of the Spalding Club Miscellany, "as preserving the name of an author who, it is believed, has not hitherto been noticed by any historian of Scottish poetry." The poem originally occurs in some half-register, half-common-place-books of the sixteenth century, kept or collected by Walter Cullen, "wicar and reder of Aberden." The keeping of this register does not seem to have devolved upon the reader in virtue of his office, although the facility it afforded of acquiring the necessary information may have suggested the idea, for we find the kirk-session purchasing his "Bookes of Baptisme, Mariage, and Buriall" from his daughter, after his death. This being the case, as the above mentioned Editor remarks, "the keepers even of public and official registers in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries so often inscribed verses on the spare pages of their records, that there need be no surprise at the miscellaneous contents of Walter Cullen's register, designed as it was for his own private use." The few following extracts will give some idea of the Reader's Miscellany.

"Meggye Emsly, pwir woman in Aberden, departtit the xxii day of Februar, the yeir of God 1574 yeiris."

"Johne Ewyne, burgis of Aberdene, was conwykett for false coyne, and hayngitt, his heid cut-

* Lythis—Ladies? † Instead of?

tit fray his body, the xxvi day of Agwist, the yeir of God 1574 yeiris."

"Johne Giddy, sumtyme ane gray feir in Aberdeen, departtit the xx day of November, the yeir of God 1575 yeiris."

"On Wednesday the xiiij day of November, the yeir of God 1577 yeiris, was sene at ewin ane blaissin starn, quhilk stuid in the wast, and continywat that nycht, to the gryt admeratioune of the pepill."

"Johne Wschartt, cordinar, departtit the xiiij day of Merche, yeir of God 1588 yeiris, quha was slayne be James Paterson, hangman of Aberden, the said James hayngit, and his heid sett on the Portt thairfoir."

"Ane lipar boy, in the Lipa Howiss of Aberden, departtit the xviii day July 1589 yeiris."

"Ebarbara Card, wiche, was bryntt on the Hedownis Hill, the xviiij day June 1590 yeris."

These, along with several poems, some incidents of Scotch history, and a host of births, marriages, and deaths, form the Register-book of Walter Cullen. Of Nicolsoun, the probable author of the above poem, we can gather nothing. The words printed in brackets, the inverted comas, and the punctuation, we have supplied according to our best understanding of the drift of the author.

C.

Varieties.

CURIOUS RECOVERY OF AN ANCIENT MS.—At the late meeting of the Cambrian Archaeological Association, the Dean of Hereford mentioned that there was a treatise on music belonging to the cathedral of Hereford; the date of the document was 1260. Its modern history was curious, and he was happy to state that he had been the means of recovering it for the cathedral. This document having been missed from the library of the cathedral, he was conversing with Mr Hawes, Lutanist to her Majesty, who told him he had a curious ancient treatise on music, and, upon it being produced, it proved to be the identical missing document. Mr Hawes had purchased it in Drury-lane for five shillings.

MARSHAL MACDONALD.—"We [*Montreal Herald*] learn that Mr Macdonald, late an officer in the British army, and an inhabitant of this city, has been declared heir to the Dukedom of Tarentum, and the property attached thereto. This dukedom is, we believe, in Italy, and was created by Napoleon in favour of the celebrated General (Marshal) Macdonald. Mr Macdonald's good fortune was announced to him by his excellency Lord Elgin."

"So may desert in arms be crowned."

Such are the freaks of fortune. The son of an obscure fugitive from the field of Culloden becomes a duke and Marshal of France, shedding lustre on the rank he had obtained by his bravery in the field, by his wisdom in the council, by his stratagetic skill, and, above all, by the moderation, mildness, and unspotted integrity of his character in public and private life. Him, Napoleon long neglected; and yet, on his misfortunes occurring, he found Macdonald alone faithful among the faithless of his supporters. Macdonald maintained his stern principles of integrity to the last, and evinced his affectionate love of his fatherland by a visit, in his old age, to the stormy Hebrides, and by liberal largesses to his kin and clan. Now, an emigrant from these remote isles, probably pinched in his means, and oppressed by remembrances sad and decent pride, finds himself suddenly elevated from a lone, obscure retreat to a ducal coronet and a peerage of France!

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ORIGIN OF THE BARONETAGE OF SCOTLAND AND NOVA SCOTIA.

THE order of Baronets of Scotland and Nova Scotia, respectable as is the position now held by its members, may be traced to certain originating circumstances, rather derogatory, it must be owned, to the historical importance of the body. From the time that James VI. of Scotland attained to the throne of the three kingdoms, the poor monarch was never left for one hour at peace by his primary subjects of the north. They seemed to think that the Eldorado of which he had become master, was a prize in which they were fully entitled to share; and they accordingly pressed him with incessant demands for gifts, grants, and gold, till they almost drove him crazy. In vain did he issue proclamation on proclamation, forbidding the needy Scots to cross by land or sea the line of the borders; the invaders were not so to be daunted. It must not be supposed, nevertheless, that all of them thus acted from barefaced and unjustifiable cupidity. On the contrary, many were fair and honest creditors, simply claiming the payment of debts long ago incurred by the king to them or theirs, while others with equal reason demanded the fulfilment of promises made in requital of past services. Be this as it may, the subjects of his "aunciente native realme" of Scotland gave to King James a vast deal of annoyance, after his ascent of the English throne. They were his "whaup in the raip" as he himself would have said. Many were the schemes, as already observed, which he fell upon to check the mischief, but without success. In his latter days, however, he did finally hit upon a notable plan for the removal of the evil, though it came too late to ensure his own personal ease. This plan consisted in the establishment of the "Baronetage of Scotland and Nova Scotia."

During the century preceding the reign of James, the Spaniards and Portuguese, then the most daring and successful of naval adventurers, had been engaged in exploring the Atlantic, Pacific, and Indian Oceans, and had conquered vast tracts of country in the Americas and in the East, where, in due course, they founded extensive and lucrative settlements. All this was done on the plea of spreading the Christian religion, and the victorious conquerors had always laid their mighty conquests at the feet of the Pope. His holiness, while granting absolution for all the bloodshed which had

been caused, very naturally acknowledged the compliment paid to him, by formally investing the sovereigns of Spain and Portugal with unlimited sway, (always vicariously, or under himself,) over the far lands which their subjects had respectively conquered. Now, British navigators had been far from lying idle during the same era. They had made very considerable discoveries in North America and elsewhere; and it appears to have at length struck King James, that he, *Defensor Fidei*, the head of the Protestant Church, might imitate the example set before him very happily, and moreover, even improving thereon, kill two, if not more birds with one stone. It was not convenient, certainly, for the English monarch to give away his regal supremacy over entire countries, as the Pope did; but there was nothing to prevent his granting, to whom he chose, certain allotments of land in the far regions conquered by the British arms, and so promoting the first and most important end of settling these territories. By such grants the king saw that he might very comfortably stop the mouths of many obstreperous claimants upon his bounty. But then, there required to be additional temptations thrown in the way; and, as the majority of those for whom James was continually called on to provide consisted of the younger branches of honourable and respectable northern houses, his majesty devised the alluring scheme of a new order of baronetage, to be specially connected with Scotland, and to be formed on the model of that which, urged by nearly the same motives, he had already created for the settlement of Ulster. A territorial grant, and a titular honour to every receiver of such grant, were to be held out as new inducements, and they were "strong inducements both." But there was yet a third purpose to be served. One of the Caledonian leeches who stuck most staunchly to the purse of the poor king in those days, seems to have been Sir William Alexander of Menstrie, for a long time principal secretary of state for Scotland. To gratify this personage, King James had assigned to him the office of Lieutenant-General of the British Crown in North America generally, and the special lordship and superiority of the province of Nova Scotia under the crown, with plenary powers to settle the country, erect towns, administer justice, and so forth. But Sir William seems speedily to have found this to be somewhat of an empty honour, the accounts of Nova Scotia in those days being by no means so seductive as those given of the balmy and gold-veined regions, settled by the Spaniards and Portuguese in the south of the new world. Accordingly, emigrants were not forthcoming, and

ere long the worthy Scottish secretary, leech-like, had called out, "More! more!"

Observe how admirably the king and the privy council of Scotland arranged matters on this occasion, so as to attain the various ends which his majesty had in view, and, above all, how dexterously it was contrived to gratify Sir W. Alexander by pecuniary advantages, as well as to allure others into the enterprise by most liberal grants of lands, honours, and privileges. The following extracts are from the original records:—

"And whereas we are given to understand that the countrey of New Scotland being dividit into twa provinces, and eache province into severall dioceses or bishopriks, and each diocese into thrie counteys, and eache countey into ten baronys, everie baronie being thrie myle long upoun the coast, and ten myle up into the countrie, dividit into sex parochies, and each parochie contening sax thousand akars of land, and that everie Baronet is to be ane Barone of some one or other, of the saidis baroneis, and is to haife therein ten thousand aikeris of propertie besydis his sax thousand aikeris belonging to his burgh of baronie, to be holden free blanche, and in a free baronie of your Majestie, as the Barones of this kingdom, for the onlie setting forth of sex men towards your Majestie's Royal Colonie, armed, appareld, and victualld for two years, and everie Baronet payeing Sir William Alexander Knight ane thousand merkis of Scottis money, only towards his past charges and endevoiris, therefore our humble desire unto your Majestie is, that care be taken by suirtie, actit in the bookis of Secret Council, as was in the plantation of Ulster, that the said number of men may be dewlie transported thither with all provisions necessarie; and that no Baronet be maid, but onlie for that cause; and by some suche ane particular course onlie as your Majestie shall appointe. And that articles of plantation may be sett forth for encouraging and inducing all others who have habillitie and resolution to transport themselves hence for so noble a purpose."

This is a liberal enough scale of grants, it will be admitted on all hands; and the provision for Sir William Alexander must be felt to be a most ample one for that age, the Scottish merk being in value about thirteen shillings sterling. Sir William, however, appears to have persuaded the king soon after to give him a chance of getting a little more money by the affair. The old secretary had bethought him that there might be many wealthy and untitled landholders in Scotland, desirous of buying the dignity of baronet, without having any wish either to go out to Nova Scotia personally, or to send out men there—or indeed to trouble themselves further about the matter in any way. Accordingly, the king, doubtless on due prompting, signified his pleasure by royal letter, dated March 1625, that should any "Baronet choose rather to pay *two thousand merks* than to send out six men," then the affair might be so arranged with the concurrence of Sir W. Alexander. Though it is added that the six men were to be raised upon a portion of these funds, the thing looks very like what we now-a-days call a "job."

King James died within a few days after writing the preceding missive, and it was left to his son, Charles I., to create the first or "Premier" Baronet

of Scotland and Nova Scotia, which he did on the subsequent 28th of May 1625. Sir Robert Gordon of Letterfourie, whose descendants yet survive, was the personage on whom the honour fell; and the charter in which his rights are laid down formed, with slight alterations, the regulating model for all similar occasions. It is a most extraordinary document, and shows how wondrously bountiful men can be in giving away what may barely be called their own. Supposing the rights of discovery and seizure, however, to have made Nova Scotia fairly the property of the British crown, it is fearful to observe the state of bondage into which the baronets were empowered, by charter, to plunge all the other emigrated inhabitants, and to what an extent they were privileged to engulf in their own maws all the possible produce of the country. The claims of ultra-feudalism were nothing to those recorded in the following *resumé* of the rights and immunities granted to the Nova Scotian baronets:—

1st, Territorial.—A grant of sixteen thousand acres of land, to be incorporated into a full, entire, and free barony and regality for ever, to be held of the kingdom of Scotland in blench farm, for payment yearly of *one penny, if asked only*; the said regality to extend three miles in length alongst the sea-coast, and six in length inland, with gifts of benefices, patronage of churches, fisheries, huntings, minerals, mines, pearls, jewels, offices, jurisdictions, and power of pit and gallows (*to-wit, heading and hanging at will*), as plenary as had ever formerly been enjoyed by whatsoever noblemen under the crown of Scotland; also, with express power of planting the said regality, and of transporting thence from Scotland, or any other parts, persons, goods, and chattels, &c.

2d, Seignorial.—The right and liberty to erect cities, towns, villages, corporations, burghs of barony, &c.; of making and appointing captains, commanders, leaders, governors, mayors, provosts, bailies, justices of the peace, constables, &c.; of making such particular laws, ordinances, and constitutions as should be deemed expedient for the good order and police of the regality, with the heritable justiciary and sheriffship of the same; the power of judging and discerning in all causes as well civil as criminal, within the bounds; of holding courts of justiciary, sheriff courts, courts of free regality, and baron and barony courts; also of appointing their officers, and of exacting and appropriating all escheats, amercements, &c.; also of imposing and levying tolls, customs, anchorages, &c. &c.

3d, Commercial.—The right of erecting free ports, harbours, naval stations, &c., of building ships, craft, vessels, &c., as well for war as merchandise; of importing and exporting from and to Scotland or any other country, wares, merchandises, and commodities of whatever description, for payment of the sum of five pounds Scots money of custom for every hundred pounds only, without payment of any other custom, impost, or duty of any kind; also of imposing and exacting five pounds for every hundred, on all goods imported into Nova Scotia by the colonists, and ten per cent. on all imported by foreigners.

4th, Legislative.—The right, either personally or by deputy, of a suffrage and vote in framing all

and sundry the laws to be made concerning the public state, good, and government of the realm of Nova Scotia, in all assemblies, parliaments, synods, councils, and conventions, to be called together, convened, or held for that end; and that no person or persons whatsoever, who should not be heirs of the said baronies of regality, should have vote or suffrage in framing whatsoever laws concerning the said realm, without the advice, counsel, and consent of the Baronets.

5th, *Dignitorial*.—Precedency above Barons, and next immediate to Lords.*

This charter, it will be seen, grants numerous despotic seigniorial rights which had long been practically abolished or disused in the mother-country, and indeed gives to each petty baronet, within his own territory, an amount of power far exceeding that of the King of Great Britain himself within his realm.

Not many years afterwards, the very granter of this charter lost his royal head for attempting to exercise but a tithe of the powers and privileges here accorded by him to others!

The creation of the order of Nova-Scotian Baronets was now fairly begun; and, in the course of a few weeks, nine other similar titles and grants were conferred. By looking at the list, we shall soon note the foresight of Sir W. Alexander, in taking the "two thousand merks" in hard cash. Such great landholders as Campbell of Glenorchy, and Wemyss of Wemyss (both raised to the peerage soon afterwards), whose names are on the roll at this date, never could have dreamt of a colonial excursion in person to Nova Scotia; but they were no doubt willing enough to pay for a *fixed* hereditary title, in place of remaining commoners, or holding the rank of knighthood dependent for renewal in each generation, on the king's pleasure. As such like parties were not baronets of the colonising kind, and yet were desirous, no doubt, to take seisin of their purchased grants in Nova Scotia, old Sir William, always provident, had his remedy prepared. He had had it laid down in the formula of the charter, that "the realm of Nova Scotia, and original infeftment thereof, is holden of the kingdom of Scotland, and forms part of the county of Edinburgh." Argal, to take seisin and instruments of possession "on the Castle Hill of Edinburgh," formed a cure for every difficulty, and served the desired purpose as well as if the baronets had indulged in a trip to the actual site of their new possessions.

From this time forward, all things went swimmingly on with the new order of titled dignitaries. During the reign of Charles I., from the erection of the order in 1625 to the year 1649, one hundred and twenty-two baronets were created in all. More than one hundred of these received the stipulated territorial qualification, and sixty-four of them took seisin at the gate of Edinburgh castle. So far, therefore, the show of making the order serve the purpose of a great colonising fraternity continued to be kept up during the time of the first Charles. But, in reality, the whole was but a show. We believe, that, of the hundred and

twenty-two baronets mentioned, scarcely one (if one) ever set foot in Nova Scotia, even the seisin-takers going through that process seemingly as a mere formality. In truth, there appears to have been but one personage who made a serious personal attempt at that time to settle in the colony; and that party was the eldest son of Sir W. Alexander. He had been out there before the erection of the baronetage, and it was ostensibly to recompense in part his outlay that the order was created. One of the few emigrative expeditions to Nova Scotia, in the reign of Charles I., occurred in 1630, and is mentioned in Balfour's Annals, as consisting of "fourteen ships, furnished with men, women, children, and all necessaries. They had with them two hundred and sixty kine, and other live cattle, for their use at their arrival." Most of the men were "handicraftsmen of good quality and substance."

On the whole, it will be apparent that the order failed altogether to answer the colonising ends for which, professedly, it was mainly intended. As regards the remuneration of Sir W. Alexander, created latterly Earl of Stirling, that personage must have received large sums, if, as is most probable, the two thousand merks were originally paid with exactitude. The fees of the first 122 baronets, counted in full, would amount to above £150,000 sterling. Suppose a third to be deducted here for outlays and casualties, the remainder would still form an enormous sum for those days.

If the order failed to serve its ends in the days of Charles I., of course its increase, as well as progress, may be understood to have totally ceased in the time of Cromwell. Charles II., on his restoration, recommenced the creation of baronets freely, finding it, no doubt, an easy way of recompensing, at least with nominal honours, the Scottish adherents of his father and himself in their adversity. But the title remained an honour, and nothing but an honour, ever after the days of the first Charles. The territorial grants were thenceforward made to no new members; and we presume that the successors of the Earl of Stirling lost the right both to the 1000 merks with the "sex men," or the 2000 without the "sex men." During the period of Cromwell's sway, in truth, commerce and enterprise prospered greatly, and numerous parties moved voluntarily across the Atlantic, to whom royal edicts were but a jest. When Charles II. was restored, Nova Scotia obtained its share also of the down-fallen puritans. In short, independent settlers got their footing so firmly established in the country, that the English Monarch never attempted to renew the arbitrary allotments of his father, nor ventured to intermeddle with the ordinary slow, but sure course of colonisation. The same remark may be made as to all of the succeeding sovereigns of Great Britain before the Union, at which epoch the creation of baronets of Scotland and Nova Scotia came to a close, as did likewise the creation of Peers (proper) of Scotland. About 280 baronets had been created in all; and nearly 170 or 180 successors to the original titles still exist, and hold, as is well known, a most respectable middle place betwixt the nobility and the gentlemen-commoners of our country.

Such is something like a fair sketch of the rise and progress of the order of knights-baronets of

* *Barons* in this clause must be understood to signify what the Scots call *Lairds*, not Lords of Baronial rank, or Peers of Parliament.

Scotland and Nova Scotia ; and in the way related was the roll of the order closed, and its leading ostensible objects departed from or defeated. After all, the scheme of King James was one indicating no little address and knowledge of mankind. That singular, but shrewd monarch, as observed, had three ends to serve ; firstly, the proper colonisation of Nova Scotia—for we may allow him patriotism enough to have desired to see this new portion of his dominions set well a-going ; secondly, the satisfying, in a decent manner, of the countless and importunate claimants on his bounty from his “auncients native kingdom ;” and, thirdly, the provision of a fair competence for his “auld and trustie servante,” Sir W. Alexander, or rather the suggestion of a mode by which the superiority granted over Nova Scotia could be made most available to that deserving gentleman. The scheme, we repeat, was well planned, and combined in all its parts—dignities, and the prospect of emoluments, being thrown aptly and strongly into the foreground. But fate and the course of civilisation were against the project, and accordingly, long ere the list was closed, a baronetcy of Nova Scotia became, as it now is, a mere titular dignity.

It will be remembered by many that an attempt was made of late years to revive the claims of the Scottish baronetage to their original landed rights in Nova Scotia. Few prominent members of the order took any share in the business ; and of those who did so the plea was, that the statutes and royal missives according such rights had never been repealed. We are afraid that the miserable remnant of the military knighthood of St. John, which still exists in some nook of the world, might call for the cession to them of their old island domains of Rhodes and Malta, nay of part of the Holy Land itself, with as much feasibility as attends such a claim on the part of the Scottish baronetage to Nova Scotia. An attempt to fit out a colonising expedition, which never took place, and regarding which some unhappy exposures of individual parties were made, put an end to the new Nova-Scotian proposition for the time—probably for ever.

By the way, we cannot close this notice of the history of our Scottish baronetage, without mentioning that many of the titles usually admitted into almanack lists are held by their existing claimants upon very doubtful grounds. There are numbers who certainly can trace their unbroken descent from the original receivers of the charters, and whose claims are beyond all dispute ; but there are also not a few cases where a baronetage is held at this day upon no better authority than that of a service-jury's decision, and where no charter, nor paper of any kind, has been adduced in corroboration. We know one instance, where the mere evidence of a few old men and women, recounting the hearsays derived through several generations, led to a servicerhip at law, and settled on the claimant what is now a most respected title. As the possession of a baronetcy confers no real privileges whatever, legal, social, or political, such transactions have usually passed without observation. The order itself, too, has been careless in looking into doubtful claims, and has allowed probabilities and possibilities to take the form and place of realities.

Enough on this theme, however. It is as a point in the history of titular dignities, not without its share of amusing interest, that we have thus long dwelt on the origin and progress of the Baronetage of Scotland and Nova Scotia.*

WILLIAM HAMILTON OF GILBERTFIELD.

THE name of Hamilton of Gilbertfield, as he is styled, is less familiar to the reader of Scottish poetry than we think it ought to be. True, the effusions of his muse which have been preserved, are not so numerous as to entitle him to prominence amongst the versifiers of his country ; but, from the few pieces known to have emanated from his pen, it cannot be denied that he possessed a considerable vein of poesy. Scanty, however, as are his writings, the particulars of his long, and for some time active life, are still more limited. His ancestors, a branch of the ducal family of Hamilton, owned the lands of Ardoch, near Kilwinning, from an early period. Andro Hamilton, third son of Robert, fifth laird of Torrance, obtained a charter of them from the Abbot of Kilwinning. He was also, by royal charter—15th July 1543—appointed “Principal Porter and Master of Entrie to our Sovereigne Lady, and her Governor of all her Palaces, Castles,” and other strongholds, during life. Captain William Hamilton, father of the poet, acquired the property of Ladyland, near Kilwinning, about the middle of the seventeenth century. Shortly afterwards he “biggit a new house, of twa stories, with sklates,” in lieu of the old castle of Ladyland, which he demolished ; and which had been the residence of Hew Barclay, who, entering into a conspiracy to overturn the Protestant religion in Britain, and having taken possession of Ailsa Craig, about 1593 or 1597, as a preliminary step towards effecting his object, rushed from the rock into the sea and was drowned, rather than allow himself to be captured. A portion of the “new house,”—now the old mansion—still remains, bearing the name of the proprietor, with the date 1669. Captain Hamilton was one of those who refused the Test Act in 1684, and was in consequence disarmed. He fell in action against the French, during the wars of King William. He married in 1662, Janet, daughter of John Brisbane of that ilk, by whom he left two sons, John, his heir, and WILLIAM, the subject of our brief memoir. The precise date of either of their births is not known. It is presumable, however, that the latter was born sometime between 1665 and 1670. He entered the army early in life, and served many years abroad. He rose, however, no higher than the rank of lieutenant, which commission he held “honourably in my Lord Hyndford's regiment.”

* For some very singular notices as to the “Baronets of Nova-Scotia,” and “pretenders or assumers of such dignities,” we refer the reader to a recent publication, entitled,—Nova Scotia Baronets and British-American Association.—Report of the Action of Damages for Alleged Libel, Broun (soi disant Sir Richard) against the *Globe* Newspaper. With Introductory Remarks relative to the above Scheme and the “Illustrious” order connected with it.—8vo, Edinburgh, Thomas G. Stevenson.

On retiring on half-pay, he resided at Gilbertfield, in the parish of Cambuslang. Whether the property was his own does not appear. His being styled "of Gilbertfield" would imply that it did, though it may have been adopted merely in contradistinction to Hamilton of Bangour, who was a cotemporary. "His time (says a writer in the *Lives of Eminent Scotsmen**) was now divided between the sports of the field, the cultivation of several valued friendships with men of genius and taste, and the occasional productions of some effusions of his own, in which the gentleman and the poet were alike conspicuous. His intimacy with the author of the *Gentle Shepherd*, three of his epistles to whom are to be found in the common editions of Ramsay's works, commenced in an admiration, on Ramsay's part, of some pieces which had found their way into circulation from Hamilton's pen." This was not the case. At all events the correspondence began with Hamilton. These familiar epistles, as they are termed, are highly creditable to the poetical talent of both parties; yet, without depreciating the merit of Ramsay, we think the superiority may be justly awarded to the Ayrshire poet. His verses are characterised by an easy flow of composition, not possessed by those of Auld Reekie's much-famed bard. The correspondence took place in 1719. Though the epistles "are to be found in the common editions of Ramsay's works," and have lately been reprinted in the *People's Edition* by the Messrs Chambers, we venture to say they are comparatively unknown. In this belief we shall take the liberty of copying Hamilton's introductory letter entire:—

"O famed and celebrated Allan,
Renowned Ramsay, canty callan,
There's nower Highlandman nor Lowlan,
In poetrie,
But may as soon ding down Tamtalan,
As match wi' thee.

For ten times ten, and that's a hunder,
I hae been made to gaze and wonder,
When frae Parnassus thou didst thunder,
Wi' wit and skill,
Wherefore I'll soberly knock under,
And quat my quill.

Of poetry the hail quintessence
Thou hast suck'd up, left nae excrescence
To petty poets, or sic messens,
Though round thy stool
They may pic crums, and hear some lessons
At Ramsay's school.

Though Ben and Dryden of renown,
Were yet alive in London town,
Like kings contending for a crown,
'Twad be a pingle,
Whilk o' you three wad gar words sound
And best to jingle.

Transform'd may I be to a rat,
Wer't in my power but I'd create
Thee upon sight the laureat
Of this our age,
Since thou may'st fairly claim to that
As thy just wage.

Let modern poets bear the blame,
Gin they respect not Ramsay's name,
Wha soon can gar them greet for shame,
To their great loss;
And send them a' right sneaking hame
Be weeping-cross.

Wha bourds wi' thee had need be wary,
And learn wi' skill thy thrust to parry,
When thou consults thy dictionary
Of ancient words,
Which come from thy poetic quarry,
As sharp as swords.

Now, though I should both reel and rotte,
And be as light as Aristotle;
At Edinburgh we sall hae a bottle
Of reaming claret,
Gin that my half-pay siller shottle
Can safely spare it.

At crambo then we'll rack our brain,
Drown ilk dull care and aiking pain,
Whilk often does our spirits drain
Of true content,
Wow, wow! but we's be wondrous fain
When thus acquaint.

Wi' wine we'll gargarize our craig,
Then enter in a lasting league,
Free of ill aspect or intrigue;
And, gin you please it,
Like princes when met at the Hague,
We'll solemnize it.

Accept of this, and look upon it
Wi' favour, though poor I hae done it:
Sae I conclude, and end my sonnet,
Wha am most fully,
While I do wear a hat or bonnet,
Yours—Wanton Willy.

POSTSCRIPT.

By this my postscript I incline
To let you ken my hale design
Of sic a lang imperfect line,
Lies in this sentence,
To cultivate my dull engine
By your acquaintance.

Your answer, therefore, I expect,
And to your friend you may direct
At Gilbertfield: do not neglect,
When you have leisure;
Which I'll embrace wi' great respect
And perfect pleasure."

Who can fail to trace in these lines the germ of the more celebrated familiar epistles of Burns? This is particularly the case in the Bard's first letter to Lapraik, where we have the social proposal of Hamilton to drink a bottle of "reaming claret," and have a set-to at "crambo" with Ramsay at Edinburgh, thus reiterated:—

"But Mauchline race or Mauchline fair,
I should be proud to meet you there;
We's gie ae nicht's discharge to care,
If we forgather,
And hae a swap o' *rymin' ware*,
Wi' ane anither.

The four-gill chap, we's gar him clatter,
An' kirsen him wi' reekin' water;

Syne we'll sit down an' tak our whitter,
 To cheer our heart;
 An' faith, we've be acquainted better
 Before we part."

Ramsay, in reply to Hamilton, pays a high compliment to his genius—

"Sae roos'd by ane o' *weel kend mettle*,
 Nae sma' did my ambition pettle,
 My canker'd critics it will nettle,
 And e'en sae be't:
 This month I'm sure I winna settle,
 Sae proud I'm wit.

When I begoud first to cun verse,
 And could your Ardry Whins rehearse,
 Where *Bonny Heck* ran fast and fierce,
 It warm'd my breast;
 Then emulation did me pierce,
 Which since ne'er ceas't.

May I be lickit wi' a bittle,
 Gin of your numbers I think little,
 Ye're never rugged, shan, nor kittle,
 But blyth and gabby;
 And hit the spirit to a tittle
 Of standard *Habby*."

It would thus appear that to the few and now almost forgotten productions of Hamilton, who was the senior of Ramsay by at least sixteen or twenty years, we owe the poetical emulation of the author of the *Gentle Shepherd*. The pieces alluded to by the latter, are the "Last Dying Words of *Bonny Heck*, a famous Greyhound in the Shire of Fife," and "The Life and Death of the Piper of *Kilbarchan*." They appeared in *Watson's* "Collection of Comic and Serious Scots Poems, both Ancient and Modern," printed at Edinburgh in 1709. The verses on "*Bonny Heck*" possess no great merit, yet, as they are rare, a specimen may be gratifying:—

"Alas! quo' *bonny Heck*,
 On former days when I reflect!
 I was a dog much in respect
 For doughty deed:
 But now I must hing by the neck,
 Without remeud.

What great feats I hae done mysel':
 Within clink o' *Kilrenny* bell,
 When I was souple, young and fell
 But fear or dreud:
 John Nees and Paterson can tell,
 Whose hearts may bleed.

At the King's-muir and Kelly-law,
 Where good stout hares gang fast awa',
 So cleverly I did it claw,
 Wi' pith and speed,
 I bure the bell before them a',
 As clean's a bead.

I wily, witty was, and gash,
 Wi' my auld farrant pauky pash,
 Nae man might ance buy me for cash
 In some respect,
 Are they nae then confounded rash,
 That hangs poor *Heck*?

Now honesty was aye my drift,
 An innocent and harmless shift,

A kail-pat lid gently to lift,
 Or am'ry sneck;
 Shame fa' the chafts dare ca' that theft,
 Quo' *bonny Heck*.

But now, good sirs, this day is lost,
 The best dog in the East-nook coast:
 For never ane durst brag nor boast
 Me for their neck;
 But now I must yield up the ghost,
 Quo' *bonny Heck*."

The elegy on the Piper of *Kilbarchan* is much superior and better known. It is valuable as recording several customs of our forefathers now forgotten:—

"—Wha will cause our shearers shear?
 Wha will bend up the brags of weir,
 Bring in the balls or good play meir,
 In time o' need?
Hab Simson cou'd, what needs you speer?
 But now he's dead!

So kindly to his neighbours neist,
 At *Beltan* and Saint *Barchan's* feast,
 He blew, and then held up his breast,
 As he were weid;
 But now we need not him arreest,
 For *Habbie's* dead!

At fair he play'd before the spearmen,
 All gaily graithed in their geir-men;
 Steel bonnets, jacks, and swords so clear then,
 Like ony bead:
 Now wha shall play before such weir-men,
 Sin *Habbie's* dead?

At Clark-plays when he wont to come,
 His pipe play'd timely to the drum,
 Like bikes of bees he gart it bum,
 And tun'd his reed:
 Now all our pipers may sing dum,
 Sin *Habbie's* dead!

And then, besides, his valiant acts,
 At Bridals he won money placks,
 He bobbed aye behind fo'ks backs,
 And shook his head:
 Now we want mony merry cracks,
 Sin *Habbie's* dead.

He was convoyer of the bride,
 With kittock hinging by his side:
 About the kirk he thought a pride
 The ring to lead:
 But now we may gae but a guide,
 For *Habbie's* dead!"

The piper, in former times, was an essential adjunct on the "hairst rig." "To the poetical enthusiasm thus excited and kept alive," says the writer already mentioned, "we are probably indebted for many of those airs and songs which have given Scotland so unrivalled a celebrity, while the authors of them remain as unknown as if they had never existed." At bridals, too, it seems, the piper convoyer or accompanied the bride. The only other poem apparently by Hamilton, in *Watson's Collection*, is an "Epitaph on *Sanny Briggs*, nephew to *Habbie Simpson*, and butler to the Laird of *Kilbarchan*." It is in the same strain as the elegy on the piper, and equally graphic:—

Alake for evermore and wae !
 To wha shall I, when drouthie, gae ?
 Dool, sturt, and sorrow will me slae,
 Without remeed:
 For hardship ; and alake-a-day :
 Since Sanny's dead :

Weel did the master-cook and he,
 With giff-gaff courtesie agree,
 With tears as fat as kitchen fee,
 Draught frae his head :
 Alake-a-day ! though kind to me,
 Yet now he's dead :

It very muckle did me please,
 To see him howk the *Holland* cheese :
 I ken the clinking o' his keys
 In time o' need :
 Alake-a-day ! though kind to me,
 Yet now he's dead :

In 1722, Lieut. Hamilton published an abridgement, modernised, of Henry the Minstrel's Life of Wallace. It was, however, considered an injudicious undertaking, and brought him neither profit nor fame. From Gilbertfield, the poet, towards the close of his days, removed to Latterick, in Lanarkshire, where he died "at a very advanced age" on the 24th May 1751. He married a lady of his own name—probably a relation—by whom, it appears from the parish records of Kilbirnie, he had a daughter baptised *Anna* on the 16th of June 1693, so that he must have entered the matrimonial state at an early period of life. Whether he left any issue is unknown. The Hamiltons of Ladyland, however, are not without descendants. The brother of the poet, having sold the property to the ninth Earl of Eglinton, about 1712, proceeded to the north of Ireland, where he purchased an estate, which was subsequently disposed of by his son and heir, William, who, returning to Scotland in 1744, bought the lands of Craighlaw, in Galloway. The lineal representative of the family, William Hamilton of Craighlaw, is, or was lately, an officer in the 10th Hussars. He was one of the protesters against the Veto Act of the General Assembly in 1839.

JOHN TAMSON'S WALLET.

Who John Tamson was, is not known with certainty. We are inclined to think that no particular individual was meant, but that the whole is an allegory. Dunbar, it is well known, wrote a poem addressed to the king, every stanza of which concluded with the line, "God, gif ye war John Thomson's man ;" which the learned Pinkerton imagines to be a corruption of *Joan Thomson's man*, thereby implying or insinuating that in any controversy between Joan Thomson and her man, the grey mare was the better horse ; a fact which, though it cannot now be decided, is not unlikely. We have ourselves heard a neighbour dropping casually into a company already assembled, welcomed with the expression, "Come away, we're v' John Tamson's bairns." We have, however, glimpsed in vain at parties using the phrase, as to the precise meaning attached to it, or whence they derived it ; the nearest approach to an explanation being that extorted from a Leith

porter, who declared that it was the same as if he had said, "we're a' penny pies ;" but when asked again what he meant by such a statement as the latter, which was even more extravagant than the other, he declared, like the gravedigger in Hamlet, that he could not tell.

The first verse of the song is as follows :—

"John Tamson's wallet frae end to end,
 John Tamson's wallet frae end to end ;
 And what was in it ye fain would ken,
 Whigmaleeries for women and men."

Now, our idea of the meaning of this is, that the wallet was the Roman Catholic Church in Scotland, and that John Tamson was the Pope. This will be more clearly seen from what follows :

"About this wallet there was a dispute,
 Some said it was made o' the skin o' a brute ;
 But I think it was made o' the best o' bend,
 John Tamson's wallet frae end to end."

There was a controversy, that is to say, as to the purity of the church ; which we all know to be historically true.

"This is the way the wallet went on,
 It carried some kail to the kirk for John ;
 But they a' ran through, before it was kenne'd,
 John Tamson's wallet frae end to end."

The poet means to say that the people became disaffected and left the church before any suspicion was excited in the minds of the priesthood.

"This is not a thing a wallet should do,
 Either to John, or me, or you ;
 So he turned it inside out to mend,
 John Tamson's wallet frae end to end."

Alluding to the efforts at repressing some of the more public scandals of the church, by the dignitaries.

"Do ye ken how the wallet lost its life ?
 John filled it with stanes to leather his wife ;
 But she rave it to rags, or ever he kenne'd,
 Aye, and leathered John Tamson frae end to end."

The wife is the Christian public, or church universal, which is the spiritual bride of the Pope ; and the allegory as to the catastrophe is so simple and so completely in accordance with the universally known facts, that explanation is unnecessary.

Without pressing our explanation as the only one that can possibly be given of this difficult song, we leave it to your better judgment to decide whether it is not at least exceedingly apt and probable. C. C. S.

[C. C. S. appears not to have seen the notice of "John Thomsoun's Man" in No. 2 of the Journal. The conclusion he arrives at in reference to the "Wallet," derives some support from an allusion in Rabelais' *Gargantua*, a strong and broadly humorous satire on the Romish Church, first published at Lyons in 1532. *Gargantua* is represented as being educated under the care of the "Sophisters," or monks ; and, at a succeeding period, as having been purged with "anticyrian hellebore" (the Holy Scriptures), under Protestant divines. Under the first of his tutors *Gargantua* learns only to eat, drink, and play at several games, by way of varying his amusements, or to fill up the intervals

betwixt his meals. In the translation by Urquhart and Motteaux, Gargantua is thus pictured after dinner :—

"Then blockishly mumbling with a set on countenance a piece of scurvy grace, he washed his hands in fresh wine, picked his teeth with the foot of a hog, and talked jovially with his attendants. Then the carpet being spread, they brought plenty of cards, many dice, with great store and abundance of checkers and chess-boards. There he played."

A list of no less than 217 games follows, among which occurs—"JOANE THOMSON," and "Earle Beadie." Some of the other games are thus named :—The Fib; Reynard the Fox; Nivini-nack; Even or Odd; The Charming of the Hare; Trudgepig; The Unshoeing of the Ass; Gossip lend me your sack; Nicknamrie; The Sanct is Found; The Quoits; Nine Pins; The Hat Bowles; Rogue and Ruffian; The Whirling Gigge; Hide and Seek, or are you all hid; The Hobgoblins; St. Cosme I come to adore thee; Fair and Softly passeth Lent; Shoggyshou; Blind Man's Buff; Jack and the Box; Ho the Distaffe; Hinde the Plowman; Bo-peep; The Cornish Chough; &c.]

"CHRONICLES OF THE CANONGATE."

No. VI.

THE price of commodities was regulated by the magistrates :—

"Decimo octava die mensis die Novembris anno 1568.

The quhilk day It is statuit and ordanit be the bailleis and counsall of this bruche that na Inhabitars wthin the samyn baik onye breid fra this daye furthe bot that the four peny laif be weil baikin and dryit guid and sufficient stuf and keip the mesouris and paik of xxii. vnceis and that all wther breid to be baikin be thame les and mair keip the paik conforme thairto and that na browstaris nor dry tapetaris sell onye deirar aile nor vid. the pynt vnder the panis of xviiiis. for the first falt the second confiscatioun of breid and aile that salbe apprehendit the second and last falt spanyng from the occupatioun for evir and siklyik that na inhabitaris wthin this bruche ventaris of wyne bye na new wyne derar nor that they maye sell the samyn commounlie to all our soueranis leigis for xvid. the pynt vnder the pane of the vnlaw of vi l i to be vptaikin of thame quha dois in the contrar sa of as thaye faille but favour and that thaye sell na deirar new wyne fra this time furthe bot for xvid. the pint vnder the pane of fyf pundis."

Of the sanitary state of the community, some idea may be formed from the fact that swine were permitted to run loose on the High Street prior to 1583, when an attempt was made to put down the nuisance :—

"Octavo Novembris anno 1563.

The quhilk day the bailleis and counsall convenff hes statuit and ordanit that all maner of personnes inhabitantis within this burch haveand ony swyne that thai keip the samyne in fastnes swa, thai cumm nocht on the hie street and gif thai be fund in ony yaird or nychtbouris skaith It salbe

leassum to the persone quhom to the skaith is done swa that thai may apprehend thame within the boundis of the samyne to slay the said swyne without ony recompance to be made be the slayer thairfor And als the awner of the swyne, to pay the soume of xviiijs. of unlaw."

The records of the burgh afford occasional glimpses of the more noted portions of its ancient boundaries—as in the following minute :—

"Quarto Augusti anno 1568.

The quhilk daye the bailleis and counsall ordanis thair thesaurer to caus amend sufficientlie the pairt of the wattir yett and to caus mak ane sufficient lok and key thairto withe ane key and lok to the port and yett passand in to the abbaye knok and als to caus big vpe the fute of raa cloce and ye rowme passand to the justice clerk croftis," &c.

The "wattir yett," or gate, was the principal opening from the east, not only to the Canongate, but to the city of Edinburgh itself. All public entrances were made by it—and many of the state prisoners, on their way to the place of execution, passed through it, the "observed of all observers," in the melancholy procession. The water gate, and the "port and yett passand in to the abbaye knok," have long ago been removed. Another minute occurs in reference to the port of the abbey :—

"Sexto decembris anno 1568.

The quhilk daye The Bailleis and Counsall ordanit Johnne huntar thesaurer to caus amend ye port and yett passand in to the abbaye kirk sufficientlie in tymer work and Irne work and to caus hing ane lok thairvpon and als to caus big vpe the fuit of Ra cloce, and to cast ane stank att the slope yatt cumis fra the Justice Clark landis to the abbaye on the southe syid of this bruche."

Various acts of council regulate the elections and meetings of the authorities. The council—in 1567—consisted of four "auld baillies," three deacons, two treasurers, and four councillors. On the 4th October of that year, "It is statuite and ordanit be the bailleis and counsall foirsaid that in all tymes cuming the Counsall convene and assemblill ilk xiiij dayis anis viz. on Furisdaye att nyne houris begynnand on Furisdaye nixt to com the xiiij daye of October instant and swa to continew ilk persoun that failleis under the pane of the onlaw of viijs unforgevin sa oft as thaye failye." On the 23d October "It was statuit and ordanit be the bailleis and counsall that in all tymes cuming this ordour be taikin anent the cheising of baillies That is to say vpeun Fuirisdaye befor the heid Court of Michelmes the new Counsall to be choisin be the auld and on the Tyisdaye thaireftir and immediatlie befor the heid court the auld and new counsallis withe the diaconis to cheise the bailleis and the rest of the officiaris swa thaye be all of the kirk of God and that the nummer of the Counsell be yeirlie xliij persouns comptand the twa auld bailleis withe the new gif thaye happin to be chargit withe the diaconis."

The magistrates of the Canongate, like those of most other burghs at the same period, did not labour in the public service unrewarded, as appears from the following minute :—

"Decimo sexto Octobris 1572.

The qlk daye the counsall consentis and hes ordanit that the baillies have for this present zeir

for thair labouris and travell in thair offices euerie
ane of thame ane burgeschipp wt the haill vnlawis
to be partit amangis thame and gif thair be not sa
many burgeschippis as euerie baillie ane and sa
many as salbe gottin and maid wtin the zair nocht
exceeding thair nummer to be delt equallie
amangis thame provvding always the saidis
baillies be diligent in the inbringing of the rest of
the saidis burgeschips to the commoun guid and
profit."

With the Reformation came a greater strictness
in the observance of the Sabbath. For example,
on the 10th of January 1568, "It is statuit and
ordanit be the bailleis and counsall that na maner
of persoun inhabitat wtin this brucht ventaris of
wyne hostaris or topstaris of aill nor wtheris quhat-
somer vir thoill or permit onye maner of persone or
personis to drink keip companye at table in com-
moun tavernaris or houss vpon sondaye the tyme
of preiching fray this daye furthe vnder the pains of
fourtie s. to be vptane of the man and wyif quha
sicht the saidis tavernaris houss sa of as thaye
faillis but favouris."

There are several minutes in reference to the
property which had fallen to the share of the Can-
onicate at the Reformation. On the 17th February
1568, "The bailleis and counsall ordanis thair offi-
cers to pas and warne the fewarris of all and sundrie
the landis sumtyme pertenand to umqll maister
Thomas hays now callit the laidie land foundit to
qure ladye altar sumtyme situat wtin the abbey
kirk of haliwodehous wtin the perchoe thairto
to compeir before thame the third daye of March nixt
to cum bringing wt thaim thair few charteris and
infeoffmentis of the saidis landis to be sene and
considerit be the saidis baillies and counsall as
effairis."

The education of youth appears to have been
early attended to by the burgh of Canongate. The
High School is mentioned in a charter by James
V. in 1529, and several notices of it occur in the
burgh records:

(5 April 1580.)

"The quhilk day compeirit Gilbert Tailleur
scholmaister and renuncit and dimittit his gift
grawntit to him be Adame Bischope of Orkney of
the rycht of the grammar schole during his lyf-
tyme in favouris of the bailleis and counsall Quha
grawntit the rycht and tytill thairto to the said
Gilbert to be baldin of thame as thai quha hes
dimittit rycht to dispoise the samyne and that
merry as the said Gilbert suld remane within thair
burgh in teiching of the youth and farder indur-
ing the saidis bailleis and counsall will allanerlie
quhatrapounne Johnne Craig Theasurer askit act
of court and Instrumentis."

"Decimo sexto Junii anno 1584.

"The quhilk day the haill bailleis and counsall
grawntit hes appointed and agreeit wt Mr James
devidoun scholmaster qll witsunday nixt to cum
to li of sic and makis and constitutis him assign-
ing to the marks being in the hands of the abbot
and convent of the petty commouner By and attour
the said xx li to be payit be thair said thesaurer
on witsunday and martinmas."

Like most other burghs and towns in former
times the Canongate had its "minstrel" in the
shape of a bigpiper. Repeated notices of this

official are to be found in the treasurer's ac-
counts:—

"To Robert Wetherspowne quhilk wes warit on
the pyper claise xs

For making of the pyper claise and pasmentis
thairto viiijs viijd"

1573-4.

"To ane new pyper befor James now our pypare
wes entirit att command of the bailleis xiiij s iij d."

1576.

"Item the tent of October gevin for ane swasche
to our moustiris* iiij li

Item the samein day gevin to our awin pyper at
Johnne Schoirtis command iijs iij d

Item the samein day gevin to James Selkirk
officiar, to pay for thair disunion† that playit on
the swasche. iijs

Item for twa stickis to the swasche viij d"

The pyper appears to have been superseded by
a drummer in 1587. On the 31st December, in
that year, "the bailleis and counsall agreeit with
Johnne Thomsone flescheour to serve and pas
throw this burch with his drum at four houres in
the morning evin for the space of ane year heir-
after for the auld dewtie and fund James Eistounne
cautiounne that he sould keip his hour wind and
weddar servand under the panes of unlaw sa oft
as he failyet."

LONDON IN 1560.

(Abridged from "The Pictorial Times.")

In 1560, the Virgin Queen had just ascended the
throne of England. The fires of Smithfield were
scarcely extinct, and judges and councillors had not
as yet had time to accommodate their consciences to
the court creeds of religion and politics. There were
no newspapers, coaches, standing armies, or national
debt;—no colonies, no poor's rates or excise. There
were no patriots in the House of Commons, and no
traders amongst the Peers. Teetotallers had not yet
come into existence, because the China trade had not
been established, and ginger beer was unknown; and
whatever brandy was used, was certainly not of Bri-
tish manufacture. There was no native literature.
To live was no doubt a tough struggle with thou-
sands; but folks believed that there was room enough
on the earth for the whole human family, for no
Malthus had taught that nature and industry had been
over-producing, and that the poor man was a social
evil.

The metropolis had not ventured out of town further
than to the village of St Giles, where stands the
hospital erected for lepers, by Matilda, wife of Henry
I., about the year 1117. At a later period, the gal-
lows, that remedy for the incurable, was transferred
here from Smithfield; and when the great civilising
machine was again removed to Tyburn, the hang-
man's prey were always baited with a bowl of ale at
the hospital. Passing along eastward, by the side of
the fields of Holborn, with a peep at Chancery Lane,
near which, on the site of what is now called South-
ampton Buildings, stood the magnificent palace of the
Knights Templars, where Ben Jonson worked as a
bricklayer, and where is still to be seen the beautiful
gateway, completed, as we are told, almost at the sole

* *Ane swasche to our moustiris*—a trumpet to our
musters. The burghers seem to have been in arms
at the time.

† *Disiunis, French dejeuner*—a breakfast.

expense of Sir Thomas Lovell, about a quarter of a century before, which, with the Hall of Lincoln's Inn, the Stone Buildings, and New Square, comprise all the architectural features of the locality, we come to Ely Place, the famous residence of the Bishop of Ely, and then one of the most magnificent mansions of the metropolis. It was built in the latter part of the eleventh century, and the chapel, dedicated to St Ethelreda, is still open for divine worship. The famous garden, from which the "tyrant Gloster" requested a dish of strawberries on the morning when he struck off the head of Hastings in the Tower, is the site of what is now known as Hatton Garden, Elizabeth having procured the transfer of the house and grounds to her favourite, Sir Christopher Hatton, the celebrated "dancing chancellor." The mode in which her Majesty obtained the coveted possession from the bishop, Dr Cox, is somewhat amusing. Sir Christopher, who was never backward in making use of court favours, had requested her to intercede for him; and as royal requests were then, as now, held to partake of the nature of commands, the "dancing" lawyer obtained a grant from the bishop of the gatehouse of the palace, except two rooms used as prisons for those who were arrested, or delivered in execution to the bishop's bailiff, and the lower rooms for the porter's lodge, the first court-yard within the gatehouse to the long gallery dividing it from the second, the stalls thrice the long gallery, with the rooms above and below it, and some others, fourteen acres of land, and the keeping the gardens and orchards for twenty-one years, paying at Midsummer Day a red rose for the gatehouse and gardens, the bishop reserving to himself and his successors the right of free access through the gatehouse, walking in the gardens, and to gather twenty bushels of roses yearly. These concessions, it might be supposed, would have satisfied the favourite, but they only served to whet his avarice. The Queen was soon induced to write again to the bishop, desiring him to execute an instant conveyance of the premises to herself, until he or his successor paid to Hatton £2000, the sum he had spent on "improvements," as well as covenanting to reimburse him for whatever he might afterwards expend upon the property. This was too much for even episcopal forbearance, and the bishop replied "that they should want an orchard and grounds, and that they should be too much straitened, but that in his conscience he could not do it, being a piece of sacrilege. That when he became Bishop of Ely, he had received certain farms, houses, and other things, which former pious princes had judged necessary for that place and calling. These he received by the Queen's favour from his predecessor, and that of these he was to be a steward, not a scatterer. That he could not bring his mind to be so ill a trustee for his successors, nor to violate the pious wills of kings and princes, and in effect rescind their last testaments. He put the Queen in mind of that rule of nature and of God, not to do that to another which one would not have done to one's self; and that the profit of one is not to be increased by the damage of another way; he told her that he could scarcely justify those princes which transferred things appointed for pious uses into uses less pious." But Elizabeth was not to be moved from her purpose, and the poor ecclesiastic, after enduring great persecution, was forced to surrender, upon condition that the property should be restored whenever he could satisfy the claims of Hatton, who ultimately died, it is said, of grief, when the Queen took it into her head to demand payment herself of certain monies which she had lent him. But we must pass to Smith-

field. The annals of this place are unhappily amongst the darkest portions of our national history, but the practice of extirpating belief by fire was going rather out of fashion in 1560. At this period it was still used as a theatre for the display of martial prowess, and was getting into repute more for the sale of beasts than the slaughter of men. Thirty years after, the number of cattle sold in Smithfield was 67,500. It is now above 200,000.

From hence we pass on to Clerkenwell, where straggling houses occupy the site of the magnificent priory of St John's, which was burnt by the commons of Kent and Essex in 1381. St John's Gate is the sole relic left to attest the greatness of the once powerful knights of St John, the heroic defenders of Rhodes, and bulwarks of Christendom. To St John's Gate, now a tavern, Johnson did early reverence, as being in his day the printing-office of Cave. The next halting place in our way is the Charter House, which was founded by the chivalrous Sir Walter Manny, in the time of Edward III., whose biography invests the history of that period with such touching interest. Wearied of the gauds of ambition, he brought over to England, in 1371, twenty-five monks of the order of Benedictine, who being originally established at Chartroux, a village in France, obtained for their convents the name of Charter houses. The site of the building erected in the present instance was a piece of consecrated ground, which Stow says, "remained till our time by the name of Pardon Churchyard, and served for burying such as desperately ended their lives, or were executed for felonies, who were fetched thither usually in a close cart bayled over, and covered with black, having a plain white cross thwarting, and at the fore end a plain St John's cross, without and within a bell ringing by shaking of the cart, whereby the same might be heard when it passed; and this was called the priory cart, and had the privilege of sanctuary." After having been made a burial-place for the multitude who perished of the plague, it was at last covered by the present Charter House, about 1372, and the inmates lived on quietly till the fatal moment when Henry VIII. demanded the surrender of their resources and the renunciation of their faith. The prior, Houghton, together with the superiors of two other charter houses, and two religionists who had formerly belonged to the foundation, were drawn and quartered at Tyburn, for refusing to acknowledge the king's supremacy, and the head of Houghton was set over the gate of his own monastery. But neither the punishment nor the ghastly spectacle could shake the resolution of the brave men over whom he had worthily presided. They steadfastly imitated the prior's example, and in the following month several others were consigned to the gibbet, cut down whilst still living, and their bowels torn from the quivering bodies, after which their limbs were set up in different parts of the city. A recreant monk was appointed as the gaoler of the survivors, who exhorted them to die not for the cause, but to live long and live wise, to subject themselves to their noble prince, and get his gracious favour by doing their duty to his grace. Finding entreaties to be of as little avail as menaces, the apostate monk proceeded to cut off the supplies of provisions. He complained to his employer Cromwell, that the inmates, regarding not the increase of their number nor the decay of benevolence and charity, persisted in "having plenty of bread, and ale, and fish given to strangers in the buttery, and at the buttery door, and as large distribution of bread and ale to all their servants and to vagabonds (travellers)

at the gate as was then used, which cannot be." The rites of hospitality were therefore suspended, the remainder of the monks were imprisoned, until at last six were induced, by suffering, to conform; and ten, the survivors of the once wealthy establishment, were kept in prison, until all but one died; "the traitors being dispatched by the hand of God," as one of their tormentors observed. The last relic of the Charter House monks was brought to the scaffold, and the rich prize fell into the hands of the rapacious Henry, by whom it was bestowed upon two of his servants, and from them it passed into the hands of Sir Edward North. The queen was brought here within two days after her accession, and again resided in the Charter for several days in 1561. The building was then purchased by the Duke of Norfolk, who rebuilt a great portion of the place, and made it his chief residence. It was here that he plotted to marry the Queen of Scots, and overthrow the throne of Elizabeth, but being betrayed by the discovery of the key to the cipher of his letters, under the tiles of the roof, was brought to the block in 1572. Subsequently the Charter House fell into the possession of Thomas Sutton, an eminent merchant, whose patriotism, exerted in matters of finance, is said to have delayed the sailing of the Armada, and who bequeathed the house, with various magnificent estates, to form an hospital for the maintenance for ever of scholars and poor gentlemen. Forty-five of the former are now provided with an excellent education, and in due time sent to the university, where twenty-nine exhibitions of £80 per annum, are distributed amongst them, and eighty pensioners are handsomely lodged and fed, with an allowance of £25 a-year for clothes.

The next noticeable edifice is the priory or hospital of St Bartholomew, which was founded by the energetic efforts of a monk of surpassing ability in the reign of Henry I., and at the time of the Reformation was of great importance; the grant to Henry VIII. including the "mansion house, fifty-one tenements lying within the precincts of the said close, five other messuages and tenements, water from the conduit head at Canonbury (the country residence of the Priors of Islington), and lastly the fair of St Bartholomew." The mansion and gardens of Canonbury, are still in existence, the former, once the residence of Elizabeth, is now occupied as a boarding-house. The choir of the priory is the parish church of St Bartholomew, and the celebrated fair is extinct. In 1560, the Blackfriars, introduced by Mary, had just been driven out, and the hospital devoted to its present uses. Following the course of the city wall, we pass by the Cripple-gate, at this time the name given to an entrance to the metropolis. We see the common and field of *Finsbury*, where, in the time of Ben Jonson, the archers used to come to shoot. To get to *Moorgate*, the pedestrian crossed over the fields which separated it from the *Old Jewry*, where the Windmill Tavern presented rare attractions. *Alhallowes* contained a house of entertainment known as *Cole Harbour*, a retreat for spendthrifts. *Lothbury* was famous as the resort of the dealers in metal. *Bedlam* was outside the city; and *Shoreditch* consisted merely of a double row of mean cottages, extending to the present church; *Spitalfields* could not boast of a single house; *Aldgate* was but a post of defence; and the *Minories* a large waste piece of ground. The Tower has since lost much of its former attraction. At this time, it had ceased to be a royal residence; but it was still the scene of all the great occasions of state, the treasure house, the prison, and the place of high council. It

was from her confinement in the Tower, that Elizabeth was called only the year before to ascend the throne, and the hard lesson which her sister taught was not lost. The Duke of Norfolk, condemned for plotting to marry the hapless Mary of Scotland, lost his head on Tower Hill; and an inscription, dated 1564, records the captivity of the last descendant of George Duke of Clarence, the brother of Richard III., who both found a grave in its gloomy precincts. A history of tyranny might be written in the biographies of its inmates. The rich Jew tortured for his wealth, and the brave Scot or Welshman murdered for their independence; the foreign prisoner captured in war, and detained often in chains until he could procure ransom; the turbulent noble or defeated rival hurried at once from the cell to the scaffold. Henry VI. and his son Edward, Clarence, and the infant Edward V. with his brother the Duke of York, Anna Boleyn, and Lady Jane Grey, patriots, nobles, kings, priests, soldiers, lawyers, and men of letters, the list might swell out till the appalled student would cry "no more of horrors, let me hear of men and not of fiends." We willingly leave the subject, rich as it is in historic recollections, and making our way along *Gracious* (Gracechurch) *Street*, and along the narrow thoroughfare where the "Lombards" carried on their business of money changing, with a glance at *Escheppes* (Eastcheap), not yet rendered famous by the genius of Shakespeare, we hasten to old St Paul's, a structure as famous in its day as the building which now occupies its site. It was begun on the ruins of the original cathedral in the 11th century. Looking down the hill on the valley of the rapid Fleet river, with its vessels lying at anchor, we pass into the cathedral on the morning of a festival. We enter, and at once are fixed in amazement at the scene of enchantment suddenly visible, an apparently endless perspective of lofty arches lost in the distance in a luminous mist or confused blaze of many streams of light, great numbers of persons in many-coloured dresses moving to and fro, solemn sounds at once press upon and bewilder the attention. As we gaze more steadily, that wonderful perspective becomes more clear, until at last, for nearly seven hundred feet, we can follow the range unbroken from the tessellated marble pavement below to the roof with gilded groins above, of arches upon arches, and of the dim but richly painted windows at the top. The glorious vista is terminated by a rose window of great size, but appearing from hence scarcely larger than the flower from which it borrows its name, whilst its colours, revelling in the intensest of dyes, appear mingled into one glowing but nameless hue. There seems to be no end to the wealth that has been lavished upon the place. Gold, silver, rubies, emeralds, pearls, begin to lose their value from their profusion; add the croziers of the seventy priests who are performing services in different parts of the building. The crowding figures of nobles, warriors, citizens, ladies, and labourers arrayed in all kinds of materials, satin, damask, cloth of gold and silver, and stout broad cloth of English wool, and some idea may be obtained of St Paul's in 1560. Its history from the period of the foundation down through the time when six bibles were chained in the cathedral for public use to its destruction by the great fire, is matter for the pen of the antiquary, and so hurrying along byways, the sites of which will remain ever memorable, we pass through Temple Bar to the Strand. "The bridges" here are swept away, though their names are preserved in Ivy Bridge Lane and Strand Bridge Lane opposite the end of Newcastle Street. There are houses on both sides of the way. Essex House,

anciently the outer Temple, was the residence of the unhappy favourite of Elizabeth, and with Durham Place and Harbour Street, presented its embattled pile towards the Strand.

The May Pole stood in front of the spot now occupied by St Clement's Church, and on the ground, forming Arundel, Norfolk, Savoy, and Howard Streets, rose the stately mansion and grounds of Arundel house, the town residence of the Howards. The memorials of old London abound in this vicinity. The Savoy carries us back to the days of John of Gaunt; and in Strand Lane is a bath which was used by the Romans. The gateway of Lyon's Inn, now in Holywell Street, marks the site of a portion of the Inner Temple, and the birth or death places of eminent men hallow the entire locality. In our onward journey the air seems filled with the spirit of the past. St Martin's Lane had not yet grown to be the resort of abandoned characters, where, in the words of Jonson, the "quarrelling lesson was read, and the seconds were bottle ale and tobacco." We pause before Charing Cross, the centre of the humble village of Charing. In 1554, a stirring incident, as narrated by Stowe, invests the scene with living interest. Sir Thomas Wyatt had taken arms against Mary, and was advancing on the city. The same night (February 6th), about five of the clock, a trumpeter went about, and warned all horsemen and men-at-arms to be at St James's Field, and all footmen also to be there by six of the clock next morning. The Queen's scout on his return to the court declared Wyatt's being at Brentford, which sudden news made all in the court wonderfully afraid. Drums went through London at four of the clock in the morning, commanding all soldiers to armour, and so to Charing Cross.

Wyatt, hearing the Earl of Pembroke was come into the field, he staid at Knightsbridge until day, where his men being very weary with travel of the night and the day before, and also partly feeble and faint, having received small sustenance since their coming out of Southwark, rested. There was no small ado in London, and likewise the Tower made great preparation of defence. By ten of the clock the Earl of Pembroke had set his troop of horsemen on the hill in the highway above St James's; his footmen were set in two battles somewhat lower and nearer Charing Cross, at the lane turning down by the brick wall from Islington ward (St Martin's Lane), where he had also certain other horsemen, and he had planted his ordnance upon the hill side in the meantime. Wyatt and his company planted his ordnance upon a hill beyond St James's, almost over against the park corner; and himself, after a few words spoken to his soldiers, came down the old lane on foot, hard by the court gate at St James's, his men marching in good array. Cuthbert Vaughan and two ancients turned down towards Westminster. The Earl of Pembroke's horsemen hovered all the while without moving, until all was passed by, saving the tail, upon which they did set and cut off; the other marched forward in array, and never staid or returned to the aid of their tail. The great ordnance shot off freshly on both sides; Wyatt's ordnance overshot the troop of horsemen. The Queen's ordnance, one piece struck three of Wyatt's company in a rank upon the heads, and slaying them, struck through the wall into the park; more harm was not done by the great shot of either party. The Queen's whole battle of footmen standing still, Wyatt passed along by the wall towards Charing Cross, where the said horsemen that were there set upon part of them, but were soon forced back.

At Charing Cross there stood Sir John Gage, lord

chamberlain, with the guard and a number of others, almost a thousand, the which upon Wyatt's coming shot at his company, but at the last fled to the court gates, while certain pursued, and forced with shot to shut the court gate against them. In this repulse the said lord chamberlain and others were so amazed that many cried treason in the court, and had thought that the Earl of Pembroke, who was assaulting the tail of his enemies, had gone to Wyatt, taking his part against the Queen. There was running and crying out of ladies and gentlemen, shutting of doors and windows, and such a shrieking and noise, as was wonderful to hear. The upshot was, that Wyatt, lacking the daring of a bold rebel, surrendered; but never, perhaps, since the day when the Cross was erected by the first Edward to its final overthrow by order of the Long Parliament, had a more exciting scene been witnessed at its base. But we must resume our journey, and retracing the way eastward by the water side, scarcely linger for a moment to gaze upon the church of *Blackfriars* and the palace of *Bridewell*, at this time but recently built for the special accommodation of the Emperor Charles V. It was in the Blackfriar's church that Wolsey and Cardinal Campeggio pronounced sentence of divorce between Henry and Queen Catherine; and where, by just retribution, Wolsey was himself sentenced to degradation and ruin. *Queenhith* and *Billingsgate* still retain their ancient characteristics, and are but little altered even in appearance.

The Thames was spanned by a single bridge, the old edifice which had remained substantially the same, as when first erected in 1209, though like the celebrated weapon of the Highlander it had borne much reparation. It had nineteen piers, protected by an equal number of starlings, as these trowel shaped masses of masonry were termed. The space left for passengers was rather narrow, and there were but three openings through which a view of the river could be obtained. Over the central pier stood the chapel of St Thomas à Becket, a famous building, which continued to be used for divine worship down to the very date of the Queen's accession. The front to the street, which was thirty feet in length, was divided by four buttresses, crowned with crotched spires, into three compartments, of which the central one contained a large arched window, and the other two, the entrances into the chapel from the street. The interior consisted of an upper chapel, and a crypt, the latter of which was about twenty feet in height, and the vaulted roof of which was supported by clustered columns of great elegance, having an entrance from the river by means of a flight of stairs leading from the starling of the pier, as well as others from the upper rooms and from the street. Both apartments were lighted by rows of arched windows, looking out upon the water. Between the chapel and the Southwark end of the bridge stands the drawbridge, which formed one of the piers, and at the north end was the tower upon which it was usual to place the heads of persons executed for treason. The chapel was afterwards converted into a haberdasher's shop, and the heads were removed to a gate at the Southwark entrance. Blackening in the sun or bleaching in the frost, had been here exhibited to the gaze of the multitude, the dauntless countenance of Wallace, the head of the father of gallant Hotspur, and those of the twin martyrs, Fisher, bishop of Rochester, and Sir Thomas More. The head of Fisher having been kept a night for the inspection of *Queen Anna Bolyn*, was parboiled, prickt upon a pole, and set on high upon London Bridge, amongst the rest of the holy

Carthusians' heads that suffered death lately before him. "And here I cannot omit to declare unto you," says the old chronicler, Hall, "the miraculous sight of this head, which after it had stood up the space of fourteen days upon the bridge, could not be perceived to waste or consume, neither for the weather, which was then very hot, neither for the parboiling in hot water, but grew daily fresher and fresher, so that in his lifetime he never looked so well, for his cheeks being beautified with a comely red, the face looked as though it had beheld the people passing by, and would have spoken to them. Wherefore the people coming daily to see this strange sight, the passage over the bridge was so stopped with their coming and going, that almost neither cart nor horse could pass, and therefore at the end of fourteen days the executioner was commanded to throw down the head in the night time into the river of Thames, and in the place thereof was set the head of the most blessed and constant martyr, Sir Thomas More, his companion and fellow in all his troubles, who suffered his passion the 6th July next following." To pass over the narration of the equally wonderful preservation of the chancellor's head, which after being exposed for some months "had not diminished its lively colour," and the details of gorgeous processions of kings and prelates, and joustings and rare passages of arms between gallant knights and nobles, which, from time to time, made the old bridge the centre of attraction, we cannot help transcribing the account of the skirmish fought by Jack Cade for its possession in 1430. The Kentish leader presented himself at the gates, which were opened to him by the Londoners on Thursday evening, July 2, and, as he passed over at the head of his men, cut asunder the ropes of the drawbridge with his sword; but, on the following Sunday, the mayor and aldermen having rallied the better sort of citizens, the bridge was recaptured, the rebels, after a desperate resistance, being driven over into Southwark. But their leader exhibited no want of courage or warlike capacity; for Stowe tells us that, as soon as he received the intelligence, "he went to harness, and assembled his people, and set so fiercely upon the citizens, that he drove them back from the stoups (or posts) in Southwark, or Bridge-foot, unto the drawbridge, in defending whereof many a man was drowned and slain. . . . This skirmish continued all night, till nine of the clock on the morrow, so that sometime the citizens had the better, and sometimes the other; but ever they kept them upon the bridge, so that the citizens passed never much the better at the bridge-foot, nor the Kentishmen no further than the drawbridge, thus continuing the chief fight to the destruction of much people on both sides." Hall asserts, however, that the Londoners were several times beaten back "as far as the stoups at St Magnus' Corner," that is, quite to the northern extremity of the bridge. He and other authorities also state that the rebels set fire to some of the houses on the bridge. "Alas!" he exclaims, "what sorrow it was to behold that miserable chance, for some desiring to eschew the fire, leaped on his enemy's weapon and was killed; fearful women, with children in their arms, amazed and appalled, leapt into the river; others, doubting how to save themselves from fire, sword and sword, were in their houses suffocate and smothered." At last both parties, faint, weary, and exhausted, ceased to rest them all the next day; and on the following day the king's pardon was proclaimed. The street on the bridge was the Pater-noster street. The three bibles, the chapel, and the church, were signs of respectable

publishers; the sign of the white lion, the lamb, and breeches, and the lock of hair, betokened the various callings of the worthy shopkeepers, and "dangling and creaking away must have made work enough among those on London Bridge, especially when the wind was high, and must have added not a little to both the noise and terrors of the thoroughfare." The street was not finally pulled down till about the year 1760.

Happily the beautiful chapel of St Mary Overy is still in existence, with its rare monuments of Gower, the brother of Shakespeare, and Philip Massinger. It is not necessary to describe the sports of the bull and bear garden, albeit they gladdened the leisure hours of the maiden Queen; and now we are at the limits of the ancient metropolis in 1560. Its broken streets and dark thoroughfares—its uncleansed filthiness and haunts of unpicturesque wretchedness—its rude manners and almost naked civilisation would have made it somewhat unpleasant as a dwelling-place for a mechanic of the nineteenth century, even though it was the home of Shakespeare and of genius.

Such was London only three centuries since; how strangely the picture contrasts with the London of the present. Does the comparison mortify or exalt us? We are accustomed to speak of this city as the greatest in the universe, and the boast is not an idle one. Our greatness is not akin to the greatness of the past, but it is actual and visible. Petty communities in the olden time have crowded upon the area of an English county, monuments of intellectual grandeur, which seem to have been erected by the aid of a mortgage upon human genius through all futurity. Poets, whose strains still seem to us the native language of the immortals, lived when our country had no place in the world's history; and nearly all which we are accustomed to venerate and feebly copy, existed at a period of remote antiquity. But were it possible to concentrate within the walls of a single city every memorial which society would wish to preserve, still in our estimation modern London might claim supremacy. It is the home of Power, the metropolis of all the strengths. Our faculty of *doing* is transcendent. The greatest efforts of material force hitherto achieved appear but recreations when compared with the wonders which might be wrought by the use of the means already within our grasp; and this consciousness, which every Englishman carries with him to every corner of the globe becomes intensified in London. We take the stranger, whom it is thought needful to impress with lofty ideas of our greatness, not to St Paul's, for that is excelled; nor to Westminster Abbey, for that was the work of an age with which the men of this generation affect to have nothing in common; nor to the Museum, for that is but the gleanings of the countless harvests reaped by the labourers whose very dust has long since perished; nor do we point to tattered banners or warlike trophies, for other nations have dared and done as well; but we place him in a doorway in Cheapside two hours before noon, and bid him look on till his mind takes in the character of the scene. Two rushing tides of life, every single billow containing within itself all the constituents which, united, make up the stream of that mighty ocean which for six thousand years has rolled on to eternity, flow ceaselessly by him. A procession in the streets, which seems as if a congress of the human race was about to be held, stuns with its noise, and bewilders him by its vastness; and when he has been carried a day's journey, east, west, north, and south, without stepping outside the belt which binds in an unfrater-

nal embrace the members of this strange family, the work is complete. His sense of individuality is almost gone; the organ of self esteem is nearly obliterated. He feels that he is but the smallest atom in a system which needs not his presence to carry on its highest operations. The aggregate might overawe him, just as the sea, which is made up of small drops, fills the philosopher with thoughts of immensity.

EXTRACTS FROM A MS. IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM, RELATIVE TO THE ANCIENT NOBILITY OF THE NORTH.

THE following account of the Scottish nobility is found in one of the MS. volumes of the Harleian Collection, in the library of the British Museum. The manuscript is entitled, "The present state of the Nobilitie of Scotland, as it was certified unto William, Lorde Burleigh, Lord Treasurer of England, in anno 1578," and it contains similar particulars respecting most of the Peers.

To obtain a knowledge of the state of Scotland, and the disposition of influential parties there, was an object of great solicitude with Queen Elizabeth. The cause of Protestantism had been secured in England, and the friends of the Reformation were anxious regarding its progress among their Scottish brethren. The Lords of the Congregation had deposed the unhappy Mary, and proclaimed her infant son, whom to preserve from Popish influence they placed in the castle of Stirling, under the guardianship of the Earl of Mar, where he remained until 1577.

George, fifth Earl of Caithness.—"The Earle of Catness is a Sinkler, about 60 years of age, in religion here unto a papiste, verie rich and of greate partye; he rulethe in both Catness and Southerland as Sheriffe by inheritance with greate force and oppression. Of late he married his daughter to the Earle of Arral, a man of like condition to himselfe. He litle careth either what religion or authoritie be used, but whollie followeth his own profit, makinge alwayes faire wether with them in authoritie and bestowinge oftentimes for the same, very liberal guiftes on them.

"Alexander Earl of Southerland, by surname a Gordon, about the age of twentie-five yeares, and . . . to the Earl of Lennexe, is a good protestante; he favoreth wholy the Kinge and is his nere kinsman. He is but poore and much oppressed by Catnes; wholie governed by his wife, and of no great partye. He married the Earle of Huntlie's sister, who was first married to the Earle of Bothwelle, and after divorced upon contract with the Scottishe Queene.

"The Lord Lovett, a Frossart beinge nowe within age, is in the tuitione of the Earle of Athele, his grandfather by his mother.

"The Earle of Athele and Montroise is a Stuarde, of the age of 45 yeares, and is a papiste and cheefly by his wife's means, for many hope that hereafter he will be a protestante, when occasion for the wealth of his country shall serve. He greatly favoreth the King, and is the cheefe and head of the confederates for the maintenance of the Kinge; he is riche and of greate possessions, partie and friendship, and is accounted subtil and wise.

"The Earle of Argyle is a Cambel. He possesseth the county of Morray in the right of his wife, and

Argyle by himselfe. He is a good protestante, a whole favorer of the Kinge; he is riche and of greate possession, partie and friendship; he is much advised by his wife, but his friendes have greate hope and expectation of better prooffe in him. He is especially well liked of all that are about the Kinge. Yfe the contentiones betwixt him and Athele were ended, he would be of the faction that presse to maintane the Stuardes against the Hamiltone. His lands do cost much upon Ireland.

"The Earle of Huntley is a Gordon, and is about 15 yeares of age, and in the tuition as yet of the Regent. There is goode hope of his goode prooffe. His mother was daughter to the Duke of Hamilton. Adam Gordon his uncle continueth still under bond in Galloway.

"The Lorde Furbasse of Thilk, he is a Furbasse and is a protestante and a favorer of the Kinge, yet of no greate substance nor partye, for he is in deadly feude with the Gordons, and is chiefly assisted by the tenants of the Earle of Marre, dwellinge nigh the Furbasses' land."

These scraps may appear of little interest, but all additions to family or national history are useful. Burleigh's informant was evidently a spy, and may have been engaged in deeper concerns during the reign of that plotting sovereign, Queen Bess.—*Caithness Chronicle.*

COCKBURN THE "BORDERER."

On the Meggat Water, at its embouchure into St Mary's Lake, surrounded by high and steep hills, are the remains of what was once the stronghold of this celebrated freebooter. It was called Henderland Tower. When James V., in 1530, made an excursion to the border, to restore peace to the "debateable land," Cockburn fell a victim to the royal vengeance—justice it could not be called, and the deed is still regarded by the peasantry of the district as one of unjustifiable tyranny. On the king and his armed followers reaching Henderland Tower, a message was sent to Cockburn that he was wanted immediately. The borderer, being at dinner, returned for answer that he would not stir, were it the king himself who wanted him, until he had finished his repast. The messenger was forthwith sent back to say that it was the "king himself" who wanted him, and that he might prepare for *instant death*. Thus taken by surprise—his followers being absent, and surrounded only by his wife and family—the knife with which he had been eating dropped from Cockburn's hand, for well he knew the object of the royal visit—and without being allowed a moment's preparation for death, he was hanged over his own gateway. His body was buried on the top of a little knoll on the other side of the tributary brook which flows past the ruins, and a "through-stone" marks the spot, which was lately enclosed and planted by the proprietor. The stone has an inscription round the edges in the old Saxon character, but, being overgrown with moss, it cannot be deciphered. It stands much in need of the renovating chisel of an "Old Mortality." It is said that the borderer's wife would also have met a similar fate, had she not, warned by a domestic, fled to a dark cave at the foot of the water-fall in

the ravine above the tower, where she lay concealed till the danger was over.

When last we visited the scene, which is well worthy the attention of the antiquary and tourist, we gathered a beautiful *white* variety of the "Blue Bell of Scotland" from the grave of the borderer—and, as we culled it, could not help indulging in the poetic idea, that nature had planted that sweet flower there to mark her sympathy for the victim of unconstitutional power. The water-fall, where the wife of Cockburn took refuge, is peculiarly picturesque. It is about twenty feet high, though it cannot be seen until the visitor is close upon it.

E. A.

LETTER FROM SIR JOHN CLERK, BART.,
TO JAMES ANDERSON, THE EDITOR
OF THE DIPLOMATA SCOTLÆ.

THE following fragment of a letter, from Clerk of Pennycuik to Anderson the antiquary, has been copied from the original, which is so much defaced as in many places to be illegible. The writer was the ancestor of the present baronet, and of the late Lord Eldin and William Clerk, the clever, but eccentric, and not very sweet tempered clerk of the Jury Court. It is understood that a very curious diary by Sir John, or some other member of the family, is still preserved at Pennycuik; at least the late Mr William Clerk mentioned this to be the case, and stated that, it was so very curious, he would advise the publication, did it not contain many very funny stories about the folks in the country, which might be offensive to the present representatives:—

Sir,
Your welcome letter came only to my hands * * * after I came out of the parliament, wher I was * * * the dean of Faculty is out of Town. I gave * * * to Pittmedden and Sir Robert Sibbald, who make (their compliments) to you and to Dr Smith. The latter had frequently heard of the statuts on Ecclesiæ Scoticanæ, but it was so delet, and in such ill order, that he would not send it. This morning I was with Thirlstane, one of the curators of the Librarie, who had a returne from Mr Colt, another of the Librarie's keepers, that this forenoon he should order Mr Thomas to transcribe a fair copie, which himself should review, if he wer not under Physick; but that it should be transmitted with Tuesday's post. This I instantly undertooke to see done, and that I should acquaint you. He told me he is much indebted to the Dr's civility, and I promise myself great satisfaction in his returne, which I may have on Monday Morning when I come to town, and shall have subject for new enquiry. It is odde enough that the 13th Chapter of Bede, first booke, is wanting in the manuscript. You have made very good progress in the first chapters. I have no doubt *Madno Comes in Madeth Comes Atholix*, who is a witness in the foundation in the Abbacie of Scoone, as I remember Archbishop Usher mentions one *Esigurd dux* or count; and so it may be *Comes vel consul*; and I remember those who treat of the Earl say he was valiantly styled Eorlman or Alderman, which has some affinity with the other. Perhaps something of this may be found in Selden's titles of honour, but

this will be best understood by the Doctor. I entreat you look narrowly to the seals of our ancient kings, if they have a shield triangular, with the double tressure and Scottish armes on the left of the king on his back. Mr Nisbett assures me he has seen several of King William's so, and particularly one of that king's to the Earl of Winton's predecessor. If this be true, there being no new occasion for K. William to bear the double tressure, its lyke his predecessors have done the same, and in my opinion would be a mighty argument for the ancient league * * * Catalogue of honour gives the double tressure * * * to Malcolme Canmore * * * had good authority for this; it * * * Sir Robert has also undertaken to speak to Mr (Harry ?) Maule, and to Mr Sutherland, who has one or (two such ?) medals, for a copie. I have received one from the (Bishop of ?) Carlisle (who is) very obleiding, with a promise of * * *

A MEMORIAL OF THE RARE AND WONDERFUL THINGS OF SCOTLAND.

[From an early Geography.]

AMONGST many commodities that *Scotland* hath common with other nations, it is beautified with some rare gifts in itself, wonderful to consider: As for example, in *Orknay* the ewes are of such facundity, that at every lambing-time, they produce at least two, and ordinarily three. There be neither venomous nor ravenous beasts bred there, nor do live there, although they were transported thither.

In *Zelland*, the isles called *Thula*, at the entering of the sun in *Cancer*, the space of twenty days, there appear no night at all. Among the rocks grow the delectable *Lambre*, called *Succinum*, with great resort of the mertirck, for costly furrings. In the west and north-west of *Scotland*, there is a great repairing of the Erne, of a marvellous nature, the people are very curious to catch him, and punze his wings, that he fly not; he is of a hudge quantity, and a ravenous kind, as the hawks, and the same quality: they do give him such sort of meat, in great quantity at once, that he lives contented therewith 14, 16, or 20 days, and some of them a month, their feathers are good for garnishing of arrows, for they receive no rain nor water, but remain always of a durable estate, and incorruptible: the people do use them either when they be a hunting, or at wars. In the most of the rivers in *Scotland*, beside the marvellous plenty of salmond and other fishes gotten, there is a shelfish, called, the horse-mussel, of a great quantity, wherein are ingendered innumerable, fair, beautiful and delectable pearls, convenient for the pleasure of man, and profitable for the use of physick: and some of them so fair and polished, that they may be equal to any oriental pearls. And generally, by the providence of Almighty God, when dearth and scarcity of victuals are in the land, then the fishes are most plentifully taken for the support of the people. In *Galloway*, the one half of loch *Mirton* doth never freeze. By *Inverness*, the loch called *Lochness*, and the river flowing from thence into the sea, doth never freeze: but on the contrary, in the coldest days of winter, the loch and river do smoke and reik, signifying unto us, that there is a mine of brimstone under it, of a hot quality. In *Carrick* are kine and oxen, delicious to eat, but their fatness, is of a wonderful temperature: all other comestable beasts fatness, with the cold air doth congeal: by the contrary the fatness of these beasts is

perpetually liquid like oil. The wood and park of *Cumbernauld* is replenished with kine and oxen, and those at all times, to this day, have been wild, and of a wonderful whiteness, that there was never among all the huge number there, so much as the smallest black spot found to be upon one of their skins, horns or clove. In *Kyle* is a rock of the height of 12 foot, and as much of breadth, called, The deaf Craig: for although a man should cry never so loud to his fellow, from the one side to the other, he is not heard, although he would make the noise of a gun. In the country of *Strathern*, upon the water of *Farge*, by *Balward*, there is a stone called, the *Rocking-stone*, of a reasonable bigness, that if a man will push it with the lest motion of his finger, it will move very lightly, but if he address his whole force, he profits nothing, which moves many people to be wonderful merry, when they consider such contrariety. In *Lennox* is a great loch, called *Loch-lawmond*, 24 miles in length, and in breadth 8 miles, containing the number of 30 isles: in this loch is observed three wonderful things; the one is fishes, very delectable to eat, that have no fins to move themselves withal, as other fishes do. The second, tempestuous waves and surges of the water, perpetually raging, without winds, and that in the time of greatest calms, in the fair pleasant time of summer, when the air is quiet. The third is, one of these isles, that is not corroborate, nor united to the ground, but hath been perpetually loose, and although it be fertil of good grass, and replenished with nolt, yet it moves by the waves of the water, and is transported, sometimes towards one point, and other whiles towards another.

In *Argyle* is a stone found in divers parts, the which laid under straw or stubble, doth consume them to fire, by the great heat that it collects thereby. In *Buchan*, at the demolished castle of *Slanis*, is a cave, from the top whereof distills water, which in short time doth congeal to hard white stones, the cave is always emptied.

In *Lowthian*, two miles from *Edinburgh* southward, is a well-spring, called *St. Katharine's* well, flowing perpetually with a kind of black fatness or oil, above the water, being frequent in those parts. This fatness is of a marvellous nature: for as the coal, proceeding (as is thought) of the parel-coal, whereof it proceeds, is sudden to conceive fire or flame; so is this oil of a sudden operation to heal all salt scabs and humours, that trouble the outward skin of man: commonly the head and hands are quickly healed by the virtue of this oil: it renders a marvellous sweet smell. At *Aberdeen* is a well, of marvellous good quality to dissolve the stone, to expel sand from the reins and bladder; and good for the cholic, being drunk in the month of *July*, and a few days of *August*; little inferior to the renowned water of the *Spaw* in *Almain*. In the north seas of *Scotland*, are great clogs of timber found, in the which are marvellously ingendered a sort of geese, called *Clayk Geese*, and do hang by the beak, till they be of perfection: oftentimes found, and kept in admiration of their generation. At *Dumbarton*, directly under the castle, at the mouth of the river of *Clyde*, as it enters in the sea, there are a number of *Clayk Geese*, black of colour, which in the night-time do gather great quantity of the crops of the grass, growing upon the land, and carry the same to the sea: then assembling in a round, and with a curious curiosity, do offer every one his own portion to the sea-flood, and there attend upon the flowing of the tide, till the grass be purified from the fresh taste, and turned to the salt: and lest any part thereof should escape, they hold it in with their nebs, there-

after orderly every fowl eats his portion: and this custom they observe perpetually. They are fat and delicious to be eaten.

Varieties.

THE FALL OF THE DOUGLASSES.—James Douglas, ninth Earl of Douglas. His lordship, in revenge for the late earl's death, took up arms against King James, and it cost him little more than the waving of his banner to collect an army of fully forty thousand men, with which he encamped on the south side of the Carron, to await the attack of the royal army. Owing, however, to the desertion of Hamilton and other chieftains, the troops of Douglas dissolved like a snow-wreath on a sudden thaw; and on the fearful morning succeeding that on which the Earl Douglas led out his mighty host, his empty camp scarce contained a hundred soldiers, save his own household troops. Douglas himself, in the spring of 1455, fled into England, with very few attendants. His three brothers, Moray, Ormond, and Balveny, remaining in Eweadale, maintained their followers by military licence, and harassed the adjacent country, until completely routed at Arkinholm. Moray fell in the action; Ormond was made prisoner, condemned, and executed; and of the brethren of Douglas, Balveny alone effected his escape. In the June following, a parliament met in Edinburgh, and decreed the forfeiture of Douglas and his brothers. The title of Douglas accordingly ceased; and thus fell, and for ever, the formidable power of the house of Douglas, which had so lately measured itself against that of monarchy. "It can only," to quote a beautiful simile of Sir Walter Scott, "be compared to the gourd of the prophet, which, spreading in such incalculable luxuriance, was withered in a single night." The earl was received with favour by the ruling party in England. Edward IV. granted him a pension, admitted him to the privileges of an English subject, and invested him with the order of the Garter. In 1483, having raised five hundred horse and a small body of infantry, the exiled lord advanced to Lochmaben; but the west-border men rose to repel the incursion, and the invaders were defeated. Struck from his horse, and surrounded by enemies, the aged Douglas surrendered himself to a son of Kirkpatrick, of Closeburn, and was conveyed to the royal presence; but, either from shame or scorn, turned his back on the son of James II., the destroyer of his house. A ray of pity illuminated the despotic mind of the king; he merely sentenced Douglas to the religious retirement of Lindores Abbey; while the earl's indifference manifested—"He who may no better be, must be a monk." In this retreat he died, after four years of penitence and of peace, on the 15th of April 1488.

MURDER OF THE TWO CHILDREN OF GORDON, OF ELLON.—"Edinburgh, April 29, 1718.—Yesterday evening, betwixt six and eight, one Mr Robert Irvine, governor to James Gordon of Ellon's children, having gone out of the town, with two of his sons, under pretence to take a walk towards the Water of Ledth, did most barbarously cut the throat of one of them, being about eight years of age; calling to his brother (who was about nine years), to run away for he was gone, which he did; but the villain pursuing, overtook him and cut his throat likewise. Thereafter he endeavoured to drown himself, but perceiving people running up to apprehend him, he, with the same knife, cut his own throat, but not mortally, being prevented by the people walking thereabout, who seized him, before he effected his design. After which his wound was steech'd, and he was brought up prisoner on a cart to our main guard."—The cause of this murder was the knowledge the children had accidentally acquired of the immoral conduct of the teacher, who, being taken "red hand," was immediately convicted and executed.

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WILLIAM DUNBAR.

It is by no means surprising that the authors of many of our old lyrics are unknown, when so few particulars have been preserved of the personal history of DUNBAR, the chief of all our earlier poets. His poems were only "first collected" and published by David Laing, to whom the admirers of Scottish literature are greatly indebted, in 1834;* and, but for the manuscript collections of Bannatyne, Maitland, and one or two others, the probability is that, though Dunbar enjoyed a high reputation during his life, very few of his numerous productions would now have been in existence. Much of this apparent neglect of a genius so gifted may be attributed to the disturbed state of the country—from the death of James IV. till the battle of Culloden in 1745—which left little leisure, and possibly as little inclination, to indulge in the pursuits of literature. After long-protracted and patient inquiry, Mr Laing, in drawing up a memoir of the poet, found little to aid him in the task beyond what could be deduced from the frequently imperfect hints thrown out in the writings of the author or his contemporaries. From this interesting sketch we shall endeavour to acquaint our readers with the leading facts brought together: and from the poems themselves give such illustrations as may tend to excite a taste for further perusal.

William Dunbar, born about the middle of the fifteenth century—not later than 1460—is believed to have been a descendant of the noble family of Dunbar, and a native of Lothian. Both of these facts are inferred from the "Flying"† between Dunbar and Kennedy, a contemporary poet. "The same branch of the attainted family," says Mr Laing, "of which he is represented as a descendant, retaining property in that district, was Sir Patrick Dunbar of Beill, in East Lothian, a younger son of George, the tenth Earl of March. This Sir Patrick identified himself on many occasions, and was one of the hostages for James the First in 1426; and it appears from an original charter, dated August 10, 1440, that one of his sons was named

* The poems of William Dunbar, now first collected. By David Laing. Edinburgh: Laing and Forbes, 1834.

† The date of this singular composition may be some few years after 1491. It neither originated nor was carried on in consequence of any personal animosity or dislike; nor does it appear that it had any tendency to interrupt the cordiality of private friendship. Such exhibitions of "illiberal fancy" were common during the sixteenth century.

William, who in all probability was either the father or uncle of the poet."

Dunbar was no doubt intended for the church. Even on his nurse's knee he was, as he says himself, amused with "Dandele, Bishop, Dandele!" and it is certain that he had the advantage of a university education. In the old registers of the University of St Andrews, the name of *William Dunbar* occurs among the Bachelors of Art, in St Salvador's College, in 1477; and again, in 1479, as having taken the degree of Master of Arts.

It is very probable that Dunbar, like most Scottish students at the time, studied also at a foreign university; but of this there is no evidence beyond his own statement, that he had entered the order of St Francis, and become an itinerant friar. "It is well known," says Mr Laing, "that the order of mendicants, called Franciscan, or Grey Friars, were divided into Conventuals and Observantines. The latter had an establishment at Edinburgh, endowed by James the First, about the year 1446, where divinity and philosophy were regularly taught; and here it is highly probable that Dunbar might have spent some of his earlier years." Dunbar, however, as he himself informs us, did not relish a monastic life. He represents St Francis as afterwards appearing to him in a dream, and urging him to adopt a religious habit. The poet refuses, saying—

"Gif evir my fortoun wes to be a freir,
The dait thairof is past full mony a year;
For in to every lusty toun and place,
Off all Yngland, from Berwick to Kalice,
I haif in to thy habeit maid gud chair.

In freiris weid full fairly haif I fleichit,
In it haif I in pulpet gone and preichit
In Derntoun kirk, and eik in Canterbury;
In it I past at Dover oure the ferry,
Throw Piccardy, and thair the peple teichit.

As lang as I did beir the freiris style;
In me, God wait, wes mony wrink and wyle;
In me wes falsheit with every wicht to flatter,
Quhilk mycht be flemit with na haly watter;
I wes ay reddey all men to begyle."

Kennedy in the 'Flying,' alludes to this period of Dunbar's life, and taunts him with his pilgrimage:—

"Fra Atrik Forrest furthward to Dumfreis
Thew beggit with ane pardoun in all kirkis,
Collapseis, crudis, meill, grottis, gryce, and geikis,
And under nycht quhyllis thow stail staeigis and stirkis."

Because that Scotland of thy begging irkis,
Thow schaipis in France to be a knyght of the fildis;

Thow hes thy clamschellis, and thy bourdoun keild,
Unhonest wayis all, wolroun, that thou wirkis."

How long Dunbar continued a friar is not known from his poems; nor do they furnish any hint as to the time or occasion of his connection with the Scottish Court. "At a later period," continues Mr Laing, "when we find Dunbar residing in Edinburgh, and presenting his supplications to James the Fourth for preferment in the church, he urges his claims not on account of merit, for, 'alas!' says he, 'I can do nothing but brieve (or write) ballads,' but as the just recompense to which he was entitled by long and faithful service. In one place he tells the king, that had he been so disposed, he might, in his youth, have obtained employment abroad—

'I had been bocht in realmes by,
Had I consentit to be sauld.'

In another, he urges the king to have regard, and to bestow compensation on his 'auld servitouria,' no less than on the crowd of idle and worthless characters, who daily importuned 'his grace;' and speaks of himself as one of those that

'Throw all regions bes tein hard tell,
Of quhilk my wryting witnes beiris.'

And when contrasting his own small reward with his long and 'leill service,' he adds,—

'Nocht I say this, by this countrie,
France, England, Ireland, Almanie,
Bot ala be Italie and Spaine,
Quhilk to consider is ane paine.'

These allusions to the countries visited by Dunbar, while employed in the king's service, which include the chief parts of Europe, will readily suggest the nature and character of his employment. It is well known that James the Fourth maintained a constant and friendly intercourse with the Courts of France, Flanders, Spain, Denmark, and other countries, and that such international relations were carried on by the mission of heralds, envoys, and merchants, as well as in the more solemn way of embassies to foreign courts, including that of England. The most probable conjecture then that can be offered is, that Dunbar was employed in the course of these embassies, as it was usual on such occasions to appoint 'ane clerk;' for it must be considered that the literary attainments of the clergy, who were almost the only class of men who then received any thing like a liberal education, eminently recommended them to the service of foreign negotiations."

From the "Flying" it would appear that Dunbar, in one of these missions probably, had sailed from Leith, and been shipwrecked on the coast of Zealand, where he had endured much distress. Dunbar seems to have been residing at Paris when the concluding portion of the "Flying" was written, and the mention of the Katherine as the vessel in which he made the voyage, leads, from an entry in the treasurer's accounts for July 1491, to the belief that he was in the train of the Earl of Bothwell and Lord Monypenny, then sent on an embassy to France. Mr Laing supposes that "as the ambassadors returned at the end of November that same year, Dunbar might have been left behind in Paris, during the winter season, for the purpose of crossing the Alps in the further prose-

cution of 'the erandis' of his royal master; for, as Kennedy says, he could not at that time cross Mount Bernard for wild beasts, nor win through Mounts Scarpear, Nicholas, and St Gedard, for the snow; and since no lord would take him into his service, he is advised to remain in Paris, with the 'Maister Burreau,' or public executioner, and assist in hanging criminals at the rate of half-a-franc a piece. But after such gratuitous advice, Kennedy thus addresses the king:—

'Hie, Soverane Lord, lat never this sinfull sot
Do schame, fra hame, unto your nation;—

words which evidently corroborate the supposition of Dunbar's having been employed in the king's service on some foreign mission."

In the year 1500, Dunbar obtained a small pension of ten pounds yearly from the king. The grant appears in the register of the Privy Seal, August 15. It was to be paid half-yearly to "Maister William Dunbar for all the dayis of his life, or untill he be promoted by our Sovereign Lord to a benefice of the value of forty pounds or more yearly!" It is probable this pension had been granted in compliance with the poet's "earnest cry and prayer" to the king,—

"Schir, yet remember as of befoir,
How that my youth is done forloir
In your service, with pane and grief,
Gude conscience cryis, 'Reward thairfor!'"

From this period Dunbar seems to have resided almost constantly in Edinburgh, and to have been retained as an attendant at court. His reputation as a versifier was then probably at the highest. Gavin Douglas, in his "Palice of Honour," thus speaks of him:—

"Of this natoun I knew also anone
Gret Kennedie, and Dunbar *Fit undeid*,
And Quintine with ane huttok on his heid,"

Dunbar seems to have visited England towards the close of 1501. In the treasurer's accounts, his half-yearly pension, due at Martinmas, is entered on the 20th December of that year, "quhilk was payit him aftir he came furth of England." From this, Mr Laing thinks it probable that Dunbar accompanied the ambassadors sent to England, in October 1501, to negotiate the king's marriage with the Princess Margaret—that he remained to witness the affiancing of the Princess, which took place on the 25th January 1502—and that he was "the rhymer of Scotland who received £6, 13s. 4d. in reward from Henry VII. on the 31st of December 1501, and a similar sum on the 7th of January following." It is difficult to conceive, however, the possibility of his being in London on the 31st of December 1501—or January 1502—if, as is stated, he "came furth of England" previous to the 20th of December 1501. Possibly, at the same time, there may be some mistake, clerical or typographical, in the dates.

The Princess Margaret remained in England till 1503. Dunbar wrote his poem, the "Thrissill and the Rois," on the 9th of May of that year, in honour of the union between the royal houses of Scotland and England. After the arrival of the Princess, Dunbar appears to have lived almost constantly at court, participating in its galleries, and contributing to its amusement by the productions of his muse. The poem "of a Dance in the

Quenis Chahmer" sufficiently illustrates the familiar terms on which he lived with royalty and the frequenters of the Court. We can only give the two first verses :—

"Schir Jhon Sinclair begowthe to dance,
For he was new cum out of France;
For ony thing that he do mycht,
The ane fute yeld ay unrycht,
And to the tother wald not gree.
Quoth ane, Tak up the Quenis knyght:
A mirreour Dance mycht na man see.
Then cam in Maister Robert Schaw:
He laikit as he culd learn tham a;
Bot ay his ane fute did waver,
He stakkerit lyke ane strummell aver,
That hap schakellit abone the kne:
To seik fra Strivilling to Stranaver,
A mirreour Daunce mycht na man see."

Dunbar's great ambition, if we may judge from his numerous petitions to the king, was preferment in the church. "The most singular instance," says Mr Laing, "of all his supplications, is perhaps that in which he represents himself under the character of a worn-out steed, or an old grey horse, which deserved to be turned out to pasture, and to have shelter provided during the winter season. Attached to this poem is the following reply to the petition, in the form of a mandate addressed to the treasurer by his majesty; but whether the words were actually written by the king himself, or added in his name by Dunbar, as an ingenious mode of enforcing his request, the reader must be left to his own conjecture. In modern orthography the lines are:—

"After our writings,* Treasurer,
Take in this grey horse, Old Dunbar,
Who in my aucht, with service trae,
To lyart changed is his hue;
Gar house him now against this Yule,
And busk him like a bishop's mule:
For, with my hand, I have indost,
To pay whate'er his trappings cost."

It is singular that the desire of Dunbar's repeated prayers was never granted by the king. He performed mass before his majesty for the first time in 1507—but hope was still deferred in reference to his views of a church. Mr Laing supposes the king to have been unwilling to lose his presence at Court, as a reason for the procrastination. Perhaps the aspirations of Dunbar after ecclesiastical promotion were more poetical than real, and practically preferred the meridian of the palace to that of the church.

In 1507 Dunbar had his pension eiked [augmented] to £20, and in 1510 it was increased to £50. In 1511 he accompanied Queen Margaret, as appears from the description he gives of her reception in Aberdeen, on a visit to the north of Scotland. After the death of James IV. at Flodden, in 1513, his name is not found in the public accounts which have been preserved. Whether he obtained a benefice from the Queen Dowager, whom he styled, during the king's life, his "advocate bayth fair and sweet," is uncertain; but indeed almost nothing whatever is known of him. "What might have been the fate of Dunbar," says

Mr Laing "during the closing years of his life can therefore only be surmised, as we are unable even to ascertain how long he survived his royal master. Several of his poems denote the sedate and contemplative feelings of advanced age. * * *

Lyndsay, who must have been personally acquainted with Dunbar, in a poem written in the year 1530, after alluding to Chaucer, Gower, and Lydgate, as the great masters 'of Rethorick,' 'Quhais sweet sentence through Albion bene sung,' exclaims,—

'Or quha can now the warkis contrefeit
Off Kennedie with termes anroit?
Or Off Dunbar, quha language had at large,
As may be sene intill his Goldin Targe.'

From these words, and from the manner in which Lyndsay laments Bishop Douglas, who died in 1522, it may be inferred that our author's decease was previous to that of the prelate; wherefore we cannot greatly err in supposing that he died about the year 1520,† when he had attained at least sixty years of age.

Several of Dunbar's poems were printed by Chepman and Myllar, the first printers in Scotland. Amongst these were the "Goldyn Targe," the "Flyting," and the "Lament for the Makkaris." His address "To the Merchantis of Edinburgh," written, it is believed, about 1500, affords a curious picture of the metropolis at that time. Though the Modern Athens has undergone immense improvement since the exhortation and advice of the poet, it is not even yet wholly inapplicable.

TO THE MERCHANTIS OF EDINBURGH.

Quhy will ye, Merchantis of renoun,
Lat Edinburgh, your nobill toun,
For laik of reformatioun
The commone proffellit tyne and fame?
Think ye nocht schame,
That ony uther regioun
Sall with dishonour hurt your Name!

May nane pas throw your principal Gaittis,
For stink of haddockis and of scaittis;
For cryis of carlingis and debaittis;
For fansum flytingis of defame:
Think ye nocht schame,
Befoir strangaris of all estaittis
That sic dishonour hurt your Name!

Your Stinkand Seule [style] that standis dirk,
Haldis the lycht fra your Parroche Kirk;
Your foirstairis makis your houses mirk,
Lyk na cuntry bot heir at hame:
Think ye nocht schame,
Sa litill poleis to work
In hurt and sklander of your Name!

At your hie Croce, quhair gold and silk
Sould be, thair is bot crudis and milk;
And at your Trone but cokill and wilk,
Pansches, pudingis of Jok and Jame:

Think ye nocht schame,
Sen as the world sayis that ilk
In hurt and sklander of your Name!

Your commone Menstrallis hes no tyme,
Bot Now the day dawis, and Into Joun;

† He was alive in June 1517.

Cuningar men man scherve Sanct Cloun,
And nevir to uther craftis clame :
Think ye nocht schame,
To hald sic mowaris on the mounne,
In hurt and sclander of your Name!

Tailyouris, Soutteris, and craftis vyll,
The fairest of your streitis dois fyll ;
And merchandis at the stinkand Styll
Ar hamperit in ane hony came :

Think ye nocht schame,
That ye have nether witt nor wyll
To win your self ane bettir Name!

Your Burgh of beggaris is ane nest,
To schout that swenyouris will nocht rest ;
All honest folk they do molest,
Sa piteuslie that cry and rame :

Think ye nocht schame,
That for the poore hes no thing drest,
In hurt and sclander of your Name!

Your proffeit daylie dois incress
Your godlie workis less and less ;
Through streittis nane may mak progress,
For cry of cruikit, blind, and lame ;

Think ye nocht schame,
That ye sic substance dois possess,
And will nocht win ane bettir Name!

Sen for the Court and the Sessioun,
The great repair of this regioun
Is in your Burgh, thairfoir be boun
To mend all faultis that ar to blame,
And eschew schame ;

Gif thai pas to ang uther Toun
Ye will decay, and your great Name!

Thairfoir strangeris and leigis treit,
Tak nocht ouer meikle for thair meit,
And gar your Merchandis be discreit,
That na extortiounnes be proclaime,
Awfrand ane schame :

Kelp ordour, and poore nychtbouris be it,
That ye may gett ane bettir Name!

Singular proffeit so dois yow blind,
The common proffeit gois behind :
I pray that Lord remeid to fynd
That deit into Jerusalem ;

And gar yow schame!
That sum tyme ressoun may yow bind,
For to [reconqueis] your guid Name.

Some of Dunbar's moral pieces are very pretty.
The quaintness of the lines on the "Changes of
Lyfe" is pleasing.

I seik about this Warld unstabill,
To find ane sentence conveneabill ;
Bot I can nocht in all my wit,
Sa trew ane sentence find of it,
As say it is dissaveable.

For yestirday, I did declair
Quhow that the tym was saft and fair,
Come in als fresche as pacock feddar ;
This day it stangis lyk ane eddar,
Concluding all in my contrair.

Yestirday fair up sprang the flouris,
This day thay ar all slane with schouris ;
And fowlis in forrest that sang cleir,
Now weipis with ane dreirie cheir,
Full could ar bayth thair bedis and bouris.

So nixt to Symmer, Wynter bein ;
Nixt eftir confort, cairis kein ;
Nixt eftir dark nycht, the mirthfull morrow ;
Nixt eftir joy, ay cummis sorrow :
So is this Warld, and ay hes bein.

Dunbar's "Lament for the Makaris, quhen he
wes seik," has been often referred to by writers on
Scottish literature. It records the names of several
of our earlier poets who would not otherwise have
been known.

I that in heill wes and glaidness,
Am troublit now with gret seikness,
And feblit with infirmitie ;
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

Our plesance heir is all vane glory,
This fals Warld is bot transitory,
The flesche is brukle, the Feynd is slé,
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

The stait of Man dois change and vary,
Now sound, now seik, now blyth, now sary,
Now dansand mirry, now like to die ;
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

No Stait in Erd heir standis sicker ;
As with the wynd wavis the wickir,
So wavis this Warldis vanité ;
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

Unto the Deid gois all Estaitis,
Princis, Prellattis, and Potestaitis,
Baith riche and puire of all degré ;
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

He takis the Knychtis in to feild,
Anarmit under helme and scheild ;
Victour he is at all mellie :
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

That strang unmercifull tyrand
Takis on the Matheris breist sowkand
The Bab, full of benignte :
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

He takis the Campioun in the stour,
The Capitane cloist in the tour,
The Lady in bour full of bewtie :
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

He spairis no Lord for his piseence,
Nor Clerk for his intelligence ;
His awfull straik may no man fé ;
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

Art Magicianis, and Astrologgis,
Rethoris, Logicianis, Theologgis,
Thame helpis no conclusionis slé ;
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

In Medicyne the most Practicianis,
Leichis, Surrigianis, and Phisicianis,
Thame self fra Deth may nocht supplé ;
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

I see that Makaris among the laif
Playis heir thair padyanis, syne gois to graif ;
Spairit is nocht thair faculté :
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

He hes done peteuslie devour,
The noble Chawcer of Makaris flour,
The Monk of Bery, and Gower,¹ all thré ;
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

¹ These three English poets were invariably selected
by their Scottish brethren as most worthy of praise.
See Dunbar's Golden Targe, Douglas's Palace of
Honour, and Lyndsay's Complaynt of the Papingo.

The gude Schir Hew of Eglintoun,¹
 Etrik,² Heryot,³ and Wyntoun,⁴
 He hes tane out of this Cuntré ;
 Timor Mortis conturbat me.

That Scorpioun fell hes done infek
 Maister Johne Clerk, and James Afflek,⁵
 Fra ballat making and tragedé ;
 Timor Mortis conturbat me.

Holland⁶ and Barbour⁷ he has berevit ;
 Allace ! that he nocht with us levit

¹ Flourished about the middle of the fourteenth century. He derived his title from a lordship and castle in Ayrshire. In 1361 he was one of the Justiciaries of Lothian ; and in September, 1367, was appointed a Commissioner for a treaty of peace with England. He married Egidia, daughter of Walter, Lord High Steward of Scotland, sister of King Robert the Second, and relict of Sir James Lindsay of Crawford, who had died about 1358. After Robert's accession to the throne in 1371, he bestowed on Sir Hugh Eglinton various grants of land, and in these royal charters he is designated "Dilecto fratri suo Hugoni Eglintone, militi." He died, it is supposed about the year 1381, without male issue ; his widow marrying for her third husband, Sir James Douglas of Dalkeith. Sir Hugh Eglinton's only daughter and heiress, Elizabeth, married John Montgomery de Eglinton, and thus carried his estates to the Montgomeries ; her descendants being successively raised to the dignity of Lord Montgomery, before 1449, and Earl of Eglinton, in 1507.

² No mention has been met with of a poet so named, and as this line, in the edition printed by Chepman, reads, *Et eik Heryot et Wyntoun*, that is, *And also Heryot and Wyntoun* (the Latin particle *Et* being generally used as a contraction for *and*, in the printed fragments of 1508), I am inclined to think that this name should be struck out of the list of the names of Scottish Poets.

³ This poet is not better known, none of his writings having been preserved, nor can we say at what time he flourished. We have no grounds, however, for calling his identity in question, as in the case of Etrik.

⁴ Prior of the Inch of Lochleven, and author of *The Chronicle Originale*, in Scottish metre, first published by Mr Macpherson. Lond. 1795, 2 vols. royal 8vo.

⁵ There can be little doubt that this was "Maister James Achlik, servitour to the Earl of Rosse," whose name occurs in the *Acta Dominorum Concilii*, July 1, 1494. He appears to have been in holy orders, and to have died in the year 1497 ; as we find from the Records of Privy Council, that the presentation to the Chantry of Caithness, becoming vacant by the decease of "Maister James Auchinleck," was given by the King to Maister James Beton, (afterwards Archbishop of St Andrews ?) on Sept. 17, 1497.

There is a poem entitled "The Quair of Jelousy," preserved in the Selden MS. Arch. B. 24, which has at the end, "Explicit quod Auchin." This poem consists of 607 lines, and I apprehend it is the only specimen of his composition now existing.

⁶ This poet flourished about the middle of the fifteenth century. "His poem of the *Howlat* is preserved in Lord Hyndford's MS. and in a MS. belonging to Lord Auchinleck. It is a verbose work, but must have merits with antiquaries, from the stanzas describing "the kyndis of instrumentis, the sportaris [jugglers], the Irish bard, and the fulis."

⁷ Archdeacon of Aberdeen, in the reign of David II., and author of the 'Acts of Robert the Bruce.'

Schir Mungo Lokert of the Lé :
 Timor Mortis conturbat me.

Clerk¹ of Tranent eik he hes tane,
 That maid the awnteris of Gawane ;
 Schir Gilbert Hay² andit hes he :
 Timor Mortis conturbat me.

He hes blind Hary,³ and Sandy Traill
 Slaine with his schot of mortall haill,
 Quhilk Patrik Johnestoun⁴ mycht nocht sé ;
 Timor Mortis conturbat me.

He hes reft Merseir⁵ his endyte,
 That did in luv so lifly write,
 So schort, so quyk, of sentence hie :
 Timor mortis conturbat me.

He hes tane Roull of Abirdene,⁶
 And gentill Roull of Corstorphine ;
 Two bettir fallowis did no man sé :
 Timor Mortis conturbat me.

In Dumfermelyne he hes tane Broun,⁷
 With Maister Robert Henrisoun ;⁸
 Schir Johne the Ross embraist hes hé !
 Timor Mortis conturbat me.

And he hes now tane, last of aw,
 Gud gentill Stobo⁹ and Quintyne Schaw,¹⁰
 Of quhome all wichtis hes petie :
 Timor Mortis conturbat me.

Gud Maister Walter Kennedy,¹¹
 In poynt of dede lyis veraly,
 Gret reuth it were that so suld be ;
 Timor Mortis conturbat me,

¹ It has been suggested that Huchown, or Hugh, might possibly have been the Christian name of Clerk of Tranent.

² Chamberlain to Charles VII. of France.

³ From the Treasurer's Accounts, we find that small gratuities were occasionally given 'to Blind Harye' by James the Fourth, between April 1489 and January 1492.

⁴ There is one poem, "The Three Deid Powis," attributed to him in Bannatyne's MS., and first printed in Lord Hailes' collection, page 139. But this poem, and perhaps more correctly, in Maitland's MS., is attributed to Robert Henryson. The name of Patrick Johnstoun occurs occasionally in the Treasurer's Accounts during the earlier part of the reign of James the Fourth.

⁵ So little is known regarding his personal history, that we cannot ascertain the Christian name of a poet, who was thought worthy of commemoration by Lyndsay as well as by Dunbar.

⁶ Lyndsay also mentions the name of Rowl, but it is uncertain which of these two persons was the Sir John Rowl, author of the strange poem of "Rowlis Cursing."

⁷ In Bannatyne's MS. there is a poem of *Judgment to come*, by Walter [William] Brown, probably the person here meant.

⁸ He is said to have been *scolmaister of Dunfermling*, in a collection of his fables 1575 : *Harleian MSS.* 3865, p. 1. I suppose his office to have been that of preceptor of youth in the Benedictine convent at Dunfermline.

⁹ His compositions are also unknown.

¹⁰ The only poem of his known, the "Advyce to a Courtier," was first printed by Pinkerton from Maitland's MS.

¹¹ Walter Kennedy, with whom Dunbar had the Flying. He was of the Cassillis family, and belonged to Carrick.

Sen he bes all my Brether tane,
He will nocht lat me leif alane,
On forse I mon his nyxt pray be;
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

Sen for the Deid reneid is non,
Rest is that we for deid dispoone.
Eftir our deid that leif may we
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

"CHRONICLES OF THE CANONGATE."

NO. VII.

THE extracts we have given from the records of the burgh, in the previous numbers, afford some glimpses of the municipal and social state of the Canongate during the latter half of the sixteenth century. The later minutes of Council possess little interest. The principal event to which they refer is another visitation of the plague, which, in 1645, nearly depopulated Edinburgh as well as the Canongate. This was a period of civil war—the era of Montrose—which added greatly to the dismay occasioned by the pestilence.

A memorial of this direful visitation still remains in what is called the Morocco Land, a stone tenement on the east side of the street, near the head of the Canongate. It derives its name from the figure of a turbaned Moor, occupying a pulpit, which projects from a recess above the second floor.

"Various romantic stories," says the author of "*Memorials of Edinburgh*,"* a highly interesting work, "are told of the Morocco Land. The following is as complete an outline of the most consistent of them, as we have been able to gather, though it is scarcely necessary to premise, that it rests on very different authority from some of the historical associations previously noticed.

"During one of the tumultuous outbreaks by which the mob of Edinburgh has rendered itself noted at all periods, and which occurred soon after the accession of Charles I. to his father's throne, the provost,—who had rendered himself peculiarly obnoxious to the rioters,—was assaulted, his house broken into and fired, and mob law completely established in the town. On the restoration of order, several of the rioters were seized, and, among others, Andrew Gray, a younger son of the Master of Gray, whose descendants now inherit the ancient honours and title of that family. He was convicted as the ringleader of the mob, and, notwithstanding the exertions of powerful friends, such was the influence of the provost,—who was naturally exasperated by the proceedings of the rioters,—that young Gray was condemned to be executed within a day or two after his trial. The last day of his doomed life had drawn to a close, and the scaffold was already preparing at the Cross for his ignominious death; but the old Tolbooth showed, as usual, its proper sense of the privileges of gentle blood. That very night he effected his escape by means of a rope and file conveyed to him by a faithful vassal, who had previously drugged a posset for the sentinel at the *Purges*, and effectually put a stop to his interference. A boat lay at

the foot of one of the neighbouring closes, by which he was ferried over the North Loch, and long before the town gates were opened on the following morning, a lessening sail near the mouth of the Firth, told to the watchful eye of his vassal that Andrew Gray was safe beyond pursuit.

"Years passed over, and the sack of the obnoxious provost's house, as well as the escape of the ringleader, had faded from the minds of all, save some of his own immediate relatives. Gloom and terror now pervaded the streets of the capital. It was the terrible year 1645,—the last visitation of the pestilence to Edinburgh,—when, as tradition tells us, grass grew thickly about the Cross, once as crowded a centre of thoroughfare as Europe had to boast of. Maitland relates, that such was the terror that prevailed at this period, debtors incarcerated in the tolbooth were set at large; all who were not freemen were compelled, under heavy penalties, to leave the town; until at length, 'by the unparalleled ravages committed by the plague, it was spoiled of its inhabitants to such a degree, that there were scarce sixty men left capable of assisting in defence of the town, in case of an attack.' The common council ordered the town walls to be repaired, and a party of the train bands to guard them, an immediate attack being dreaded from the victorious army of Montrose. They strove to provide against the more insidious assaults of their dreadful enemy within, by agreeing with Joannes Paulitius, M.D., to visit the infected, on a salary of eighty pounds Scots per month. In the midst of all these preparations, a large armed vessel, of curious form and rigging, was seen to sail up the Firth, and cast anchor in Leith Roads. The vessel was pronounced by experienced seamen to be an Algerine rover, and all was consternation and dismay, both in the seaport and the neighbouring capital. A detachment of the crew landed, and proceeded immediately towards Edinburgh, which they approached by the Water Gate, and passing up the High Street of the Canongate, demanded admission at the Nether Bow Port. The Magistrates entered into parley with their leader, and offered to ransom the city on exorbitant terms, warning them, at the same time, of the dreadful scourge to which they would expose themselves if they entered the plague-stricken city,—but all in vain.

"Sir John Smith, the provost at the time, withdrew to consult with the most influential citizens in this dilemma, who volunteered large contributions towards the ransom of the town. He returned to the Nether Bow, accompanied by a body of them, among whom was his own brother-in-law, Sir William Gray, one of the wealthiest citizens of the period. Negotiations were resumed, and seemingly with more effect. A large ransom was agreed to be received, on condition that the son of the provost should be delivered up to the leader of the pirates. It seems, however, that the provost's only child was a daughter, who then lay stricken of the plague, of which her cousin, Egídia Gray, had recently died. This information seemed to work an immediate change on the leader of the Moors. After some conference with his men, he intimated his possession of an elixir of wondrous potency, and demanded that the provost's daughter should be intrusted to his skill; engaging, if he did not

* "*Memorials of Edinburgh in the Olden Time*," by D. Wilson, F.R.S.A. Edinburgh: Hugh Paton.

cure her, immediately to embark with his men, and free the city without ransom. After considerable parley, the provost proposed that the leader should enter the city, and take up his abode in his house: but this he peremptorily refused, rejecting, at the same time, all offers of still higher ransom, which the distracted father was now prepared to make.

"Sir John Smith at length yielded to the exhortations of his friends, who urged him in so dreadful an alternative to accept the offer of the Moor. The fair invalid was borne on a litter to the house near the head of the Canongate, where he had taken up his abode, and, to the astonishment and delight of her father, she was restored to him shortly afterwards safe and well.

"The denouement of this singular story bears that the Moorish leader and physician proved to be Andrew Gray, who, after being captured by pirates, and sold as a slave, had won the favour of the Emperor of Morocco, and risen to rank and wealth in his service. He had returned to Scotland, bent on revenging his own early wrongs on the Magistrates of Edinburgh, when, to his surprise, he found in the destined object of his special vengeance, a relative of his own. The remainder of the tale is soon told. He married the provost's daughter, and settled down a wealthy citizen of the burgh of Canongate. The house to which his fair patient was borne, and whither he afterwards brought her as his bride, is still adorned with an effigy of his royal patron, the Emperor of Morocco; and the tenement has ever since borne the name of Morocco Land. It is added that he had vowed never to enter the city but sword in hand; and having abandoned all thoughts of revenge, he kept the vow till his death, having never again passed the threshold of the Nether Bow Port. We only add, that we do not pretend to guarantee this romantic legend of the burgh; all we have done, has been to put into a consistent whole the different versions related to us. We have had the curiosity to obtain a sight of the title-deeds of the property, which prove to be of recent date. The earliest, a disposition of 1731, so far confirms the tale, that the proprietor at that date is John Gray, merchant, a descendant, it may be, of the Algerine rover and the provost's daughter. The figure of the Moor has ever been a subject of popular admiration and wonder, and a variety of legends are told to account for its existence. Most of them, however, though differing in almost every other point, seem to agree in connecting it with the last visitation of the plague."

After the Reformation the superiorities belonging to the abbey of Holyrood had been acquired by the Earl of Roxburgh, from whom they were purchased in 1636, by the magistrates of Edinburgh. The superiorities so purchased comprehended the Canongate, North Leith, part of the barony of Broughton, and part of what was then the village of *Plasencia*. The purchase, which was confirmed by a charter of Charles I., cost "forty-two thousand and one hundred marks of Scottish money." The Canongate thus became subordinate to Edinburgh, and "is governed by a baron and a bailiff," who are appointed by the Council of Edinburgh.

The glory of the Canongate may be said to have departed with the court, when James the Sixth

ascended the throne of England. It still continued, however, to be the fashionable quarter of Edinburgh, and enjoyed occasional glimpses of the royal presence during the seventeenth century. James the Seventh, while Duke of York, resided at Holyrood for some time—and after his accession showed every disposition to revive the declining prestige of the ancient home of his fathers. The Revolution, however, drove him into exile—and the union of the two kingdoms, in 1707, confirmed the destiny of the Canongate. Maitland, who wrote in 1753, says—"This place has suffered more by the union of the kingdoms than all the other parts of Scotland: for having, before that period, been the residence of the chief of the Scottish nobility, it was then in a flourishing condition; but being deserted by them, many of their houses are fallen down, and others in a ruinous condition; it is in a piteous case!"

THE GREAT PLENTY OF HARES, RED DEER, AND OTHER WILD BEASTS IN SCOTLAND; OF THE STRANGE PROPERTY OF SUNDRY SCOTTISH DOGS: AND OF THE NATURE OF SALMOND.

[From an early Geography.]

HAVING made this special description of the realm of Scotland:—now touching some things concerning the same in general. In the fields, and in all places of the country (except the parts where continual habitation of people makes impediment) there is great abundance of hares, red deer, fellow deer, roes, wild horses, wolves, and foxes, and specially in the high countries of Athol, Argyle, Lenn, Lochaber, Marr, and Badynoch, where is sundry times seen 1500 red deer, being hunted altogether. These wild horses are not gotten but by great slight and policy: for in the winter season the inhabitants turn certain tame horses and mares amongst them, wherewith in the end they grow so familiar, that they afterward go with them to and fro, and finally home into their masters' yards, where they be taken, and soon broken to their hands, the owners obtaining great profit thereby. The wolves are most fierce and noisome unto the herds and flocks in all parts of Scotland. Foxes do much mischief in all steads, chiefly in the mountains where they be hardly hunted: howbeit art hath devised a mean to prevent their malice, and to preserve the poultry in some part; and specially in Glenmoors. Every house nourishes a young fox, and then, killing the same, they mix the flesh thereof amongst such meat as they give unto the fowls and other little bestial; and by this means so many fowls or cattle as eat hereof, are safely preserved from the danger of the fox, by the space of almost two months after, so that they may wander whither they will; for the foxes smelling the flesh of their fellows, yet in their crops, will in no wise meddle with them, but eschew and know such a one, although it were among a hundred of others. In Scotland are dogs of marvellous condition, above the nature of other dogs. The first is a hound of great swiftness, hardiness, and strength, fierce and cruel upon all wild beasts, and eager against thieves, that offer their masters any violence. The second is a ratch or hound, very exquisite in following the foot (which is called drawing) whether it be of man or beast, yea, he will pursue any manner of fowl, and find out whatsoever fish

haunting the land, or lurking amongst the rocks, specially the otter, by that excellent scent of smelling, wherewith he is endued. The third sort is no greater than the aforesaid ratches, in colour for the most part red, with black spots, or else black and full of red marks. These are so skilful (being used by practice) that they will pursue a thief, or thief-stolen goods, in most precise manner, and, finding the trespasser, with great audacity they will make a race upon him, or if he take the water for his safeguard, he shrinketh not to follow him, and entering and issuing at the same place where the party went in and out, he never ceaseth to range till he hath noised his footing, and be come to the place wherein the thief is shrewdly or hid. These dogs are called Sleuthhounds. There was a law amongst the borderers of England and Scotland, that whosoever denied entrance to such a hound, in pursuit made after felons and stolen goods, should be holden as accessory unto the theft, or taken for the self-same thief.

Of fowls, such as (I mean) live by prey, there are sundry sorts in Scotland, as eagles, falcons, goshawks, sparrowhawks, marlions, and such like. But of water fowls, there is great store, that the report thereof may seem to exceed all credit. There are other kinds of fowls, the like are rare to be seen, as the capercaillie, greater in body than the raven, living only by the rindes and barks of trees. There are also many moor-cocks and hens, which, abstaining from corn, do feed only upon hadder-crops. These two are very delicate in eating. The third is reddish, black of colour, in quantity compared to the pheasant, and no less delicious in taste and savour at the table, called the black or wild cocks.

Salmond is more plentiful in Scotland, than in any other region of the world. In harvest-time they come from the seas, up in small rivers, where the waters most are shallow, and there the male and female, rubbing their bellies or wombs one against another, they shed their spawn, which forthwith they cover with sand and gravel, and so depart away; from henceforth they are gaunt and slender, and in appearance so lean, appearing nought else but skin and bone, and therefore out of use and season to be eaten. Some say, if they touch any of their full fellows, during the time of their leanness, the same side which they touched will become lean. The foresaid spawn and melt, being hidden in the sand (as you have heard), in the next spring doth yield great number of little fry, so nesh and tender for a long time, that till they come to be so great as a man's finger (if you catch any of them), they melt away, as it were gelly or a blob of water. From henceforth they go to the sea, where, within twenty days, they grow to a reasonable greatness, and then, returning to the place of their generation, they shew a notable spectacle, to be considered. There are many lins or pools which, being in some places among the rocks, very shallow above, and deep beneath, with the fall of the water, and thereto the salmond not able to pierce through the channel, either for swiftness of the course, or depth of the descent, he goeth so near to the side of the rock or dam as he may, and there adventuring to leap over, and up unto the lin, if he leap well at the first, he obtaineth his desire, if not, he essayeth eftsoon the second or third time, till he return to his country. A great fish, able to swim against the stream, such as essay often to leap, and cannot get over, do bruise themselves, and become mazzelled; others that happen to fall upon dry land (a thing often seen) are taken by the people (watching their time), some in caldrons of hot water, with fire under them, sit upon shallow

or dry places, in hope to catch the fattest, by reason of their weight, that do leap short. The taste of these is esteemed most delicate, and their prices commonly great. In Scotland it is straitly inhibited to take any salmond from the eight of September until the fifteen of November. Finally, there is no man that knows readily whereseon this fish liveth; for never was any thing yet found in their bellies, other than a thick flimy humour. In the desert and wild places of Scotland, there groweth an herb of itself, called hadder or hather, very delicate for all kind of cattle to feed upon, and also for diverse fowls, but bees especially. This herb in June yields a purple flower, as sweet as honey, whereof the Picts in times past, did make a pleasant drink, and very wholesome for the body, but since their time the manner of the making hereof is perished in the subversion of the Picts, neither shewed they ever the learning hereof to any but to their own nation. There is no part of Scotland so unprofitable (if it were skilfully searched) but it produces either iron or some other kind of metal, as may be proved through all the isles of Scotland.

THE RYDINGE OF THE STANGE.

'Hech, kimmers!' Betty Burgie cried,
'I've gotten siccan fun!
I think I'll never mair do guid,
I've lughen aae and run!

Draw in about the creepie, Jean,
Sit down, sirs, ane and a',
And I'll tell the story head and tail,
And how it did bef'.

Yon useless brat the Tailzour carl
Began to ding his wife,
And twa three o' the neighbours roun'
Hae hafins taen his life.'

'Whisht! whisht!' cried Jamie Meldrum,
'Just hear that waesome mane!—
That devil's-buckie, Fraser,
He's thrashing's wife again.

There's no an ook in a' the year
But he gangs on the spree,
And then his wee bit wifkie
Maun a' his anger dree.

To keep my ain fireside in trim
Troth a' maun stir about;
But loch! to bang a helpless thing
Wad shame a very brute!

Syne out spoke Johnie Falconer,
'Shame fa' the dastard loon!
He's fit to bring a black disgrace
Upon our landward toon.'

'It war weel waur'd,' quo' Sandy Brown—
'And needna tak' us lang—
To seize upon the cowardly carl
And gar him ride the stange!'

'Hurra! hurra!' cried ane and a'—
Nae sooner said than done!—
And for a sapling frae the wud
Full half a hunner run.

They trail'd the Tailzour frae his cloots
And set him on the stange,
And aye they rode him up an' doon
Amo' the motely thrang!

And aye the kimmers leugh, and cried,
 'Nae t' gie 'mt rough and strang,
 There's na an' o' o' parliament
 'Gains rydinge o' the stange!'

And how they gar'd him hodge and jump
 Upon the jaggit pole,
 I'm sure 'twas mair than rumple-bane
 O' mortal man coud thole!

The Tailzour like a trooper sware
 He'd bang them at the law,
 But the mob o' loons and kimmers
 Gae the tither great guffaw!

They rode him by the stan'in' stanes,
 And round the very kirk,
 And aye the Tailzour's hurdies
 Gat the tither waesome jirk.

Wi' shout and cry they bare him by
 The cordiwaner's sta',
 But case it sud be his turn neist,
 Haith! Cordy slunk awa'.

At length and lang frae aff the stange
 The Tailzour lap by force,
 And hirpled to his cloots again
 Just like a spavied horse.

And aye the kimmers leugh, and cried,
 'Ye've gotten 't het and strang,
 There's nae a cure for drunken carls
 Like rydinge o' the stange!'

I've lived in Huntly, wife and bairn,
 Twa score o' years and mae,
 But never gat the half the fun
 That I hae gat the day.

I kenna what we wives wad dee
 Wi' carls that drink and bang,
 But for the wholesome discipline
 O' rydinge on the stange!

That "riding the stange" (an operation with which most of us have no doubt been painfully familiar in our boyish days) was, at one time, considered the appropriate punishment of husbands who maltreated their wives, is fully borne out by the following curious document, the original of which is preserved in her Majesty's General Register-House at Edinburgh, from which it is copied into the 1st vol. of the Maitland Club Miscellany:—

*Petition to the bailie of the regality of Huntly for a toleration to the stange (A.D. 1734).

Unto the much honoured the Bailie of the Regality of Huntly the humble Complaint and Representation of the Under Subscribers upon Mr John Fraser Husband to Anne Johnston in Huntly

Humbly Shewing

That upon the eleventh of January Instant the Said Mr John Fraser Did under Cloud of Night Most inhumanly and Barbarously Beat and Bruise Anne Johnston his Said Spouse to the effusion of her Blood and great hazard and peril of her Life And not only then but it is his constant practice as can be attested by Severalls of

the Neighbourhead who have divers and Sundry times risen from their Beds at Mid-night and has rescued her out of his merciless hands or she had been most miserably Butchered by him. And seeing your Petitioners are informed that Said Fraser has given in ane information to your Lordships against some of our good neighbours Who upon Saturday last being the twelfth instant went to his house alleading they would cause him Ride the Stange (use and wont in such cases) but to our certain knowledge with no other Design than to fright and Deter him from his villanous and cruell usage of his Said Spouse in all time coming.

May it Therefore please Your Lordships to take this our more than most Lamentable case into Your most Serious Consideration by granting A toleration to the Stang which has not only ever been practicable in this place but in most pairs of this Kingdome being wee know no act of Parliament to the contrair: Or else if Your Lordships can fall on a more prudent method wee most humbly begg Your opinion for preventing more fatall consequences, Otherwise upon the least disobliment given wee mus expect to fall Victims to our husbands displeasure from which Libera nos Domine.

Ann Johnston
 Agnas Scot
 Lilles Garden
 Elizabeth Burgie
 i R
 jen Guthrie
 Janet Roy

Barbra Jessiman
 Griseal Allan
 Janet Forsish
 Agnes Gordon
 Isobal Kemp
 i R

Notwithstanding the averment of the above petitioners, that their "good neighbours" only went into Fraser's house "alleading they would cause him Ride the Stange," but to their "certain knowledge" only to fear him, we find the "good neighbours," when the case is brought to trial, "confessing and acknowledging their being accessory art and part in the crime lybelled," viz., that they did attack the said Fraser "in the face of the sun about three in the afternoon, tore his cloths and abus'd his person, by carrying him in a publick manner through the town of Huntly upon a tree." The bailie decerned that they should "pay five pounds sterling, in name of damages, to the private party."

It may be necessary to add, that the regality of Huntly, before which the above case was tried, was one of those feudal rights of lands granted by the king, at first in favour of the church, but afterwards to temporal favourites. The bailies, or stewards, were the deputies of those "Lords of Regality," as, although commoners, they were styled, on account of the regal jurisdiction implied by their grants. When we mention that those lords or bailies of regality could "repledge" a criminal, even from the court of the King's Lieutenant, upon merely leaving another person as cautioner, or "caution of colerathe," that the criminal so relieved should be tried before the court to which he was "repledged" within a year and day, it will be readily seen that those courts tended rather to obstruct than to further the ends of justice, and to keep the country in a lawless state, instead of promoting loyalty and good order.

DUNURE.

THE Carrick shore, in Ayrshire, presents few localities so picturesque and interesting as the small harbour and village of Dunure. For sea-bathing we know not a more inviting situation. The seclusion of the spot, and the numerous little creeks, formed by the scattered rocks, thrown, as it were, out into the sea, affording ample opportunities for immersion at all times of the tide, render it one of the most desirable marine residences in Ayrshire. Approached by land, the harbour is completely hidden until the visitor arrives within a few hundred yards of it. The hills in the rear, forming part of the high range which extends along the coast from Carrick's Brown Hill, and the abrupt and bold eminences jutting forward on each side, guard the little bay in every direction, save towards the Frith, which spreads its broad surface in beautiful expanse till arrested by the opposite shores of Arran and Cantyre. Descending from Dunduff Hill—the day a summer one, with the sun unclouded, and a breeze just enough to fill the swelling sail—the view is delightful. The eye has a wide range, from Ailsa's blue crag, to the very mouth of the Clyde. Away about mid-channel is seen some large ship, with crowded canvass, gliding gallantly along. Homeward bound, after a tedious and perhaps perilous voyage—loaded with the produce of other climes—what pleasurable sensations fill every bosom on board: home and friends to be embraced once more! Is her prow towards the ocean? Then what hopes and fears, what thoughts of "high emprise" may not alternately swell the emigrant's heart, as every breath of heaven, laden with the sighs of those he has left behind, wafts him farther from the loved cliffs of his native land! Close in shore, for the wind is from the land, numerous coasting vessels are plying in various directions—here, one is just clearing the headland towards the east, as if, by some magic influence, she were emerging from the rock itself—there, another shoots towards the west, impelled by the same breeze—while a whole fleet of fishing craft, spreading their white sails in the dazzling sunbeams, flit like sea-birds over the dancing waves. Still descending, the visiter at length looks down on the peaceful community. The number of boats, old and new, lying on the beach, together with various implements employed to entrap the unwary tribes of the deep, denote the occupation of the inhabitants—they are all fishermen. Some are engaged in repairing their damaged craft—others, seated by the sunny side of the harbour, in mending their nets; while not a few of the juvenile portion of the community are bird-nesting among the furze-covered rocks, or gathering pebbles by the shore. A stilly, dreamy quietness pervades the scene, save when the plashing oar announces the return of some of the fishermen. The houses, though few in number, wear an aspect of comfort and cleanliness, superior to many of a similar description on the East coast. Some of them, with their flower-plots in front, neatly enclosed with tarred paling, have an appearance altogether unique. The jointure house of the late Mrs Kennedy of Dalquharran, is a commodious and excellent villa, with garden and walks pleasantly arranged. What must add greatly to the health and

comfort of the inhabitants is the abundant supply of excellent water. Copious springs well out in every quarter. The harbour itself is a curiosity. It is little more than a wet dock, and with an entrance narrow and unsafe, one is at a loss to conceive how the engineer, Mr Abercrombie, imagined any vessel larger than a herring-smack could sail into it unless in very calm weather; yet the work is said to have cost upwards of £30,000. This is perhaps not so wonderful, as the excavations have been made almost entirely out of the solid rock. It was intended, we believe, as a port for shipping the mineral and agricultural produce of the surrounding district; but the project failed, as well from other causes as the malformation of the harbour. The only traffic seems to be in Irish lime. There is a lime-kiln on the spot. Though rather an expensive construction for such a purpose, the harbour is admirably adapted for a fishing station. Once within its walls, the boats are perfectly secure.

A prominent object in the scenery of Dunure, and one of most interest to the visiter, is the old Castle, occupying a rocky eminence, which is washed by the sea.* It formed the original seat of the ancestors of the Marquis of Ailsa. The author of the "Historie of the Kennedys" assigns the origin of the family to the battle of Larga. According to his statement, the stronghold of Dunure was then possessed by the Danes. After the battle, on Acho's retreating, he was pursued by M'Kinnon of the Isles and his sons, who, finding that he had taken shelter in the Castle of Ayr, pressed forward to Dunure, in pursuit of one of his great captains, and there captured both him and the fort. For this service Alexander III. rewarded M'Kinnon by a grant of the castle, and certain lands around it. The following is this writer's account of the affair:—

"The Black Book of Scone sets their (the Kennedies) beginning to be in the reign of King Malcolm the Second, who was crowned in the year of God 1010 years, and was the fourscore King of Scotland. There was with the King, one M'Kenane of the Isles, who was slain by Danes at the battle of Murluk; and of him came the M'Kenane of the Isles, who 'bruiakis' (possesses) the lands of Strowordell to this hour. This M'Kenane of the Isles' succession was at the time of King Donald's reign, when the Danes got possession of the whole Isles, banished by them into Ireland, where he remained to the reign of King Alexander the Third, and then came to King Alexander before the battle of Larga, with threescore of his name and servants; and after that King Acho was defeated, he fled to Ayr, and there took shipping. The principal man that pursued him was M'Kenane, with his two sons; and after that the King of Danes was received in the Castle of Ayr, M'Kenane followed on a Lord or great Captain of the Danes, to a crag in Carrick, whereon there was a strength built by the Danes, low by the sea side; the which strength M'Kenane and his sons took, and slew the captain and all that was therein. For the which deed, this M'Kenane got the same strength from King Alexander, with certain lauds lying thereto; the which he gave to his second

* Looking towards the sea, on the west side, the projecting lines of one of the walls present a surprisingly correct profile of the human face. It is not unworthy the attention of the visiter.

me, and there was the first beginning of the name of Kennedy in the mainland. On the strength and crag there is now a fair castle, which the chiefs of the lowland Kennedys took their style of, for a long space, and were called Lairds of Dunure, because of the don of the hill above that house. Of this house the rest of that name are coming."

This alleged origin of the Kennedys is considered fabulous, the name not having been known in Carrick previous to the battle of Largs, fought in 1263. In "Wood's Peerage," the descent of the family is traced back to Duncan de Carrick, in the reign of Malcolm IV., Carrick or Kennedy, as it is said, being the patronymic indiscriminately used down to the time of Sir John Kennedy of Dunure, founder of the collegiate church in Maybole, and who obtained the lands and barony of Cassillis from Marjorie, heiress of Sir John Montgomerie, Knight, of Stair. This occurred about 1373. It is seldom, however, that tradition is totally at variance with fact. The similarity in the ancient armorial bearings is presumptive that the island and mainland Kennedys were of the same stock. In the Highlands there are several small clans of the name of Kennedy—in Gaelic, M'Urick or M'Rorie—and it is rather a striking coincidence that the isolated conical mount on which the flag-staff is erected at Dunure, near the mouth of the harbour, is called *Port-Rorie*, evidently meaning the port of M'Rorie or Kennedy.

The immediate ancestor of Sir John Kennedy obtained a grant of the lands of Loch Doon from King Robert the Bruce; but it is somewhat remarkable that he was himself the first of the family apparently styled of *Dunure*. How is this to be accounted for, unless by the supposition that it had been a recent acquisition—perhaps through failure in the line of their relatives, the descendants of the hero of Largs? The family, as observed by the author of the "Historic of the Kennedys," does not appear to have been of much note in the days of Bruce and Wallace, at least none of them make any figure at that period. Several generations succeeded ere their rising greatness secured for them the popular distinction of Kings of Carrick. But whether the old chronicler is correct or not, there can be no doubt that Dunure was an early residence of the main branch of the Kennedys. The house of Cassillis, after the acquisition of that barony by Sir John Kennedy, became the principal seat, though Dunure, still maintained for its strength, continued to be a place of no small importance during the feudal conflicts in Carrick. Here, in the "Black Vault" (vault), the Abbot of Crossraguel, Allan Stuart, was subjected to a process of compulsion peculiarly illustrative of the insecure state of society at the time. The "roasting of the Abbot," as the circumstance was designated, took place on the first and seventh days of September, 1570. Various narratives are on record of this singular transaction, all agreeing in the main facts, but differing in minor particulars. Richard Bannatyne, in his "Memorials," gives a very full and graphic account of it, but the statement of the Abbot himself—contained in the Act of Privy Council, April 27, 1571—is no doubt the most authentic. The object of the Earl was to obtain possession of the Abbey of Crossraguel. At the Reformation, when a general scramble for

the church lands ensued, the then Abbot, Quentin Kennedy, an uncle of his own, made over to him a few of the lands; but this not having been confirmed by the king, the next entrant, Stuart, would not, of course, acknowledge the deed. The Earl, however, determined to secure by force what fair means failed to accomplish. The following is the Abbot's version of the affair:—

"Upon the 29th day of August last bypast (1570), I, being within the wood of Crossraguel doing my leesome (lawful) business, believing no harm nor invasion to have been done to me by any person or persons; notwithstanding, Gilbert, Earl of Cassillis, Thomas, Master of Cassillis, with their accomplices, to the number of sixteen persons or thereby, came to me, and persuaded me by their flattery and deceitful words to pass with them to his castle and place of Danure, being always minded, if I had made refusal to pass with them, to have taken me perforce. And, he putting me within the same, that I should be in sure firmance, commanded six of his servants to await upon me, so that I ischewit (escaped) not, who took from me my horse, with all my weapons, and then departed, while (until) the first day of September thereafter that he came again, and required me to subscribe to him a feu charter, brought with him, made in parchment, of the whole lands pertaining to the said abbacy, together with nineteen and five years' tack of the fruits, teinds, and duties thereof, as he alleged, of the whole kirks and parsonages pertaining thereto; whereof I never having read a word of, answered it was a thing unreasonable, and that I could nowadays do, in respect the same, long before, was already disposed to the kindly tenants and possessors thereof, and to James Stuart of Cardonell; and therefore the same being furth of my hands, I could no ways grant his unreasonable desire! Who then, after long boasting and menacing of me, caused me to be carried by John Kennedy, his baker, John M'Leir, his cook, Alexander Richard, his pantry-man, Alexander Eccles, and Sir William Tod, to a house called the Black Vault (vault) of Dunure; where the tormentors denuded me of all my clothes, perforce, except only my shirt and doublet, and then bound both my hands, at the shackle-bones, with a cord, as he did both my feet, and bound my soles betwixt an iron chimney* and a fire; and being bound thereto could nowadays stir nor move, but had almost inlaikit (died) through my cruel burning. And seeing no other appearance to me but either to condescend to his desire or else to continue in that torment while I died, took me to the longest life, and said 'I would obey his desire,' albeit it was sore against my will, and for to be relieved of my said pain subscribed the fore-named charter and tacks, which I never yet read, nor knew what therein was contained; which being done, the said Earl caused the said tormentors of me swear upon a Bible never to reveal one word of this my unmerciful handling to any person or persons. Yet, he not being satisfied with these proceedings, came again upon the seventh day of the foresaid month, bringing with him the said charter and tack which he compelled me to subscribe, and required me to ratify and approve the

* The grate in such places stood in the centre of a spacious square or oblong chimney, along three of the sides of which stone seats were arranged, so as to admit of a large number of persons sitting round the fire. The fourth side of the square was left open, so as to communicate light and heat to the rest of the apartment.

same before notary and witnesses; which alluterlie (altogether) I refused. And therefore, he, as before, bound me, and put me to the same manner of tormenting; and I said, notwithstanding, 'he should first get my life or ever I agreed to his desire;' and being in so great pain as I trust never man was in with his life, when I cried, 'Fie upon ye! will ye ding whingaris (short swords) in me and put me off this world, or else put a barrel of powder under me, rather than to be demanded (used) in this unmerciful manner!' The said Earl hearing me cry, bade his servant Alexander Richard put a serviat (napkin) in my throat, which he obeyed, the same being performed at eleven hours in the night, when then seeing that I was in danger of my life, my flesh consumed and burned to the bones, and that I would not condescend to their purpose, I was relieved of that pain, whereof I never will be able nor well in my life time."

The Earl, finding the Abbot resolute, left him in charge of his servants, and proceeded to Cassillis. In the meantime, the Laird of Bargany hearing of the mal-treatment of his brother-in-law,* the Abbot, sent one "Dauid Kennedy of Maxsalstone, quha had been his peadge befor," with ten or twelve servants, under cloud of night to Dunure. Here the party concealed themselves in the chapel, which, though connected with the main portion of the castle, was outside the moat, at the end of the draw-bridge. In the morning, as the keepers were "opening the yett," they issued out, and entering the house, took the domestics captive, confining them, no doubt, for safety, in the keep. Not daring to venture forth with the Abbot, lest the Earl's tenantry should attack them, they despatched one of their number privately, to apprise Bargany of their situation. Before the Laird could assemble a sufficient force, however, the master of Cassillis, and his uncle, the Laird of Culzean, collected a numerous body of retainers, and surrounding the Castle, endeavoured to make good an entrance by piercing the wall of the chapel adjoining the dungeon. The men within defended themselves with much spirit. They threw down large stones from the battlements of the Castle, and breaking the roof of the chapel, compelled the assailants to desist. The Master of Cassillis is described as having been the "fraukest," or boldest in the assault. He determined to set fire to the building, threatening to destroy all within. The assailed advised him to be more moderate; but, in the words of the document from which we borrow, "no admonition wad help, till that the wind of ane hacquebute blasted his shulder, and then ceased he from further pursuite, in furie." Bargany meanwhile was not idle. He procured letters from the proper authority, charging all his Majesty's subjects to aid him against the Earl, and so great was the ferment created by the treatment of the Abbot, that he soon found himself at the head, not only of all his own retainers, but an immense gathering from Kyle and Cuninghame. Before such an overwhelming body, the master of Cassillis and his followers were obliged to retire. The besieged were relieved, and the Abbot carried, "brunt as he was," to the town of Ayr, where, at the Cross, he denounced the cruelty of which he had been the victim. Dunure Castle continued in possession of Bargany's men for some time afterwards until,

* Stuart was married to his sister.

a reconciliation was effected between the families. To the "brunt Abbot" Cassillis gave a certain sum annually, by way of solatium for his injuries. The Castle has been in ruins since the middle of the seventeenth century. In Abercrombie's description of Carrick, written between 1688 and 1696, it is spoken of as "wholly ruined," so that its demolition must have taken place some considerable time prior. From the calcined appearance of more than one part of the building, it was in all likelihood destroyed by fire. The barony of Dunure has been in the possession of the Kennedies of Dalquharran for a length of time back.

ORIGIN OF THURSO.

THE antiquity of the town of Thurso cannot now be traced with any degree of certainty; but it appears from Torfæus and the Icelandic authors, who are amongst the most ancient and the most authentic of the northern historians, that it was a place of very considerable trade and consequence many centuries ago. Scarcely any thing of an authentic or satisfactory nature can now be found regarding it prior to the 10th or 11th century. The date of its first assuming the form of a town is buried within the deep shades of the forgotten past. We find mention of Thurso as a populous town in the 11th century, and Torfæus calls it, about the same date, "the town of Caithness."

The origin of *Thurso*, like that of other places of great antiquity, has been variously accounted for. It is said that a Saxon general, of the name of Horsa, in the 5th century, landed at the river mouth, and that from him Thurso derived its name. Its Gaelic name is *Inver-Horsa*; the mouth of a river or stream being termed *Inver* in that language—hence Horsa's river, or landing place. We learn from some ancient English historians, that when the Romans left Britain, the latter expecting no farther assistance from them, and being unable to defend themselves against the furious attacks of their fierce northern foes, the Scots and Picts, they called over the Saxons from the country of Holslein, in the lower parts of Germany, to their assistance; who arriving in Britain, in the year 449, under the command of Hengist, and Horsa his brother, joined the Britons, and with their united powers marched against the Scots and Picts, and defeated them in a battle at Stamford in Lincolnshire. Hengist was so well pleased and encouraged by this victory, and having learned that there were several strong walls or fences in the northern parts of Britain, erected by the Romans to restrain the invasions of the Scots and Picts, that, about the year 452, he advised Vortigern, king of the Britons, to send for Ochta and Abisa, his son and nephew, from Saxony, who, being well versed in the art of war, would fight against the Scots and Picts, in the northern parts of Britain, provided he would bestow on them the countries in those parts on the northern side of these walls. Vortigern, agreeing to Hengist's proposal, sent for Ochta and Abisa. They arrived in Britain soon after with a fleet of ships full of armed men, and, on being joined by Hengist and Horsa, sailed, with upwards of 40 ships, into the northern parts of the Isle, and having subdued many portions of it, settled themselves and followers therein. It was at this time that

Horsa and his followers arrived in Thurso river. The Saxons plundered Caithness, and it seems that they had a bloody conflict with the natives; for, we find in the Appendix to Pennant's Tour in Scotland, 1769, by Alexander Pope, then minister of the parish of Reay, that in that parish "there is a place called *Tout Horsa*, or Horsa's grave, where they say that some great warrior was slain and buried; in the place is a great stone erected. Probably he was one of Horsa's Captains." And just as probable, that it is the grave of Horsa himself. From what has been now related, it is not in the least improbable, that our river was visited by this General Horsa, but that it derived its name from him is a question yet to be decided.

Another derivation of Thurso is also given by historians, which is, that it is made up of the words *Thor* and *aa*. It is spelt by the Icelandic historians *Thorsaa*. In that language, *aa* signifies a great river; and it was in this parish that the principal river in the neighbourhood, to which they had prefixed the name of their great deity, *Thor*, flowed into the sea: hence *Thor's aa*, or Thor's river. From the river, the same name extended itself to the town, which was built at its mouth, to the neighbouring bay, and to the surrounding district. The latter derivation seems to us the more probable. Caithness was inhabited previous to the landing of the Saxons, by the Picts, a race of people, originally from Scandinavia,* (this is the most probable conjecture,) and Thurso being so advantageously situated near the sea, having the best roadstead for vessels on the whole west coast of Caithness or Sutherland, and having a river well supplied with salmon and an excellent commodious natural harbour at its entrance to the sea, and surrounded by a fine country, must have been then the most populous part of the county, as we are told that was the case in the 11th century, and, consequently, would have some distinguishing name by which it would be known. Thor was the great deity of the north; it is not at all improbable, then, that they would prefix his name to such a place. And moreover, this derivation is also supported by the fact that, along the sea coast of Caithness, and throughout many of the northern and western islands, a great number of the names by which particular places are distinguished, are evidently Norse, Norwegian, or Icelandic, different dialects of the same tongue, which was spoken by a variety of tribes or nations, who, in ancient times, distinguished by their predatory attacks, and afterwards by their possession all that part of Scotland.—*Caithness Chronicle*.

EARL SINCLAIR.

Translated from the German of Oehlenschläger.
By Mrs HAWKER, MORWENSTOW.
Earl Sinclair sailed from Scottish land,
Across the Norway to brave;
Of Gulbrand's rocky strand,
And lay in a gory grave.
Earl Sinclair sailed the billowy sea,
To seek for Swedish gold:

our antiquarian writers consider the
to have been the ancient Caledonians.

"God speed thy warrior-hearts and thee,
And quell the Northmen bold!"

The moon beam'd in her cloudy cave,
The night winds rushed along;
And wild beneath the thrilling wave
Came up the mermaid's song:

"Home, Scottish man, my warning trust,
A doom is on thy way;
If thou shalt touch dark Norway's coast,
Thy fame is fled for aye!"

"How loathsome sounds thy boding song!
I hate thee while I dread:
Were thou my castled towers among,
The rack should be thy bed!"

He sailed a day, and two, and three,
He and his warrior band:
The fourth sun saw him pass the sea,
And touch the Norway land.

On Romsdal's shore his heart was fain
To triumph or to fall,
He and his twice seven hundred men
The trusty and the tall.

Ah, stern and haughty was their wrath,
Cruel with sword and spear;
Nor hoary age could check their path,
Nor widow'd woman's tear.

With many a death the babes they slew,
Though to the breast they clung;
And awful tidings, sad and true,
Echoed on voice and tongue.

On rock and hill the beacon glared
That told of danger nigh;
The Northman's breast was boldly bared,
The Scot must stand or die.

The warriors of the land are far,
They and their kingly lord;
Yet shame to him that shuns the war,
Or fears the stranger horde.

They move—they meet—the Yewmen host,
Their hearts are stern and free;
They gather on Bredaligh's coast—
The Scot shall yield or flee.

The Langé flows in Leydê-land
Where Kringen's Arches bind,
Thither they march, the fated band,
A silent tomb to find.

The forest holds each feeble frame
Far from the warrior-foe,
And kelpies of the waters came
And shrouded them with snow.

In onslaught first Earl Sinclair died,
And ceased his haughty breath;
Stern sport for Scottish men to bide,
God shield them from the death:

Come forth, come forth, ye Northmen true
Light be your hearts to-day!
Fain would the Scots the waters blue
Between the battle lay!

The ranks yield to that fiery storm,
On high the ravens sail:
Ah me! for every quivering form
A Scottish wife shall wail!

They came, a host with life and breath :
None, none return'd to say,
How fares the Foeman in the strife
Who wars with Norway !

There is a mound by Lange's tide,
The Northman gazes near :
His eye is bright, but not with pride—
It glistens with a tear !

"MARY SCOTT, THE FLOWER OF YARROW."

THE birthplace of this celebrated beauty, like that of Homer, has been contended for by almost every tower on the Ettrick and Yarrow. This is no doubt owing to the prevailing name of Scott in the district. Hogg, we think, it is who has assigned the locality to Kirkhope Tower. He probably did so for the purpose of transferring the reputation of "the flower of Yarrow," to the Scotts of Buccleuch, who have long possessed that fortress. But that tower is situated on the Ettrick, and, in the days of Mary Scott, was one of the fastnesses of the Scotts of Harden, who never claimed her.

All the traditions on the Yarrow agree that Dryhope Tower was the house of Mary Scott ; and we think it has the best claim to the distinction, considering the story of her ill-starred courtship and elopement with one of the "Black Douglasses," who had taken up their residence in one of the neighbouring glens, and given their name to the surrounding heights, as well as to a considerable stream that flows from the hills.

Of the personal history of Mary Scott little seems to be known, except that she was of "exceeding beauty." Only one event of her life, and that a tragic one, is recorded by tradition. Hogg's account of her is almost wholly fictitious, as an old and intelligent native of the Yarrow informed us. The single story of her life relates to her secret elopement with her lover, one of the Douglasses of Blackhouse, who, with his brothers, was in the act of escorting her to their tower, when the party were intercepted by the Scotts of Dryhope, who had suspected or been informed of the plot. The two families being at feud at the time, a deadly combat ensued, in which all the brothers on both sides were either killed or mortally wounded. A clump of birks is pointed out on the Douglas Burn, as the scene of the fatal affray —

"But the sunniest hill throws the deepest shade,
And I live to mourn that deadly raid,
When a' the blude that was dear to me,
Was sprinkled around that birken tree."

Dryhope has been one of the strongest towers on the Yarrow, second only to Newark. It belonged some time since to the Earls of Traquair, and is now the property of the Duke of Buccleuch. It stands on a slight eminence, on the rocky margin of a streamlet, within a few hundred yards of the source of the Yarrow—that is, the outlet of St Mary's Lake. Like other towers of the same era, it is square and high. Although roofless, and the whole interior an open ruin, the "donjon keep," with all the hooks and beams necessary for "strap-

ping" prisoners "in cais of neid," remains comparatively entire.

Dryhope commands the most beautiful and extensive view of all the Yarrow or Ettrick towers, having both the lakes, four miles in extent, and the mountain-passes into Moffatdale, under the eye, on the south ; and on the west all the gorges of the western ridges, converging, meet near the tower. The peculiarly shaped, long-backed ranges, in its immediate neighbourhood, to the west and north, are the greenest and prettiest on the Yarrow ; and at sunset, in a summer evening, the sublimity and mellow beauty of the scene can hardly be surpassed.

E. A.

CASTLE OF GLENMORISTON.

From Highland Sports and Highland Quarters.

BY HERBERT BYNG HALL, Esq.

THE ancient castle of Glenmoriston, or Invermoriston, on the site of which the present mansion stands, was built by John Grant, more commonly called John A'Chragan, between the years 1440 and 1450. This bold chieftain—or clansman, as he might then more properly be termed—whose name stands pre-eminent in the history of those days when bloodshed and neighbouring feuds were ripe among the clans, was the direct ancestor of the present owner, James Grant, Esq. of Glenmoriston—by courtesy or Highland custom on all occasions addressed as Glenmoriston ; indeed, when first introduced to his amiable wife, we are not quite satisfied that we did not "hope Mrs Glenmoriston was in good health," the name of Grant being quite out of the question in the glen. In the year 1715, the above ancient stronghold was burnt to the ground by the troops of the government, and the whole property of A'Chragan forfeited to the crown. Mr Grant's grandfather, however, repurchased his own estate—at least such was literally the case ; and he built on the blackened foundation a residence of wood, to replace the ancient pile of his ancestors.

The existence of this structure, however, was of short duration, for in the year 1745 the King's troops again applied the torch, and the wooden fabric blazed into light on the dark waters of the Ness, as a beacon for the gathering of neighbouring clans, that their chieftain was in danger. Such men as these, however, were not to be easily subdued by fire or sword, and once more the present interesting structure rose from the solid ruins of its ancient strength, from the remnants of which it was literally built on the ashes of its predecessors. Nevertheless, the property was once more forfeited to the crown, and the name of Glenmoriston stood prominent in the list of attainted Highland proprietors for rebellion ; but by the act, it is presumed, of some unknown friend to the family even to the present hour, his name was erased ; and from that time the heathered hills and dark mountains, fair fields and spacious domains of the Grants, were left in their peaceful possession. And may the well-known loyalty of heart, and liberality of conduct and opinion of its present possessor, secure it to him and his heirs for ages ! For any other details of this ancient family, to such of our readers who desire it, we will refer them to a pleasing little book, called "Ascanius, or the Wanderer"—a work giving rather an interesting account of the Prince's wanderings after the battle of Culloden. That will tell them something

—but a visit to the glen will please them more. The present house stands on a lawn, within two gun-shots of the waters of the Ness. Nothing can be more picturesque and sheltered than its present position. To the west, the small park is encircled by the river Moriston, which, rushing over a beautiful waterfall within the pleasure grounds in the immediate vicinity of the castle, joins the lake below. The north or rear of the house is protected by lofty and wood-clad mountains, at the base of which a few houses repose, among which may be numbered a clean and comfortable little inn: the whole embowered in trees, mark the village of Glenmoriston as one scarcely surpassed even in Switzerland by the wildness and beauty of its situation.

ANCIENT UNPUBLISHED CHARTER.

GILBERT DE CLES is a witness to a confirmation to the church of the Holy Trinity of Dunfermling, by Margaret de Syreis, (Ceres) sometime wife of Michael Scot, of a donation by her husband of the lands of Gaskinienemphij. Edmond Ironside is also a witness. Chartulary of Dunfermling, p. 100. A grant of ten shillings per annum to the Monks of Dunfermling by him, occurs at p. 108. Gilbert appears with other persons, on 27th October 1230, as one of the perambulators appointed by precept from the crown to settle a dispute about marches between the convent of Dunfermling and David de Dunduff—Hostiarius—and which perambulation David confirms, p. 111. He also witnesses a settlement of a dispute between William Abbot of Dunfermling and Richard of Balwari, p. 140.

Cles is now known as *Cleish*, and the following charter, hitherto unpublished, is interesting not only to the topographer, but to the genealogist. The original document is very much mutilated. Some of the lacunæ are conjecturally supplied by the words or letters included in brackets.

"Omnibus sancte matris ecclesie filiis, has litteras visuris vel auditoris, Gillebertus de Cles, salutem: sonerit vniuersitas vestra, me dedisse concessisse, et hac carta mea confirmasse, consensu et assensu heredum meorum, Johanni de Petliuer, nepoti meo, pro homagio et seruitio suo, [quindecim] acras terre in territorio de Cles, scilicet, toftum abrahe, et residuum superius et inferius, ex parte australi et . . . eiusdem crofti usque ad quindecim acras . . . etas, et illam portionem prati que adiacet conti[que] . . . parte orientali et communem pasturam, ad . . . vaccas cum sequela earum, et ad sexaginta oues . . . et ad tres sues fetas cum sequela earum, infra predictam villam de Cles et extra: tenendas et habendas sibi et] heredibus suis, de me, et heredibus meis, in feudo et hereditate, libere, quiete, et pacifice, cum omnibus libertatibus [et] aisiamentis ad tantam pertinentibus tarram, infra predictam villam de Cles et extra, Reblendo inde annuatim mihi et heredibus meis, nam liberam cummi ad festum apostolorum Petri et Pauli, pro omnibus seruitiis, et secularibus demandis: faciendo et forinsecum seruitium domini Regis, quodcumque pertinet ad quindecim acras terre, si dictus Johannes mecum . . . exercitu. Si autem mecum erit, quietus erit de forinsecum et cum communis exercitus domini Regis

. . . dictus Johannes in propria persona, et proprio equo, mecum ibit in illo exercitu, sumptibus meis. Et sciendum est . . . olet bladum suum ad molendinum meum de Cles ad trecesimum vas. Ego vero et heredes mei [dictas acras] cum omnibus pertinentiis dicto Johanni, et heredibus suis, predicto seruitio, contra omnes homines in perpetuum warrantisabimus adquietabimus et defendemus. Hiis testibus, Domino Roberto Abbate de Dunfermling, Domino Johanne de Haya, Domino Olefwano, Domino Phylippo vicario de Kilconquer, Edmundo Irinside, Duncano filio Mathei, et multis aliis."

THE "SWASCHE."

A CORRESPONDENT, writing from Aberdeen, says:—"An error has crept into No. 8 of the Journal, which, although of small import, will look all the better of being corrected. In a note to No. VI. of the 'Chronicles of the Canongate,' it is said '*Ane swasche* to our moustiris—a trumpet to our musters.' Now, '*ane swasche*' is a drum, and not a trumpet; as will be obvious, if you glance a line or two farther on in the text—'*item for twa sticks to the swasche.*' We have all heard of drum-sticks and fiddle-sticks, but trumpet-sticks are certainly new auxiliaries to a 'concert of sweet sounds.'

"I send you this with the best feeling, for I like the 'Chronicles' very much, and have been comparing them with the 'Chronicles' of Aberdeen in some matters: for example, I find, in reference to 'minstrels,' that the Canongate was considerably before our 'braif toun' in dispensing with their Pyper; for it was not until 1631 that our council 'for dyvers respectis and considerations moving thame, dischargit Thomas Wobster, thair common pyper, of all goeing throw the towne at nicht, or in the morning, in tyme coming with his pyp.' Aberdeensmen, however, seldom do anything without a sufficient reason assigned, and our council discontinued the 'pyp,' because it was '*ane incivill forme* to be usit within sic a famous burgh, and being often fund fault with als weil be sundrie nichtbouris of the toun as be strangeris.' Our townsmen, however, seem to have been fond of changes in this particular, for as early as 1566 they had '*ane Sweschman*' playing upon the swesche als weil in tyme of war as in tyme of peace, and sport, and play; and in 1574 the same individual was ordered to pass 'throw all the rewis of the toune, playand upon the Almanay Quhissil [German whistle or flute], with *ane servand* with him playand on the Tabourine."

[We feel greatly obliged by the communication of our correspondent. Dr Jamieson, in his *Scottish Dictionary*, defines the word in question thus: "*Swasche*, s. a trumpet—*Keith's History*. *Swescher*, a trumpeter—"The common *suescher*." *Aberd. Reg.* He derives it from the Anglo-Saxon *Swoeg*, signifying sound in general, *any musical instrument*. Our correspondent will thus see that, if we are wrong, Dr Jamieson must also be wrong. The probability is that "*ane swasche*," in the case of the Canongate, does signify a drum; because it is difficult to see, as our correspondent remarks, the use of two sticks to a trumpet.]

A SUBJECT FOR ANTIQUARIES.

A FEW days since, while workmen were engaged in excavating the bank of the river (Clyde) at Springfield, they came upon a wooden formation, at a depth of about 17 feet below the present surface level, which, on being fairly dug out, was found to be the remains of a canoe, made of Scotch oak, of one piece, and evidently formed by scooping out the trunk of a very large tree. From the decayed appearance of the wood, as well as on account of the singularly rude and primitive nature of the construction, we have no hesitation in believing that many hundred years have elapsed since it came from the hands of an architect. Upon the whole, it is a clumsy-looking article, but must have cost the builder no small labour before his task was finished. The length of the canoe or barge, as it may be called, is upwards of eleven feet—the prow is sloped in regular Chinese style, but what has apparently once been the stern is of a heavy, uncouth formation. It is about 18 inches in breadth, and of proportionate depth, and, when afloat on the water, would be capable of accommodating two or three persons. It was found, we may explain, in a bed of sand, from which some conjecture that the course of the river has at one time ran in that direction. Be this as it may, the article is certainly a curiosity in its way, and may afford ample ground for speculation to those who think the subject worthy of their attention. We may mention that it is to be seen in the open court-yard at the River Trustees' buildings in Robertson Street, where, on Tuesday, it afforded cause for considerable surmise and conjecture on the part of the members of the trust.—*Glasgow Saturday Post*, Oct. 9, 1847.

SUPPOSED WORK BY GILBERT BURNET, SON OF THE BISHOP.

IN 1745, there was published, without any printer's name, "*Le Chevalier de St George, rehabilité dans sa qualité de Jacques III., par de nouvelles preuves avec la relation historiques des suites de sa Naissance, par Mr. Rousset, Membre de l'Académie des Sciences de St Petersburg, &c.*" A. Whitehall De l'Ancienne Imprimerie du Cokpit, 1745," 12mo.

In the address to the reader it is asserted that the original dissertation was written in 1713, by Mr Gilbert Burnet, son of the well known Bishop of Salisbury, when the Chevalier and his adherents were, by the treaty of Utrecht, excluded from France. The object was to induce Queen Anne to name her brother as her successor. It seems to have been dedicated to Viscount Bolinbroke. What degree of truth there may be in this assertion, it is not easy to say; but the legitimacy of the prince required no vindication; for the attempt made to represent him as a supposititious child was ludicrous, and its partial belief at one time is only another striking illustration of the gullibility of the public, and of the ease with which it swallows the most atrocious falsehoods, when vended by political mountebanks.

HEBREW CHAIR.

INCARCERATION OF THE PROFESSOR.

IN Mr Sinclair's Memorandum of Incumbents of the Hebrew Chair, in the University of Edinburgh, laid before the Town-Council on Tuesday the 5th October inst.,

it is stated that on Feb. 2, 1694, Mr Alexander Rule, student of divinity, was elected to the office. On Nov. 6, 1702, a Mr Goodale was apportioned. But whether Mr Rule relinquished the chair, or was dismissed from office, is not said. However, from an entry in the Goal Record of May 13, 1715, "Mr Alexander Rule, late Professor of Hebrew," appears to have been incarcerated for a debt of £12, 10s. Scots (£1, 10s. sterling), and remained in prison till the 15th June following, when he was liberated by consent of his creditor. The *ci-devant* professor, in the autumn of the same year, was again doomed to a second visit to the "Heart of Midlothian;" for we find that, on Sept. 6, 1715, Alexander Rule, "Maister of Airts," was incarcerated at the instance of Robert Gibson, "barbar and periwig maker," for non-payment of £8 Scots (13s. 4d. sterling), and remained in "durance vile" till the 8th of December following.

Varieties.

BUILDING OF MARR'S WORK, STIRLING, 1570-2.—The following curious entries, relative chiefly to the expenses incurred in building Marr's Work in Stirling, occur, under date 8th November 1575, in the confirmations of the settlement of the regent Marr, who died 29th October 1572:—"Item thair was awand be the said umquhile nobill and potent lord, to his wrichtis, masonis, smythe, querriers, barrowmen, and other workmen at his Ludgeing in Striveling for the yeiris preceeding his Lordships deceis, the soun of ane hundreid, xxvi. l. xliis. iiijd. Item to Mr Thomas Buchannan for teiching of the scoles xxxij. l. vis. iij. Item to James Callander for the Witsunday terms feu males in anno lxxij (1572) of my said umquhile Lords ludgeing in Striveling sex lib. xlijs. iiijd. Item awine to the watchemen, porter, and gardinar of the Castell of Striveling for these feus of the Witsunday terine in anno lxxij, the soun of xxxi. lib. x."

DRUIDICAL TEMPLES IN SCOTLAND.—Several of the Druids' places of worship are still to be seen in the Highlands. Of these temples, at which the ancient Caledonians were wont to worship, the largest we have seen in the north is one in Morayshire, and those at Leys and Torbreck, near Inverness. In our own neighbourhood, above Dochmalung, there is a pretty large one, the stones of which, it is maintained by many of the peasants in the district, are said to have been, at one time, human beings, which were overtaken with judgment for dancing on the Sabbath day, and that the position of the stones exactly corresponds with the different attitudes of the dancers. Hence the name Clachan Gorach, or foolish stones.—*Ross-shire Advertiser*.

RESORT OF HERRINGS TO THE WEST COAST.—Thir herrings come together, as if they were under government of their own, and swim with a great deal of order as an army marching in battell aray. They enter the Firth of Clyde from the Mule of Kintyre yearly, sometime in June or July. When they first enter, they frequently come alongst the coast of Argile, and enter the Lochs, and take some time before they settle their principall residence. They come so throng that they are not visible to the fishers, but in calm weather they will swell and move the very ocean. They have some time found them on the coast of Galloway and Carrick, about *Bal-lantrae*, but more frequently in the Lochs on Argile side, and within Clyde at Greenock.—*Description of Renfrewshire, by Principal Mr William Dunlop, of the College of Glasgow, about 1690.*

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&c. &c.

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ARDROSSAN.*

THE ancient burying ground of this parish is situated a short distance north of the ruins of the Castle. It has apparently been abandoned as a place of sepulture for nearly a century, and the walls with which it has been enclosed, have long since ceased to protect the consecrated ground from the intrusion of the cattle grazing around it. The foundations of the Church, which was blown down by a violent storm in 1691, may still be traced, and, from their limited extent, convey a correct idea of the thinness of the population of the parish at that comparatively recent period. In the cemetery itself, the graves indicated by the turfy mound, and the rude unchiselled headstone, are numerous, while the number of lettered monuments, in various stages of decay, is considerably greater. None, however, of these fog-incrusted memorials appear to have been inscribed with anything beyond the name, profession, and years, of those they commemorate, if we except the "Memento Mori," which precedes or ends the greater part of the brief inscriptions. There is, indeed, only one monument here, or rather but a part of one, measuring four feet three inches, by two feet, calculated in the least to excite the interest of the curious in such matters, though from its weather-wasted and mutilated condition, nothing satisfactory can be made either of its inscription or armorials. The former runs round the margin of the stone in a single line of old Saxon or Irish character, and encloses the lower half of the figure of an "armed man" in bas-relief. Over the limbs of the effigy is carved a shield, charged with a meagre animal rampant; but whether lion, libbard, wolf, or dog of chase has been meant to be represented, it is impossible now to determine. From the breast of the figure depends another shield, quartered; but of neither of the defaced bearings in these divisions, nor of the purport of the equally obliterated marginal inscription, are we competent to hazard a conjecture. We have heard it stated, and perhaps the authority is good, (though we know not the grounds upon which the statement rests,) that this monument belonged to the ancient family of Montfode of that ilk—the ruins of whose baronial residence are visible from the churchyard.

There is only another stone to be met with here bearing armorials, but several are decked with the common-place emblems of mortality—"wing'd hour-glasses, bones, and skulls, and spades"—that so long composed the tasteless staple decorations of every grade of our funeral monuments. The stone referred to bears a chevron between three fleurs-de-lis, and the circumscription, which is given as a sample of all the epitaphs in this neglected burying-ground, will, at the same time, shew that there is nothing to regret in the paucity of heraldic forms, which become altogether valueless when thus misapplied:—"Heir. lyes, the corps. of. Grizal. Bowltan. Spous. to. John. Brown. Farmer. In. Craft. Heid. In. Saltcoats. who. Deceis-ed. upon. the. 1. of. April. 1665. Memento. Mori."

After the downfall of the church, in 1691, another was constructed about half a mile to the north-east of the castle, in a more central and sheltered situation. Of this edifice, which was taken down in 1744, there remains not a vestige. The plough has, during the lapse of a century, frequently passed over its foundations, as well as over every grave that "slept in the shadow of its grace," not sparing even that of the clergyman who officiated here—a fragment of whose tombstone now forms part of an adjoining fence; and on it the name of Clarke, his office, and the dates 1737, and 1744, are still legible. The burial-place of the Weirs of Kirkhall is the sole exception to this indiscriminate desecration, though their monument is not coeval with the existence of the church. It is a small enclosure formed by a thorn hedge, and a stone wall, and sheltered by an encompassing row of ash and beach trees, from amidst the autumnal tinted foliage of which, when we visited the spot, the red-breast was trilling his notes in mournful accordance with the season and the scene. The monument is composed of two Tuscan columns surmounted by a pediment, and the inscription, which is cut in a sunk panel of black marble, between the pillars, is as follows:—

"This buriall place was erected by Hugh Weir of Kirkhall.—Dorothia Hunter, his wife, died Sept. 26th, 1787, aged 67 years. Hugh Weir died Janr. 9th, aged 72 years. Helen Ferry, wife of Robert Weir, died April 20th, 1814, aged 56 years. Robert Weir, died 31st July, 1838, in the 81st year of his age."

A headstone, to the right of the monument, informs us in similar brevity of phrase, that "Robert Boyd is interd. here. He died August

* The Parish Churches and Burying-Grounds of Ayrshire. Privately printed. Glasgow, 1848.

9th, 1823, in the 73 year of his age, and 62 of his faithful service."—The trees surrounding this place of sepulture are the only index now by which the stranger can direct his steps to this silent and sequestered spot—silent, indeed, these many years, to the voice of prayer, and the hymn of praise.

The parish church now stands in the town of Saltcoats. It was built in 1773,—the edifice erected in 1744 having likewise been so much damaged by a tempest, as to render the erection of a new building, in another, and then and still much more populous quarter, necessary. It is a very homely structure, of an oblong form, with a deep roof, and irregularly shaped window, and is still further deformed by coarse gallery stairs attached to the north side-wall, and the two gables. The south or principal elevation is broken by a slight projection in the centre, which is covered with a pediment, surmounted by a small belfry. Beneath the pediment is an obliterated sun-dial, and below it again is a stone bearing the following inscription, which, from its wasted condition, is sufficiently illegible:—"Post varios casus dum in aliis locis situm hoc Templum tum demum hic Extructum anno MDCCCLIV.

"Interjecto deinde tempore cum nimborum procellarumque sævitia in ruinas fere conuasatum funditus denuo, renovatum erat anno MDCCCLXIII.

"Et post XII annos laqueari novo exornatum, vid: anno MDCCCLXXV.—R. C."

Of the interior of the church nothing more need be said than that it is in perfect keeping with the exterior. But though thus summarily characterised, it might be deemed inexcusable to pass over unnoticed its only ornamental accessory—the model of the Caledonian frigate, suspended from the centre of the ceiling—albeit we are not qualified to give an opinion of its merits. It was "the workmanship and gift, in 1800," (as a brass plate, affixed to one of the window sides, acquaints us, "of Mr William Dunlop, late Gunner's Mate, on board his Majesty's Ship, St Joseph." In addition to this gift of a mimic warship to the kirk, it may be mentioned that the following more appropriate benefactions to the poor, are likewise recorded on the wall behind the pulpit:—

"Mr Ralph Rodger, Minister of the Gospel in Ardrossan, before the Restauration, and afterwards at Kilwinning and Glasgow, left to the poor of this parish 100 lb. Scots.

"Andrew Chalmers, Carter in Saltcoats, left his effects to the poor of this parish, amounting to Six Guineas. He died July 29th, 1763.

"Patrick M'Kindly, Shipmaster in Saltcoats, left to the poor of this parish, £5 sterling. He died February 16th, 1787, aged 69 years.

"Given by Nathl. Norflit, 5 Guineas, in memory of his Aunt, Mrs Galt of Dykes, who died 28th December, 1796."

In the densely tenanted grave-yard encompassing the church, none of the monuments, save that bearing number 4 of the following inscriptions, merit any notice, either on account of their architecture, or the delicacy of their execution; all the others being common to every country

churchyard, and evidently designed by the same hands that chiselled them. The one referred to is placed against the south wall of the church, and though of the headstone class of memorials, is of white marble, and pleasingly proportioned. The other, to the memory of the Rev. John Hendry, is inserted in the north wall of the burying-ground. It is composed of a pedimented tablet and urn, surmounted by a slightly projected obelisk of dark, the other parts being of white, marble. Both of these monuments would, however, have much better answered the purpose for which they were erected—the commemoration of departed worth for ages yet to come—had their material been of judiciously selected free-stone; for though no substance can be better adapted for monuments in a genial climate than marble, yet, in this country, its delicate texture and beautiful lustre cannot long resist, uninjured, exposure to the corrosive sea-breeze, and an atmosphere surcharged with moisture, fully more than one-half of the year. The monument referred to, had it been possible, ought to have had a place within the walls of the church.

The subjoined selection comprises every epitaph, in this place of sepulture, calculated, in our humble opinion, to excite any interest by the portraiture of character, or by the tenor of its composition, to awaken sentiment, or induce reflection, [We give a few:—]

4. Erected by Thomas Boyd, Shipmaster in Greenock, to the memory of Mary Dow, his spouse, who died 21st May, 1807, aged 42.

Who liv'd a virtuous and a pious life,
And died a much regretted wife;
And of this pleasant precious vine,
Was left regretting branches nine.

6. Erected by William Miller, Merchant in Saltcoats, in memory of his eldest son, Hugh Miller, Shipmaster, who lost his life, with three others, on the night of 2d August, 1817, while going in his boat from Irvine harbour to his vessel, then lying at anchor in that bay, aged 23 years. Also, his daughter, Margaret Crauford Miller, who died 15th May, 1818, aged 18 years.

Still—still we mourn with each returning day,
Them snatched by Fate in early youth away.

7. In remembrance of Captain James Jack, of the Ship Nimrod, son of Captain Robert Jack, a youth of great talent and promise, who was ship-wrecked on Beachyhead, on his voyage from Honduras to London, the tempestuous night of the 17th Feby., 1813, when he and 11 of his crew perished, in the 20th year of his age. Robert Jack, his Brother, died at Charleston, South Carolina, 22d December, aged 17 years.

9. Erected in memory of Thomas Murray, Tanner in Stirling, who lost his life on his passage home from Dublin, on board the Eliza and Margaret of Dumbarton, that was wrecked off Ardrossan, on the night of the 21 Aug. 1810.

My glass is run, and yours is running,
Remember Death, for Judgment's coming.

10. Erected in memory of Robert Hughan, Shipmaster in Saltcoats, aged 25 years, who lost his life on the 22d January, 1819, in a generous attempt to save the crew of the Ship Trelawney, wrecked on this coast; and of Margaret Robertson, his spouse, who died May 4th, 1819, aged 22 years.

11. Erected by Margaret Moat, in memory of her husband, Samuel Farrow, Shipmaster in Saltcoats, who lost his life on the 22d January 1819, in the 32d year of his age, in a generous attempt to save the crew of the Ship Trelawney, which was wrecked on this coast. Also

their daughter, Margaret, spouse to John Barclay, who died 22d November, 1836, aged 23 years and 6 months.

12. Memento Mori. Erected by David Hendry, Engineer, Ardrossan, in memory of his children, William, who departed this life 14th Decemr, 1813, aged 3 years and 1 month, and Jane, who died 10th January, 1814, aged 5 years.

Happy children, early blest :

Rest in peaceful slumbers, rest :

Early rescued from the cares,

Which increase with growing years,

Though your youth and beauty fair,

Cruel death refused to spare.

Your souls are winged to worlds on high,

And dwell with saints above the sky.

13. Here lye the corps of Jean McCun, spouse to Robert Brown, Merchant in Saltoats, who died April 30th, 1761, aged 32 years. The above Robert Brown died May 1768, aged 68 years. Here lye also David and Martha, two of their children: also Thomas Brown his grandson, who died January 13th, 1815, aged 26 years, and also Robert Brown, son of the above Robert Brown, died November 13th, 1815, aged 64 years.

Weep not, our parents, brothers, or sisters dear,

For we are not dead, but do sleep here,

Our debt is paid, our graves you see,

Therefore prepare to follow us.

"THE GREAT CAVE."

In those days which we facetiously call "the good old times," the Cummings were the lords of the richer portions of Badenoch. On Speyside, and within a short mile of Kingussie, stands the ruin of Ruthven Castle, the strength of the bold "Wolf of Badenoch," whose predecessors were little less daring and unscrupulous. The followers of such leaders would not, we may safely believe, be unwilling to follow at an humble distance the manners of their masters; and long after the power had passed from the chiefs of the race, their principles were held and acted upon by the descendants of their turbulent men of war. In the times of the later Jameses, a noted freebooter of the name of Cumming, with his eleven sons, was the scourge of Strathspey and the more distant glens of Perthshire, and long baffled the feeble efforts of the law. An artificial cave, the retreat of the band, is still entire, and is known locally as "Uamh Mor," the great cave or den. It is cut in the face of a green hill, about a mile and a-half west from Kingussie, and within two or three hundred yards of the Highland Road, (the road from Perth to Inverness.) The river Spey flows betwixt its long lines of embankment, about half a mile below; and the land rises up gradually until it terminates in the Monadhliath range. The cave is crescent-shaped, and about 100 feet from end to end; and, as the soil is so soft, it must have been formed with great difficulty. At the centre, the width is about six feet, the height about seven; but towards the ends, both height and breadth contract. At the mouth, the space will only admit of a crawling eel-like, one man at a time. From this narrow entrance, the passage is guarded by a strong door; and the walls show that the bar is made of a tree of at least three feet in circumference. At the eastern end, the cave widens to about eight or nine feet, and the roof is of a great height, so that a somewhat

spacious chamber is formed. The walls of the cave are of large stones, rudely built together; the roof consists of a series of large flagstones stretching from wall to wall; and the floor is of earth or clay. To the centre of the cave there is a second entrance, by a flight of steps, that seems to have been concealed by a trap-door. Cumming and his eleven sons were all, according to tradition, tall and powerful men; and the cave was formed by them in the night time; the earth, as it was thrown out, being carefully carried down the hill and cast into a deep dark pool of the Spey. The stones for the walls and the roof were brought from a higher part of the hill; and such was the strength of the sons, it is said, that only two of them were required to carry one of the great flagstones down the hill. As a farther precaution against discovery, a booth was built over the trap-door, the other passage opening up betwixt the peat-stacks behind the house. The booth was kept by a repulsive old woman and one or two other lone females; and so effectually did her appearance and their manners estrange them from the cottars of the Strath, that few neighbours or strangers ever "darkened their door." Planning their deeds within this den, and leaving and returning under the favour of night, this ruthless family continued for years to commit crimes of the most heinous nature undetected by the authorities; and so well were their movements conducted, that not even the neighbourhood were in the secret of the cave. At length the Cummings did a deed which roused the blood of a Macpherson, in the hill-country of Badenoch, who left his home early one autumn morning, determined to find out the hiding-place of the murderers. That night, while a cold wind and colder rain scoured across the unshorn fields, a beggar presented himself at the door of the old woman's booth. A stranger was seldom warmly welcomed—a beggar was not likely to be well-received; but the beggar seemed to be so dreadfully afflicted with some internal disease, that the human Cerberus was mollified, and gave the petitioner admittance. All night long, the Macpherson (for he was the beggar) lay by the fire-side, writhing and groaning as if in great pain, while he watched the movements of the inmates, who were busily baking what seemed to the beggar an enormous quantity of cakes for two or three females. As the reeking bannocks were taken from the fire, he observed that they were put into the bottom of a standing "press"; but they were always put far down, as if the press was empty, while the heap of cakes never seemed to increase. Suspicion of the truth flashed upon the Macpherson, and shouldering his wallet, he left the hut at an early hour, as if to proceed on his begging journey, but at once directed his steps to Perth. There he gave information to the authorities; a party was sent out under Macpherson's guidance; the cave was surrounded, and the murderers summoned. Such was the odium of their names, that the form of a trial was dispensed with, and as they issued one by one from the den, they were put to death on the spot. This is the story told by tradition, and I give it without attempting to prove its truth. I have, however,

visited the cave; and the story was told to me as I sat within the dark, grave-like, chamber. I may add that, to this day, according to the belief of the district, the descendants of the Macpherson who betrayed the Cummings are troubled with the disease, the pains of which were feigned by their predecessor. The cave is on the estate anciently called Raitts. It was purchased from the Macintoshes of Borlum, in 1790, by James Macpherson, the translator of Ossian, who showed his reverence of antiquity by changing the name from Raitts to Belleville! The estate is now possessed by Miss Macpherson, the daughter of the translator.

J. C. P.

THE DEVIL'S STANE. (1)

O meek was the soul o' the monk that pray'd
At Logy-Durno's (2) shrine;
And Brako's priest was fired with zeal
When he touch'd on theme divine;

And there was a stream o' fervour deep,
And a fund o' Godly fear,
For ever pourand frae the lips
O' the friar o' Fetterneir;

And they were haly men and guid,
The chanons o' Monymusk, (3)
For they pray'd the souls o' the quick and the dead
Frae dawning day till dusk;

But Logy-Durno, Monymusk,
Or Brako, or Fetterneir,
Could ne'er, for kindness o' heart,
Wi' the priest o' Kemnay peer.

For Brako might pray for Schir Andro's soul,
Whase red blood did atone
For harrying Inneravin's lands,
And stealing "the maid o' Stradone;"

And the guid Culdees o' Monymusk
Might plead for King Malcolm's repose,
Wha vow'd to Sanct Andro their haly house
For victory o'er his foes;

But O! for lifting the downcast heart,
For helping the lowly poor,
For pouring ane balm on the troubled soul,
And soothing life's parting hour,

On a' the bonnie banks o' Don,
There wasnae ane haly man
Like him wha knelt in Kemnay kirk,
At the shrine o' our Ladie Anne. (4)

The fiend wha dwalls in the bottomless pit
Mang byrnan'd flame sud stour,
And roams the yearth like ane roarand Hon,
For wham he may devour,

Aft cast his e'e on Kemnay's priest
Wi' ane fierce and irefu' look,—
For beand the fae o' human-kind,
Its friends he canna bruik.—

And aft when he stoppit his vengefu' sight
On the tap o' Benohie, (5)
He vow'd and swore that the haly priest
A bitter death sud die!

For, far, far back in the auldien time
'Tis said that Benohie
Was ane o' the ports o' the byrnan'd pit
Whaur the wicked torment dree;

That it flared wi' fire i' the midnight sky,
And spew'd out smoke at noon,
Till its very stonien foundments
Frae its tap ran mytand doon.

And the fiend aft sat on his auld door stane
Plotting an evil deed;

And aye the tither curse was hurt'd
At the priest o' Kemnay's head!

It was the feast o' Sanct Barnabas,
I' the merry month o' June,
When the woods are a' in their green livery,
And the wild birds a' in tune;

And the priest o' Kemnay has gane to the kirk
And pray'd an earnest prayer,
"That Sathan might for ever be bound
To his dark and byrnan'd lair!"

And aye the haly organ rung,
And the sounds rose higher, higher,
Till they reach'd the fiend on Benohie,
And he bit his nails for ire.

And he lookit east, and he lookit wast,
And he lookit aboon—beneath,
But nocht could he see save the bald grey rocks
That glower'd out through the heath.

He lifted aloft a ponderous rock,
And hurl'd it through the air,—
"Twere pity ye sud want reward
For sae devout a prayer!"

The miller o' Kemnay cries to his knave,
"Lift up the hack sluice, loon!
For a cloud comes o'er frae Benohie,
Enough the mill to droon."

The boatman hurries his boat ashore,
And fears he'd be ower late;—
"Giff yon black cloud comes down in rain,
Its fit to raise a spate!"

But the ponderous rock came on, and on,
Well aim'd for Kemnay kirk,
And cross'd it field or cross'd it flood,
Its shadow gar'd a' grow mirk.

But the fervent prayers o' the haly priest,
And the power o' the sweet Sanct Anne,
They turn'd the murderous rock aside,
And foil'd the foul fiend's plan;

And it lichted down frae the darken'd lift
Like the greedy erne bird,
And there it sits in the kirk lands yet,
Half buried in the yird.

(1) This is a large rock which stands in the middle of a cultivated field near the parish church of Kemnay, Aberdeenshire, and which, tradition affirms, the Devil threw at the church from the neighbouring mountain of Bennachie, in order to revenge the good deeds of the parish priest. The parish of Kemnay is now chiefly famed for its excellent academy and parish school. In comparing this building with any other of the same class in Scotland, there is no exaggeration in using the words of Shakespeare,—*"Hyperion to a satyr,"*—and we only do Mr Stevenson, the teacher, justice when we add, that the internal arrangements and discipline are in just keeping with the external embellishments.

(2) The parish of Chapel of Garioch, Aberdeenshire, was anciently called Logy-Durno, and in it there were chapels at Braco and Fetterneir, the former of which was founded by the widow of Sir Andrew Leslie of Balquhain, who, having had a long feud with the Forbeses, "went to Stradone and spuil'd these lands, and brought away with him a heirship, and also a daughter of the baron of Crag of Eniravine, Cheif of the Clan Allan. She was called the Fair Maid of Stradone." Being outlawed for this act, he fortified himself on Bennachie, but was at last killed at Braco by the Sheriff of Angus.

(3) The Priory of Monymusk lay on the banks of the Don, in the parish of that name. It was founded by King Malcolm III. "In the mense time happinit King Malcolm to cum to Monymusk, and gat advertising, that at the north partis of Scotland and the Iles were confederat with thir Murrays aganis him. The king, affrayit be thir tithingis, demandit his thesaurar, gif any landis wer in thay boundis pertendand to the crown. And fra he wes advertint that the barony of Monymusk pertentit thairto, he rowit it to Sanct Andro, to send him victory."

—Beldenden's Croniklia. The priory consisted at first of Caldeas.

(4) "Kemnay hath for its tutelar Saint Anne, mother to the Blessed Virgin Mary."—View of the Diocese of Aberdeen.

(5) The mountain of Bannachie is believed to be an extinct volcano. C.

CHIEFSHIPS—THE CLANCHATTAN.

THE Clanchattan are traditionally said to be the descendants of a German clan, or tribe, called the Catti. This clan maintained a feud for ages with a neighbouring tribe, by whom they were ultimately overpowered, when, in the true, old Celtic spirit, they preferred exiling themselves to a degrading submission to the invader. They are mentioned by Cæsar and Tacitus; and the name Caithness, or Cattiness—the promontory of the Catti—is supposed to have been given by them to the first district in which they settled in the Highlands of Albyn.

The ultimate conquest of Caithness by the Danes, after the Catti and the other clans of the district had been nearly annihilated, by their periodical ravages for ages, induced them again to leave their country, rather than submit to the invader; and the tradition is that the remnants of these warlike clans resolved themselves into a confederation—on the same principle on which provisional battalions are now formed—under the name of Cattanich, and, in their military expeditions, obeyed one chief, while, in their civil capacity each retained its patriarchal government by its individual chief and chieftains.

The remarks, by "A Member of the Clan Chattan," in No. 6, have excited some interest. The writer quotes a number of charters and other documents in support of Macintosh's claim to the chiefship; but we must not forget that the chiefships could neither be conferred nor taken away by paper or parchment; and that, from the interference of the kings of Scotland, for the purpose of putting down chiefs and chieftains, and substituting lords and barons in their place, there can scarcely be a greater presumptive proof of the dubiety of any individual's claim to a chiefship, than to find him resting it on documents of any other description than such as may be necessary to prove his descent. All have heard of the memorable question put by the Laird of Grant to the courtier who offered to procure him a title—"Who, then, will be the Laird of Grant?" Grant, in the true spirit of the old Highland chief, valued his hereditary rank, which could neither be conferred nor taken away, far above any parchment title.

Among Highland clans, in general, there can be no rational grounds for dispute as to chiefships—for there can be only one chief of any clan, and his title is so distinct as to leave no room for doubt. For instance, the chief of the Campbells is distinguished by the title of Mac-Gillein, while the other gentlemen, or heads of houses, are Macmhi only—that is, the chief is Mac, or son of the *Ceann Cinni*, the head of the clan; while the others are only *Macmhi* (the *mhi* is pronounced *v*), son of the son of the head of the clan. Thus, Mac Dhonuill, or Macdonald, is the title of the chief of the Macdonalds; while

Macmhic Aillein, Macmhic Alastair, Macmhic Raonuill, Macmhic Jain, &c., are the titles of some of the chieftains, or heads of houses, composing the clan. This rule holds good in regard to every Highland clan descended from the chief whose name has been adopted as the patronymic of the chief of his race.

But, in the case of a regular confederation of separate and distinct clans, as in that of the Clanchattan, this rule applies only to each, distinctly from the others. The Clanchattan include the Macintoshes, Macphersons, Macgillivrays, Maquens, Macphails, Macdhais, Shaws, Macbains, &c., each of whom had their separate chiefs and chieftains, by whom they were governed perfectly independent of one another. Macintosh was only their leader in the day of battle. He had no civil jurisdiction over the other clans composing the confederation. Hence the well-known adage, in reference to the peculiar jurisdiction of Macintosh, who was hereditarily a feudal, not a patriarchal leader, and had the power of pit and gallows, "*Tha ne h uile la bhidhs mod aig Macintoisich*," i. e. "It is not every day Macintosh holds a moat or court." This expression implies that there was something *extreme* in the procedure at Macintosh's courts; but that it was of rare occurrence—or, in other words, that the barbarities of the feudal system, though not unknown at the moat of Macintosh, were not of frequent infliction there.

Macintosh is therefore not entitled to be considered as the chief of the Clanchattan, notwithstanding all the charters, edicts and bands quoted by "A Member of the Clan Chattan." The power of the patriarchal chief was limited, and could not be exercised to the prejudice or disgrace of the clan, without their own consent. Hence there are extremely few instances known of the decapitation or supercedure of a chief, excepting for personal crimes, or pusillanimity; and even in the few instances in which a chief is known to have been deposed, the tanister succeeded; and the lineal descendant always succeeded the tanister in the next succession of a chief. Bands and charters are consequently no evidence in the disputed case between Macintosh and Macpherson. Unless it be proved that Macpherson is descended from Macintosh, it is difficult to conceive that he is other than the chief of his own race, or branch of the united Clanchattan: and this, we believe, has not hitherto been even attempted.

From the manuscript of a gentleman, who took great interest in the question at issue, and who had access to the family papers of the competitors for the chiefship, we give the following statement:—

Gillecattan Mor was chief of the whole clans who had been admitted into the confederation called Clanchattan, in the reign of Malcolm II. He left two sons, Muirach Mor, the eldest, and Dai Dubh, the youngest. Muirach Mor left a son, whose name was also Gillecattan, and his lineal representative, Cluny, is the chief of the clan Mhuirach, or Macphersons, as well as of the original Catti of Caithness. Dai Dubh, brother of Muirach Mor, and second son of Gille-

cattan Mor, also left issue, and who are represented by Davidson of Invernahaven. The descendants of Dai Dubh are called Clandhai, or Davidson. They are the clan Kay of Sir Walter Scott, and Inch of Perth celebrity. The descendants of Muirach Mor are also called Clannhuirich, or Macphersons. Thus these two branches of the great confederation called Clanchattan, are still and always have been distinguished by the patronymic of their respective forefathers, Muirach Mor and Dai Dubh, sons of Gillochattan Mor, supreme chief of the Clanchattan in the reign of Malcolm II.

Muirach had two sons, Kenneth, the eldest, and Gillecattan, the youngest, above mentioned. Kenneth died without issue, and was succeeded by his brother, who, having previously entered into holy orders, was called the Parson. Hence the clan Mhuirich are called Clanpherson, or the clan of the parson, in English; but have always gone by the name of Clannhuirich in Gaelic. It may be remarked that the Scottish clergy, the followers of the Culdees and Columbus, or *Calum Cille*, were not then subjected to the See of Rome; and that the papal bull, enforcing the celibacy of the clergy, was not recognised by them at that time, nor, generally, for many ages subsequently.

The Parson, as he continued to be called, left two sons, Gilpatrick and Ewen Bain. Gilpatrick was the father of Donul Dall, the supreme chief of the Clanchattan, whose only child and heiress, Eva, married to Angus Duff, descended from a second son of Duff, Earl of Fife. As this was the first Macintosh, it may not be inappropriate to give a sketch of his history.

It is believed by many that the succession, or conquest, of Kenneth, the King of the Scots, had by no means been so complete as it is represented by some of our historians. On the contrary, that it had not been perfected until the reign of Malcolm Caumore. Hence Macbeath, who is generally held to have been a murderer, a usurper and a tyrant, is considered by some to have been a patriot-hero; and to have slain Duncan in a battle fought by the still unsubdued remnant of the Picts, in defence of their sacred liberties and independence. But, be this as it may, an army had been despatched by Malcolm against the Picts, or Moravienses, (as they are called,) by which, traditionally, at least, they are said to have been exterminated. In this army, Shaw, second son of Duncan, fifth Earl of Fife, commanded a party of the clan; and, having received an extensive grant of the lands of the exterminated or expatriated Picts, settled in the north, with his party, as a feudal lord, or vassal of Malcolm Canmore, having the government of the whole district confided to him.

This Shaw had a son, also called Shaw Duff, who succeeded his father in the government of the district, and defended the Castle of Inverness bravely against the Lord of the Isles. This Shaw Duff left three sons, Farquhar, William, and Edward. Farquhar left no issue, and was succeeded by his nephew, Shaw, the son of William. Shaw married Mora, or rather Morag, the daughter of Angus Ag, Lord of the Isles. He

was succeeded by his son, Angus; who married Eva, sole child and heiress of Donul Dall, supreme chief of the Clanchattan. Shaw, in virtue of this marriage—and perhaps of his hereditary power and connection, as nephew of the Lord of the Isles—assumed the chiefship of the Clanchattan, under the stile and title of Macintoshich, or son of the first man, or leader, of the confederation, Donul Dall, to the prejudice of Ewen Bain, ancestor of the Clannhuirich, or Macphersons, who seem to have acquiesced in, or submitted to, the usurpation, during the existence of the confederation; but as chiefships were purely hereditary, and could neither be bestowed nor taken away by charters, titles, nor bands, the representative of Donul Dall has never forfeited his title to the supreme chiefship of the Clanchattan.

This Angus, the first Macintosh, received a charter from his uncle, the Lord of the Isles, who was a feudal chief, of the lands of Lochaber, Glenluy, Strathlochie, and Lochiel, which originated the feuds between the Macintoshes and the Camerons and Macdonalds, who inherited the country from time immemorial, and refused to recognise "this sheepskin grant" for many ages afterwards.

"A Member of the Clan Chattan," quoted in the *Journal*, No. 6, states that "the thirty men of the Clanchattan, who fought the same number of the clan Kay [Dhai] on the Inch of Perth (1396) were commanded by Shaw Macintosh, cousin-german of Lachlan, 8th Laird, he having only had one son, Ferquhard, who, from physical causes, was unable to engage in the combat."

This statement is in direct contradiction of tradition, as regards the battle, or tournament, on the Inch of Perth; which arose, not in any dispute between the Macintoshes and the Davidsons, but in a dispute between the Clannhuirich, or Macphersons, and the clan Dhai, or Davidsons, both of whom are descended paternally from Muirach Dai, sons of Gillecattan Mor. The Camerons, irritated by the perseverance of the Macintoshes, in claiming and trying to enforce the exaction of rent for lands which they considered their own, proceeded to the country of that clan, in retaliation of an incursion made by them into the district of Lochaber, on a pointing expedition, in which they were partially successful. The Camerons collected the foray, and were driving it homewards, by Invernahaven, when the Macintoshes, Macphersons, and Davidsons made their appearance, in greatly superior numbers to the Camerons. At this critical moment a dispute arose between the leader of the Davidsons and the leader of the Macphersons, as to which should command the right wing—the point of honour in clan battles, to renounce which, by the party entitled to precedence, was regarded as the very acme of pusillanimity and degradation. The enemy being at hand, Macintosh, who wanted to keep down Cluny, whose superior title to command he well knew, and whose clan was equal to both the Macintoshes and the Davidsons, rashly decided that Invernahaven should command the right wing, that he himself should lead the centre, and Cluny the left—thus putting

Cluny in the subordinate position. Cluny indignantly refused, and retired from the field; but remained with his clan, as a spectator, in the vicinity.

The conflict between the clans was very obstinate and bloody; and the Davidsons and Macintoshes were nearly annihilated, before Cluny, relenting, rushed to the rescue, saved a remnant of his friends, and defeated the Camerons with immense slaughter. The Camerons were commanded by Charles McGillany, who was killed on a hill, which still bears his name, in Banchairri, about five miles from the field of battle.

Such was the origin of the feud between the Clannhuirich and clan Dhai, which led to the celebrated clan tournament on the Inch of Perth; where the right certainly prevailed—for there appears little doubt, according to our manuscript, that Cluny is the representative of Gillechattan Mac, chief of the Clanchattan in the days of Malcolm II.

D. C.

CLANN SHINCLAIR—THE SINCLAIRS.

It has been maintained that the Sinclairs are not, strictly speaking, a Gaelic clan, the surname being originally from France. William, son of the Comte de Saint Clair, a relative of the Conqueror, who came over with him in 1066, settled in Scotland soon afterwards, and was progenitor of all of the name in the country. The ancient Earls of Caithness were, however, an original race, the first recorded of whom is Dungald, who flourished in 875, and Sir William Sinclair of Roslin, which was the first possession of those of the name in Scotland, having married a daughter of the Earl of Strathern and Caithness; by this early connexion with a Highland district, and holding so high a feudal position, they have fully acquired all that confers on them the rights of chieftainship.

The chief went with his clan to Flodden, in which battle he fell, with a great number of his followers, anno 1513; and so strong an impression did this event make upon them, that, to this day, no Sinclair will, without the greatest reluctance, dress in green, or cross the Ord Hill on a Monday, for in such an array, and by that road, they marched on this disastrous expedition, when so many were slain, that scarcely a family of note had left a representative of their name.

George, sixth Earl, had no children, and finding himself very deeply in debt, he executed a disposition to Sir John Campbell of Glenurchai, chief creditor, of all his property, titles, and feudal jurisdictions, anno 1672. Glenurchai thereupon took the title, and on the death of the Earl of Caithness, 1676, obtained a grant of all the possessions. But George Sinclair of Keis, heir male, was not disposed to submit to this alienation of the honours of his family, but took possession of various houses and lands. Earl John was consequently obliged to apply for military assistance, and, raising his own clan, he marched afterwards, when he encountered the Sinclairs, and obtained a decided victory; on which occasion his piper composed his piobaireachd called

"Bodach an Briogas," in derision of Sinclair, who wore trews, which has ever since been the croinneachadh, or gathering, of his clan. Having thus regained the property, he placed garrisons in the castle to secure it; but Keis, frustrated in his attempts by force of arms, prosecuted his suit in Parliament, and it was found that his claims were just, on which Sir John Campbell relinquished the object he had so keenly pursued, and was created Earl of Breadalbane, &c.

The military achievements of the Sinclairs, from the power of their chiefs, were considerable. Their feuds with the clan Gunn have been noticed in the sketch of that tribe; their misunderstandings with the Earls of Sutherland were more serious. George Gordon, of Marle, having been attacked and slain, the Earl sent 200 men into Caithness, in 1588, who ravaged the parishes of Lathron and Dunbeath, and were followed by Sutherland himself, who overran the country and besieged the Earl in Castle Sinclair, who made a long but successful defence; and to revenge this inroad, which is commemorated as *Là na creach mòr*, "the day of the great foray," he assembled all his clan and followers, and marched into Sutherland, severely retaliating on the inhabitants: finally, a battle took place, in which they were victorious, and returned with abundant spoil. "In exchange hereof, Alexander, Earl of Sutherland, sent 300 men into Catteyness, the same year of God, 1589, who spoiled and wasted the same, killed above thirty men, and returned with a great booty." The Sinclairs, nothing daunted, made an inroad with their whole force, and returned, "driving a prey of goods before the host;" but the inhabitants, having collected to the number of about 500, attacked the invaders at Clyne, who maintained a desperate fight until nightfall. When they reached Caithness they found Houston Mac Aodh spreading farther desolation through the unhappy country, who retreated so speedily as to elude the pursuit of the Sinclairs. These mutual "harrieships" are said to have been congenial to Highland feelings! We can only say, in the words of an old seanachai, that, if so, "there was good mischief in those days!" The Sinclairs were in arms in 1745, and ready to join Prince Charles with 500 men; but the disaster at Culloden induced them to disband as the most prudent step.

President Forbes says that, in 1745, *Mòr 'ear Gal' ao'*, as the Earl of Caithness is called in Gaelic, could raise 1,000 men; but in the late war with France double that number were enrolled.

The Armorial Bearings of the Earl are.—Quarterly: first az. a ship at anchor, oars in saltire, within a double tressure flory counter-flory, or, for the title of Orkney; second and third, or, a lion rampant gules; fourth, az. a ship under sail, or for that of Caithness, the whole surmounted by a cross engrailed dividing the quarters, sab., for Sinclair. Crest, a cock proper. Supporters, two griffins proper, beaked and membered or. Motto, "Commit thy work to God."

The Suaichentas, or Badge, is a branch of conis, whins, or gorse, *ulex Europæus*.

Among the numerous cadets of this noble fa-

only must be noticed the Sinclairs of Ulbster, related to the illustrious house of Sutherland. In 1603, George, Earl of Caithness, made a disposition to his much beloved cousin, Patrick Sinclair, of the lands of Ulbster, and his brother John succeeded, from whom the present Sir George Sinclair, Bart., is ninth in descent. His venerable father, the late Right Hon. Sir John, a distinguished senator and statesman, has been pronounced one of the greatest benefactors to society; and he did more, by individual exertion, to improve the county of Caithness, than all the former proprietors together. With the true spirit of a Highland chief, in 1794, he raised a fencible regiment, and he was the first who extended the services of these troops beyond Scotland. He shortly afterwards raised another, and each was 1,000 strong, a proof of his enjoying a degree of respect and influence which very few men of much higher rank and more extensive possessions could boast of! The uniform of these fine battalions was a military Highland bonnet, with trows and scarf plaid of a handsome dark tartan. Sir John was induced to adopt this mode of dress, from having been misled by a silly paragraph which appeared in the "Scots Magazine," referring the origin of the kilt to a very recent period, an opinion which he subsequently repudiated. His superintendence of the publication of the originals of the poems of Ossian, is a labour for which "the clans" are under a peculiar obligation, as it removed the doubts of many on that much contested subject.

The figure chosen to illustrate the Sinclairs is a Highland girl, and that she is unmarried we see indicated by her hair being bound with the stem, or snood. She is also bare-footed—the want of covering being no mark of low circumstances, but agreeable to a practice still very common. Her gown is of a blue, home-made manufacture—a mixture of linen and wool, which forms a very economical and pretty material. A plain scarf, of about three yards in length, is worn over the head, falling down gracefully before. This was usually fastened by a brooch of silver, brass, or copper, on the breast, and ladies were wont to indicate their political principles by the manner in which it was worn.—*From Logan's Clans.*

LIST OF ARMS IN THE CASTLE OF KILCHURN, IN 1689.

THE original MS., of which the following is a copy, was found among the miscellaneous papers of a deceased legal practitioner in Renfrewshire. The present owner of them cannot tell how it came into his possession. The list is highly curious:—

Memorandum of Armes left in Castle Kelchurn,
the 3d of September, 1689.

Imprimis in my Lords Bed Chamber of
screwed carbynes above the Chimney
peice
It. of Gunes hinging on the wall be east

the window of Long guns two of them
called Dundie,* and the oyr a long gun
without a work
It. of indented Stocked Gunes yr four is
It. on the wall be wast the window of gunes
seven is
grof the uppermost is called the Maiden,
the nixt a very long gun with a half bent,
the thrid a very long Gun with a hyland
lock; the oyr four small guns grof the
undermost is a screwed gun wt. ane iron
ramer
Item, on the wast syde of the Chamber
fyve gunes is
grof two of them have dowble barrells,
on of them, a long gun wt. a hyland lock,
and ane oyr of them a long gun wt. a
half bent and anoyr short gun wt. a
hyland lock
It. a foulling peice with my Lords Armes
and the vissie of it marring is
Item, on the north syde of the rounge over
the northwind a short gun wt. a hyland
lock called the Chamber gun is
Item, in the corner of the Chamber a brass
blunderbush is
It. in my Lords Studie† of Matchlock and
fyve Lock Muskats
It. a box in the Studie wt. seaventie gun
ratches is
Mor yr ane Ink bottle is
It. in the Laft above the dyneing rounge
fyve chests three yrof wit. locks, inde
It. in the Laft above the bed chamber two
tent trunks is
It. a Tent wendscot Chist with timber of
the tent bed is
It. a harm pock wt. the tent and anoyr pock
wt. timber pins and tows for the said
Tent
Mor yr is two Chists undir bagage of Lady
McNaughtans‡ and anoyr wt. a lock yt
Andrew Chrystie hes is
Mor in the Laft above the bed Chamber
fyve barrells of pudder and on Chist of
Lead and two bundles matches
It. Barcaltin¶ hes ane Indented muskat in
the Tour is
(Signed) BREADALBANE.

Indorsation

Memorandum of all the Guns
and Muskets in Castle Kel-
churn on the 3d September,
1689.

The date of this list is little more than a month
subsequent to the battle of Killiecrankie, which

* It may have been in the service of the Viscount of
Dundee.

† My Lord, perhaps, was the Earl of Breadalbane.

‡ Malcolm McNaughtan of that Ilk, or his son, Alex-
ander McNaughtan, of that Ilk. "Malcolm" married
Mary, daughter of Donald Murray, Provost of Inverary,
and Alexander married a sister of Sir Colin Campbell,
of Ardinklass.

¶ Patrick (perhaps) Campbell of Barcaldine. His de-
scendant, Duncan Campbell of Barcaldine, was created
Baronet in 1831.

was fought on the 27th July, 1689. The signature is in Breadalbane's own handwriting. He was John, first Earl of Breadalbane, son and heir of Sir John Campbell of Breadalbane. He took part with the Government, though he sent 500 men to join the standard of the Pretender, in 1715; and the memorandum of arms left in the Castle of Kilchurn was probably on his placing it in the hands of Government, to be garrisoned by the royal troops. It was so garrisoned as late as 1745. He had the sobriquet of John *Glas* in Gaelic, being of a grey or light complexion. In the eventful times in which he lived, he acquired distinction by his sagacity. Being a principal creditor of George Sinclair, sixth Earl of Caithness,* whose debts are said to have exceeded a million of marks, he obtained, by charter under the Great Seal, 1673, a reversion of that nobleman's estate and title, on undertaking the burthen of his debts; and on his death, 1676, without issue, thus became seventh Earl of Caithness. The title, however, he did not long enjoy, the Privy Council having soon found, on the authority of a reference from Parliament, that George Sinclair of Keis, heir-male to the last Earl, had a right to it; and he accordingly took his seat in Parliament as Earl of Caithness, 15th July, 1681. Sir John Campbell, thus dispossessed, obtained, four weeks afterwards, the creation, by patent, 13th August, 1681, of Earl of Breadalbane and Holland, Viscount Tay and Paintland, Baron of Glenorchy, Ormelie and Wick, with the precedence of the former patent, 1677, and remainder to either of his sons by his deceased wife, Lady Mary Rich, that, by writing under his hand, he at any time of his life might think proper to nominate, and the issue-male of such son so nominated; failing which, to his own issue male; failing which, to his nearest legitimate heirs-male; failing which, to his nearest heirs whatsoever.

The Earl, who concurred in the Revolution of 1688, undertook, by his influence with the clans, viz. £12,000 to reduce the Highlands, which King William, with great expense, had endeavoured to effect in vain. The Earl of Nottingham wrote afterwards, calling upon him to account for the money. "My Lord," replied Breadalbane, "the Highlands are quiet, the money is spent, and that is the best way of accounting among friends." He was deeply implicated in the massacre of Glencoe, and imprisoned in consequence, but discharged without trial. He was a suspected person in 1715, having sent 500 of his clan to join the standard of Mar, and was required to surrender, but no further notice was taken of his conduct. "It is odd," says Mackay, "he lives long enough, but he is a Duke; he is of a fair complexion, has the gravity of a Spaniard, as cunning as a fox, wise as a serpent, and slippery as an eel." He died at the age of 64.

Kilchurn Castle we have a concise but comprehensive account in Fullarton's excellent *Gazetteer of Scotland*.

Kilchurn Castle, a noble relic of feudal ages,

* See Account of "Clann Sinclair," p. 151.

near the head of Loch Awe, under the impending gloom of the majestic Bencruachan, which rises in rocky masses abruptly from the opposite shore of the lake. Amid the grandeur and variety which that fine lake derives from its great expanse, and the lofty mountains with which it is surrounded, it cannot be denied that Kilchurn Castle forms its leading and most picturesque object,—

'Is paramount, and rules
Over the pomp and beauty of a scene
Where mountains, torrents, lakes, and woods unite
To pay it homage.'

There is no other ancient castle in the Western Highlands that can compete with it in point of magnitude; and none, even throughout Scotland at large, can be compared with it for the picturesque arrangement of its buildings, the beauty and fine effect of its varied and broken outline, or its happy appropriateness to its situation. It stands upon a projecting rocky elevation at the head of the lake, where the water of Orchy flows into it, and which is occasionally converted into an island when the river and loch are flooded by rains. Although now connected with the shore by an extended plain, obviously of alluvial origin, and consequently forming a peninsula, it seems certain that the rocky site of the Castle must have been at one time an island; and that the change has been produced partly by alluvial deposit, and partly by the lowering of the waters of the lake. Anciently it must have been a place of great strength; and its unusual size and extent attest the feudal splendour and magnificence which the knights of Glenorchy were accustomed to gather around them. But this fine relic of baronial dignity is now a ruin,—"wild yet stately,—not dismantled of turrets, nor the walls broken down, though obviously a ruin," and hastening to decay. The exterior walls are yet entire, but the mountain blasts sweep through its roofless halls, and the thistle waves its head in the now silent courtyard. Kilchurn, or, as it ought to be written, Coalchuirn Castle, is said to have been first erected by the lady of Sir Colin Campbell of Glenorchy, the ancestor of the Ducal family of Argyll. Sir Colin, who was a Knight-Templar, was absent on a crusade at the time, and for seven years the principal portion of the rents of his lands are said to have been expended in its erection by his lady. The great tower was five stories in height, the second story being entirely occupied by the baronial hall. That necessary appendage of a feudal castle, the dungeon, is on the ground-floor, and appears to have been sufficiently dark, damp, and wretched, to render utterly miserable the unfortunate beings who, from time to time, were forced to tenant it. The remaining portions of the Castle, which form a square, enclosing the court-yard, though of considerable antiquity, are certainly not so ancient as the tower, and doubtless have been added at some more recent period. The second Sir Colin of Glenorchy, surnamed *Dubh*, or Black, son of the Knight-Templar, was proprietor of seven different castles,—a sufficient evidence of the great wealth which must have been possessed, even at that early period, by the ancestors of the now powerful family of Breadalbane. So late as 1745 Kilchurn Castle was garrisoned by the king's troops, and at a much more recent period, it was fit to be inhabited. One of the factors or over-

seers of the Breadalbane estates, caused the roof to be taken off, merely to obtain an easy supply of wood, to the irreparable injury of the Castle, and the unavailing regret of the noble proprietor, who was then absent. The greatest care is now taken of its preservation; but open and exposed as it now is, time and the winter-storms will soon work its decay. There is a legend connected with this Castle, which has its counterpart in more than one legend of feudal times, as well as in the pages of Homer, and may be worth relating here. During the long absence of Sir Colin, the Knight-Templar, he is said to have visited Rome, where he had a very singular dream. He applied to a monk for his advice, who recommended his instant return home, as a very serious domestic calamity, which could only be averted by his presence, was portended by his dream. Sir Colin immediately took his departure for Scotland, and, after much difficulty and danger, reached a place called Succoth, the residence of an old woman who had been his nurse. In the disguise of a mendicant, he craved food and shelter for the night; and was admitted to the poor woman's fireside. From a scar on his arm she recognised him as the laird; and instantly informed him of what was about to happen at the Castle. It appeared that, for a long period, no information had been received with regard to Sir Colin, nor had any communication from him reached his lady. On the contrary, it had been industriously circulated that he had fallen in battle in the Holy Land. Sir Colin perceived treachery on the part of some one; for he had repeatedly despatched clansmen with intelligence to his lady, and surely all of them could not have perished before reaching Scotland. His suspicions were well founded. Baron MacCorquodale, a neighbouring laird, who had been the most busy in propagating the report of Sir Colin's death, had intercepted and murdered all the messengers. He had thus succeeded in convincing the lady of the death of her husband; and had finally won her affections, and the next day had been fixed for the marriage. Incensed at what he had just heard from the faithful nurse, Sir Colin set out early next morning for his castle of Kilchurn, where he was told his lady then resided; and as he followed the romantic windings of the Orchy, the sound of the bagpipe, and the acclamations of his clansmen who had assembled to join the approaching festivity, were wafted to his ears. He crossed the drawbridge, and entered the gates of the Castle—at this happy season open to all—undiscovered and unregarded. While he stood silently gazing on the scene of riot which now met his view, he was asked what he wanted. "To have my hunger satisfied, and my thirst quenched," said he. Food and liquor were plentifully put before him; he eat, but refused to drink, except from the hands of the lady herself. Informed of the strange request of the apparent mendicant, the lady, always charitable and benevolent, came at once and handed him a cup. Sir Colin drank to her health, and dropping a ring into the empty cup returned it to her. The lady, observant of the action, retired and examined the ring. It was her own gift to her husband when he departed on his distant expedition; it had been his talisman in the field, and had been kept sacred by him. "My husband! My husband!" she exclaimed, and rushing in,

threw herself into his arms. A shout of joy from the clansmen rent the air; and the pipers made the court-yard resound with the pibroch of the Campbells. The Baron MacCorquodale was allowed to depart in safety; but, Sir John Dubh, the son and successor of the Templar, after his father's death, attacked the Baron, and overcoming him in battle, took possession of his Castle and his lands.

Wordsworth has addressed some fine lines to Kilchurn Castle, concluding thus:—

'Shade of departed power,
Skeleton of unfleshed humanity,
The chronicle were welcome that should call
Into the compass of distinct regard
The toils and struggles of thy infancy!
Yon foaming flood seems motionless as ice;
Its dizzy turbulence eludes the eye,
Frozen by distance; so, majestic pile,
To the perception of this Age appear
Thy fierce beginnings, softened and subdued,
And quieted in character—the strife,
The pride, the fury uncontrollable
Lost on the aerial heights of the Crusades!"

Kilchurn Castle is no doubt the Ardenvoehr of the novelist in the "Legend of Montrose."

THE STORY OF HAMLET.

[From the Swedish Saga.]

DURING the period when Rörek held the supreme sway in Denmark, the brothers Horwendal and Fengo ruled as subordinate princes in Jutland. Horwendal had already reigned three years, and distinguished himself by bold adventures and viking expeditions, when Köller, the Norwegian king, impelled by envy, and thirst for glory, challenged him to holmgang.* They landed on a fair island in the north sea. The beauty of its shores tempted them to penetrate into the woods, and, unaccompanied, the chieftains met in the centre of the forest. They resolved to prove their swords, and, in order that as far as possible individual valour should decide the cause, they commenced the fight. They first agreed that the victor should pay the highest honour to the vanquished, and give two gold marks to his kindred for each considerable wound inflicted on him. This being agreed to by both parties, the combat began. Horwendal, ardent for the fight, grasped his sword with both his hands, and, casting away his own shield, cleft asunder that of Köller, wounded him in the foot, and finally struck a mortal blow. He honoured the dead with a pompous interment, and caused a high mound to be raised over his body. After three years spent in viking expeditions, he presented to Rörek the best portion of the spoil, and espoused his daughter Gerutha, by whom he had a son who was named Hamlet. Fengo, envious of his brother's good fortune, caused him to be murdered, and immediately after married his widow. To give a better colouring to this bloody deed, he gave out that Gerutha, who had never experienced the slightest ill-usage from her husband, was on one occasion

* From holme (island), and gang (walk), meaning encounter on island; there, by strength of arms, to decide quarrels or mastery.

in such peril from his hatred and violence, that, to save her life, he slew his brother, as he considered it unfitting that a fair woman should be longer exposed to the daring violence of such a man. His tale was believed, and he married her without opposition; even Rörek was satisfied with the explanation.

But Hamlet, who feared his uncle's jealous disposition, feigned himself mad, and prudently concealed his understanding in order to preserve his life. He sat all day by the hearth in his mother's house, amidst the dust and cinders. His body was smeared with dirt, his face disfigured with stains, and his whole exterior indicated the highest stage of insanity. Sometimes, as he sat by the hearth, and scraped amid the ashes with his hands, he would make wooden hooks, and harden them in the fire; and, at the other end of the same piece of wood, he would cut another hook, and carefully conceal it. When asked what he was doing, he replied that he was preparing for himself sharp arrows for his father's murderer. At this answer all the standers-by laughed, for such an undertaking could only seem ridiculous; although Hamlet subsequently found them extremely useful to him. But those who thought more deeply of the matter, inferred from his desire of vengeance, that he did not want intelligence. As no one now believed that he was really mad, it was thought advisable to try him in various ways. Amongst the youths who for this purpose were commissioned to lead him to a remote forest, there happened to be his foster-brother, who compassionated his fate, and resolved to warn him. But Hamlet himself perceived his danger. When, therefore, he was about to mount his horse, he seated himself backwards on it, using the animal's tail as a bridle, to the amusement of all. Shortly after they met a wolf in the forest, which his companions declared to be a young horse. Hamlet complained that amongst his uncle's herds he had never seen a similar foal. Arrived at the coast, his companions found the rudder of a wrecked vessel. They called to him, saying they had found a knife of enormous size. Whereto he replied, that with it they might cut asunder an enormous ham, by which he probably meant the sea, to the depths of which the rudder was suited.

They next called his attention to some sand-hills strewed with pebbles, which they called grits; on which he remarked that those grits were ground by storms and the white foaming waves. Thus failed this and other attempts to detect his secret. A friend of Fengo's then advised that he should be submitted to still stricter investigation. It was determined that Fengo should feign a journey on some important business, and that during his supposed absence Hamlet should be conducted into his mother's chamber, where a concealed person should listen to their conversation; since, if his madness were simulated, it was certain that he would not conceal the truth from her. He who gave the counsel offered to be himself the listener. Fengo agreed to the proposal, and pretended to be settling off on a long journey, whilst the other went into the queen's apartment, and concealed him-

self under the straw. But Hamlet hopped about on the straw as if out of his senses; crowed shrilly like a cock; beat the air with his arms like the flapping of wings; and rushed up and down the hall. He soon remarked also that something moved beneath the straw, and pierced the unlucky courtier through with his sword. He then threw the body into boiling water, and afterwards cast it out to be devoured by unclean beasts. He then addressed his mother, who wept at his supposed madness, in the following words:—"Why weepest thou for me, thou most infamous of women, who like an adulteress embracest the murderer of thy husband, and art fallen so low as to flatter the man who slew the father of thy son? It is the nature of beasts to forsake one mate for another, and to forget both for a third, and thus it seems with thee also remembrance of the past is obliterated. Under the semblance of madness I am constrained to conceal my hatred, and to wait an opportunity of revenge. Do thou also mourn over my fate before the world, although thou hast much more cause to bewail thine own. All else must thou conceal!" His mother swore to obey him, and Hamlet resumed his pretended insanity.

When Fengo returned, he caused search to be made for his informant, and even Hamlet was questioned whether he had seen him; but he replied that he had perished by a fall, and was devoured by unclean beasts, which of course no one believed. Fengo still retained his suspicion, although, through fear of his wife, and of her father, he dared not put Hamlet to death. Therefore he sent him to Britain, and entreated the king of that country to have him destroyed, preferring that the stain of that bloody deed should be on another rather than on himself. Hamlet departed; but before he went, he enjoined his mother to cause the king's apartment to be hung with tapestry, like net-work, and after the lapse of a year to have a state funeral performed for him, as if he were dead, although he intended to return home at that very time. Two messengers from Fengo travelled with him. They carried with them a runic letter graved round a piece of wood, wherein the king of Britain was requested to destroy the young man sent to him. Whilst the messengers slept, Hamlet searched their baggage, and found the runic scroll. He immediately raised the runes, cut others in their place, and substituted the names of the messengers for his own. He added an urgent entreaty from Fengo that the king would give his daughter in marriage to the young man he sent to him. As soon as the messengers reached England they delivered the letter, unconscious that they were thereby soliciting their own destruction. The king received them with apparent friendship, and caused a great feast to be prepared in honour of them. But Hamlet refrained both from eating and drinking, as if he felt averse to both, which much surprised all present. After the banquet, the king caused his guests to be conducted to their sleeping apartment, but placed persons outside to overhear their conversation. Hamlet, on being questioned by the others why he had not partaken of the feast, said that the bread was

mingled with blood, that the ale tasted of iron, and that the meat smelt like human flesh. The king, he added, had eyes like a slave, and the queen shewed by three deviations from the manners appertaining to her rank that she was also of slavish origin. The messengers laughed at him, remembering his former madness, and rebuked him for so maligning their illustrious and hospitable hosts.

These words having been repeated to the king, he inferred from them that his guest must be either superhumanly wise, or else mad; and he inquired of the steward whence the bread had been procured. The steward said the baker had made it, who, on being questioned in his turn where the grain was grown, answered that not far from thence was a field strewed with the bones of dead men, and which, in the expectation of an abundant crop, had been sown with corn. It was possible that the bread had thence derived its flavour. The king was astonished, and next day inquired where the meat was brought from. They acknowledged that the swine had escaped from the herdsman, and had devoured the half-decayed corpse of a criminal, which might have imparted to the flesh an unusual odour. The king admired the acuteness of Hamlet's nose, and then asked what had happened to the ale. He desired to be shown the spring where the water for the ale was taken, and on digging under it, a sword, more than half consumed by rust was found. In like manner it was discovered by careful research that he, as well as the queen, was descended from slaves who had been made prisoners of war. Hamlet said that the queen had betrayed her origin—first, by the habit of covering her head with her clothes, as slaves are wont to do; secondly, by holding up her garments as she walked; and thirdly, by using a wooden toothpick, and swallowing the remnants of food which adhered to her teeth. The king, astonished at such wonderful sagacity, gave Hamlet his daughter in marriage, and considered her ready acquiescence as an inspiration of the gods. The messengers he caused to be hanged the following day, in compliance with what he believed to be Fengo's request. Hamlet affected great indignation at this proceeding, and required the king to make satisfaction for their lives in gold, which he secretly melted and poured into sticks hollowed out for the purpose.

When Hamlet had remained a year in England, he desired leave to travel homewards, and returned to his native land, taking with him only the sticks filled with gold. On reaching Jutland he re-assumed his former habits, and presented himself as still mad in his mother's house, where a solemn festival was about to be held in remembrance of him. This re-appearance amongst those who had heard that he was dead caused great terror, which, however, soon changed into merriment and joy. When he was asked after his travelling companions, he showed the sticks filled with gold which he had received for them. He then mingled with the attendants who served the guests with drink, and, in order to heighten the mirth of the guests, he, too, paid great atten-

tion to the drinkers. To avoid being encumbered with his long cloak he gathered it round him, and fastened it with his sword, which he often drew, cutting his fingers thereby, which induced one of the company to take a nail and fasten it into the scabbard. In order more effectually to carry out his design, he diligently encouraged the guests to drink, and induced them to take so much that at length, drowsy with wine, they made the royal hall where they had been drinking their sleeping place. This was an opportunity Hamlet would not let escape him. He therefore fetched his wooden hooks, went into the hall where the guests were sleeping off their excess, cut down the hangings from the walls, and drew them over the sleepers, securing the net with the hooks, so that not one of those who lay beneath it could stir. He then set fire to the house, and entered the king's chamber, where he found him drunk and snoring. He took down the king's sword and hung his own in its place, and then awakened Fengo, saying, he was come to demand vengeance for his father. Fengo started up and seized the sword, but could not draw it. He, however, defended himself for a time with the scabbard, but at length fell, pierced through by Hamlet.

As Hamlet knew not what his countrymen might say to this daring action, he concealed himself; and, when on the following day the people came to the spot, they beheld amidst the ruins of the burnt palace only half-consumed corpses, but no living man to tell how the destruction had occurred. Some were enraged, others lamented; but some, on the contrary, allowed their secret satisfaction to transpire. Hamlet then quitted his hiding-place, collected his own friends, and those of his father, and delivered to the assembled States a discourse, wherein he represented his father's virtues, and told them that they ought long before to have done that which he had now performed. All were moved by his words, some even to tears; and, as soon as their emotion subsided, he was saluted king with unanimous applause, for all greatly esteemed his prudence, which had enabled him with such deep cunning to keep his design so long concealed, and to execute an almost incredible deed of daring. Hamlet now equipped three ships with great magnificence, and sailed to Britain to visit his father-in-law and wife. He had in his suite the most noble youths of his country, in order that, as he had hitherto not displayed his dignity, he might now appear with all the lustre that becometh him. He also caused to be painted on his shield all the events that had occurred to him from his earliest youth, and, to render his appearance still more splendid, the shields borne by his followers were of gold. The King of England met his guest with friendly hospitality and regal magnificence. During the banquet, he inquired if Fengo was still alive and in health, whereupon Hamlet informed him that Fengo had perished by the sword. By dint of many questions, the king at length elicited that he who now announced the death of Fengo was himself his destroyer. This discovery struck the king to the heart, for he had solemnly sworn to Fengo that he would be his avenger. Affection for his daughter

ter and son-in-law strove in his breast against the oath he had sworn to his foster-brother. At length fidelity to his vow triumphed over parental love; but still he could not prevail on himself to violate the laws of hospitality by slaying Hamlet in his own palace. He therefore commissioned him to court for him another wife, his own having lately died. There reigned at that time in Scotland a virgin queen called Hermutruda, whom the king much desired to espouse; but she, being as jealous of her liberty as she was harsh in her disposition, had hitherto persecuted and put to death all her suitors, so that not one now remained.

Hamlet was well aware of the danger of his undertaking, but he nevertheless proceeded on his way, accompanied by his own suite as well as the king's servants. He reached Scotland, and when within a short distance of the castle where Hermutruda dwelt, he caused the over-ridden horses to be turned loose to pasture in a meadow, and laid himself down to sleep by a murmuring brook, having first placed guards around the spot. The queen sent forth spies, one of whom succeeded in passing through the guards unperceived. He took Hamlet's shield from under his head, together with the letter to the queen, and delivered them both to his sovereign. She examined the shield attentively, guessed by the representations on it who the stranger was, and remembered his wise conduct, and how he had avenged his father's death. She erased the writing in the letter where the old man besought her hand, as she preferred a young husband to an old one, and substituted for it another writing, wherein she was requested to become the wife of the bearer. She next caused the representations on the shield to be copied, so that the writing and the picture mutually explained each other, and then commanded the spy to return with the letter and shield. Meanwhile Hamlet had perceived the loss of his shield, but he still kept his eyes closed and pretended to sleep, foreseeing that the bold thief would return, as his first enterprise had been so successful. He was not deceived in his expectation, for the spy returned with the shield; but, as he was endeavouring to replace it under Hamlet's head, the latter started up, seized him, and caused him to be fettered. He then awakened his followers, and proceeded to the castle, where he delivered to the queen his father-in-law's letter. Hermutruda having read it, commended Hamlet's wise conduct, said that Fengo had been justly slain, and rejoiced at the fortunate issue of his plan. Therefore, added she, although hitherto she had been entirely adverse to all suitors, and although she was a high-born queen, she was now disposed to follow him as his wife, if he, not for her beauty alone, but above all on account of her high estate, would bestow his affections on her. Saying these words, she fell on his neck. Hamlet was greatly pleased with this reception, returned her embrace, and assured her that their love was reciprocal. Preparations were immediately made for their nuptials; and, after the bridal banquet, he returned to England accompanied by a chosen band of young Scotchmen. He was met by his wife, who, although she felt herself insulted by her husband taking another wife, would yet not forsake the

man to whom she had borne a son, and vowed to love her rival, even though she should be hated by her; at the same time, she warned Hamlet to be on his guard against her father's plot. Whilst she was yet speaking, the old king appeared; he embraced his son-in-law, and invited him to a banquet. Hamlet took with him 200 Scottish knights, put on armour under his clothes, and approached the royal hall. As they were passing beneath the archway of the portals, the king hurled a lance at Hamlet, which would have killed him but that the armour turned aside the blow. He however received a slight wound, and retired to the spot where he had commanded his Scotch friends to wait, and dispatched Hermutruda's spy to the king to relate to him all that had taken place. The enraged king pursued him with his host, and attacked Hamlet's band, the greater part of whom were cut to pieces. During the night Hamlet, who despaired of victory, caused the fallen to be propped up by sticks and stones, and placed the corpses upon the dead horses, which were similarly raised up. At the unexpected appearance of these, whose number seemed doubled by the shadows they cast around them, the foes were so terrified that they fled. The king himself was taken in his flight, put to death, and Hamlet, taking with him his wives and rich spoils, left Britain, and returned to his native Jutland. During these transactions King Rörek had died in Denmark, and his successor Wigleth, after persecuting Hamlet's mother in various ways, deprived her of all her treasures, because Hamlet ought not without her permission to have assumed the government of Jutland. Hamlet at first softened him by gifts; but when an opportunity for revenge offered, he attacked the king, and forced him to flee. Wigleth, however, collected an army from Skonen and Zeeland, and challenged Hamlet to fight. After some hesitation, caused by his affection for his wife, Hamlet finally resolved to accept the defiance; whereupon Hermutruda vowed that she would follow him, and not survive him; but when Hamlet fell in the combat, she gave herself up to the conqueror, and voluntarily became his wife. Such was the end of Hamlet, who, if his good fortune had equalled his wisdom, might have rivalled the gods in honour and glory. His sepulchre is still to be seen on a plain in Jutland, which to this day bears his name.

"ACT ANENT THE MANUFACTURIE AT AIR."

THE following act of the Scottish Parliament, which we copy from an original manuscript, is curious, as illustrative of the mode by which the legislature sought to encourage manufactures and suppress vagrancy:—

Forasmuch as by the fourtie twa act of the first session of this present current parliament It is statute and ordained That Manufactures should be exerted within this Kingdome And that Companies and Societies should be authorised for joint Carrying on of the same Not only for Improving of the growth and product of this kingdome to

the best advantage for the wealth and honour thereof by being served with their own Commodities and thereby not unnecessarily emptied of yr money Bot Rather for drawing in money from other nations And for breeding Employing and provyding of a great number of poor and idle persones who ar now miserable for want thereof and ar a heave burdin to the Countrie Living without rule or respect to god or man And that it is statute and ordained That there be in each parochie one or more persones provydit and appointed vpon the charges and expenses of the heritors thereof for Instructing the poor children vagabonds and other idlers to fyne and mix wooll spinn worsted and knit stockings And hath ordained the Commissioners of shires to Convocat the heretores of each parochie for that effect within their respective shires for electing some of the heritors within each parochie to see the said act made effectuell As in the said act at mair lenth is contained And the King's Majestie being informed that ther is nothing yit done which may mak ye said act have its due effect Towards the end aforesaid And that Hugh Erle of Eglintoun with some others have got vp a manufactory at the Citadail of Air And being most willing to encourage that Companie and Societie in so good an enterpryse Doth therefore with advyce and consent of his Estates of Parliament Warrant authorise and empower them to bring into the place of the said Manufactory all idle persones and vagabonds within the severall parishes of the Shreffdomes of Galloway Aire and Renfrew who salbe found begging and burdensome to the Countrie And other persones who albeith they beg not have no trade stock or visible lafull way to maintaine themselves by their own means and work And if neid beis to apprehend their persones and keep them within the said Manufactory and to compell them to work for meat and cloathing as the masters or oversiers of the said Manufactory shall find them most capable and able to be employed And that dureing the space of years effir their entrie to the said service Reckoneing from their age of sixteen yeers compleit Not accounting the yeirs of their service before the said age And incaice the persones brought in to the said work be not found begging but onlie out of service and masterles for the tyme not having wherewith To Maintaine themselves by their own meanes and work such persones sall onlie serve in the work as aforesaid for the space of fyve yeirs for meat and clathing onlie Lykas his Majestie with advyce forsaid Doth authorize the said Company and Societie or persones intrusted be them To nominat and appoint the oversiers for instructing the poor children vagabonds and vther idlers of each parochie within the bounds aforesaid as being most skilfull in the choice of such oversiers and most concerned in the effectuell oncarrying of the breeding of the saids idle persones With pouer to the said Company and persones intrusted be them To call in and Compell the saids idlers to the said Manufactory And his Majestie with advyce and consent forsaid Ordains the soume of yeirlie to be payed out of the said Shyres of Galloway Aire and Renfrew for mentinanse of the saids

oversiers And gives heirby warrand To To devyde the said soume vpon the respective paroches within the saids shires Conforme to their last valuations And to that effect appointes the respective Collectores within the saids shires To delyver to the saids ane just extract vnder their hands of the valuation of their paroches within their respective shires And the proportiones being swa cast vpon the paroches Ordaines the heretors in everie parochie within the respective shires To meet and take effectuell Course for yerlie payment of the soume payable be their parochie And incaice any parochie sall failzie in the yerlie payment of their proportiones In that caice Ordains Letters to be direct at the instance of the oversiers Against the heretors and liferenters of the said parochie or paroches according to the respective valuations The saids heretors and liferenters being always frie of the burdin of the saids oversiers and of their hail poor and persones able to work for payment of the said allowance And farder the King's Majestie with advyce and consent forsaid Do heirby Prohibite and forbid all persones to resett any of the saids persones Servents or apprentices of the said Manufactory vnder the payne of Punds Scots toties quoties And incaice they Continow to harbor or make vse of them vnder the paine of Punds Scots money forsaid monethlie for each of them that they sall harbor to be payed to the said Societie or Manufactory efter Information at the parochie kirks from whence such persones Came or where they haunted Of their withdrawing from their service by designation of them by their names and vther tokens vpon which they may be knownen. And all Shreffs Magistrates of brughes and Justices of peace ar heirby requyred to Concurr for makinge the premisses effectuell And all Constables Sergants and officers Ar heirby straitly Comanded to apprehend and inbring to the said Manufactory such Idle persones or any servants or apprentices of the said Manufactory into the same so oft as it salbe requyred be the Magistrats vnder whom they serve Or by the Company for the manufactory or persones intrusted be them Under the paine of Punds Scots money To the vse of the said Manufactory As oft as they salbe requyred and failzie therein as said is."

The "Citadail of Air" was originally the parish church of St John. Cromwell appropriated the church and churchyard, with some adjacent ground, which he converted into a fortification, in 1651: hence its designation, "the Citadail." On the Restoration, in 1660, the fort was dismantled, and the premises, all within the walls, gifted to the Earl of Eglinton, with the privileges of a burgh of regality, under the name of Montgomerieston. The magistrates of Ayr were much annoyed by the creation of a rival burgh in such close proximity to their ancient incorporation, and not a few legal controversies were the consequences: but Montgomerieston continued to possess and maintain its privileges. The manufactory established by the Earl of Eglinton and others, to which the foregoing act refers, was a patriotic attempt to carry out the

views of the legislature in promoting the manufactures of the country. The act is not dated, but it was probably passed about 1680. "The Citadell," while the manufactory continued, seems to have contained a number of inhabitants, of various trades—forming quite a community by themselves. Individuals of them are frequently mentioned in the session-books of Ayr. The Citadel, which has long been the property of the Ailsa family, is now occupied as a brewery, and the "Fort ale," as the beverage is called, is distinguished for its excellence.

TWO LETTERS

FROM JAMES ANDERSON,

THE EDITOR OF THE DIPLOMATA SCOTIÆ.

THESE two letters contain some information relative to the fortunes and family of Anderson the antiquary, who derived loss instead of advantage from his zealous endeavours to preserve and publish the ancient muniments of his native country. His magnificent work, the *Diplomata Scotiæ*, upon which infinite labour and expense had been bestowed, was unfinished at the time of his demise, and was ushered into the world under the auspices of the learned Thomas Ruddiman, who wrote an introductory dissertation:—

I.

Edinburgh, 10th Nov., 1716.

My Dear Child,

The weather here is cold, and the wind easterly, which makes me very uneasy; but I hope it will soon give over. I wrote you the Governor's approval of the new office I have taken, and a person has been with me from Baron Scrop about my house, and wrote up to him. General Cadogan* is come here, and goes for London early on Saturday morning. Some more officers are going, and the rest of the Dutch troops are quickly to follow, so I hope to have some respite from fatigue in a few days, which will give me more time to look after business. I send you the *Generall Post*, which has the freshest of our news from London and abroad. All the family, blessed be God, are in health. Dr Lambie remembers you frequently: Write me often and fully. Dear son, I commit you to the care and protection of a generous God, and give you and Jeannie my blessing. My service to all: Adieu.

To Mr Patrick Anderson, in Islay,

To the care of Mr John Allan,

Baillie of Islay.

II.

My Lord,

Your Grace has been so grateful and generous to me in your favours upon so many occasions, as makes me presume to humbly beg your Grace's pardon in behalf of my son, whom

* William Cadogan, created in 1718, Earl Cadogan, Thomas Caversham, Lord Cadogan of Reading. Also Lord Cadogan of Oakley, with remainder to his brother Charles and his heirs male. The three first titles became extinct in 1725, but the Earldom was revived in 1726, in the person of Charles, Lord Cadogan, the descendant of Charles the brother of Earl William.

I bred to business, for his being Clerk of the Court Martial, in room of Smith, who has it, being dangerously ill, and, as it is said, irrecoverably. I need ask no arguments, by any loss of business in my publick undertaking hitherto, to the prejudice of my family, which disables me the more at present to provide for them; but rather depend upon your Grace's great goodness. I convey this to your Grace by the hands of Mr Scott of Scotstarvit, my son's near kinsman, who can inform your Grace of his sufficiency to fill that place. Begging your Grace's pardon for this presumption in him, who is, with the utmost gratitude, and most profound respect,

My Lord,

Your Grace's most obliged and most obedient humble servant.

No date—but written evidently after the loss of the situation of Post Master General, and addressed probably to the Duke of Argyle. Anderson was law agent for the Duchess, his mother, and occasionally did business for her son.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SCOTTISH JOURNAL.

SIR,—Allow me to correct a mistake at page 16 of your Journal. The person who planned the system of naval tactics, said to have been adopted by Lord Rodney, was not the Baronet of Pennicuik, but John Clerk of Eldin, fifth son of Sir John Clerk the second Baronet. John married Susan, daughter of William Adam,* (father of Chief Commissioner Adam,) by whom he had two sons, viz. John Clerk, the well-known and eccentric lawyer, afterwards Lord Eldin, and William, principal Clerk of the Jury Court. Eldin became, after his Lordship's death—who disinherited his brother in favour of Charles Ross, advocate—the property of the late Alexander Robertson, music-seller, Edinburgh; it is very small in extent, consisting of not many acres.

Old John of Eldin used to etch very well, and impressions from several of his plates were presented by his son, Lord Eldin, to the Bannatyne Club. These etchings are the rarest among the many rare privately printed works of that Society. Sixteen guineas have been given for a copy. John the elder used to think William the cleverest of his two sons. This being told to John the younger by a friend who took a delight in teasing him, he answered, "Did he say so!—then he was most d——y mistaken." The old gentleman was not, however, very far wrong, for William was a remarkably clear-headed and acute person. His intellect was as vigorous before his death as it had been all his life previous. For saying bitter things few excelled him.

The assumption that Lord Rodney was indebted to Clerk's naval tactics for the idea of breaking the line on the occasion of his brilliant and memorable battle, is somewhat problematical; indeed, the recent discussion on the subject would indicate that his Lordship never heard of Clerk or his scheme. Still this will not detract from Clerk's merits, unless it can be shewn that he had stolen the idea from Rodney, which is not even pretended.

A SUBSCRIBER.

* He was originally a stone mason.

Varieties.

THE GALLANT HOWARDS, OR "OLD BUFFS," IN 1746.—On the 29th of July, in the afternoon, William Pollock, wig-maker in Stirling, sent his Journeyman, William Maiben, to Lieut. Stoyt, of Howard's regiment, Old Buffs, with a wig which he had desired to be made for him. The Lieutenant, being dissatisfied with the wig, expressed himself in a disdainful manner, and bid Maiben begone with it. Maiben, in going down stairs, muttered some very provoking words, said to be to the purpose, that Lieut. Stoyt was a troublesome scoundrel; and that if he had him out, he could kick him for his commission. The gentleman was so enraged at this, that he went to Mr Pollock's shop, taking a soldier with him, and struck Maiben over the head, once and again, with a stick, till it broke. Other officers rushing into the shop at the same time, one of them, whose name was not known, beat Maiben on the face to the effusion of his blood. And Mr Pollock, endeavouring to rescue his servant, Lieut. Stoyt and that other officer beat him on the breast with their fists. Immediately after, they dragged Maiben to the guard by the collar. Then Lieut. Stoyt acquainted his Lieut.-Colonel, George Howard, of the matter; who thereupon ordered Maiben to be stripped, tied to halberts in the market-place, and whipped. On notice of what had passed, the magistrates, particularly Bailies William Maiben, John Gillespie, and Patrick Stevenson, went to Lieut.-Colonel Howard, and required him to deliver up Maiben, in order to be judged by them; declaring themselves willing to do justice, and give all manner of satisfaction in the matter. The Lieut.-Colonel answered to this purpose: That he had ordered Maiben to be flogged, and it should be so; that he would answer for it; and that they should know he commanded in Stirling; and he spoke otherwise indecently to the magistrates. Accordingly Maiben was tied to the halberts and whipped by a drum of Howard's regiment; Lieut. Neilson of Barrel's regiment, who commanded the guard, overseeing the execution. In a little time, the Lieut.-Colonel, by the advice, or at the intercession of the Major of the regiment, ordered Maiben to be loosed, and set at liberty; but not till his back was severely cut by the stripes. An information of this affair was forthwith given in to the Court of Justiciary, in the name of Mr Pollock and Maiben, and of the Magistrates of Stirling, charging Lieut. Stoyt as guilty of hamesucken against Mr Pollock and Maiben, and Lieut.-Colonel Howard and Lieut. Neilson, of a most barbarous and cruel abuse and maltreatment of Maiben's person, in a most ignominious manner, and of a manifest invasion of the office of magistracy, and of the rights and liberties of the subject; and therefore craving a warrant for apprehending their persons, and imprisoning them till they should underly the law. The Lords passed an interlocutor on the 1st of August; by which, before answer to the information and petition, their Lordships remitted to, and appointed the Sheriffs of the shire of Stirling, to make inquiry into, and take a precognition anent the facts complained of, and to report the same.—On the 30th of July, Howard's regiment arrived at Glasgow from Stirling; next day the officers were entertained in the public hall by the magistrates, and complimented with the freedom of the city; and on the 1st of August they marched for Carlisle. The above affair at Stirling is however said to have given general disgust.—GLASGOW JOURNAL [1748].

THE INTERIOR OF SHAKESPEARE'S HOUSE.—All around is dark and heavy. The square shop—if it may be called a shop—is rudely flagged with broad stones, round which in the winter time the water oozes up. The white-washed walls stand dimly under the shadow of the window-screen which slopes downwards to the street. A massive chimney, with its bold ingle, comes out into the floor; and an open door at the back, reached by a single stone step, leads at once into the kitchen. This is warmer, smaller, and still more shut up in ancient characteristics. The vast fire-place on one side, and the oak stairs on the other, winding up through the wall into the room where Shakespeare was born, are unmistakable evidences of the rude and enduring architecture of a remote age.—ATLAS.

FOUNDATION OF INVERARY CASTLE.—On the 1st of October, the foundation of Inverary Castle was laid, which was to have been done last year, but ~~for~~ the rebellion. The inscription on the foundation-stone is:—*CAL. OCT. ANNO DOM. MDCCCLVI. POSUIT A. A. DUX. GULIELMUS CUMBRÆ DUX NOBIS HÆC OTIA FECIT.*—SCOTS MAGAZINE, 1746.

BURNES OR BURNS?—THE POET.

[FROM "AYR ADVERTISER," OCT. 21.]

In a notice of the SCOTTISH JOURNAL in our second page, will be found an extract bearing the above title, which opens up a question to which we refer here, because, as we shall show, we are in possession of a clue to the entire problem. Allan Cunningham's version of the change adopted by the Poet in spelling his name is the more correct one;—still it is incomplete, and seems founded on information gleaned only from the Poet's manuscripts. The entry in the session-book has misled the writer in the SCOTTISH JOURNAL to suppose that the Poet's father pronounced his name Burns; and the common orthoepy in Ayrshire strengthens him in the supposition. The fact, however, is the reverse. We have the authority of Mrs Begg, the Poet's sister, for stating that to her very distinct recollection, her father both spelled and pronounced the family name with two syllables, Burn-ess, to the hour of his death. That was the way in which it was spelled and pronounced in his native county of Kincardine, then, and till this day. All the living connections of the family, in the north, over which they are widely scattered, so pronounce it, notwithstanding some of them—as Mr Burnes of Montrose—use only one s; and when any of them visit the Ayr or the Doon, they invariably, in speaking of the Poet or his father, make use of the same pronunciation. Then as to the change adopted by the Poet:—William Burness died on the 13th February, 1784, and, as Mrs Begg remembers, his sons, shortly after that event, consulted together and agreed to drop Burness and assume Burns, in order not to be singular—the latter being the common pronunciation in Ayrshire. So that spelling the name Burness was no crotchet of the Poet, neither was he the only one who "sat in judgment upon it," much less threw it away because it had "a barbarous sound." The orthography in the session-records—which, having, through the kindness of Mr Rowan, the present session-clerk, inspected, we can say is correctly copied—may easily be explained. The probability is that William Burness gave the names of his children to the then clerk for entry, without taking heed how that functionary spelled them; and the latter, left thus to himself, would very naturally write the family name in the way he and others in the district had always been accustomed to do. This explanation we think sufficient to set the question at rest. It adds, moreover, a new, though not a very important fact to the biography of the Poet, in the circumstance that the change in the name was not the result of a mere whim on his part, but of a family arrangement made for a good-enough reason.

[The statement of Mrs Begg, who would be about thirteen years of age when her father died, is not to be lightly estimated in a matter of this kind; still, it is singular, if the names were given to the session-clerk in writing, as no doubt they were, how that functionary should have so invariably deviated from the spelling. It would appear, at all events, that the family were never called Burness in Ayrshire.]

ERRATA.—Page 98, first column, line 28, for "Abercorn" read "Kilmarnock." Also, same page, at the foot of the second column, for "Gregor glun dubh" read "Gregor adhar ard." Page 160, first column, line 23, for "Columbus" read "Columba;" last line, same column, for "Ag" read "Og;" line 43, second column, for "Muirach Dai" read "Muirach and Dai."

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THE REGALIA, OR "HONOURS, OF
SCOTLAND."

WHEN Charles II. was restored to the throne of his ancestors, in 1660, the demands upon his bounty by those who had rendered important services, or suffered pecuniarily as well as personally, in the cause of his father and himself, were so numerous, that even although as grateful as he is reputed to have been otherwise, there must necessarily have remained not a few cases of individual claims unrequited. Among the many demands upon his royal favour none were of a more interesting nature than those connected with the guardianship of the Crown, Sword and Sceptre, or "Honours," as they were called, of Scotland, during the Usurpation.

Three parties were concerned in this important matter—the Dowager Countess Marshell and her son, Sir John Keith, afterwards created Earl of Kintore; George Ogilvie of Barras, afterwards Sir George, and his lady; and the Rev. James Ogilvie, minister of Kinross, and his wife.

In 1701, a pamphlet was published, entitled "A True Account of the Preservation of the Regalia of Scotland, viz., Crown, Sword and Sceptre, from falling into the hands of the English Usurpers. By Sir George Ogilvie of Barras, Kt. and Baronet, with the Blazon of that Family."* The reason assigned for putting it forward was "there being an account of the Earl of Kintore's Family given to be insert in Mr Alexander Nisbet his Book of Heraldry; in which account, the sole and chief preservation of the *Honours* is ascribed to the now Earl of Kintore, and the then Countess-Dowager Marischall his mother; and not only makes mention of the said Sir George in a Dishonourable manner, but doth also smother (and might in process of Time have totally obliterated) the good service, Loyalty, and Sufferings of the said Sir George his well-deserving Lady: and it being credibly Reported, That at the same Juncture the said Earl's account was given to Mr Nisbet at Edinburgh, the like account was sent to London, to be insert in Morrey's Dictionary (and that a long time before the Printing and Publishing Sir George's account)."

From the "True Account" we learn that,

* This pamphlet emanated from Sir William Ogilvie and his son David, son and grandson of Sir George.

"when the Rebels in Britain, under *Oliver Cromwell* the usurper, had triumphed over the best of men, and justest of kings, Charles the first, and those that persisted in their loyalty to him in these lamentable times of confusion, the Regalia or Honours of Scotland, were delivered to the custody of the Earl Marischall, and were lodged in the strong castle of Dunottar, within the shyre of Mearns, as a place of greatest security and distance from the Enemy.*

"The said Earl being obliged to be in the fields to defend his king and country against the usurper, he made choice of *George Ogilvie of Barras*, as the fittest man for his valour, prudence and loyalty, to intrust the keeping of the said Castle of Dunottar with the Honours, viz. the Crown, Scepter, and Sword, and other monuments of the kingdom therein, makes him his Lieutenant, and gives him the commission following."†

The commission, signed "*Marischall*," is dated "the Eight day of July 1651." The Earl accompanied Charles II. to England, and was engaged in the disastrous battle of Worcester. Having been captured at Elliot, he was carried to London, and imprisoned in the Tower. Ogilvie of Barras being thus left "sole keeper of the Honours, and Governour of the said castle, which he found not sufficiently provided with men, ammunition, and other provisions, to hold out against a long siege, as the king had ordered, acquaints John Campbell Earl of Loudon their Chancellour."

The answer of his lordship, which is given, is dated "at Finlargo, 13th November." Neither Parliament nor Committee of Estates having met, as his Lordship expected, he could give "no positive advice nor order." If properly supplied with men and provisions he had no doubt that the governor would hold out: "but," his Lordship continues, "if you want provisions, souldiers and ammunition, and cannot hold out against all the assaults of the enemy, which is feared you cannot do, if hard put to it, I know no better expedient than that the Honours be speedily and safely transported to some remote and strong castle in the Highlands; and I wish you had delivered them to the Lord Balcarra, as was desired by the Committee of Estates, nor do I know any better way for the preservation of these things

* This was done by order of the Scottish Parliament, which sat for the last time on the 6th of June 1651. Edinburgh Castle, and all the strongholds south of the Forth, were then in the hands of Cromwell's forces.

† Sir George had been in the German wars.

and your exoneration. And it will be an irreparable loss and shame if these things shall be taken by the enemy, and very dishonourable for yourself. I have here retained your letter to the Lord Balcarras, hearing he is still in the north, and not come to this country. I have written to Sir John Smith, to furnish you the Remainder of the victuals you wrote he should have given you; if he be in the north you will send it to him, and if he be gone home to Edinburgh, I cannot help it. So having given you the best advice I can at present, I trust you will with all care and faithfulness be answerable according to the trust committed to you.

Such was the desperate position of the Governor of Dunnottar Castle. His reason for not delivering the *Honours* to the Earl of Balcarras was, as assigned in his letters to Balcarras and the Chancellor, that he did not consider their order a sufficient warrant, "haueing reseaved the charge of that hous and what was intrustett therein, from the Earll Marshall, and then by a particular warrant under his Majesties owne hand, yet notwithstanding [he goes on to address the Chancellor] if your Lo. and the Comitie of Estaitis ther sall conceaw that they may be more secure in any other [place] then they ar heir, I sall delyver them to quhome your Lo. and the Comitie of Estaitis ther shall appoynt to resave them; they bringing with them ane act of the Comitie for the Earll Marshall and my exoneration thereof; and that I haue withall a particular order for the delyverie of them, but withall humble submitting to your Lo. and Comitie of Estaitis ther better consideratione, I conceive that ther is no place in this kingdom quhair they cane be more secure nor quhair they ar, and with les charges, if the Comitie of Estaitis be pleased to tak order tymeously for furnishing of me with such things as is necessar for defence of this hous."

Ogilvie was first summoned to surrender by the Cromwellian General Overton, on the 8th November 1651; again by Colonel Dutton, November 22; and General Lambert, January 3, 1652, who offered him the most honourable terms. His reply, however, was couched in the same spirit with which he had answered similar previous epistles:

"(George Ogilvie to General Lambert.)

"Honored Sir

"I have receaved yours for surrendering the Castle of Dunnottar, the lyk wheroff I have receaved from sundrie of your officers befor, and have given answers therto: that being intrusted be his majestie I wold not surrender the same upon any hazard whatsoever, but intends, by the help of the Lord, to maintaine the same till I shall have orders from his Majestie in the contrair. I shall be as loath as any to occasione the effusione of blood, wheroff too much hath bene already, but shall be farr mor loath to betray the trust imposed upon me. I cannot but thank you for your offers and remaine

"Sir,

"Your servant,

"George Ogilvy."

"January 7, 1652."

At length the Governor received a letter from

the Earl Marshell, dated May 4, 1652, stating that he had resolved to put his "person, fortions, houses and all," freely into the hands of the Lord General and Council of State, that he might peaceably enjoy what belonged to him "under the favour and protection of the Commonwealth of England," and requiring him to deliver up his "hous of Dunnottar to Major General Deane." Proceeding apparently upon this letter, as well as the advice of the Earl Marshell's friends, the Governor entered into a correspondence with Major General Deane and Colonel Morgan for "the randitione of the Castle;" which was not finally arranged till the 24th of May, and even then upon very creditable terms. The *Honours*, however, had previously been secured. "The Governor *George Ogilvie*," says the pamphlet, "being disappointed of sufficient force and provisions, to hold out a long seige,* and observing the advances the English made daily in reducing the nation was exceedingly perplext, how to prevent the enemies getting the Honours of this kingdom in their hand. He advises with his wife (a lady of great prudence and undaunted courage). She therefore formes a very happy contrivance, that she should convey the Honours privately out of the Castle, and secure them without her husband's knowledge, that when he should be put to it, and tortured by the enemy, he might freely declare he knew not where they were. In order thereto, this lady sends for Mr James Granger, minister of Kinneff, his wife, in whom she had great confidence, and imparts to her the design, she promising to be faithful. They privately carried the *Honours* out of the said Castle to Mr James Granger the minister, (the other trustee,) and put them under ground within the church of *Kinneff*; and the manner how the Honours were transported from the Castle thither, was on a servant-woman's back, in a sack amongst hard's of lint."†

"George Ogilvie the governour, not being able to hold out the castle against so powerful an ene-

* One hundred men had been ordered to garrison Dunnottar, but he only obtained forty; and not half the quantity of provisions.

† Mrs Granger obtained permission from the English general to visit the Governor's lady. The Crown was concealed in her lap, while the Sceptre and Sword, wrapt up in bundles of flax, were placed upon the back of a female domestic. Mrs Granger's horse had been left in the English camp; for so precipitous is the chasm which divides Dunnottar from the mainland, that the castle-gate can neither be approached nor entered by a person on horseback. She returned through the English camp unsuspected, the load of her attendant passing for a quantity of flax, which Mrs Ogilvie, according to the economy of the Scottish matrons, destined for the spinning-wheel and loom, and had taken this opportunity to send thither to be manufactured. The English General himself is said courteously to have placed Mrs Granger in her saddle, little dreaming, of course, of the treasure which she had concealed about her person, and alarming her much from the hazard of discovery. She kept her composure, however, and so preserved her secret. The belt belonging to the Sword of State was not delivered up to Mrs Granger, but continued in the possession of Governor Ogilvie, who perhaps retained it as a piece of real evidence of his having had the Honours in his custody. It was long afterwards discovered carefully packed up and concealed in the wall of the House of Barra. It is still in possession of the family.

my, that then besieged him so closs, and expecting no relief, and all other forts and castles in the kingdom being in the enemies possession, enters into capitulation with Colonel Thomas Morgan, and surrenders on honourable terms, the garrison being permitted to march out of the said castle with drums beating, and colours flying, which were carried by the present Sir William Ogilvie of Barras, son of the said Captain George, (who was the last person who carried colours at that time in Scotland for the king). And one of the articles of capitulation* being to deliver up the Honours, (for the English were certainly informed they were in the castle) or give a rational account of them; these are the very words of capitulation, which the present Sir William, (the said Captain George his son) hath in his custody.

After the surrender, the English demanded the Honours, or an account of them: the Governour declared he knew not where they were, for his wife had privately taken them away, without acquainting him. Upon which he was put into close prison in the said castle; his lady being examined and threatened with torture, she boldly affirmed by way of evasion for her own safety, that she had delivered the Honours to John Keith, (now Earl of Kintore) who carried them abroad to the king. But the English distrusting her, put her in close prison also, and sent out a party to the house of Barras, to apprehend the said Sir William Ogilvie, (their only son and child) that they might torture him in sight of his parents, to extort a confession from them, but he by Providence made a timely escape, and underwent much toil and fatigue, by travelling night

and day, till he came to his friends in Angus, where he remained *incognito*.

"After the said Captain George and his lady had been close prisoners for a year, in which time they suffered much inhumane usage, by the cruelty of the English, who caused a sentinel stand at the prison door, and another at the prisoners beside, that they should not commune about the Honours; and after all, the said Captain George and his lady adhearing to their former declarations, that the Honours were carried abroad by the now Earl of Kintore, had such an appearance of truth, that upon mediation of friends, Major-General Dean was prevail'd upon to grant them liberty to go to their own house of Barras, upon such conditions as here follows, conform to the principal warrand.

[The conditions were that he and his wife should render themselves prisoners on demand, under a heavy bond, and that they do not travel above three miles from "their own house of Barras."]

"Upon this warrand Captain George and his lady were set at liberty, and George Grahame of Morphie became cautioner for them. [The bond is here quoted.]

"Sometime after this, the said Captain George and his lady were necessitat and enforced by the rigidity and strictness of the English, to find security of new, as the following bond doth evince. [This bond is also copied. It is dated 1st February, 1653.]

"Under this restraint Captain Ogilvie's lady died, and he remain'd therein till the Restauration of King Charles the 2d. and all that time had a special care of the Honours, by sending monethly clean linnen to Mr James Granger the minister, and his wife, with instructions to take them out of the ground, and wrap them in the same least they should be spoiled or tarnished, which the minister of Kinneff and his wife punctually observed, and were faithfull in their secesie, till the Kings Restauration, (for which they had a yearly pension pay'd them all their lifetime), and then delivered them to the said Captain George, who according to the kings order, did redeliver them to the Earl Marischal in as good condition as he at first received them, as is evident by the following receipt, which will demonstratively and undeniably prove, that the foresaid Captain George and his lady were the principal keepers and preservers of the Honours of Scotland, (whatever others pretend,) and the only sufferers therefore; which honourable piece of service, so faithfully perform'd, should never be forgot by king or country, in saving of the Honours, which prevented both the disgrace of the kingdom, and the irreparable loss of our antient Regality.

"But notwithstanding of this noble and good service done by the said Captain George and his lady, yet at King Charles the 2d. his Restauration, the then old Countess Marischall wrote to his Majesty, that her son John Keith, now Earl of Kintore, (who was then abroad upon his travels, and knew nothing of the matter) had preserved the Honours, being that the said Captain George had unvarrily imparted to the said Coun-

* ARTICLES OF AGREEMENT between Collonell Tho. Morgan in the behalfe of the Parliament of the Commonwealth of England, and Captain George Ogilvy, Governour of Dunnottar Castle, for the Surrender theareof.

1. That the said Capt. Ogilvy deliver up unto mee the Castle of Dunnottar, with all the ordnance, armes, ammunition, provisions, and all other utensells of warr, for the use of the Parlyment of the Commonwealth of England, upon Wednesday the 26 instant, by nine of the clocke in the morning, without wast or imbasellment.

2. That the late Kings goods, with the Lord Marischalls, and all other goods within the said castle, shall be delivered to me, or whom I shall apoynt, for the use of the Parlyment of the Commonwealth of England.

3. That the Crowne and Scepter of Scotland, together with all other ensignes of Regallitie, be delivered unto mee, or a good account theareof, for the use of the Parlyment, &c.

4. That upon the true performance of the forementioned Articles, Capt. George Ogilvy, with the officers and soldiers under his command, shall have liberty to march forth of the said Castle, att the hower apoynted, carrying collours, drom beateing, match lighted, completely armed, the distance of one mile, theare to lay downe their armes, and to have passes to goe to their houses, and theare to live without molestation, provided they act nothing prejudiciall to the Commonwealth of England.

5. That the said Capt. Ogilvy shall (free from sequestration) enjoy all the personall estate which he hath in the Castle of Dunottar, and all such necessaries of his owne which is now in the Castle, as he thought fitt by mee, or by them whom I shall apoynt to deliver them unto him.

THO. MORGAN.

Witness, att the
large, 26 May, 1652."

tess where they were hid, and how by that contrivance of his wife in affirming that she had delivered them to the said John Keith, they had saved themselves and conceal'd the Honours from the English. And his Majesty knowing nothing of Captain George Ogilvie and his lady's special service in preserving of the Honours (in respect they did not timely apply) did upon the said Countess her misrepresentation, create her said son, first Knight Marischall of Scotland, and then Earl of Kintore, and ordered him a pension of 400 lib: Starl: a year, which he enjoyed all King Charles the 2d. his life time, and is as yet continued to him with the said place and dignity, for his pretended preservation of the Honours.

" Captain George Ogilvie, then in the meantime in Scotland, being inform'd that the foresaid Countess and others had misrepresented to his Majesty his faithful service, in preserving of the Honours, by which he was like to lose the honour and merit of so noble and eminent an action, perform'd with the hazard of his own and his lady's life, with the ruine of his fortune; he sends to London his son, the said Sir William Ogilvie of Barras, to give a true relation of the preservation of the Honours, who addresses his Majesty with the following petition.

[The petition sets forth the services of the petitioner, and states that the Honours still remain in his possession.]

" The answer to the petition was as follows:

' Whitehall, 28 September, 1660.

' His Majesty Ordains the Petitioners Father to deliver his Crown, Scepter and Sword, to the Earl Marischal of Scotland, and to get his Receipt of them.

' Sic Subscritur Lauderdaill.'

" This order was by the then Earl of Lauderdale's advice, who said if John Keith had kept the Honours, then the said George Ogilvie was not able to deliver them; but if the said George had the keeping of them, 'twou'd evidently and undenyably appear who was the true preserver.

" At this time the then old Countess Marischall being inform'd that the Honours were hid in the Church of Kinneff; she endeavours by all means to perswade Mr James Granger the minister to deliver them to her, but Captain George getting a surmize thereof, goes to the said church, and takes out the Scepter, and carries it to his house of Barras, and takes also an obligation from the said Minister to make the rest of the Honours forthcoming to him, as appears by his obligation, whereof the tenor follows.

" ' Whereas I have received a Discharge from George Ogilvie of Barras of the Honours of this Kingdom, and he hath got no more but the Scepter: Therefore I oblige my self, that the rest, viz: The Crown and Sword, shall be forthcoming at Demand, by this my Ticket, written and subscribed this day I received the Discharge, 28th September 1660.

' Sic Subscritur M. J. Granger. '

" Within few days thereafter, Captain George gets the King's order to deliver up to the Earl Marischall the Crown, Scepter, and Sword, which

readily he obeys, and gets the Earls following receipt, all written with his own hand.

" ' At Dunottor the 8th day of October 1660, I William Earl Marischal, Grants me to have received from George Ogilvie of Barras, the Crown, Sword and Scepter, the Ancient Monuments of this Kingdom, Entire and Compleat, in the same Condition they were Entrusted by me to him, and discharge the foresaid George Ogilvie of his Receipt thereof, by this my Subscription. Day and place foresaid.

' Sic Subscritur Marischal.'

" Captain George Ogilvie not only preserved by his prudence, fidelity, and diligent care, the Honours, as said is, but also considerable writs and monuments intrusted to him when Governor of Dunottor, (the way and manner too tedious to insert,) such as the King's papers, the receipt whereof follows.

[These, according to the receipt, consisted of several packages.]

" The said Captain George also preserv'd the Registers and Papers of the Kirk of Scotland, which is evident by a receipt thereof, granted to him by the Lord Balcarras, by order of a commission from the Kirk. Also the monuments and charters of the University of St Andrews, which he delivered to Robert Zull, upon the order of Robert Honnyman, Clerk to the University, and got his receipt thereof. And siclike, the principal papers and charters belonging to the family of Hamilton, which he delivered to James Hamilton, then servant to the present Dutchess Dowager of Hamilton, and got his receipt thereof, written on the end of my Lady Dutchess her letter, brought by him to the said Captain George. All which principal receipts and documents are registrat (for preservation) in the Books of Council and Session, being the General Register of this kingdom.

" Captain George Ogilvie having faithfully exoner'd himself of the foresaid trust, takes journey for London, to wait upon the King, by whom he was kindly received, and delivered to his Majestie the Earl Marischals receipt of the Honours, which the King having read, Captain George humbly requested it back, that it might be kept in his family as an evident of his and his wives loyalty and good service done to the King and kingdom of Scotland, which his Majestie granted, and was graciously pleased to confer a deserv'd mark of his Highness favour upon him and his family, by making him a Knight Baronet, by a patent dated at Whitehall 5th March 1661, and gave him a new charter of the lands of Barras, changing the holding thereof, to hold thereafter blench of his Majestie and his successors, 3d March 1662: which is ratified in Parliament 11th August 1679. In which patent, charter and ratification, is narrated the eminent service done and performed by Sir George Ogilvie of Barras, and that he was the preserver of his Majesties Crown, Sword and Scepter, the antient Honours of the kingdom of Scotland, and the damages sustained by the said Sir George and his lady there through, from the beginning of the Usurpation, during which time (notwithstanding

of all temptations and threatenings used against them by the Usurper) they carried themselves with the greatest integrity and constancy in all their sufferings.

"This Sir George Ogilvie of Barras was descended of the honourable family of Ogilvie Earl of Airlie; he married Elizabeth Dowglass, daughter of Mr John Dowglass of Barras, brother german to William Earl of Angus, grand-father to the late Duke of Hamilton. By this lady he had the present Sir William Ogilvie, who married Isabel Ogilvie, daughter to Sir John Ogilvie of Inverarity, by whom he hath very hopeful children."

Such is the statement in the "True Account." In so far as the defence of Dunnotar Castle, and the mode of preserving the Honours, is concerned, it is perfectly accurate. There was, however, a dispute as to the share which the Dowager Countess Marishall and John, her younger son, afterwards Earl of Kintore, had in their preservation; and the publication of the pamphlet gave rise, in consequence, to an action for libel, before the Privy Council of Scotland, at the instance of John, Earl of Kintore, against Sir William Ogilvie of Barras, Knight, in 1702. The Council passed an "Act (5th July) in favours of the Earl of Kintore, for burning the Book emitted by Barras at the Cross, by the hands of the Hangman," and amerced his son David, as one of the defendants, in a fine of twelve hundred pounds Scots. The statement for the Earl of Kintore was, in substance, that Sir George Ogilvie was merely the Deputy of the Earl Marishall; that it was the Duchess Dowager who planned the mode of conveying the Honours out of Dunnotar Castle, and that the Earl's stratagem, in writing home from Paris that he had the Honours, proved effectual in lulling the suspicion of the English. In support of these averments the pursuer produced "ane receipt granted by Mr James Grainger, minister at Kinneff, to the Countess Marishall, beareing him to have in his custody the Honours of the kingdom, viz. the Crown, Scepter, and Sword, and where the same were absconded that the said Countess might have access thereto, dated the thirty-first day of March 1m. vic. and fifty-two yeares.* And likewise produced ane Declaration under the said Mr James Grainger his hand, anent the way and manner of preserving of the Honoures by the Countess Marishall, dated the nyneteenth day of October, 1m. vic. and sixty yeares, with ane missive letter from the said min-

ister to the said Countess Marishall, dated the twelfth of November, 1m. vic. and sixty; with ane other letter from the Earle of Middletoun to the said Countess Marishall, dated the fifteenth of November 1m. vic. and sixty, with two letters from his Majestie King Charles the second to the said Countess Marishall, the one whereof, dated the fourth of January 1m. vic. and fifty-five, and the other the fourth of September 1m. vic. and sixty."

Sir William Ogilvie and his son seem to have been somewhat hardly dealt with by the Privy Council; for although it may be perfectly true, as presumeable from the "receipt" granted by Mr Grainger to the Countess Dowager Marishall, that her Ladyship had a hand in contriving the plan for preserving the Honours, still there can be no doubt that Sir George Ogilvie and his lady were entitled to the chief reward. He for his judicious and gallant defence of Dunnotar, and she for her courage and address in maintaining the secret respecting the hiding-place of the Honours, in defiance of the imprisonment and persecution of Cromwell's generals, who were mortified at having missed so rich a prize as the Regalia of Scotland.

Nor was the conduct of the worthy minister and his wife undeserving of the highest commendation. The thanks of the Committee of Estates were formally tendered to Mr Grainger after the Restoration, and a sum of two thousand marks conferred upon Christian Fletcher, his wife, "as a reward of her courageous loyalty."

WALTER KENNEDY.

WALTER KENNEDY, though few of his writings are extant, seems to have occupied a prominent place among the earlier poets of Scotland. He is spoken of both by Douglas and Lindsay as an eminent contemporary. The former, in his "Court of the Muses," styles him "The Great Kennedie." He is now, however, chiefly known by his *Flying with Dunbar*; which was published as early as 1508, and became very popular. This species of poetical amusement was frequently indulged in, both before and after his time. At a much later period, the practice continued among the Highland Bards, and gave rise occasionally to no small local irritation. It must have been at best a dangerous pastime. The great object was to excel in ribaldry; and he who could say the most biting and derogatory things of his opponent, carried away the palm of victory.

The "Flying between Dunbar and Kennedie" affords a favourable specimen of the railing powers of both; indeed, it would be difficult to determine on which side the mastery lies. The language, however, is, in many instances, too gross for modern ears. A few verses may serve as a specimen:—

(DUNBAR TO KENNEDY.)

"Thow speiris, dastard, gif I dar with thee fecht?
Ye Dagone, dowbart, thairrof haif thow no dowl!
Quhairvir we meit thairto, my hand I hecht
To red thy rebald ryming with a rowt;
Throw all Bretane it sall be blawin out,
How that thow, poysonit pelour, gat thy paikis;

* I, Mr James Grainger, minister at Kinneff, grant to have in my custody the Honours of the kingdom, viz. the Crown, Sceptre, and Sword. For the Crown and Sceptre I raised the pavement-stone just before the pulpit, in the night tyme, and digged under it ane hole, and put them in there, and filled up the hole, and layed down the stone just as it was before, and removed the mould that remained, that none would have discerned the stone to have been raised at all. The Sword again, at the west end of the church, amongst some common stanes that stand there, I digged down in the ground betwixt the two foremost of these saits, and laid it down within the case of it, and covered it up, as that removing the superfluous mould it could not be discerned by any body; and if it shall please God to call me by death when they be called for, your ladyship will find them in this place."

With ane doig leich I schepe to gar thee schowt,
And nowthir to thee tak knyfe, swerd, nor aix

"Forworthin fule, of all the warld refuse,
Quhat ferly is thocht thou rejoys to Flyte?
Sic eloquence as thay in Erschry use,
In sic is sett thy thraward appetyte!
Thow has full littill feill of fair indyte:
I tak on me ane pair of Lowthiane hippis
Sall fairir Inglis mak, and mair parfyte,
Than thou can blabbar with thy Carrik lippis.

"In till ane glen, thou hes, owt of repair,
Ane laithly luge that wes the lippir mennis;
With thee ane sowtaris wife, of bliss als bair,
And lyk twa stalkaris steillis in cokis and hennis,
Thow plukkis the pultre, and scho pullis off the pennis;
All Karrik cryis, God gif this dowsy be drowned;
And quhen thou heiris ane guse cry in the glennis,
Thow thinkis it swetar than sacrand bell of sound."

(KENNEDY TO DUNBAR.)

"Insensuat sow, ceis falls Eustace air!
And knaw, kene skald, I hald of Alathia,
And causs me nocht the cause lang to declair
Of thy curst kyn, Deulbeir and his Allia:
Cum to the Cross, on kneis, and mak a cria;
Confess thy cryme, hald Kennedy thy king,
And with ane hawthorne skurge thy self and ding;
Thus dree thy pennance with 'Deliquisti quia.'

"Thow luviss nane Erische, elf, I undirstand,
Bot it sould be all trew Scotis manniss leid;
It wes the gud langage of this land,
And Scotia it causit to multiply and spreid,
Quhill Corsspatrick, that we of tressoun reid,
Thy foresfader, maid Ersche and Erschemen thin,
Throw his tresseun brocht Inglis rumpilliss in,
So wald thyself, mycht thou to him succaid.

"Quhair as thou said, I stall hennis and lammiss,
I lat thee wit, I haif landis, stoir, and stakkis.
Thow wald be fane to gnaw, lad, with thy gammis,
Undir my burde, smoch banis behind doggis bakkis:
Thow hes ane tome purse, I haif steidis and takkis,
Thow tynt culter, I haif culter and pleuch,
For substance and geir thou has a widdy teuch
On Mont Falcone, about thy craig to rax.

"And yit Mont Falcone gallowis is our fair,
For to be fylit with sic ane fruitless face;
Cum hame, and hing on our gallowis of Air,
To erd thee undir it I sall purchess grace;
To eit thy flesch the doggis sall haif na space,
The revyniss sall ryfe na thing bot thy tung rutis,
For thow sic malice of thy maister mutis,
It is well sett that thou sic barret brace.

"I am the Kingis blude, his trew special Clerk,
That nevir yet imaginith his offence,
Constand in mynd, in thocht, word, and werk,
Only dependand upon his excellence:
Trestand to haif of his magnificence
Guerdoun, reward, and benefyce bedene;
Quhen that the revyniss sall ryfe out bayth thy ene,
And on the rattis sall be thy residence."

Such invective in an age, and amongst a people
by no means deficient of honour, could not have
been exercised, unless as good-natured banter,
without leading to serious consequences—neither
Dunbar nor Kennedy being persons of mean es-
tate. So far from umbrage existing between
them, Dunbar, in his "Lament for the Makars,"
feelingly alludes to the dangerous state of Ken-
nedy's health:—

"And Mr Walter Kennedie
In pynt of dede lies wearily,

Grit reuth it were that so should be,
'Timor mortis conturbat me.'

The egotism of Kennedy, when he lauds him-
self "of Rhetory the Rose," and as having been

"Inspirit with mercury fra his golden speir,"
would be perfectly intolerable, were not the *Fly-
ing* understood as a burlesque.

From the allusions to Carrick by Dunbar in the
Flying, there can be no doubt that Kennedy be-
longed to that part of Ayrshire, and was connect-
ed with the family of Casillis. Beyond this fact,
however, little certain is known of his history.
He is supposed to have been the first son of Gil-
bert, first Baron Kennedy. We know that this
Gilbert had a son *Walter*, but whether second or
third may be questioned.* He was educated for
the Church, and studied at the University of
Glasgow, where he took the degree of Master of
Arts in 1478, and was "elected one of the four
masters to exercise the office of examiner in
1481." He must, therefore, have been born be-
fore 1460. Mr David Laing is of opinion that
the *Flying* was written between the years 1492
and 1497. If so, it is evident, both from the al-
lusions of Dunbar and Kennedy himself, that the
latter resided at the time in Carrick, where he
seems, from an action brought before the Lords
of Council, to have filled the situation of Depute-
Baillie of Carrick, under his nephew, David, after-
wards Earl of Cassillis, to whom the office of heri-
table Baillie of that district was ratified by charter,
in 1489. It is to this the poet no doubt alludes
when he says, in answer to Dunbar,—

"I am the Kingis blude, his trew SPECIAL CLERK."

His claim to "the kingis blude" was well
founded—his grandfather, James, son of "Sir
Gilbert Kennedy of Dunure and Agnes de Max-
well his wife," having married the Princess Mary
Stewart, daughter of Robert III.†

Prior to becoming Depute-Baillie of Carrick,
Kennedy was not unknown at Court, and had
travelled on the Continent. He appears to have
been an expectant of church preferment, if we
may judge by his allusion to the king—

"Trusting to have of his magnificence,
Guerdoun, reward, and benefyce bedene."

Mr Laing thinks it probable that he was ap-
pointed Provost of Maybole, on the death of Sir
David Robertson, about 1494—the patronage of
the collegiate church in that town, which was
founded by Sir James Kennedy of Dunure, in
1371, still continuing in the family. This su-
position, however, rests upon very slender grounds.
It would rather seem that he abandoned his views
of preferment in the Church. In the *Flying*
Dunbar says—

"In till ane GLEN thou hes, owt of repair,
Ane laithly luge that wes the lippir mennis;"

And Kennedy himself says, "I haif landis, stoir,

* He is designated brother of John, Lord Kennedy, in
a charter of the Earl of Angus, Sept. 25, 1498.

† This marriage took place in 1405. James prede-
ceased his father. He is said to have been killed by
Gilbert, the eldest of another family of Sir Gilbert.

and stakkis . . . I haif steidis and takkis," showing that he was in possession of landed property. Now we know from existing documents that *Walter Kennedy*, son of Gilbert, first Lord Kennedy, and brother of John, second Lord, was the ancestor of the *Kennedies of Glentig*, a property in the parish of Ballantrae; and as there was no other Walter Kennedy at that period who could boast of "the Kingis blude," he must have been the poet. We thus see the meaning of Dunbar's averment that Kennedy had taken up his abode "in till ane glen." It would also thus appear that Dunbar is to be understood, in the line—

"Thow and thy Quene, as gredy gleddis, ye gang,"

as alluding to the marriage of Kennedy, for his descendants possessed Glentig down till the beginning of the seventeenth century.

The period of the Poet's demise is quite uncertain. He was alive, though at the "pynt of dede," when Dunbar penned his "Lament for the Makars" about 1508; and he is spoken of by Lyndsay, in 1530, as if he had been dead for a considerable time:—

"Or quha can now the warkis countrefait,
Off Kennedie, with ternis aureait."

The inference is that he did not survive the illness alluded to by Dunbar.

It is rather curious that so few of the poems of Kennedy are extant. Besides the *Flying*, there are only some four or five pieces known to exist. These are "The Praise of Aige," "Ane Aigit Man's Invective," "Ane Ballat of our Lady," "Pious Counsall," and "The Passioun of Christ;" the latter of which, preserved in the Howard MSS., extends to 245 stanzas, of 1715 lines. Mr Laing describes it as either presenting a dry summary of the chief events of our Saviour's life and sufferings, or tedious episodical reflections, appropriate to the different hours of the Romish Church service." In "The Evergreen," published by Ramsay, the verses entitled "Jok Up-a-land's Complaint against the Court in the King's Non-age," are ascribed to Kennedy; and Chalmers, in his "Glossary to Lindsay's Works," says, on the authority of the Bannatyne MS., that "in the minority of James V. *Kennedy* wrote John Upon-land's Complaint, in which he cries out against the oppressions of the country during the misrule of the Douglas party." Mr Laing, however, does not admit the poem into his collection, apparently in the belief that Kennedy died before the death of James IV. The most favourable specimen of his poetical talent which survives is unquestionably the lines in "Praise of Aige." They are as follow:—

"At matyne houre, in myddis of the night,
Walknit of sleep, I saw beside me sone
Ane Aigit Man, seimit sextie yeiris of sicht
This sentence sett, and song it in gude tone,—
Omnipotent, and eterne God in throne!
To be content and lufe thee I have caus
That my licht youth-heid is opprest and done—
Honour with aige to every vertew drawis.

Green youth, thou mon obey and bow,
Thy fuly lustis lestis skant ane May;

What then wes wit, is naturall foly now,
As worldly honour, riches, or fresche array,
Deffy the divill, dreid God and domisdai.
For all sall be accusit, as thou knawis;
Blissit be God, my youth-heid is away;
Honour with aige to every vertew drawis.

O bittir youth! that seimis so delicious;
O haly age! that sumtymes seimit sounre,
O restless youth! hie, hait, and vicious;
O honest aige! fullfillit with honoure;
O frawart youth! fruitless and fedand flour,
Contrair to conscience, baith to God and lawis,
Of all vain glour the lamp and mirroure:
Honour with aige till every vertew drawis.

This world is set for to dissaive us evin,
Pryde is the nett, and cuvatece is the trane;*
For na reward, except the joy of hevyn,
Would I be yung in to this world agane.
The schip of faith, tempestuous wind and rane
Dryvis in the see of Lollerdry that blawis;
My youth is gane, and I am glaid and fane,
Honour with aige to every vertew drawis.

Law, luvie, and lawtie,† graffin‡ law thay ly;
Dissimulance has borrowed conscience clays;
Aithis, writ, wax nor seillis ar nocht set by;
Flattery is fosterit baith with friendis and fayis.
The sone, to bruike it|| that his fader hair,
Wald see him deid; Sathanis sic seid sawis;
Youth-heid adew, ane of my mortall fais:
Honour with aige to every vertew drawis.

From the fame of Kennedy amongst his contemporaries, it is evident that the greater portion of his writings have been lost. His attachment to the *old faith*, which he describes in the foregoing verses as a ship driving in the tempestuous sea of Lollardy, the principles of the Reformation having then begun to be keenly agitated in Scotland, may in some measure account for their disappearance. Unlike most of the *Makars* of the time, Kennedy was a staunch adherent of Catholicity. The popularity of most of his contemporaries, on the other hand, was greatly promoted by their satirical exposure of the abuses of Popery.

SOME NOTES BY SIR WILLIAM SINCLAIR OF ROSLINE, WRITTEN ON THE MS. COPY OF THE "EXTRACTA E CHRONICES SCOTIE," FORMERLY IN HIS POSSESSION.

1265 rober huid ves forfaltit for fechtuing againis the Kyng of Ingland at the batell of hewsham the vi zeir of Alexander iij reng

Anno Domini 1287 Alexander tercius deit at Kyng-gorne the 35 or 37 zeir of his reng. In his tyme rober huid, lytill jhone, tamas Lermont or rymor and mechell schot the medycener ves al lewand.

Anno m ccc xxx iiii. On martenss day in winter began the great frost yat lestit quhill Sancte Juliane ye virgines day the xvi day of februar and yan it lowsit mervaluslie on yat sanctis day and syne fresit againe sa fast that commoun passagis wes ouir ye watter of levin fra the toun of dumbartane to cardross and that was never seen nor hard befoir

* Snare.—† Loyalty.—‡ Buried.—|| Possess.

Anno Domini 1342. 21 die Septembris. George Dunbar erl of merch fundit dunbar college. The superscription on his sepulture (is)—heir lyis erl george the bretane to yerthe,—kyngs that bair the crown ves of thair bluid and of thair kyne and hes gouvrenit this land with in xlvij zer space and deit than the zer of grace 1415 Scotland England and dennerk.

Anno domini m.ccc.l. wes the first deid of pestilence that euer was in Scotland

Anno. m. ccc. lxij wes the secund deid of pestilence in Scotland

Anno m ccc lxxix wes the thrid deid of pestilence in Scotland

1405 the iij of Marchee the Toune of Streue-ling of wodd Fyre brent.

Anno 1405 or thariby fawcht xx heland men againis xx of the clannis in the barrois besyde the blak freres in Perth. Thair ves of the twa parts xxx slaine*

Anno dominum m.ccc[c]xvii wes the fourt deid of pestilence in Scotland.

Anno m cccc xx wes the land ill yat wes war and greitar nor ony pestilence yat ever wes in Scotland.

[1429] John Stewart lord derle, erl aueroiss constabill of Scotland in france fundit in the ceto of aurelianea ane richt collegh in honor of the virgin mare, and efter he past to jersusalem. At the last he wes slane be inglesmen. He ves tane at the batel of coriunte and ane of his ene sheken owt in France, he ves redemit for xxxm. crownes heir, befor that of tymes he ourcome the Inglesmen anes at crwsignar ubi ceciderunt xiic. quorum sex capita, et duo locumtenentes erant, et iic. a brigantibus interfecti sunt viij capitanei capti cum aliis generosis ix**.†

1436 or thariby the kyng sent inbassaturs to norroway for sowmes of mwny that he ves auchtin to the kyng of norroua for byrwus of the illeis of the quhilk thai gat acquitens.

Anno domini m.ve [1500] huchane frissell‡ in glencome the best and maist in estimatioun of the lord louattis kin, he and ane seruand with him beand at the hunting on ane hie land amang verray rank hedder tua arro draucht fra him, he hard lyk the call of ane ratch approcheand ner and ner, quhil at ye last he saw it and schot at it ane deid straik with ane arro, quhair it lap and woterit up and down ane speir lenth of breid and lenth, ye hedder and bent beand mair ner ane fuit of hecht, it beand in the deid thraw brint all to the erd as it bene muirburne. it was mair nor tua eln of lenth as greit as the coist of ane man without feit haifand ane mekill fin on ilk syde

* This evidently refers to the celebrated combat which Sir Walter has immortalised in his "Fair Maid of Perth."

† His brother, William Stewart, was killed with him. If he truly was "Castlemilk," then it seems to follow that the claim of the Stuarts of Castlemilk to the male representation of the Royal Family of Stewart, was undoubted; but there is no evidence he was Castlemilk: and as he was termed merely "cuyer," he would hardly be the "Sir" William contended for by Andrew Stewart.

‡ Ilugh, third Lord Lovat, who died about 1500, had a natural son, called Ilugh or Hutcheon, the ancestor of the Frasers of Foyers, who got the name of Frenchuk, from a long residence in France.

wirt ane tail and ane terribill heid: his greit deir doggis would nocht cum ner it. It had greit speid: thai callit it ane dragone. This huchane at ane schot slew ane wyld cat and ane ra-buk fychtand together.

Anno domini m.ve lxxix in fairfar I saw tua durs chekis with ane myd trie betwene ye duris maid verray clenely and very substantious quhair in ye constabill of floirfar Castell duelt in the tyme of King Malcolme Kainmore: thay arc of blak aik and appeirandlie as thai war nocht made a zeir of old.

GLIMPSES OF THE PAST.—WITCHCRAFT.

In our last glimpse of the past, we endeavoured to realise the terror and amazement of the rude and illiterate hinds of rural districts while the awful prodigies of heaven were pooping the midnight sky, or its suasive sounds were filling, with dulcet harmony, the vacant house of prayer. We shall draw our illustrations of by-gone times, on this occasion, from what was also a fruitful source of fear—though fear of a less appalling, but more annoying character than that produced by the "strange motions seen in the aer"—viz. the extensive prevalence, or belief in the prevalence, of Sorcery and Witchcraft.

To have the power of opening up the dim vistas of futurity, or of exercising a potent and arbitrary influence over the destinies of men, were a possession so congenial to the proud and aspiring human mind, that there have not been wanting individuals in all ages who have either professed themselves to possess, or have been believed by others to have acquired some access to the moving spring of human action, not patent to ordinary mortals.

To this source we believe may be traced, in some measure at least, the unwearied watchings and searchings of Greybeard Alchemy for the philosopher's stone—the midnight porings of spectacled Astrology—and (*infra dig.*) the charms and incantations of Witchcraft.

One of the Literary Clubs, of whose publications we promised to avail ourselves in our present sketches, has furnished its members* with some very curious and interesting details of the practice of witchcraft in the north of Scotland, being no less than the Indictments, or "Dittays," (and, from certain marks and memorandums, apparently those very ones used in court) against some score of men and women who were tried at Aberdeen for this foul crime, under a Commission from that high-priest of the profession, upon whose altar so many of the fraternity were offered up—James VI. of Scotland.

The following extracts from these "Dittays," will give some idea of the witchcraft of the 16th century, (the commission is dated "Haliruid-

* "Miscellany of the Spalding Club. Vol. I." We may mention that Mr Chas. Knight makes extensive use of these "Dittays" in his Essay to prove the affirmative of the question, "Was Shakespeare ever in Scotland?" and that Mr Wm. Duncan, Corr. Mem. S. A. Scot. uses them very felicitously in a paper read before that Society in 1838.

hours, the second day of February, and of our reign the 30th year, 1596,) and will also furnish some interesting traits of olden manners and customs.

Jonet Wischart, spouse of John Leyis, stabler, "ane commond notorious witche and sorcerer," is accused of no less than the murder of John Pyet, stabler, (probably a rival of her husband in business) through the casting of her witchcraft on him. "Item. John Pyet, stabler, thi nichtbour at the Justice Point, hewing coft from Alexander Ewin, the heritable rycht of ane land, thow invyit him thairfor: Thairefter thou keist on witchcraft on him, quhairbie he ley fast bed-sick, auchtene oulkis, continualie melting away, lyk ane quhit candill, the other half day birnand as in ane fyrie wne [ovin], and never recoverit, quhill he deit, of quhom thou was the murthrer." It would seem that "Johnet" had been long in practice as a witch, for one of the articles in her accusation says,—*"Thir twentie years last bypast Thow continualie and nichtlie upoun the night, efter ellevin hours at ewin, quhill as thi hisband and servandis passis to thair bed and takis rest. Than thow puttis on nichtlie ane gryt fyre, haldis the same on the hail nicht, and sittis theraut thairself wsand thi witchcraft, altogidder contrairous to the natour of weill levand personis."* A good fire, however, would have been an agreeable accompaniment to the following cantrip, of which she is also accused. "At Midsymmer was a yeir or thairby, Elspet Reid, thi dochter in law, com into thi hows at thrie hours in the morninge, and fand the sittand, mother nakit as thow was born, at the fyre syde, and ane wther suld wyiff sicklyk mother nakit sittand betuen thi scholders, makand your cantryps."

Since we can afford in our day to smile at these charms and cantrips, we may be allowed the pun that Janet would have been of some service in these times of monetary pinchings, for she could at any time "raise the wind." "Certain honest wemen within this burcht, with Andrew Raitt mariners wyif, com to the to by malt, to quhom thow ansuerit, that thow had nein windowit, bot desyrit tham to reman, and thei suld hef incontinent: Quha ansuerit the, that ther was na wind to window any malt, and thow said thow suld get wind enuch to do thi turnn. Immediatlie thairefter, thow tuk ane coill of fyre, and devydit it, the ane half thow pat in the ane dur, and the wther half in the wther, and said thi orisoun thereon; thairefter ther cam wind enuch in at thi duris, quhillas thair was neyn in the field." Some of the charges against poor Janet are extremely vague, and might have been brought against any other person with equal apparent justice. "Johne Leyis lyand ane nycht in his bed, ane catte come in vpon him, and cryit Wallawa! and wret ane of hir awin kitlingis; his wyf sittand putin on hir clothis. And the said Johne then slew the catt, and immediatly thairefter his hors ran wode and his dog." "The hail assvis (however) be the mouth of James Steuart, Chancellor of the said assvis, convicts her in auchtane points of the ditty of witchcraft, and as ane common witche and sorcerer: And the Justice ordainit hir to be brint to the deid." But the devil would not suffer the

punishment of his faithful servant without giving some indications of his displeasure, for one of the accusations against Thomas Leys, Janet's son, who also stood his trial for witchcraft, is that "upon the sam day that wmqhile Janet Wischart, thi mother, abaid the law, in the morning befor scho was convict, thair com into thi fathers hows ane ewill spirit, in lyikness of ane pyit, strak thi youngest sister in hir face, wald hef plukkit owt hir ene, and destroyit hir, war not the nichtbouris in the gett, com in and dang that fowl spreit furth of the hows, and colossit baith durris and windows on hir."

Possessed of a good deal of cunning, as it afterwards turned out, and having withal a considerable smack of the poetical in him, the charges against, and confession of, Andro Man, a male witch, are a perfect treat in their way. "In the first, thow art accusit as ane manifest and notorious witche and sorcerer, in sa far as thow confessis and affermis thy self, that be the space of thriescoir yeris sensyne or thairby, the Devill, thy maister, com to thy motheris housis, in the likenes and scheap of a woman, quhom thow callis the Quene of Elphen, and was delyverit of a barne, as apperit to the their, at quhilk tyme thow being bot a young boy, bringand in watter, that devilische spreit, the Quene of Elphen, promesit to the, that thow suld knaw all thingis, and suld help and cuir all sort of seikness, except stand deid, and that thow suld be weill intertenit, but wald seik thy meat or thow deit, as Thomas Rymour did." "ITEM, Thow confessis that the Devill, thy maister, quhom thow termes Christsonday, and supponis to be ane engill, and Goddis godsone, albeit he hes a thraw by God, and swyis to the Quene of Elphen, is rasit be the speking of the word *Benedicite*, and is laid agane be tacking of a dog vnder thy left oxster in thi richt hand, and casting the same in his mouth, and speking the word *Maikpeblis*. And that Christsonday beatt a mark in the third fynger of thy richt hand, quhilk thow hes yit to schaw. Sicklyk, thow affirmis that the Quene of Elphen hes a grip of all the craft, bot Christsonday is the gudeman, and hes all power vnder God, and that thow kennis sindrie deid men in thair cumpanie, and that the kyng that deit in Flowdown and Thomas Rymour is their." The following confessions contain quite the poetry of witchcraft. "Thow confessis and affermis, thow saw Christsonday cum owt of the snaw in likenes of a staig, and that the Quene of Elphen was their, and vtheris with hir, rydand vpon quhit-haiknayses. . . . That the elphis hes schapes and claythis lyk men, and that thay will have fair coverit taiblis, and that they are bot schaddowis, bot are starker nor men, and that thay have playing and dansing quhen thay pleas; and als that the quene is verray pleassand, and wil be auld and young quhen scho pleissis. . . . Thow grantis the elphis will mak the apper to be in a fair chalmer, and yit thow will find thy self in a moss on the morne; and that they will apper to have candlis, and licht, and swordis, quhilk wil be nothing els bot deed gress and strayes." Were we not assured of the contrary, we would have looked upon the following as canonical, and certainly

if it was "revellit be the Devill," there is a great deal of point added to Burns' wish,—

"But fare you weel, auld Nickie-ben!
Oh! wad ye tak a thought and men,
Ye aiblins might—I dinna ken—
Still hae a stake."

"Thow grantis and affirmis—that at the day of judgement, the fyre will burne the watter and the earth, and mak all plain, and that Christson-day wilbe cassin in the fyre because he dissavis wardlingis men. That at the day of Judgement Christsonday wilbe nottar, to accuse everie man, and ilk man will hawe his awin dittay, wretin in his awin buik to accuse him self, and als that the godlie wilbe schowred fra the wicked, *quhilk was reveillit to the be the Devill thy maister.*"

Speaking of Burns reminds us that the musical propensities of his "Deil," who "danc'd awa' wi' the Exciseman," are quite in keeping with the records we are quoting from. The Thomas Leyis before spoken of is thus charged: "Upoun Hallowewin last bypast, att tuelff houris at ewin or thairby, thow the said Thomas Leyis, accompaneit withe vmquhill Jonett Wischert, Issobell Coky, Issobell Manteitho, Kathren Mitchell, relict of vmquhill Charles Dwn, litster, sorceraris and witches, withe ane gryit number of vtheris witches, come to the mercatt and fische croce of Aberdene, wnder the conduct and gyding of the Dewill present withe yow, all in company, playing befor yow on his kynd of instrumentis: Ye all dansit about baythe the saidis croces, and the meill mercatt, ane lang space of tyme." Jonat Lucas is accused "for being in companie and societie with thy maister the Deuill at ane dance, quhair thair was with the aucht vther personis, at ane gray stane at the fute of the Hill of Crag-leauche, quhair thow and thay was vnder the conduct of thy maister the Deuill, dancing in ane ring, and he playing melodiously vpon ane instrument, albeit invisible to yow."

But we must now pause, although we may again return to the same subject, which is an exceedingly prolific one. We cannot, however, close these irregular excerpts without in some measure congratulating ourselves that, although our age is far, far from having arrived at that pitch of wisdom we believe mankind capable of attaining, yet, in the words of Sir Walter Scott, "whatever follies the present race may be guilty of, the sense of humanity is too universally spread to permit them to think of tormenting wretches till they confess what is impossible, and then burning them for their pains." Let us strive more and more to deserve this character in its widest sense, carrying its spirit into all the ramifications of our social contract; not consigning, with too hasty judgement, the souls of our fellows, although more degraded than ourselves, to the spiritual stake, as our fathers did the bodies of their depraved or unfortunate fellows to the temporal one; but ever extending the circle of our thoughts, and ever expanding the measure of our sympathies, seek to unite ourselves to that noble band of the poet's "glorious city—so beautiful to see!" who

"Never breathe a thought unkind
Against men of other mind,

But know that God Eternal
Will shower all blessings free
On hearts that live to love Him,
And cling to Charity."

C.

ANCIENT IMPORTANCE OF THURSO.

SCARABSTER ROADS, in the vicinity of this town, being the only safe anchorage on the coast of Caithness, occasioned Thurso to become a place of much resort at a very early period. The roadstead was frequented by the Norwegian and Danish pirates, from the time that these marauders first made their appearance on our shores; and the town must have often suffered from their attacks.

Torfæus, in his History of Orkney, mentions, that, in the beginning of the 11th century, Count Moddan, one of the Earls of Orkney, quartered his army at Thurso, "the town of Caithness," and harrassed the inhabitants greatly, by plundering the country all around him. Count Moddan had his camp on the promontory of Thurso, "*promontorio Thorsnesia*," the ancient "*Tarvedum promontarium*," now known as Holburnhead, where the remains of the wall which fortified the camp, running along a hollow, extending to the whole breadth of the head, or promontory, are still to be seen. During the time that Count Moddan was enjoying himself at Thurso, Earl Thorfin of Orkney, his rival for the earldom, commanded his friend Thorkel to sail for Caithness, to check and punish the disorders of Moddan, "which he did without delay; and having marched through it with much speed and secrecy, he reached Thurso before the enemy was aware of his approach; surprised the Count in the dead of night, by setting fire to his lodgings; and while he was endeavouring to escape from them, his head was struck off; and his army, thrown into consternation, were either cut to pieces, surrendered themselves prisoners of war, or fled for safety to the inaccessible fens or mountains." From Barry we further learn, that, soon after the death of Moddan, a number of Scots, on their return to the south from Orkney, who had suffered a shameful defeat at Deerness, and, wishing to retrieve their honour, returned to Caithness in full force. Here they were joined by troops from Ireland, that had been sent, though too late, to reinforce the army of Moddan; and these, when united, far exceeded in number any army that Earl Thorfin could bring into the field against them. But, notwithstanding their superiority, he was neither of a temper to permit them to ravage his country with impunity, nor was it either his inclination or his practice to decline their offers of an engagement. The two hostile armies therefore prepared for action. They met in battle array on a rising ground near to, and in full view of the harbour and town of Thurso. The place is known to this day by the name of "*the Bleedy Moss*." "The Earl of Orkney took his station in the front line, with a gilded helmet on his head, a sword by his side, and a large spear in both hands, with which he did great execution; and, in the very first onset, bent his whole force, with such intrepid ardour, against the Irish, that he compelled them to fall back, and so entirely broke their ranks, that it was not afterwards in the power of their commander to rally them. The

same valour and masterly conduct were displayed by the brave general of the Scottish forces. He also fought in the front of his army, in the hottest of the battle, inspiring courage by his example, relieving them that were overpowered, and directed his attacks principally against that part of the line of the enemy which was distinguished by the Earl's presence. In this manner both sides fought for some time, with almost equal bravery and equal success; till the Earl, by a desperate attack, made the Scots waver between hope and despair, then sensibly retreat, and at last fly, leaving the field of battle strewed with the wounded and the slain."

While the earls of Orkney possessed the northern parts of Scotland, they occasionally resided at the Castle of Thurso, "*Castrum de Thorsa*," afterwards called the Castle of Ormelie, built on a rising ground, termed the *Brown Hill*, about 300 yards from the old town; but their principal residence was at Kirkwall. This castle is said to have been a very strong building, but no vestige of it is now extant. Thurso was at this time also the stated residence of the nobility and the wealthier classes of the county. Barry informs us, that Harold's mother, Helga, was a daughter of Maddan, a man of great wealth and influence in Caithness, whose son was Count Ottar of Thurso. In 1150, the King of Norway paid a visit to Thurso. In this year, Earl Ronald departed for Constantinople and the Holy Land, leaving his affairs to the care of Earl Harold, his partner in the earldom, then only aged 20 years; the King of Norway, trusting to the absence of the one, and the youth and inexperience of the other, resolved to establish or renew his sovereignty in the Orkney Islands. For this end he arrived in South Ronaldshy, with a number of troops on board a formidable fleet: and as soon as he learned that Harold, in the absence of his relative, had gone over to Caithness, he made all the despatch in his power to cross the firth; first captured his ship in Scrabster Roads, and then seized him in the town of Thurso, while he was under no apprehension of danger, and compelled him to pay seven merks of gold; and publicly to acknowledge, that he held at present, and would in future hold, the earldom of the crown of Norway.

Erland, the son of Harold the Orator, after the death of Count Ottar, lived for the most part at Thurso. According to the custom of those times, he was frequently employed in predatory expeditions, and often returned to Thurso with abundance of spoil from the Western Isles, &c. This same Erland, two years after the invasion of the King of Norway, forced young Harold to yield up the half of his possessions to him. Several other noted marauders had also their residence in Thurso about the same date.

These occurrences took place during the 11th and 12th centuries, but how long prior to that date, Thurso became a place of such resort, cannot now be ascertained with any degree of probability. That Thurso was then a place of such importance is not to be wondered at; for this town was the great mart for trade between Scotland and Norway, Sweden, and the powers of the Baltic for a long time. In consequence of Caithness being

distinguished for the extent of its commercial transactions, of which Thurso was the centre, we find by statutes of King David of Scotland, that the weights and measures of Caithness were the standard for Scotland. By the "*Regiam Majestatem*," chap. 14,—"*It is statued be King David, that ane comon and equal weicht, quhilk is called the weicht of Cathness—pondus Cathanie—in buying and selling, sall be keeped and vsed be all men within this realm of Scotland.*"—*Caithness Chronicle*.

DISTEMPER AMONGST CATTLE A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

A distemper, similar in some respects to the epidemic which has prevailed for these last few years, committed great ravages amongst cattle in England, and indeed throughout Europe, about the middle of last century. It continued from 1740 till 1746, spreading consternation and dismay wherever it visited. In "*the Foreign History for December*" of *The Scots Magazine*, 1745, it is said that "the 14th of January 1746, has been appointed a day of publick fasting and prayer, to be observed all over Denmark, on account of the mortality which rages and spreads among the cattle thro' that kingdom. It is reckoned to have carried off no less than 60,000 before the middle of December. It advances likewise in Jutland; and the apprehensions of it engages most people to kill their cattle while they are sound." The disease was equally fatal in Holland, France, and Italy. In England it seems to have been at its height in 1745-6. In September of the latter year, the London newspapers assert, that "in Essex alone upwards of 4000 cattle died of it [the distemper] before the 1st of June last." Such was the alarming character of the disease, that the Privy Council deemed it necessary to interfere, with the view of mitigating the calamity. They accordingly appointed a body of gentlemen specially to inquire into the nature of the complaint in Middlesex, and adopt such measures as they considered best calculated to promote the end desired. This body met at stated periods, and amongst their first proceedings was to elect a certain number of persons, practically acquainted with cattle—*butchers and cow-keepers*—who were instructed as follows:—

"You are to view from time to time, and to take care of all the sick cows within your districts, and frequently inspect the cow-houses, and observe if the farmers and cow-keepers separate the sick from the sound cows, in such manner as is necessary to prevent infection; as also, if they keep their cow-houses and yards clean, and take away the dung and filth as often as is needful.

"You are to kill all cows and calves as soon as they fall sick, and cause them to be buried as quick as possible. The early destroying of them being found by experience to be the most effectual method to stop the distemper.

"You are to take care that the hides of all the cows to be buried be cut and slashed in several places, particularly from head to tail, on both sides, and round the middle of their bodies; as also, that the cows be buried with unslaked lime,

allowing after the rate of two bushels to each cow, for which lime we shall allow after the rate of 9s. a hundred, and 1s. more for each cow the farmers or cow-keepers shall bury as by us directed.

"You are to take special care that the cows be buried ten feet deep : and where that is impossible by reason of springs, that they be buried as deep as may be.

"You are to give the farmer and cow-keeper notice, as soon as the distemper comes into any of their herds, to dig pits in readiness, and lay in a stock of lime to be ready when wanted, that no time may be lost in burying the cows ; for which lime they shall be paid as it is used.

"You are to acquaint them, that the allowance above-mentioned will only be made to them for their charge of digging pits, provided they dig them in time, and as deep as we require, but not otherwise : and that herein we shall be very strict.

"You are also to observe whether they cover their cows when buried, and fill up the pits in due time, ramming the earth so well, that there be no annoyance to neighbours, or danger of infection.

"If any farmer or cow-keeper refuses on your demand to kill and bury any of his sick cows, or to let you kill and bury them for him, in hopes they may recover, or on any other pretence, you are to acquaint him, that we shall not think ourselves obliged to allow him 40s. a cow for them, as we do others ; the chief end of giving that allowance being to command the cows to be killed as soon as they fall sick ; which is their interest also, as it tends to preserve the rest of their herd.

"You are to inquire and observe from time to time how their stock increases or decreases, and whether they buy in any fresh cows or calves, or sell any of their present stock ; we having strictly forbid their doing of either.

"You are to inform us of any fraud that may be put upon the government by any farmer or cow keeper, or any other person whatsoever, or any practice tending thereto.

"You are to give notice to the farmers and cow-keepers, and likewise to take care yourself, that no cows be buried within any common, waste, or road, (except in Tothill Fields, there being no other place near to bury them in), without particular orders.

"You are to take all opportunities from time to time to give us or our Secretary an account of your proceedings, and receive our farther directions.

"The said gentlemen do hereby give notice to all farmers and cow-keepers in the said county of Middlesex, that they follow the above instructions, and also suffer the said surveyors to do their duty as above-directed ; and those who refuse or neglect so to do, will not be intitled to any allowance for the loss of any of their cows and calves."

The introduction to a "Journal by a gentleman in Essex," thus describes the nature of the disease:—

"The distemper with which the black cattle are at present afflicted, seems to be a violent inflammatory fever, occasioned by feeding principally on grass, which, this year, from the wetness of the season, has been more juicy than common : and as they had, for the want of grass in the three or

four preceding years, been fed more than usual with dry food, it has chilled their blood, and consequently subjected them to colds, fevers, &c., which is confirmed by the distemper's having, in all the countries, begun in the marshy low grounds, while the dry and hilly continued healthy.

"To remedy this evil, the following authentick journal, which a gentleman in Essex kept, of seven cows, is made publick.

"October 20, 1745.—Late in the evening four of my cows were taken with the distemper, which has been so fatal to black cattle in Holland, and is at present in England, particularly in Essex, Bedfordshire, Kent, and Surrey, to such a degree, that few of the farmers have saved one in five of the cattle that have been taken ; but most have lost their whole.

"21. I sent for a cowleech ; who gave them a drink, which he pretended was a great secret. He bled them plentifully in the tail, and rowelled or coaxed them in the dewlap, by my order.

"Half an hour after the drink, I gave one ounce of salt-petre, dissolved in Spa water, to each cow ; which dose I repeated twice more this day, observing to be about five hours between each dose.

"The cows refused their food ; but, to prevent them from starving, I boiled about three quarters of a peck of oats in as much water as a cow may be thought to drink in one day ; which quantity, at sundry times in the twenty-four hours, I gave to each cow, in a horn, water and all, and a malt-mash of a quarter of a peck of malt. I also gave each cow two quarts of sugar-sops, wherein much cinnamon was boiled, viz. one quart about noon, and the other in the evening.

"I kept them in the house, warm littered, and kept milking what little they had, and threw it upon the dunghill. A man and a boy sat up all night with them.

"22. They were very bad, coughed much, run at the eyes, and breathed very quick. I repeated the same medicines, and took the same care ; but they fell away surprisingly. A man and a boy still sat up to nurse them.

"23. They were somewhat better. I repeated the same, in every particular.

"24. They were much mended, and began to eat a little hay. I now left off the saltpetre and the drink, but continued the oats and sugar-sops.

"25. They were so much better, that I ventured to drive them to some good grass, about a stone's cast from the cow-house ; where they continued picking about an hour ; during which time a boy was constantly with them, to prevent them from lying down on the wet grass, which I apprehended would kill them. This day the boy drove one of them into the pond, where she drank eight godowns. At night I thought she would have died, but is since likely to recover.

"26, and 27. These days I continued to take care of them, without giving any medicines, but gave them boiled oats, good hay, and sugar-sops, which they would eat very heartily. I have all reason to believe they will do very well.

"I had three more taken on the 21st, which were indeed very bad ; but I think we discovered their illness a day, at least, sooner than we did the first cows ; so that, by early application of re-

gadies, they have recovered their strength and appetites better than those first taken.

"I know the cowleech used one quart of wood-foot to each drink, with sundry bitter herbs, such as red sage, wormwood, rue, smallage, which were boiled in ale, with half a pound of hog's lard.

"N.B. I believe sperma ceti much better."

This mode of treatment may seem rather refined and expensive for animals.

A society of physicians also met weekly at "the White Lion, in Cornhill," London, and "undertook to point out to the farmers, &c. the most likely methods they knew to put a stop to the present reigning disease amongst cattle;" but they discontinued their meetings when the subject was taken up by the Privy Council. The medicines recommended were the following:—

"Take saltpetre, four ounces; camphire, half an ounce; liquorice powder, six ounces; and honey, sufficient quantity to make them into a ball: let this be divided into four equal parts; one whereof may be given, dissolved in a quart of the liquor above-described, warm, every six hours.

These were to be given from the first seizure, at least as soon as the distemper was discovered, and to be continued the two first days. The following was then to be used in its stead, viz. Take Peruvian bark, six ounces; Virginia snake root, six ounces, both in powder: mix and divide them into four equal parts; one of which may be given every morning and night, and to a strong beast at noon also, in a pint and a-half of warm beer.

Tho' it would appear more rational to direct the change of medicines, rather from the alteration of symptoms than length of time, yet we soon learned how difficult it was to have either minute or discretionary orders exactly complied with.

We urged the necessity of keeping the diseased cattle within doors, and even in as warm houses as possible, frequently steaming them with vinegar, gently poured on hot irons; that they should have warm liquids, such as water gruel, barley-meat boiled in water, and very thin mashies, given them in plenty, at least every two hours; as the disorder abates, their gruel, mashies, &c. may be made thicker and more nourishing.

During the two, three, or four first days of the disorder, according as the first attack is more or less violent, we have reason to believe, that these methods, if practised with diligence and attention, will save a great many cattle; and we think this trial may be the more safely admitted, as it appears from the analogy of other infectious disorders, that the taint is much less powerful, if at all productive of mischief, till the disease is considerably advanced, and the seminal infection is ripened to proportion.

Since our first directions were given out, we have apprehended, that if the rattle-snake root was substituted in the room of the Virginia, and joined with the bark in the following manner, the prospect of success would still be the greater.

At their first seizure, take away about a quart of blood, (the loss whereof will not here be prejudicial, the remedy supplying the strength which would be diminished by it); then give a dose of the following powder in a quart of the honey-liquor above-described, every morning, noon, and night,

viz. Take three ounces of Peruvian bark; an ounce of rattle-snake root, both in powder; mix and divide them into three equal doses."

We find no notice, in the public journals of this period, of the distemper having visited Scotland. It is a current tradition, however, that a devastating malady did prevail both amongst men and cattle. An old man, aged ninety, a native of Ballantrae, in Ayrshire, says, that "from 1740 till 1745, there could be no rent given for land, because the Lord sent a plague in the kingdom. The cattle died of disease. No man would buy a beast, and a great famine took place. The wet seasons threw up a bad weed in the crop, called the *doite*. It sickened the people, and made them as if they were drunk. At that time the farm of Garfar lay five years waste, without a tenant. The farm of Balkissock was only a hair tether; for it was a great fashion to tether horses. At that time, the rental of the whole estate of Bargany did not exceed 1000 merks, when kirk and king were paid."

BROTCHES OF ROBERT THE BRUCE.

ALL have heard of the Broche of Lorn, said to have been taken from the Bruce at the battle of Dal-Righ, when the King, according to Barbour, was assailed by the two "Mac-andorusers," and a third who, leaping on the croup of the King's horse, grappled with him from behind. One of the assailants in front had been cleft through the arm and shoulder before he reached the King; the other clung to his leg and stirrup. Turning round in his saddle, the King seized the enemy at his back, and, wrenching him round before him, struck him to the brains with his sword; and dealing a second blow at him whom he dragged at his stirrup, laid him dead behind him, and broke away to his retreating men. Barbour states that the King lost the broche which fastened his plaid on the occasion; and the Broche of Lorn is said to have been the one torn away. It was long preserved at Dunolly, the seat of that Lordship, but disappeared in the seventeenth century, when the castle was burned by the MacNoils, assisted by the Campbells of Bar-Gleann. It was believed in the country to have been carried off by the latter while the former were either seeking or ransacking the charter chest. The Bar-Gleann family, however, overawed by the immediate neighbourhood of their powerful enemies, never displayed the broche, or boasted of its possession; but having latterly fallen into decay, they are reported to have sold it no longer ago than the year 1822, soon after which it is said to have been accidentally observed by General Campbell of Lochnell, in the window of a jeweller in London. The General, a near neighbour to MacDougall, recognizing, if not the Broche of Lorn, which he never saw, a very curious and ancient Highland relic, entered the shop and inquired its history, when he was told it was "the lost Broche of Lorn," and, with very generous feeling, immediately purchased the valuable relic, and presented it to its hereditary owner.

Whether the original Broche of Lorn was really that which tradition declared was torn

from the breast of Robert the Bruce, is very uncertain. According to the belief of Perthshire, it fell to the possession of the MacNabs, having been taken at the battle of Dal-Righ by Angus Mör, their chief, in whose family it was preserved at Kinnel, until the great civil war, when the clan Nab, remaining loyal, was plundered and burned by the Campbells of Glenlyon, from whom, by the marriage of the heiress of the latter house with Garden of Troop, it passed into that family, with whom it is still preserved.

If it was uncertain whether the original Broche of Lorn was truly that rent from the illustrious Bruce, it is something doubtful if that which now bears its name is the hereditary family jewel, for there were several of the same kind in the country. One exactly similar, but larger and finer, had been the hereditary broche of Loch-Bui, but having passed out of the family, has not been known to exist since the year 1774, when it was in the possession of Professor Lort, of the Greek class at Cambridge. Another very ancient and beautiful brooch has been preserved in the family of the MacKays, now MacNeils, of Ugadell, and is said by tradition to have been given to the maternal ancestor of that house by Robert the Bruce. "When the King fled from Arran to Rachrine, he was in such extremity that he escaped into Kintyre in a very small boat, with only two men, by whom he was brought across the Sound of Kilbrenan from Loch Ranza to Ugadell. It was late in the evening; Ferquhard Mackay, then the possessor of the farm, was sitting upon the 'Clach-an-Eorna,' or barley-stone, at the end of the house, and when he saw the skiff approach the little rocky point which juts from the small landing creek beneath the farm, he descended to the beach to offer hospitality to the strangers. Before he reached the shore, however, the boatmen had already put off, and the Bruce walked forward alone, and received the kindly invitation of MacKay. As they proceeded up the brae, though simply dressed, the powerful stature and majestic appearance of the future monarch attracted the admiration and curiosity of his host; but, as the rules of Highland courtesy did not permit any inquiry concerning the name of a guest, he made no questions, but provided the noble stranger with the best food and lodging which he had to offer. During the evening, the Bruce expressed his intention to cross the peninsula the next morning, to take boat upon the opposite shore. His host having engaged to direct him to the most proper place, at an early hour on the next day set out to guide him through the hills. Having come in sight of the sea, MacKay stopped and pointed out his last instructions to his guest. The place where they separated was on the farm of Ardnakill, near a large standing stone, which still remains erect, and is known by the name of "*Clach-Mhich-Dhaidh*"—MacKay's stone. From this spot the gudeman pointed out his route to the Bruce, and, at parting, the King, taking the brooch from his mantle, presented it to his host, and, pursuing his way, obtained a boat in Mac-righ-Hanish Bay, and passed over in safety into Rachrine. After his elevation to the throne, 'the good King Robert' repaid the hospitality of his host by a grant

of the lands of Ugadell and Ardnakill, to be held of the Crown by the tenure of entertaining the king when he should visit Kintyre. For many years after the year 1745, the brooch had disappeared in the family, and was supposed to have been lost; but, when the present proprietor pulled down the old house of Losset for the purpose of building the present residence, as the workmen were employed in taking off the wainscoat in one of the upper rooms, a heavy object fell from behind a panel among the rubbish. The wright, supposing it to be a piece of stone or mortar, continued his work without notice; but, when he left work, observing some object glitter on the floor, he discovered the brooch, which, being richly gilt, was little tarnished by time and damp. It is supposed that it had been concealed behind the wainscoat in the year 1746, during the alarm excited by the outrages and rapine of the troops and cruisers, especially the "notorious barbarian," Captain Caroline Scott, who commanded the *Furnace* sloop of war.—*Tales of the Century*.

A FEW NOTES FROM THE SESSION-BOOK OF AYR,

DURING THE PROTECTORATE.

AYR was one of the towns garrisoned by the troops of the Commonwealth. If we may judge from the session records they were no army of saints, although they were designated Puritans. They are first mentioned in the records in 1651. The principal crimes charged against them are Sabbath-breaking and immoral conduct. There are some instances of Scotsmen serving in the Cromwellian ranks, and several of the Englishmen becoming Presbyterians.

1652.

Agnes Murdoch, her two daughters, and other women, were drinking and dancing in her house to the music of a piper and fiddler, with some English soldiers. The fiddler fell down from "the falling sickness," and she having "singed the place where he fell with fire,"—the belief being that the "falling sickness" was contagious, and that fire would prevent infection,—the Englishmen conceived it an affront upon their countrymen, and threatened to set fire to the house.

Amongst numerous other cases of a similar nature, Janet Frissell compeared before the session, and admitted being with child to "James Wad, Englishman, a smyth, and a trooper in Colonel Halket's regiment."

"Marion Stewart caled, compered and acknowledged, after yat scho was accused, her sinne of fornication wt. ane Andrew Woodhill, who was souldier wt. ye Englishmen, but now is gone away, who was borne in Paysley. His mother's name is Malie Wat, and that they fell togadder about ye first of Sept. 1652: for tryal if he be a free man or not was delayed till the next day."

Mathew Arkinsone, one of Cromwell's soldiers, appeared before the session, and declared that he was reduced, and put out of the English service, and wanted to be married to Janet Bell, which the session agreed to, upon condition that he would swear to, and subscribe the Covenant.

1654.

It would appear that Flemings came to Ayr with deals this year.

One of Cromwell's soldiers was scourged through the streets for adultery.

"Luik Browne, Englishman, having laid down his arms and taken the Covenant before the session, has the benefit of Presbyterianism granted to him of proclamation."

The last minute in which the English soldiers are mentioned is in January 1661—a considerable time after the Restoration. Several of them settled in Ayr, and became respectable and wealthy burgesses.

LETTER OF LORD HALYRUDHOUSE TO K. JAMES VI. 25 Aug. 1607.

[*John*, second Lord Holyroodhouse, was served heir to his father, 17th January 1629, and died unmarried in 1635. His father, the first Lord, was the eldest son of Adam Bothwell, Bishop of Orkney, who married Queen Mary to the Earl of Bothwell. The title was granted, 20th December 1607, to the patentee and the heirs-male of his body; whom failing, the heirs-male of Adam Bishop of Orkney; whom failing, to his (the patentee's) heirs and assigns whatsoever. It is remarkable, with a substitution of heirs to the peerage so very ample, that the title should have remained unclaimed so long. In 1734, (8th February) Henry Bothwell of Glencorse, descended from the third son of the Bishop, presented a petition to George II., claiming the barony, which was referred, by command of his Majesty, to the House of Peers; but no decision was ever come to in relation to it. In this petition he styled himself Henry Lord Holyroodhouse.

The Glencorse branch terminated in an heir female, Margaret, who died at Bristol, 1st April 1792, leaving issue by her husband, John Drummond, M.D. From the conception of the patent, an heir-female is not in a situation to take, until the extinction of the heirs-male of Bishop Adam; and, as in the Annandale claim the House of Peers decided that "heirs-male" mean "heirs male *whatsoever*," it is plain that until all the male Bothwells, however remotely connected with the Bishop, are extinguished, no claim can be maintained with any chance of success by the heir of line.]

"Most Gracious and Sacred Souerain,

As al your Maiesties subjects in general has mor nor caus to prais and magnifie the blesit nam of thair God, who in al the tym of your Maiesties most happie gouernment has had so many proofs of the innumerable blissings and comforts which has accompaniit your Maiesties sacred reign; So I, who, besyds the deutie and aleagans of an comon subiect, stands so far deb-tour to your Maiesties fauours, can not without the imputation of the highest point of ingratitude, bot with all reuerens, and most submissiu affection towards your sacred Maiestie, akknauledg the fontain and origin of my vhol fortvns to hau sprung from the ocean of your Maiesties liberalitie; and as from my infancie you hau been my

vphalder, so nou in the lait preferment vherwith I am honourit, although vnvorthie of such faour, your Maiestie has giuin as it var an neu creation, for the vhilck, sens natur has denyit means to prou vorthie of so many benefits, yet to suppli al thos defects of judgment, knauldg and experiens, and sens I can not do vhat I vold, I shal euer be affectionat to do vhat I may, and to sacrifice my lyf and al my fortvns in your Maiesties seruice, and shall neuer ceas to pray for the continuans of an prosperous regn to your Maiestie, and for euer to your Royal progenie, and so shal rest

Your Maiesties humbl seruand,
HALYRUDHOUSE.

To the Kings Most Excellen Maiestie.
The 25 of Aug. 1607."

THE RAID OF WESTER-KAMES(1).

The King Robert fairit(2) to Buit,—a rae(3)-hunting gane,

And the haws of winsum Rosa war gay;
The fair ladie at nicht dancit wi lord and wi thane,
And the tournaments elyit the day.

The King Robert(4) at Rosa he keipit his yule,
Wi his courtiers and wi ladies gay:
In suith, nae bodie leukit for skaith or for dule
Frae uncannie freind, or a faithless fae.

The clarschaw(5) souch, (6) lyke halie saums in heav'n-
lie haws,

And the nobles daffit(7) wi ladies bricht;
The ill-e't(8) warder playit the trewan on the waws(9),
He tint his horn, and he birlit aw nicht.

The Slee Spensar(10) he cam in the King's Hienes' sicht,
And he leutit doun laich on his knee,—
Wad ye grant me the nest quhilk was herreit last nicht,
For the orra tydings I sall fetch to thee?

Fy, cum, tell me thy news, be thay weill, be thay wae,
And let naething be hidden frae me;
And the nest that was herreit yestrein thou sall hae;
The cuddeich(11) for thy tydings sall ba.

O the louns of Argyll cam to lown Wester-kames,
Wi the help of the mirk clud o' nicht;
But the mune it rase red on the castle of Kames;
And it neir saw a merrier sight.

In a blink the leil Laird thay hae tane frae his bed,
And hae set him on a tour sae hie;
His three bauld sons thay hae, waes-my-hart! furthwith
led,

And thay yokit ilka ane to a tree.

How! halloo! for my clansmen, I wiss for my horn!
For to blow a loud blast and a schill!(12)
But the horn was missand,(13) and its lang till the morn;
And nae clansman compeirit upon the hill.

But the first of his sons thay hae hung fra a tree,
As, I wat weill, afore the Baron's face;
And the neist thay hae lair't(14) in a deip, deip wallee:(15)
Yet the mune nevir stammerit in her race.

And the thrid thay hae bled at the airms and the neck,
And the strands of the blude thay did meit;
And, at tymes, when he swarfit,(16) the gude laird thay
wad geck;

And the lapperit(17) blude they bauld him to eit.

And at lenth the Baron thay hae hung be the feit,
Owre the fyre frae his ain rattle-tree;(18)
And the ingle thay hae kendit wi ryce and wi peits;
And thay leuch whan thay saw him to die.

The louns of Argyll cam to lee(19) Wester-kames,
Wi the aid of the mirk clud of nicht;
And the mune it rase red on the castill of Kames,
And it nevir saw a dulefuar sight.

Och! hyte wax't our leige Lord when he hard the fell tale,

Sayand a bluidie nicht's wark has bein heir;
But foul fa' the rubyatours (20) of fause, fause Argyll;
Now this raid it sall cost thaim richt deir.

Threttie masses, quo he, sing in Sanct Calmack's (21) Kirk,

For the sowl of the leifu Laird his lane;
And in halie Sanct Michals (22) ilka nicht when mirk,
Gar say trentall (23) for his sons ilka ane.

Formerrie (24) Wester-kames was a stark stalwart knight;
And ay bound (25) at the time of remeid: (26)
And seinill (27) does a king spare so suartheie a wicht;
Sair, said he, may we rew his waefu deid.

But paukie auld Spensar, for paukie thou's bein,
For thy greid I bute (28) ettle to sloken;
I hecht thee the nest that was herreit the strein;
And a King's word it maun-na be broken.

The hail lands and baronrie wi Tour of Wester-kames
I despone unto thee and thy airs-male,
Let the service aye be that when I cum to Kames
Thou sall tell me ane unco and bluidie tale.

Sae the Spenses (29) thay bruikeit (30) the baronrie leil
For countless yeirs of feuds and fause weir (31);
And defendit the Tour frae the louns of Argyll,
Wi the flane (32), the claymore and the speir.

Now owr a' the seifu (33) isle of Buit thay are ryfe
The Spenses of this stock and sam lyne;
But the telling of stories of blude and of stryfe,
Is a slicht thay hae tint, throw, langsyne.

A. C.

1 The Tower or the Fortalice of Wester-kames, a square building, of very small dimensions, long since unroofed, stands about three miles from Rothesay, on the Bay of Kames. The substance of this Ballad was obtained, in 1818, from an old man who sprang of the House of Wester-kames.

2 "To fair," to travell, to go, to journey.

3 "A rae," a roe, a deer, a hart.

4 Robert III., King of Scots, spent the winters of 1392 and 1400, at Rothesay; which should be pronounced "Rosa."

5 The Lowland Harp was anciently strung with horse-hair, or gut; and the Highland and Irish "clars," or "clarschaw," with wire.—Ninian Bannachtyne of Easter-Camys, 7th March, 1490, had an action about some "geir takin fra him, to wit, ane pailyon, ane brew caldron, ane masking fat, ane clarschaw, ane certane stuff and insicht plenishing, pertaining to him."

6 "Souch" is the sound of wind amongst trees.

7 "To daff," to sport, to make merry.

8 "Ill-c'et," fascinated, bewitched, by the influence of an "ill-ee."

9 He was bewitched by the Argyle-men who made the Raid.

10 The "Spens" or "Spence" was the place where provisions were kept. The "Spensar," or "Spencer," was the clerk of the kitchen. One M'Donald, by tradition, had that office then in the Royal Household.

11 "Cuddeich," a reward, a gift.

12 "Schill," (pronounced shill,) shrill, piercing, clear.

13 "Missand," missing: participle present of the verb "to miss."

14 "To lair," to sink, to plunge into mire.

15 A "wallee," a quagmire, a shaking marsh.

16 "To swarf," to faint, to swoon. The regular termination of the preterite is "it," in Scots, as "ed," in English.

17 "Lapper't," coagulated, curdled.

18 "A rattle-tree," the cross beam of a chimney for cooking.

19 "Lee, lie," sheltered, warm, peaceful.

20 "Rubyatour," a robber, a murderer, a debauchee, a libertine.

21 A chapel dedicated to St. Calmack, or Malcolm, was situated about a mile to the westward of Kames-Castle. There is not a vestige of it now remaining. In the kirkyard there is a standing stone, with an orna-

mental cross cut upon it. In this cemetery a massive twisted gold ring, and a golden Lion of James II., King of Scots, were found, in 1813.

22 The ruins of St. Michael's Chapel are to be seen still at Kirkmichael, near the north-west corner of the island. The kirkyard of it is used still for the burial of such "gangrel bodies" and "tinklers," as happen to die in the neighbourhood.

23 "Trentall" was a service for the dead which lasted thirty days, or consisted of thirty masses.

24 "Merrie," faithful, loyal, true to his sovereign.

25 "Bound," ready, prepared.

26 "Remeid," remedy, amends, recompense.

27 "Seinill, seindill," seldom, rare.

28 "Bute," behaved, be fit.

29 M'Donald, the steward of the King's kitchen, with a good deal of cunning, presented himself before his Royal Master, and asked a boon for his new year's gift, it being about that season. The King "speired" at the Master of the "skodges" what he wished to have. He modestly demanded the first thing that should fall unexpectedly into his Majesty's hands. The King promised accordingly; and soon after he was told of the slaughter of Wester-kames and his sons, and consequent relapse of the estate to the Crown. The King granted the lands to his lucky Spensar; who changed his name from M'Donald to Spens. The former laird and his sons who were murdered were called M'Kinlays. So far the legend says. There were two lairds of this name in the island of Bute in 1506, viz., Donald Spens of West-Kaym, and John Spens of Stouk.

Ninian Spens of Wester-kames was fined in 1200 lib. Scots by the Scots Parliament, in 1662, for air and pairt with Oliver Cromwell in his usurpation of the government.

The lands of Wester-kames were swallowed up by the neighbouring estate of Easter-kames, before the Union of the Crowns, in 1707.

The small square tower in question, now a ruin, is about a quarter of a mile northward of the other Castle, which is inhabited still under the name of Kames Castle.

30 "Bruikit," enjoyed, possessed.

31 "Weir," war, conflict, feud.

32 "Flane," an arrow.

33 "Seifu," happy, pleasant.

Varieties.

ENGLISH TRADITION—MAGNA CHARTA.—A custom has prevailed for some hundreds of years in Congleton, for a party of sweeps to perambulate the town at midnight, on the wake Sunday, with a number of bells of various sizes, fastened to broad leathern bands suspended over their shoulders, and ring them through the streets. The custom, it is believed, had its origin in no less an event than the signing of MAGNA CHARTA, which took place on the 19th of June A. D. 1215; and it is in remembrance of an old inhabitant "that when the parties were out with the bells, they used to cry uphold the Charter."—The Bells were originally purchased by the Corporation, and in searching the records of bygone ages, it is found that a Resolution was passed by that body whereby the Stubbs family were appointed to ring the bells on the anniversaries. The bells have always remained in the Stubbs family, and been handed down from father to son in an unbroken line for upwards of 600 years, and there is yet no probability of the race becoming extinct. Whether arising from a want of due appreciation of the glorious era in English history, which it was intended to commemorate, or from the economic habits of the age, or from old age or infirmity, the present representative of the old and privileged family has resolved to resign his prerogative, and his sons refuse to succeed him. He is also, it is said, anxious to sell the bells, and is actually looking out for a customer. Surely such relics of antiquity will not be subjected to such desecration!—MACCLESFIELD COURIER.

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"THE HAUGHS OF CROMDALE."

THE celebrated *strathspey*, known by the above designation, is as familiar to Scotchmen, in all parts of the world, as "Tullochgorum" itself. The battle which this stirring piece of native music commemorates, was fought on a secluded plain lying at the foot of Cromdale Hill, in Strathspey. No "sacred trophy" has been raised to the memory of the brave who "sunk to rest" on this lonely spot, and it is almost unknown beyond the parish in which it is situated. Here it was that, on the 1st of May 1690, the poor Highlanders, under Major-General Buchan, were defeated by the royal forces, commanded by Sir Thomas Livingstone. After the death of Viscount Dundee, at Killiecrankie, the previous year, the cause of James II. declined rapidly, but active measures were adopted to renew hostilities. General Buchan was sent with a force of 1500 Highlanders to plunder and lay waste the low country; and in passing through the lower parts of Strathspey his men committed such serious depredations that it was resolved to send Sir Thomas Livingstone, who was then lying at Inverness, with a powerful force of cavalry and infantry, to check the progress of the marauders. Buchan, on hearing this, returned to the Highlands, arriving at Cromdale on the 30th of April—the day before the battle. He pitched his camp on the farm of Lethindrie, near the old castle of that name; and not far from the scene of his defeat. On the same day, Livingstone arrived within a short distance of Castle Grant, the residence of the Laird of Grant, who was favourably disposed towards the Government; and, shortly after day-break, on the following morning, his troops were conducted to an eminence above the farm of Lagg, where they obtained a view of the enemy's camp, on the other side of the Spey. The poor Highlanders slumbered in fancied safety, little deeming that the opposing army was so near; and with the design of taking them by surprise, Livingstone led his men through the quiet valley of Auchinarrow towards the river Spey, below Dellachapple. Finding the ford at this place guarded by a company of Buchan's force, he proceeded to another, a mile distant, which he crossed with some dragoons and a company of his Highlanders. By this time an alarm had spread in the enemy's camp, and Buchan's men were moving in disorder towards the hills. Livingstone, observ-

ing this, dashed after them with the dragoons and his advanced guard of Highlanders, who, it is said, outran their companions on horseback. The fugitives were almost naked—the suddenness of the surprise having left little time for dressing. On reaching the foot of the hill, they turned round upon their pursuers, and defended themselves bravely with their broadswords and targets until the remainder of Livingstone's army came up, when they again fled, making occasional stands, and fighting desperately. A thick fog on the hills enabled them at last to get clear of their triumphant enemies. Some accounts state that Buchan had 400 men killed and taken prisoners. Another account estimates his loss at 100 killed and 60 prisoners. Livingstone's loss is said to have been nearly as great; although it is recorded also that he had only a few horses killed, and not a single man of his whole force. Upon this last statement, however, little reliance can be placed. The retreating Highlanders must have wielded their broadswords with better effect. It may easily be conceived with what dismay the partizans of King James received the news of the disaster at Cromdale, occurring after the success of the Highland army at Killiecrankie, only a few months before.

Apart from the feelings which must arise in a reflective mind on beholding the spot where so many brave fellows perished, the walk from the village of Grantown to the scene of the engagement is of itself sufficiently interesting. The distance may be about five miles, the first of which conducts the traveller through a wood, from which he emerges on a sudden, and finds the Spey rolling its ample waters at his feet, half-screened by a row of alder-trees. On the opposite side, sloping towards the river, are the fertile fields of Revack and Auchnagonaln, sheltered by the wooded height of Craigrevack from the blasts that sweep over Cairngorm, which is seen, far in the back-ground, rising proudly "in all the pomp of mountain majesty." Proceeding onwards the river is crossed by an old military bridge of three arches. The largest has a span of eighty-six feet, and through it the whole body of water finds a passage, unless when the river is in flood. The smallest arch, the span of which is only twenty feet, was demolished by the memorable flood of August 1829; and a rent is still visible in the middle arch. After passing Congash the country expands, and the view is extended. On the right is the Cromdale ridge of hills, separating the parish from Kirk-

michael; and on the left, about two miles distant, Castle Grant, the splendid mansion of the Grant family, is seen rising amidst dense forests, which cover several thousand acres. Some years ago, large sums were expended in repairing and improving this ancient residence, without, however, altering or defacing its antique and imposing appearance. Its fine old armoury—its rich and extensive library, abounding in rare works—its numerous paintings, many of them by the old masters—and its magnificent dining-room, 47 by 27 feet, hung round with old family portraits,—all betoken the abode of a nobleman sprung from a long line of ancestors. A little farther down, the parish church and the manse, with the wooded hill of Tomanour, rising boldly from the south bank of the Spey, are sure to attract observation. In the churchyard are two beech-trees of great antiquity, and singular appearance. The trunks rise so close to each other, and the branches are so thickly interwoven, that, at some distance, the two seem as one of enormous growth. Between their trunks a pulpit has been placed, around which, on sacramental occasions, hundreds of people assemble to hear the exhortations of the preacher, protected alike from sun and shower by the spreading boughs. At the bridge of Cromdale a road strikes off the highway on the right, passing near the old castle of Lethindrie, and leading to within a short distance of the battleground. This castle is now a ruin, and it appears to be of some antiquity; but little of its history is known. It is roofless, and the upper apartments are sadly dilapidated; but the vaults, which are arched, and some of the lower rooms, are yet pretty entire. One of them is used as a dairy by the gudewife of the tacksman of Lethindrie farm; and in others cattle and poultry are kept.

Quitting this ruined structure, and rounding the shoulder of the eminence on which it stands, we look down on a narrow plain, from the opposite side of which Cromdale Hill rises abruptly. This low ground is the spot where the conflict between the Highlanders and their hostile followers raged more fiercely. It is the celebrated "Haughs of Cromdale" which maidens have sung in the well-known ballad that bears its name, and which our great-grandfathers have spoken of with sorrow, for the loss of friends or relatives. On the west, it is flanked by a brown sterile moor, and a portion of the arable lands of Burnside. A tract of marshy ground extends on the east. Cromdale Hill and the hill of Lethindrie, as already stated, forms its boundaries on the north and south. From the former a clear stream gushes down, and, as it reaches the plain, murmurs through green hillocks and patches of nettles, said to be the graves of those who fell. The curling smoke from two or three cottages at a distance, is the only sign of vitality. The writer of this sketch visited the "Haughs" in August 1842, accompanied by a gentleman extensively acquainted with the traditional lore of the Highlands, and enthusiastic in his admiration of the brave deeds of our ancestors, and whose grandfather fought under the banner of Prince Charles Edward at Culloden. As we neared the ground our conversation naturally

ran on the events and occurrences of the war between King James and his successor. We waxed poetical. Highland warriors, broadswords, targets, and belted plaids, took possession of our imagination, until we could fancy that we saw the retreating clans flying over the heath. The spell was broken as we were about to set foot upon the plain, not by encountering the ghost of an armed Highlander, but a veritable being of flesh and blood—a dancing-master, (as we afterwards learned,) busily employed in cutting sticks for fuel, and dressed after the English fashion, with his head encased in a broad-brimmed straw hat! A dancing-master in such a lonely place! He had taken up his abode in one of the cottages alluded to, making occasional excursions to different parts of the country in pursuit of his profession. We found him, like most of his class, civil and obliging; but he could supply no information, either written or traditional, respecting the conflict. In going over the plain many a time we paused and pondered. The sun shone bright in the heavens; not a breath of wind stirred the purple heath; but the scene was impressive. Although neither a Marathon nor a Waterloo, a visit to the "Haughs of Cromdale" cannot fail to awaken some of the noblest of our feelings.

Dellachapple, near the battle-field, is the residence of Miss Grant, the niece of Mr Colquhoun Grant, a gentleman who distinguished himself in the army of Prince Charles Edward. At Prestonpans he manifested the most undaunted courage and bravery. From that memorable field he pursued a company of English dragoons up to the gates of Edinburgh castle, and by skill and presence of mind effected his escape from the town in safety. The celebrated John Roy Stuart and Colquhoun Grant were on the most intimate terms, and frequently side by side in the field of battle. For their adherence to the cause of the Stuarts, these two brave men were compelled to seek safety in concealment; and they spent many a lonely hour together among the solitudes of Cromdale Hill. Eventually Mr Grant became a writer to the signet, and realised a handsome competency in Edinburgh. His nephew, Captain Gregory Grant, R.N., died at Burnside about four years ago. He was distinguished for genuine Highland hospitality and attention to the wants of the poor. This gentleman, among other improvements, formed a carriage-road from his residence to the high road leading to Grantown. It passes the famed distillery of Balmeanach, and may be followed in returning from the "Haughs" to the village.

Inverness.

M.

THE REGALIA OF SCOTLAND.

WHEN we consider that the Crown of Scotland is a relic of the Bruce of Bannockburn; and that the Crown, Sword, and Sceptre, which constitute the Regalia, were the tangible signs of the nation's independence, we may well conceive the high importance attached to the preservation of the "Honours," as narrated in our last number. Apart from the intrinsic value of the articles, what a loss, in an antiquarian and national point of view,

would have been sustained by their destruction!—for destroyed in all likelihood they would have been had they fallen into the hands of the monarchy-hating Parliament of England.

As the history of the "Honours" is altogether interesting, and in many respects curious, we shall follow up the "True Account" of last week by an abridgement from one of the Bannatyne Club books, entitled "Papers Relative to the Regalia of Scotland," printed in 1829.

It seems well established that every emblem of royalty was taken from Baliol by Edward I., in 1296. The ceremony of degradation was performed in the castle of Montrose, or Brechin according to some authorities. The unfortunate Baliol was produced before Edward, and, in the language of Wytown, "dyspoyled"

"Of all hys robys of royaltie:
The pelure thai tuk off his tabart,
(Twme Tabart he was calyt effeyrwart),
And all othire insyngns,
That fel to kyngis on ony wys,
Bathe sceptre, sward, crowne, and ryng,
Fra this Jhon that he made kyng,
Halyly fra hym tuk thai thare,
And made hym of the kynryk bare:
Than this Jhon tuk a qwhyrt wand,
And gave up in-til Edwardis hand
Of this kynryk all the rycht,
That he than had, or have mycht,
Fra hym and all his ayris thare,
Tharept to claime it nevyr mare."

When Bruce first asserted his right to the Crown of Scotland, and was crowned king at Scone, a temporary circle, or coronal of gold, was used, which would have been unnecessary had the ancient regalia existed, or been within his reach. Even this temporary badge of royalty fell into the hands of the English after the Bruce's defeat at the battle of Methven.

The ancient Crown of Scotland never having been restored, the conclusion is, that the diadem now preserved was made by Bruce's orders to replace "the golden round and top of sovereignty," which was the visible emblem of the national independence, recovered by the wisdom and valour of the Scottish deliverer. It is certain, at all events, that such a crown was in existence at the coronation of his son, David II., in 1329. The workmanship of the antient portion of the present crown is ascertained to be as early as the fourteenth century. The precious stones in it are rough; whereas, at a later period, they were cut into facets. The representations of the Scottish Crown, prior to the time of Bruce, which exist upon coins and seals, are different from the one in question. They represent a diadem ornamented with *fleurs de lis* only; whereas, from the time of Robert Bruce downwards, the *fleurs de lis* are interchanged with crosses, as on the present Crown. Until the reign of James IV. the coinage continued to bear the same device. In 1483 that monarch is represented on the coinage with a close or arched crown; though it is possible that this badge of independent sovereignty, which was new in Europe, may not have been actually engrafted on the Crown itself. The Crown does not seem to have undergone any change until the reign of James V., who added the two concentric circles, surmounted at the point of intersection

with a mound of gold enamelled, and a large cross patee, upon which are the characters J. R. V. It is evident that these arches are of a date much posterior to the original crown. They have not originally formed part of the diadem, but are attached to it by tacks of gold; the workmanship of the arches is of a different and inferior description; and the metal is not of the same quality, the gold of the arches being less pure than that which forms the diadem. When, therefore, we find in the Manuscript Diary of Lord Fountainhall, preserved in the Advocate's Library, a memorandum, stating that "the crown of Scotland is not the ancient one, but was casten of new by James V." we must understand it in the limited sense of an alteration of the form by the addition of the arches, not an actual re-moulding of the whole substance of the crown.

The Sceptre was also made in the reign of James V., as appears by the characters J. R. V. engraved under the figures of the three saints, which are placed upon the top of it. It may be presumed that the sceptre was made at the same time when the crown was altered; most probably during the king's visit to Paris in 1536. James, when preparing for his intimate alliance with France by marrying one of her princesses, might be naturally induced to repair and augment the splendour of the national Regalia; and the advanced state of the arts at Paris afforded him the best opportunity of doing so.*

The Sword of State has an earlier date than the Sceptre. This beautiful specimen of early art was presented to King James IV. by the warlike Pope Julius II. in the year 1507. It was accompanied by a consecrated hat; and both, as we are made acquainted by Leely, were delivered with great solemnity in the Church of Holyrood by the Papal Legate and the Abbot of Dunfermline. This article of the Regalia is not interesting to the antiquary alone; the beautiful and fanciful style of the sculpture upon the handle, and the filigree work with which the sheath is covered, carry back the admirer of the arts to the period when they revived in their splendour. The various devices which are interwoven with the chasing represent the Papal Tiara and the Keys of St Peter—ornaments appropriate to the See of Rome; and the foliage of oak leaves and acorns, the personal device of Pope Julius, with which they are intermingled, forms a most beautiful example of the style of ornament commonly termed *grotesque*.

The chief use of the Regalia was at the Coronation of each new monarch. Our Scottish writers have left us no particular account of the rites of coronation. One remarkable part of the ceremonial, as practised in the early monarchy,

* The only part of the Sceptre which seems of a different age from that of James V. is the large globular mass of rock crystal, and its peculiar metallic settings, which surmount the sculptured figures near the top, and which indicate a degree of rudeness in the arts that ill accords with the other parts of the workmanship. It seems by no means improbable that this stone—which in the wardrobe inventories is dignified with the name of a "great beryll"—was an amulet which had made part of the more ancient Sceptre of the Scottish Kings.

derived its origin from the ancient Celtic ceremony of placing the new Chief, or Tanist, upon a stone or rock, when assuming for the first time the command of his tribe. Hence the celebrated *Fatal Stone*, upon which the Scottish monarchs were crowned at Scone, and which was removed to Westminster by Edward I. of England. Respecting other parts of the Scottish coronation ceremony, some idea may be formed from the ill-omened coronation of Charles II., as it was performed in the church of Scone on the 1st of January 1651, when he was called to the throne by the Presbyterian interest. On that occasion, the King, clad in a prince's robe, walked in procession from the hall of the palace to the church, the spurs, sword of state, sceptre and crown, being carried before him by the principal nobility. It is worthy of remark that upon this occasion the crown was borne by the unhappy Marquis of Argyle, who was put to death in no very legal manner immediately after the Restoration, using upon the scaffold these striking words, "I placed the crown on the King's head, and in reward he brings mine to the block." Upon entering the church, the King ascended an elevated throne, and listened to a sermon by Mr Robert Douglas, minister of Edinburgh, in which, with more zeal than decency and discretion, the preacher insisted upon the sins of the royal house, not forgetting those of the King himself. King Charles then solemnly swore to the Covenant, which, doubtless, in the opinion of many present, was the most substantial and important part of the ceremony. He then took the Coronation Oath, as contained in the 8th Act of the first Parliament of James VI. This oath was so much altered upon the change of religion, that it no longer resembles the ancient coronation oath of Scotland, which we have reason to believe was far more special in its description of the civil duties of the sovereign to the subject. Charles was then invested with the royal robes by the High Chamberlain, girded with the sword of state, and crowned by the Marquis of Argyle with the royal crown. Each of these actions was accompanied by a suitable exhortation. When the King was thus adorned with all the ensigns of his high dignity, Lion King-at-Arms caused a herald to call the nobility before their sovereign, one by one, according to their rank. Each as he passed before the King knelt down, and, with his hand touching the crown on the King's head, swore these words: "By the Eternal and Almighty God, who liveth and reigneth for ever, I shall support thee to the utmost." This individual homage having been rendered, the nobility held up their hands and took a general oath of fidelity. The Earl Marshell and Lyon King then went to the four corners of the stage successively, and proclaimed the obligatory oath to be taken by the subjects at large; and the people, holding up their hands, swore: "By the Eternal and Almighty God, who liveth and reigneth for ever, we become your liege-men, and truth and faith shall bear unto you, and live and die with you against all manner of folks whatsoever, in your service, according to the National Covenant and Solemn League and Covenant." The nobi-

lity and the Lyon King-at-Arms then assumed their coronets. The Lord Chamberlain next unloosed the sword of state from the King's side, drew it, and delivered it drawn into the King's hand, who gave it to the Constable to be borne naked before him. The Earl of Crawford and Lindsay placed the sceptre in the King's right hand, with a suitable exhortation; and the Marquis of Argyle installed him in the royal throne, saying: "Stand and hold fast from henceforth, the place whereof you are the lawful and righteous heir, by a long and lineal succession of your fathers, which is now delivered unto you by authority of Almighty God." The minister then threw in a long word of exhortation; which finished, a free pardon to all offenders was proclaimed from the four corners of the stage by the Lord Chancellor and the Lyon King-at-Arms. The King then, supported by the Chancellor, Constable, and Marshell, exhibited himself to the people at the door of the church, who received him with shouts of "God save the King!" The new-made Monarch returned into the church and assumed his throne, while the Lyon King recited the royal pedigree up to Fergus the First. Then the Lyon again called the Lords, one by one, to do homage, who, kneeling, and holding their hands betwixt the King's hands, did swear these words: "By the Eternal and Almighty God, who liveth and reigneth for ever and ever, I become your liege-man, and truth and faith shall bear unto you, and live and die with you, against all manner of folk whatever, in your service, according to the National Covenant and Solemn League and Covenant." Another long exhortation, pronounced by the minister, in which again the iniquities of the royal house were not forgotten, showed the ill-timed and intemperate zeal of the Presbyterian party. When this was ended, the King, wearing his royal robes, with the crown on his head, the sceptre in his hand, and the sword of state borne before him, returned to the palace in solemn procession.

Such was the ceremony of Charles II.'s coronation, in which, we may presume, most of the ancient rites, so far as they were known or remembered, were duly observed.

During the sittings of the Scottish Parliament, which were usually preceded by a solemn procession of the members, the Regalia were borne in state to the hall of the assembly, and, as emblems of the royal authority, were placed on a table before the throne, when they were not worn on the person of the Sovereign. The royal assent to the acts of parliament was given by touching them with the sceptre.

The production of the Honours in Parliament was considered such a necessary part of the solemnity attending the sitting of that national body, that their absence was accounted ominous. When the Articles of Perth, so obnoxious to the Presbyterians, were passed, in the year 1621, the discontented party exulted that the tempest upon this occasion (in itself a prodigy) prevented the Regalia from being brought in procession to the Parliament, and that the hated articles were not greeted with the presence of the Honours when they were adopted.

During the sitting of Parliament, the Royal Insignia were placed under the care and custody of the Earl Mareshall of Scotland, whose high office of state was hereditary in the family of Keith. The same officer claimed a right to take charge of the Regalia during the intervals in which Parliament was not sitting; but as this must have been attended with much inconvenience, the castles, estates, and vassalage of that great nobleman, by which alone he could protect the Regalia, lying far in the north, and at a distance from the seat of government, the Honours were usually lodged, with the rest of the royal treasure, in the Jewel-House, under the care of the Treasurer for the time. They are repeatedly mentioned in the inventories of the royal treasure; as, for example, in the year 1539, when this entry occurs in the inventory of the royal wardrobe:—

“JOWELLIS.

Item, ane crowne of gold sett with perle and precious stanis.

Item, in primis diamantis twenty.

Item, of fyne orient perle thre scoir and aucht, wantand ane floure delice of gold.

Item, ane septour with ane grete bereal and ane perle in the heid of it.

Item, twa swordis of honour, with twa beltis, the auld belt wantand foure stuthis.

Item, the hatt that come fra the Paip, of grey velvett, with the Haly Gaist sett all with orient perle.”

In a subsequent inventory, given up by John Tennand, 23th November, 1542, a similar entry occurs concerning the Regalia:—

“Item, in the first his grace's croun, full of precious stanes and orient perle, with ane septour set with ane greit barrell.

Item, twa swordis of honour, with twa beltis wantand four stuthis.

Item, ane rob royall of purpoure velvett lynett with armin, and ane kirtill of the samyne velvett, lynett in the foir breistis with armyn and heid schylt.”

Two swords of state are here mentioned; the second was probably that which was presented to James V. from the Papal See, upon the 22d February, 1536; a gift which, according to Lesly, was accompanied by an intimation which James, for the time, had the wisdom to disregard, that the edge of the weapon would be well employed against his heretical neighbour, Henry VIII. of England. This sword appears to have been lost in the lapse of time; or in the dilapidation of the royal treasure which took place during the beginning and latter end of Queen Mary's reign. Another curious article occurs in Tennand's inventory, namely, “the Queen's Graces croun, set with the perle and precious stanis, with ane septour with ane quhyte hand.” These subordinate articles of the Regalia have been also long since destroyed.

At the accession of James VI. to the Crown of England, it is probable he carried with him to his new Kingdom all the personal part of the royal treasure; but the Honours properly so called remained in Scotland, and continued to be kept

by the Treasurer during the period when the Parliament was not sitting.

When the Honours were delivered up on the death of Sir Gideon Murray of Elibank, Treasurer Depute of Scotland, in 1621, an accurate inventory of them was taken. The jewels of the crown, real and counterfeit, were minutely described. Ten of the small *challoms* or spaces are mentioned as filled with blue enamel instead of stones; two *challoms* totally empty, and two filled with flat white stones—all which imperfections exist at this day. The same accurate description takes notice, that the top of the Sceptre has been broken and pierced; and also that the handle and scabbard of the Sword of State had sustained some damage; which injuries may be still observed.

There is a constant tradition, for which no written authority can be produced, that Charles I. desired to have the Crown of Scotland sent up to London, to be used in his coronation there; but that this having been declined by the Scottish Privy Council, as contrary to the laws of the kingdom, he was induced to undertake a journey to Scotland, in order to be there crowned king. Upon this occasion, Clarendon informs us that the King appeared with no less lustre at Edinburgh than at Whitehall; and that the pomp of his coronation, passed with all the solemnity and evidence of public joy which could be expected or imagined—a glimpse of sunshine soon to be overcast by the approaching tempest. Nor did it escape that great historian, that the lavish expense of the Scottish nobility, emulous to support their dignity upon such an occasion, involved their estates in debt, which finally rendered them discontented, and ripe for desperate counsels.

In the beginning of the Scottish civil wars, in 1637, while the Marquis of Hamilton was residing at Dalkeith, he appears to have meditated the removing of the Regalia; not, perhaps, conceiving them very safe in the hands of the Earl of Mar, then governor of Edinburgh Castle. But as no defence was ultimately made, the Royal Insignia fell into the hands of the Government, in 1638.

In the subsequent national misfortunes, as related in our last, they were placed for safety in Dunnotar Castle.

[To be continued.]

CASSILLIS DOWNANS.

Upon that night when fairies light
On Cassillis Downans* dance;
Or owre the lays, in splended maze,
On sprightly coursers prance.

THE nearest way from Ayr to these “fairie haunts,” is by the stage-coach as far as Caroluie (written, by the by, in most of the old records *Corcloy*), and from thence over the hill to Dalrymple. An easy walk of three quarters of an hour brought us to the summit of the range of hills which enclose the village on the west. And here let us station ourselves for a few seconds—the

* Certain romantic, rocky, green hills, in the neighbourhood of the ancient seat of the Earls of Cassillis.—
POEM OF HALLOWEEN.

scene that bursts upon our view is worthy of all eulogium. The valley, delightful in itself, is highly cultivated, and the mellow beams of an autumn sun are glancing on the sickles of innumerable reapers, busily engaged in cutting down the ripened grain; while the voice of jocund toil gratefully ascends from yonder light-hearted band, whose spirit even excessive labour cannot subdue. Stretching away towards the east, the *Doon* is seen emerging from the woods of Skel-don; and, sweeping along in a serpentine curve, may be traced in its course through the valley, till lost in the thick plantations of Cassillis. Close on its bank is situated the pleasant village of Dalrymple, with its smiling gardens, its rose and woodbine-adorned cottages, and the blue smoke of the cheerful hearths curling towards heaven with all the incense of a peace-offering from those quiet and happy homes. Here we have the rural scenery of Goldsmith truly realized:—

“ Sweet Auburn? loveliest village of the plain?
Where health and plenty cheer’d the labouring swain,
Where smiling Spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting Summer’s lingering blooms delay’d.

How often have I paus’d on every charm—
The shelter’d cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topt the neighbouring hill,
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made.”

Unlike most other villages, Dalrymple appears to have been built on a regular plan, the two streets of which it is composed forming one-half of a square, while the area is occupied with the manse, a portion of the glebe, the school-house, and one or two gardens. The manse, to which an addition has recently been built, is a comfortable mansion and well enclosed. The nicely white-washed church, forming, as it were, one of the corners of the square, is also seen from our position on the eminence, and completes the scene. It was built in 1764, and is situated on the rising ground at the lower bend of the river. The church is kept in good repair, but is considered too small for the population. Owing to the distance many of the parishioners have to travel, there is no interval in the service on Sabbath: and here the old mode of collecting for the poor by handing a laddle round the pews, instead of at the door, is still maintained. Though a place of worship existed at Dalrymple from a remote period, the village itself is entirely modern, the proprietor of the first house erected in it being still alive. On entering the village, it is impossible not to admire the clean appearance of the houses. No magistracy—no police—are here required to maintain the laws or enforce decorum. A laudable rivalry seems to prevail in those habits of economy and industry, which alone lead to comfort and happiness. Besides gardens attached to the rear of the dwellings, not a few possess little flower-plots in front, which, in most instances, are dressed with great care. The inhabitants chiefly rank with the rural population of the parish, the few tradesmen in it being dependent almost solely on the employment afforded by the agriculturists of the surrounding country. A library was esta-

blished in the village some years ago, and though not on a very extensive scale, we are glad to learn that it is in a flourishing condition, and greatly appreciated by the community. As a proof of the utility of such an institution in a locality of this kind, it may be mentioned that the volumes circulate amongst the farm houses for miles round.

Leaving Dalrymple, the walk to Cassillis Downans is little more than a mile. The highest of the range of hills, which presents the form of a cone, has an imposing aspect. The height may be estimated at between four and five hundred feet above the level of the *Doon*, and as the rise is somewhat abrupt, the difficulty of access is considerable. The summit once gained, however, the visitor is amply rewarded for his toil by the extensive prospect which it commands—the scope of vision ranging from ten to thirty miles. Amongst the woods, in the beautiful *haugh* beneath, are seen the turrets of Cassillis House, one of the oldest baronial residences in the county. The *Doon* rolls gently at its base, and the rich green lawns undulate in beautiful perspective amid the magnificent old trees by which it is surrounded. Beyond the *Doon* rise the sloping and dense woods of Dalrymple, said to have originally formed a portion of the ancient Caledonian forest. Turning northward, an expansive view is obtained of the bay, the harbour, and town of Ayr, the ports of Troon, Irvine, Ardrossan, part of the Cumbraes, and the “lofty Benlomond,” in its robes of blue. Eastward, the hills of Cumnock and Dalmellington are easily recognized, while, to the south, the hills of Straiton, the water of Girvan, and the Nick of the Balloch, are not less distinguishable. On the west, the eye is arrested by the huge hill of Mochrum, and, at a distance of some four miles, the spirited town of Maybole is seen swelling along the gently sloping eminence on which it is situated. With the exception of the views from the Castles of Stirling and Edinburgh, or Goatfell in Arran, we have nowhere been gratified by a richer prospect. Highly panoramic, the view embraces every variety of landscape composition—sea, mountains, woods, streams, straths, castles, towns, villages, &c.; and affords a pleasing idea of the agricultural condition of Ayrshire—the pastoral and cultivated districts being admirably blended in one gorgeous painting of nature’s own colouring. But, apart from the more general enhancements of topography, the hill of Cassillis Downans presents an object of peculiar interest to the antiquary, in the remains of one of those ancient circular forts or camps, vestiges of which are to be found in various localities of Ayrshire. These no doubt belonged to the *Damnii*, the original settlers of Britain. From the name of a farm in the immediate vicinity—Dunree, in Gaelic *Dun-righ*, signifying the king’s stronghold—it is inferred that the fort was distinguished by a royal appellation. Within view of Cassillis Downans there are three or four similar remains, forming, as it were, a chain from south to north, by which means immediate notice could be communicated of the approach of an enemy. At the camp of Woodland, in the immediate neighbourhood of

Dalrymple, some time ago, the tenant of the farm, on digging within the circle, found a human skull, which he preserved for many years. In former times, Cassillis Downans was regarded as a favourite haunt of the fairies of Ayrshire, and a popular tradition still exists illustrative of their peculiar attachment to the locality. The old house of Cassillis, it is said, was originally intended to have occupied a site on the top of the hill, but the fairies were so much opposed to this that they invariably demolished at night what had been built during the day—removing the stones and other material to the spot where the castle now stands—until the proprietor, convinced of the folly of contending with his invisible opponents, at length gave up the contest.

Directing our way down the slope of the Downans, we now entered the policies of Cassillis, which, if enticing from a distance, are still more enchanting when you find yourself on the green lawn under the spreading foliage of many a noble oak and plane, and hear the music of the water

"Among the bonnie winding banks
Where Doon rins, wimplin' clear."

The Castle, to which an elegant gothic front was added some years ago by the late Lord Kennedy, consisted previously of a massive square tower, with a spiral stair. The lower story is vaulted, and the walls, as high as the third flat, are upwards of sixteen feet in thickness. At what period the house was built does not appear to be known. Grose, in his antiquities of Scotland, says—"This tower has probably undergone many repairs; the present appearance (1789) does not bespeak the last to be older than the reign of Queen Mary, or James VI. her son." The estate of Cassillis fell into the hands of Sir John Kennedy of Dunure, during the reign of Robert II., in the fourteenth century, and immediately afterwards Cassillis became the chief seat of the family. Though the Castle is not associated with any remarkable event in history, yet the well-known ballad of the "Gypsy Laddie," and the tradition regarding the Countess to whom the verses refer, has invested the scene of her elopement with a peculiar interest.

"The gypsies cam to our lord's yett,
An' oh but they sang bonnie;
They sang sae sweet an' sae complete
That doun cam the fair ladye.

An' she cam trippin' doun the stair,
Wi' a' her maids before her;
As soon as they saw her weel-faur'd face,
They coost the glamour owre her.

"Gae tak' frae me this gay mantil,
And bring to me a plaidie;
For if kith and kin and a' had sworn,
I'll follow the gipsy laddie."

The "fair ladye" is said by some antiquaries to have been the Countess of John the Sixth Earl of Cassillis, who was attending the Assembly of Divines at Westminster in 1643, when the elopement is alleged to have occurred. Popular tradition accords with the ballad in attributing the imprudent step adopted by the Countess to the influence of "glamour," or witchery; but Finlay

and others attempt to account for the indiscretion, by representing the leader of the gypsies to have been an early lover of the lady—Sir John Faa of Dunbar. Doubt is even attempted to be thrown on the whole story, from the fact of the air to which the ballad is sung having been discovered in a book of music written many years prior to the alleged period of the event recorded in the verses. This, however, is not a well-founded objection—there being no necessary affinity of origin between the words and the air; and the tradition is too well grounded and circumstantial to be invalidated. But it strongly countenances the opinion that the abduction of the Countess of Cassillis occurred at a more remote period than that condescended upon. Indeed this is placed beyond doubt by the publication of two original letters in "The Ballads and Songs of Ayrshire:"* the first, a letter of the Earl of Cassillis, inviting Lord Eglinton to the funeral of his Countess, in which she is styled his "deir bed-fellow;" and the second, the reply of the Earl of Eglinton, apologising for his inability to attend. From the date—December 1642—there can be no doubt that the parties were John, the sixth Earl of Cassillis, and his Countess, Lady Jean Hamilton. Her funeral, besides, took place from Cassillis House; so that Lady Jean could not be the unhappy Countess whose prison-house is said to have been Maybole Castle.

The "gypsies' steps," a few straggling stones across the Doon, at a ford some hundred yards distant from the Castle, are still pointed out as the way by which the Countess and her enchanters escaped from the Castle, and eluded observation by threading their way unseen through the woods. In front of the Castle stands an old and majestic plane tree, on the wide-spreading branches of which Johnnie Faa and his companions are said to have paid the penalty of their temerity with their lives. The tree is called the "Dule Tree," and the apartment from which the lady became an involuntary witness of the revolting spectacle is still pointed out as the *Countess' Room*. There are two portraits of her preserved at Cassillis—one before marriage, and the other after her imprisonment. The latter represents her in tears. The lady, as tradition affirms, was confined all her lifetime in the Castle of Maybole, where she passed the time in working the story of her misfortune in tapestry.

The title and estate of Cassillis having passed into the hands of Sir Thomas Kennedy of Culzean (a junior branch of the family) in 1759, the house of Cassillis was no longer regarded as the principal residence, though it was still maintained in a habitable state. When the late Lord Kennedy, however, came to reside there, about thirteen years ago, an entire new suit of apartments (as formerly stated) was added to the old tower, and numerous improvements effected. Many more were in progress, when the much lamented death of his lordship again consigned the house and policies of Cassillis to comparative neglect.

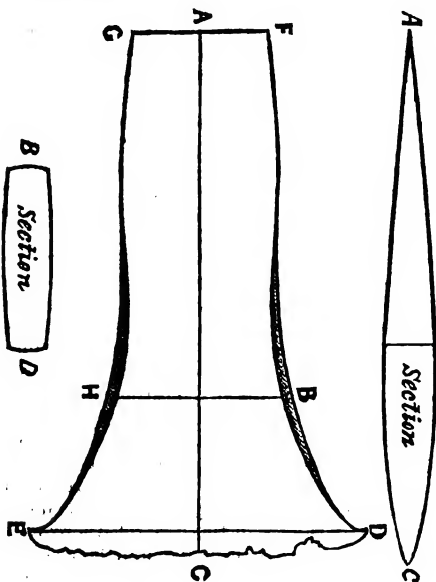
* T. G. Stevenson, 87 Princes Street, Edinburgh; and J. Dick, bookseller, Ayr.

BRONZE WEAPONS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE SCOTTISH JOURNAL.]

SIR,—Out of the multiplicity of bronze relics which have from time to time been recovered from the soil, very few can be claimed as British; so few, indeed, as to lead some of our eminent antiquaries, and among others, Mr Robert Stuart, author of "Caledonia Romana," to think that our forefathers, in the time of the Romans, were unacquainted with the manufacture of bronze, though using weapons of that material. That opinion may be well or ill-grounded; but the question will serve as my apology for sending you the following paragraph, which might otherwise pass unrecorded:—

In December last, three ancient axes, of bronze, were discovered buried in a field on the farm of Connage, parish of Petty, Inverness-shire, by a labourer employed in cutting drains. Almost the whole parish was a moss until a comparatively recent period; and though the progress of improvement has now changed the face of the country considerably, the field in which the relics were found is still said to be within "the moss of Petty." The weapons were found at a depth of three feet. They differ in size, and, when discovered, the two largest were placed side by side, edge-downwards, with the smallest lying flat above them. With the exception of the edges, which were hacked as if by violent blows, the axes were in a good state of preservation, little or no corrosion having taken place; and the style of finish showed that the art of working in bronze was well understood by the makers. A drawing of one of the weapons will illustrate its shape better than description.



From A to C the length is five and a-half inches; from D to E the breadth is three and a-half inches; from F to G one and a-half; and at

the points B and H the thickness is 4-10ths of an inch. At both ends the edges are sharp; the sides are concave: and the weapon itself is transversely rounded. The three relics were for a short time in the possession of Mr Croall, parish teacher, Ardersier; but afterwards went into that of the Earl of Moray. I believe these bronzes to be relics of the Britons, whether manufactured by themselves, or obtained from the Phœnicians or other traders. It is true that Burghhead, thirty miles from Petty, was the Ptoroton, and Forres, twenty miles distant, the Varis of the Romans; that Roman remains have been found near Nairn and Campbellton, on the road by Petty to Bona and Fort Augustus, where there are evidences of the presence of the Roman soldiery; but the relics which have been recovered are all very different from those alluded to. The field in which the latter were found is still spoken of traditionally as the "blood-field;" but the idea is only vague that some encounter had there occurred long ago. From the fact that the tradition is so indistinct, it does not seem unreasonable to suppose that it may refer to some minor conflict betwixt the Romans and the native Vacomagi. To strengthen this supposition, I may add, that a specimen, exactly resembling that of which I have sent a drawing, was found in the same field a few years ago. The field has been cultivated for twenty-eight years.

With wishes for the success of the Journal, I remain yours,

M^rPHADRIG.

REASONS FOR THE BURROWS OF SCOTLAND,

IN SUPPORT OF THEIR FREIGHTING FOREIGN SHIPS.

January 1615.

Reasonis for the Borrowis of the kyngdome of Scotland, quhairfoir their libertie aucht not to be restrayned in the frauchting of forraine schippis and boddomis for transporting of thair guidis to and fra the said kyngdome.*

First, they protest, as nature and dewtie bindis thame, that they ar most willing to prefer thair awin cuntriemen and schipping to any strangers in the world in the caice forsaide, yea ewin with evident and seine loss of thair awin accordis; bot if this proceed fra any constitutioun, or publick restraint, or prohibitioun to be maid be his Maestie, they fear it sall produce suche dangerous effectis as may evert and overthrow thair hail seafairing tred and schipping for ewer.

Beacaus that pre[codent] and example, the kyngis and prynces of vther kyngdomes no doubt wilbe inducit, for the benefeit of thair awin subjectis to mak the lyk constitutionis within thair dominionis; and if so be, thair is nathing to be expected bot decay and wrack to our schipping, insamikle as the greittest number of the best schippis of Scotland ar continuallie employed in the service of Frenschemen, not onlie within the dominionis of France, bot also within the boundis of Spayne, Italie, and Barbarie, quhair thair tred

* See Balfour's Annals, vol. ii. p. 56-58.

lyis; quhilk is ane cheiff caus of the intres of the number of Scottis schippis, and of thair maintenance: quhairas be the contrairie, the half of the number of schippis quhilkis ar presentlie in Scotland will serve for our awin priuat tred and negociatione, if we haid not this benefeit and commoditie of strangers.

This is nocht to be esteimed ane naiked presumptione vpon our pairt, because we have alreddye found the practize thair of in France, in sa mikle, as vpon informatione gewin to the King of France and his Maiesties counsell thair, that this publick prohibitioun of the frauchting of schippis belonging to strangeris in England or vther pairtis, they haue beine pleased to mak the lyk prohibitioun within the dominiounis of France, quhilk taking executioun laitlie in Normandie againis ane English schip and ane vther Dutche schip, quhilkis being laidned with Frensche commodities, the maisteris and marineris thair of wer compellit to disburden the same of the saidis commodities, and returne toome and emptie to their awin cuntries. So also the lyk wes intendit, becaus ane Scottis bark perteyning to Andro Allane, quhilk that same tyme wes also laidned with Frensche merchandice, and no doubt wald haue beine practized againis thame, wer not the maisteris and marineris of the said bark pretendit greiter immunitie be the ancient alliance and leagues maid betwix the kyngdomes of France and Scotland nor vther strangeris; and that they wer compellit to alledge that thair wes no restraint maid in Scotland of any libertie quhilk Frenschemen haid ewer injoyed thair before, and to find cautione to report ane autentik testimoniall thairvpon frome Scotland, as may appeir both be the proces quhilk wes deducit at Rowane hairvpon, and by the lettres of the Scottis factours sent heir to the provest of Edinburgh, testifying the premisses to be of veritie; swa that if this publick restraint and prohibitioun haue place heir in Scotland, we neid not to luik for any tred in France, without quhilk nather can our schipping nor tred of merchandice stand, but all will turne to ane pitifull wrack and confusioun, for we ar not in sic caise heir in Scotland as the subjects of vther kyngdomes, quhairin thair is continuall intercourse and commoditie by resort of strangeris, by quhome thair welth and estait growis; and thair is no strangeris that repairs to this kyngdome except sic as importis tumber and vther gross merchandice of small worth.

Secundlie, if our libertie in frauchting of strangeris schippis heir in Scotland be restrained, we wilbe compellit to leave our tred of heringis, quhilk we transport to the eist cuntries, becaus the best occasioun of the transport thair of is offred onlie in the monethis of September and October, in the quhilk seasoun we haue the commoditie of sum Dutche schippis heir, quha hes imported tumber within this realme, and wilbe content to transport our guidis for the thrid of the fraucht quhilk Scottis schippis may serue for; because if they want this employment they will returne emptie; and the awneris of Scottis schippis can not undertak thir voyages bot vpon greit and exorbitant frauchtes, seing they wilbe constrainyd to ly the maist pairt of the wynter seasoun in the

eist cuntries, be reasonne of the frostis incloseing thame thair. If thir frauchtis wer gewin by merchandis, they wald report no gayne nor commoditie by that tred, and so must leave the same, to the hurt and prejudice of the whole kyngdome.

It is also to be considerit that Scottis schippis can not convenientlie serue for the importing of waynscott, knaphult, (naptha) tar, and vther gross waires within this kyngdome, becaus they ar nocht able to serue vpon so easie conditiounis as Dutche schippis, quha ar seruit by thrie or four marineris at the maist; and if greit frauchtis wer giwen for such wares, all the wairis aboue writtin culd scarslie be sold for dowble pryce, quhilk wald turne to the hurt of the hail kyngdome.

EARL OF DUMFERMLINE TO KING JAMES VI.

[This letter from Alexander Seton, Earl of Dunfermline, the able Chancellor of James VI., is very curious, from the particulars it contains relative to Mure of Auchindrain, whose wholesale murders are, though more than two centuries old, familiar to most readers through the medium of Scott, who honoured Auchindrain by naming perhaps the best of his dramas after him.]

5 March 1608.

Maist Sacred Souerene,

I tak the occasioun and bauldness to writte this vnto your hienes, in ansuere off that it pleased your Sacred Maiestie writte to me the secund of Februar, directing me to deal with my nepvieu, the Erle of Abercorne, that he sould desist from onye farder insisting in suite of the Laird of Achindraynis forfaiture, and renunce all benefeit and promeis he had of your Maiestie for the same. I could nae better trawell with him in that, nor be communicatting your gracious mynd to him, be the sight off your hienes awin letter, whairtoe I hope he hes send your Maiestie ane ansuere, whilk will sufficientlie satisfie your princelie intention in this purpose. This I can testifie vnto your Maiestie of certaintie, that whasowir hes informed your hienes, that the said Erle off Abercorne delt, or wald onye wayes be persuadit to deal, for onye favour or owirsight to the said Laird of Achindrayne, hes sayde far bye the treuthe, or onye thing hes ewir bene in his mynde. He hes indeede some freindschipt with the hous off Barganie, whometoe Achindrayne hes bene this lang tyme a dependar; bott as the hous off Barganie findis that the said Achindraynis practises was the wrack of the last laird of Barganye, swa haiff thay be experience off laitt tryed, that he was be all possible meanes working to vndoe that house, and thairfor hes haillie casin him off. And this I assure your Maiestie, that it was be thair speciall moyane, diligence, and industrie, with the assistance of the Erle off Abercorne, that baithe this last treasonable murthour of his is brocht to the light it is cummed to, and also his foirknaledge, privitie, and persuasioun to the young man Thomas of Barganie, for the foull murthour of the Tutour of Cassills, and without thair doing and insisting, the same will be hardlie yitt

brocht to perfection and dew outredde in tryall and punischement.

I knaw Achindrayne hes be manye means socht to purchess my Lord Abercorne's goodwill, or at least to lay him bye his perswitt, and for that hes caused offer him mair nor he can ewer haiff of the benefite off his pursuite. Bot he hes newir gevin anye ear to sic proposition, regarding ewer mair yior hienes prencelie intention in the prosecution of justice and pwnischement off sua wyldie a fact, and the dewtie off his plaice and estaitt, nor anye commoditie: And this I hope yior Maestie shall find be prooffe to be the veritye and be his action, in regaird whereoff he is perswaded certantie, that for naa vrang nor ontrew rapport off anye sic subjects, yior hienes will alter or chaynege your former prencelie word, grant, and benefite, whereoff yior hienes than thoct him worthie, for he esteyms that war a greater disgrace to him, nor all the mater is awaill. This I remitt alwayes to yior Majesties heiche wisdom and good resolution, for it may be that schortlie the event may prove the Erie of Abercorne to be the Laird of Achendraynis speciall parsewar, and onlie owirthrow onder your Majesties authoritie and lawis, whilk will manifest the ontrenthe off that yior hienes hes bene informed off. Swa taking my leave, with the maist humbell kisse off yior royall hand, rests for ewir

Your Sacred Maesties
maist humbill and affectionat
subject and seruitour,
DUNFERMELNE.*

Edinburgh, 5 Marche
1608.

To the King his maist
Excellent Majestie.

MY MIND TO ME A KINGDOM IS.

[We know not the author of this excellent composition, if it be not Marlow. The *ELGIN COURANT* says "it is quoted by an author in 1569, as a well known production;" but this is probably a mistake.]

My mind to me a kingdom is;
Such perfect joy therein I find,
As far exceeds all earthly bliss,
That God of nature hath assigned!
Though much I want that most would have
Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

Cotent to live, this is my stay;
I seek no more than may suffice;
I press to bear no haughty sway;
Look, what I lack my mind supplies.
Lo! thus I triumph, like a king,
Content with what my mind doth bring.

I see how plenty surfeits oft,
And hasty climbers soonest fall;
I see that such as sit aloft,
Mishap doth threaten most of all;
These get with toil, and keep with fear:
Such care my mind could never bear.

No princely pomp, no wealthy store?
No force to win the victory;

* His lordship's sister, Margaret, having married Lord Claud Hamilton, Lord Claud's son, James—created Earl of Abercorn, 10th July, 1606—was the Chancellor's nephew. This and the preceding article are from the Balfour MSS. in the Library of the Faculty of Advocates.

No wily wit to salve a sore:

No shape to win a lover's eye;
To none of these I yield a thrall,
For why?—my mind despiseth all.

Some have too much, yet still they crave;
I little have, yet seek no more;
They are but poor, though much they have,
And I am rich with little store;
They poor, I rich; they beg, I give;
They lack, I lend; they pine, I live.

I laugh not another's loss,
I grudge not at another's gain;
No worldly care my mind can toss,
I brook what is another's ban;
I fear no foe, nor fawn on friend;
I loathe not life, nor dread my end.

I joy not in no earthly bliss,
I weigh not Cressus' wealth a straw!
For care, I care not what it is—
I fear not fortune's fatal law;
My mind is such as may not move
For beauty bright, or force of love.

I wish but what I have a will,
I wander not to seek for more,
I like the plain, I climb the hill,
In greatest storms I sit on shore,
And laugh at them who toll in vain
To get what must be lost again.

I kiss not where I wish to kill;
I feign not love where most I hate;
I lack no sleep to win my will;
I wait not at the mighty's gate—
I scorn no poor, I fear no rich,
I feel no want, nor have too much.

The court nor cart I like nor loathe:
Extremes are counted worse than all;
The golden mean betwixt them both
Doth surest sit, and fears no fall:
This is my choice; for why? I find
No wealth is like a quiet mind.

My wealth is health and perfect ease!
My conscience clear my chief defence;
I never seek by bribes to please,
Nor by desert to give offence.
Thus do I live, thus will I die;
Would all did so, as well as I.

AN UNKNOWN ENGLISH COLONY.

An Account of certain English People, who, in 1569, making a Voyage to the East Indies, were cast away, and Wrecked upon an Uninhabited Island, near the coast of *Terra Australis incognita*, and all drowned except one man and four women.

Given by Cornelius Van Sloetten, Captain of a Dutch Ship, which was driven there by foul weather in 1687.

CERTAIN English merchants, encouraged by the great advantages arising from the eastern commodities, in the year 1569, having obtained Queen Elisabeth's royal licence, furnished out for the East Indies four ships, of which — English was chosen factor, who embarked, on the 3d of April, O. S., with his wife and family, consisting of a son of twelve years old, a daughter of fourteen, two maid-servants, a female negro slave, and George Pine, his book-keeper, on board one of the said ships, called *The East India Merchant*, of 450 tons, being provided with all manner of necessaries and conveniences, in order to settle a factory there.

By the 14th of May, they were in sight of the Canaries, and soon after arrived at the Cape de Verd islands, where they took in some provisions for their voyage, and steering their course south, and a point east, about the 1st of August came to the island of St Helen; and having taken in some fresh water, set forward for the Cape of Good Hope, where by God's blessing they arrived safe, having hitherto met with no tempestuous or disagreeable sailing weather.

But it pleased God, when they were almost in sight of St Laurence, (said to be one of the largest islands in the world,) they were overtaken by a great storm of wind, which separated them from the rest of the ships, and continued with such violence for many days, that, being driven out of their knowledge, they lost all hopes of safety.

The 1st of October, about break of day, the sea continuing very stormy and tempestuous, they discovered land, which appeared high and rocky; and the nearer they approached to it their fears increased, expecting the ship would suddenly be dashed to pieces. The captain, therefore, Mr English, and some others, got into the long boat, in hopes, by that means, to save themselves; and presently after, all the sailors cast themselves overboard, endeavouring to save their lives by swimming; but, probably, they all perished in the sea.

Mr Pine, Mr English's daughter, the two maid-servants, and negro girl, were the only persons remaining on board the ship; and these five persons were miraculously preserved: for after the ship had beat three or four times against the rocks, being now broken, and quite foundered in the waters, they had with great difficulty gotten themselves on the bowsprit, which, being broken off, was driven by the waves into a small creek, where in fell a little river, which, being encompassed by the rocks, was sheltered from the winds, so that they had opportunity, though almost quite spent, to land themselves.

Mr Pine getting together some rotten wood, by the assistance of a tinder-box he had in his pocket, made a fire, by which they dried themselves; and then, leaving the females, he went to see if he could find any of the ship's company that possibly might have escaped; but could find none. At length, it drawing towards evening, he, with what he could get from the wreck, returned to his fellow-sufferers, who were very much troubled for want of him, he being now all their support in this lost condition.

They were afraid that the wild people of the country (if there were any) might find them out; but could distinguish neither footsteps nor paths. And the woods round about them being full of briars and brambles, they apprehended too there might be wild beasts to annoy them, though they saw no marks of any. But, above all, for want of food, they were afraid of being starved to death; but God had otherwise provided for them.

The wreck of the ship furnished them with many necessities; for, getting together some broken pieces of boards and planks, sails and rigging, with the help of poles they made themselves tents; and having gotten wood for firing, and three or four sea-gowns to cover them, making the negro

their sentry, they slept soundly all night, having been without sleep for several nights before.

The next day, after being well refreshed with sleep, the wind ceasing, and the weather being warm, they went down from the rocks on the sands at low water, where they found a great part of the ship's lading, either on shore, or floating near it. Mr Pine, with the help of his companions, dragged most of it on shore; and what was too heavy for them they broke; and unbinding the casks and chests, and taking out the goods, they secured all, so that they wanted neither cloaths, nor other necessities for house-keeping. But the salt water had spoiled all the victuals except one cask of biscuit, which being lighter, and perhaps better secured than the rest, was undamaged. This served them for bread a-while; and a fowl of about the bigness of a swan, very heavy and fat, which by reason of its weight could not fly, served them for present subsistence. The poultry of the ship, by some means getting on shore, bred exceedingly, and were a great help to them. They found also in the flags, by a little river, plenty of eggs of fowl, much like our ducks, which were very nourishing food, so that they wanted for nothing to keep them alive.

Mr Pine being now less apprehensive of any thing to disturb him, looked out for a convenient place to build a hut to shelter him and his family from the weather; and, in about a week's time, made a room large enough to hold them all and their goods, and put up hammocks for his family to sleep in.

Having lived in this manner full four months, without seeing or hearing any thing to disturb them, they found the land they were in possession of to be an island, disjoined, and out of sight of any other land, uninhabited by any but themselves, and that there was no hurtful beast to annoy them. But, on the contrary, the country was very pleasant, being always clothed in green, and full of agreeable fruits, and variety of birds, ever warm, and never colder than in England in September; so that this place (had it the culture that skilful people might bestow on it) would prove a paradise.

The woods afforded them a sort of nuts as big as large apples; whose kernel being pleasant and dry, they made use of instead of bread, together with the fowl before-mentioned, and a sort of water-fowl like ducks, and their eggs; and a beast about the size of a goat, and almost such a like creature, which brought forth two young ones at a time, and that twice a year, of which the lowlands and woods are very full; and being harmless and tame, they could easily take and kill them: fish also, especially shell-fish, were in great plenty; so that, in effect, they wanted nothing of food for subsistence.

After being in possession of this country full six months, nature put them in mind of the great command of the Almighty to our first parents, as if they had been conducted thither by the hand of Providence to people a new world. And in this respect they proved not unfruitful; for, in less than a twelvemonth from their first arrival on this island, the females proved all to be with child; and coming at different seasons, they were

a great help to one another. The women all had their teemings annually, and the children proved strong and healthy. Their family increasing, they were now well satisfied with their condition; for there was nothing to hurt them. The warmth of the climate made it agreeable for them to go abroad sometimes, and they reposed themselves on mossy banks, shaded by trees. Mr Pine made several pleasant arbors for him and his women to sleep in during the heat of the day; and in these they passed their time together, the females not liking to be out of his company.

Mr Pine's family was increased, after he had lived in this island sixteen years, to forty-seven children: for his first wife brought him thirteen; his second seven; his master's daughter, who seemed to be his greatest favourite, fifteen; and the negro twelve; which was all the produce of the first race of mortals in this island.

Thinking it expedient to provide for another generation, he gave his eldest son a mate; and took care to match the rest as fast as they grew up and were capable. And, lest they should incumber one another, he appointed his sons habitations at some distance from him; for, growing in years, he did not like the wanton annoyance of young company.

After having lived to the sixtieth year of his age, and the fortieth of his being in possession of this island, he summoned his whole people together, children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren, amounting to 565, of all sorts. He took the males of one family, and married them to the females of another, not permitting any to marry their sisters, as they did at first out of necessity.

Having taught some of his children to read, he laid them under an injunction to read the Bible once a-month at their general meetings.

Three of his wives being dead, viz. the negro woman, and the other two who had been servant-maids to his master, she who was his master's daughter survived them twelve years. They were buried in a place he had set apart for that purpose, fixing for his own interment the middle part, so that two of his wives might lie on one side of him, and two on the other; with his chief favourites, one on each side, next to him.

Arriving to the eightieth year of his age, and sixtieth of coming to this island, he called his people together a second time; the number of which amounted to 1789; and having informed them of the manners of Europe, and charged them to remember the Christian religion, after the manner of those who spake the same language, and to admit of no other, if any should come and find them out; and praying to God to continue the multiplication of them, and send them the true light of his gospel, he dismissed them.

He called this island *The Isle of Pines*, and gave the people, descended from him, the name of *The English Pines*; distinguishing the tribes of the particular descendants by his wives' names, viz. the *Englisshes*, the *Sparkles*, the *Trevors*, and the *Phillips*, Philippa being the name of the negro.

Being now very old, and his sight decaying, he gave his habitation, and furniture that was left, to his eldest son after his decease; made him king and governor of the rest; and delivered to him the

history of these transactions, written with his own hand, commanding him to keep it, and if any strangers should come hither by any accident, to let them see it, and take a copy of it also if they pleased, that the name of this people might not be lost from off the earth.

It happened that, in the year 1667, Cornelius Vann Sloetten, captain of a Dutch ship, called the *Amsterdam*, was driven by foul weather to this island, where he found the posterity of Mr Pine, speaking good English, and amounting, as it was supposed, to ten or twelve thousand persons.

The narrative from which this account is taken, was given by Mr Pine's grandson to the Dutch captain. Printed in London, being licensed, June 27, 1668.—*SCOTS MAGAZINE*.

OF THE ISLES OF SCOTLAND IN GENERAL.

[From an Early Geography.]

Now resteth it to speak somewhat of the isles. They are divided (which as it were a crown) in three classes or ranks, the West isles, Orkney isles, and Zeitland isles: the West isles lies in the Deucalidon sea, from Ireland, almost to Orkney, upon the west-side of Scotland, they are called Hebrides, and by some *Aebudæ*: they are scattered into the Deucalidon sea, to the number of three hundred and above. Of old the kings of Scotland kept these islands in their possession, until the time of Donald, brother to King Malcolm the third, who gave them to the king of Norway, upon condition that he should assist him in usurping of the kingdom of Scotland, against law and reason. The Danes and Norway people kept possession of them for the space of 160 years; and then king Alexander the third, overcoming the Danes and Norway men in a great battle, thrust them out of the isles: yet afterward they attempted to recover their liberty, partly trusting to their own strength, and partly moved by seditions in the main land of this country, creating kings of themselves, as not long ago, John (of the house of Clandonald) did usurp the name of king, as others had done before. In food, raiment, and all things pertaining to their family, they use the ancient frugality of the Scots.

Their banquets are huntings and fishings. They seeth the flesh in the tripe, or else in the skin of the beasts, filling the same full of water. Now and then in hunting they strain out the blood, and eat the flesh raw. Their drink is the broth of sodden flesh. They love very well the drink made of whey, and kept certain years, drinking the same at feasts: it is named of them *Blandium*. The most part of them drink water. Their custom is to make their bread of oats and barley, (which are the only kinds of grain that grow in these parts.) Experience (with time) hath taught them to make it in such sort, that it is not unpleasant to eat. They take a little of it in the morning, and so passing to the hunting, or any other business, content themselves therewith, without any other kind of meat till evening.

They delight to wear marled cloaths, specially, that have long strips of sundry colours: they love

chiefly purple and blue. Their predecessors used short plaids, or mantles of diverse colours, sundry ways divided: and amongst some, the same custom is observed to this day; but for the most part now, they are broun, most near to the colour of the hadder; to the effect, when they lie among the hadder, the bright colour of their plaids shall not bewray them: with the which rather colours, then clad, they suffer the most cruel tempest that blow in the open field, in such sort, that under a writh of snow they sleep sound. In their houses also, they ly upon the ground, laying betwixt them and it brakens or hadder, the roots thereof down, and the tops up, so prettily laid together, that they are as soft as feather-beds, and much more wholesome; for the tops themselves are dry of nature, whereby they dry the weak humours, and restore again the strength of the sinews troubled before, and that so evidently, that they, who at evening go to rest sore and weary, rise in the morning whole and able. As none of these people do care for feather-beds and bedding, so take they great pleasure in rudeness and hardness. If for their own commodity, or upon necessity, they travel to any other country, they reject the feather-beds and bedding of their host: they wrap themselves in their own plaids, so taking their rest careful indeed, lest that barbarous delicacy of the main land (as they term it) corrupt their natural and country hardness.

Their armour wherewith they cover their bodies in time of war, is an iron bonnet and an habergeon, side, almost even to their heels. Their weapons against their enemies, are bows and arrows. The arrows are for the most part hooked, with a barble on either side, which once entered within the body, cannot be drawn forth again, unless the wound be made wider. Some of them fight with broad-swords and axes. In place of a drum, they use a bagpipe. They delight much in musick, but chiefly in harps and clarishoes of their own fashion. The strings of the clarishoes are made of brass-wyre, and the strings of the harps of sinews: which strings they strike either with their nails, growing long, or else with an instrument appointed for that use. They take great pleasure to deck their harps and clarishoes with silver and precious stones; and poor ones that cannot attain hereunto, deck them with chrystal. They sing verses prettily compounded, containing (for the most part) praises of valiant men. There is not almost any other argument, whereof their rimes intreat. They speak the ancient language, altered a little.

WARRANT BY CHARLES II.

IN FAVOUR OF

DON ROSTAINO CANTELMÍ,

DUKE OF POPOLI, AND PRINCE OF PETTORANO,

TO ENABLE HIM TO PROVE HIS DESCENT FROM THE
ANCIENT KINGS AND QUEENS OF SCOTLAND.

CHARLES R.

Most dear and most entirely beloved brother, right trustie and well beloved councillors, and trusty and well beloved council-

lors, we greet you well: There being a representation made unto us by Don Rostaino Cantelmi, a person as well of great honour and esteem, as of eminent trust under his Most Catholick Majestie in the Spanish Netherlands, and brother-germane to the Duke de Populi in the kingdom of Naples: Bearing that the said two brothers being able, by good evidences, to prove the descent of their family to have been from the line of our royall predecessors, kings and queens of that our ancient kingdome, by a continued course of pedigree from about three hundred and thirty years before the Incarnation of our Blessed Saviour to this time; and therefor earnestly desiring that so much justice may be done to them and their family, as to have an account of this their descent entered and continued in the most proper publick records of that our kingdome, and an authentick extract thereof given unto them in the most solemn manner, of the like favour as is usually granted to others in their circumstances: We have now thought fitt to let you know that we, judging this their desire to be very reasonable and just, it is our will and pleasure, and we do hereby authorize and require you to take care that all possible right may be done to them and their family in this their pretension, so far as the same shall be made good unto you by such documents and proofs as are usually received and allowed by you on the like occasions, and that a testification under your great seal of that our ancient kingdome (bearing an exact account of their genealogie and descent) may be granted to them in the most solemne and effectual manner, as the like favour is usually given to persons (of the highest quality) residing in foreign countries, who derive their pedigree from that our kingdome; and particularly, that the same may be presented in this or our next ensuing Parliament there, to the end it may be allowed and approved by them.* For doing of all which this shall be to them and you respectively, and to all others that may be therein concerned, a sufficient warrant, and so we bid you heartily farewell. Given at our Court at Windsor Castle, the 25th day of August 1681, and of our reign the 33d year.

By his Majesty's Command,

MORRAY.

STORY OF DEAN COLE.—A. D. 1558.

In the year 1558, towards the close of the reign of Queen Mary, she had determined to extend her persecution of the Protestants of Ireland, and she signed a commission, empowering *Sussex*, the Lord-Deputy, to carry her design into effect. This commission was entrusted to *Doctor Cole*, the dean of St. Paul's, to be conveyed by him to Dublin, who, having arrived at Chester, in his journey

* No traces have been found of any Parliamentary ratification; but the Duke obtained a birth-brief, deducing his pedigree from Fergus the first, and through him from a race of Irish potentates who flourished long before the birth of Christ. This document is referred to by *Litta* in his *Genealogies of illustrious Italian Families*; and is, for its absurdity, quite unique.

stopped at an inn, where he was soon waited on by the Mayor, a zealous Romanist. Cole, while conversing with the magistrate, in the exuberance of his zeal, took out of his cloak bag a leathern box, which he said contained a commission to lash the heretics of *Ireland*. His hostess, who happened to be a Protestant, (having a brother, named John Edmonds, resident in Dublin, who also professed the same creed,) overheard the conversation; and, while the Doctor was complimenting the Mayor down stairs, she took the opportunity to open the box, and, taking the commission out, she put in its place a pack of cards, with the Knave of Clubs uppermost. On returning to his apartment Cole put up his box, without suspecting the trick, and on the next day sailed for Dublin, where he arrived on the 17th of October 1558. He repaired directly to the Castle, and presented the box to the Lord Deputy in full Council, who ordered the Secretary to read her Majesty's commission. But when the box was opened it was found to contain nothing but a pack of cards. The astonishment of the Council at this strange metamorphosis was soon turned into amusement at the learned Doctor's expense, who, vehemently protesting that he had actually received the commission, whatever had become of it, was desired by the Deputy to return for another, while he and the Council would shuffle the cards. Cole did as he was commanded, and procured another commission. But being detained for some days by foul weather, Queen Mary died before he sailed, and thus was the sanguinary project frustrated. The Protestants considered this occurrence as a singular interposition of Providence; and when Lord Sussex related the story to Queen Elizabeth, she sent for Elizabeth Edmonds, the instrument of their preservation, and settled upon her forty pounds a-year for life.

KING CHARLES THE FIRST FOND OF GOLF.

KING CHARLES the first was addicted to golf, if we may believe the following curious story from Wodrow's amusing "Analecta."

February, 1714.—My Lord Ross tells me that he had this account, when in England, from Sir Robert Pye himself, who was a neighbour of his when he lived at Pesey. Sir Robert then was an old man, of about eighty years, and he told him that, when a young man, he came down (1642, I think,) with King Charles the first to Edinburgh. That the King and Court received frequent expressions from the Queen; that one day the King desired those about him to find some body who could ride post, for he had a matter of great importance and haste to despatch to the King, (Queen,) and he would give a handsome reward to any young fellow whom he could trust. Sir Robert was a young sturdy fellow, and standing by, he undertook it. The King gave him the packet out of his own hand, and commanded him to deliver it out of his own hand to the Queen, and to nobody else. Sir Robert undertook and made his journey in less than three days; and when he came, got access to the Queen, and delivered the

packet. She retired a little and opened it, and pretty soon came out, calling for the person that brought the letters, and seemed in a transport of joy; and when he told her what he was, and his diligence to bring it quickly to her Majesty, she offered even to embrace him for joy, and said she was mightily obliged to him, and would never forget that service. By what he learned afterwards, he supposed the contents were about the affairs of Ireland, and was of opinion that the King sent by him the warrant under the Privy Seal or Signe Manual for the rising of the Irish Rebels. That he either was present (returning again to Edinburgh to the King) or heard from some who were present, that the King received the full accounts of the massacre in Ireland when playing with the Court at the Links of Leith at the golph, and seemed no ways commoved with it, but went on very cheerfully at his game.

THE LAIRD OF LUSS TO KING JAMES VI. 23d APRIL 1608.

Pleas yowr most Sacred Maiestie

I hawe beine wrigit be the Counsell to submit with the Macfarlanes my brothers slaughter and all wther slaughteris, muirtheris, hairschoppis, theftis, reiffis and oppressiounis; * raising of fyre, demolishing of howsis, cwithting and destroying of woods and plaining, committet be thame against me: quhilk submissioun is now become in your Maiesteis hands. And being informit that my lord of Mar is to insist with your Maiestie to pronounce ane decretit not onlie upon criminal actiounis, bot also upon the ciuill actiounis, quhair of I hawe obteneit decretis alreadie befor the Lordis of Sessioun, extending to the sowme of lxxij thowsand poudis money of northe Britane, I will maist humbille beseik your Maiestie to reserue my decretis alreadie obteneit; and quhat satisfactioun yowr Maiestie pleasis to decerne to me for the criminal actiounis, I mane hald me content thairwith, gife it be your Maiesteis will that rebells to your Maiestie resawe that benefit, for they ar oft and divers tymis at the horne for all the crymis abowewrytine and sindrie vther crymis not mentionat, wnrelaxit as yet. Requeisting yowr Maiestie to tak in gwid pairt this my humbill swit, hawing nothing els to offer yowr Hoyness, for all yowr undeserwit fawouris, bot my most loyall hart quhilk sall newer deword from the smallest of yowr Maiestijs thochtis. This, humbille craifeing pardoune of this my presumption, I pray God grant your Maiestie, efter ane lang and happie regne, eternal felicitie

Rhosdu the xxii. Your Maiestijs most humbille
day of Apryle and loyallie affectit subiect
1608. and serwand
ALEXANDER COLQUHOUN
off Luss†

To the Kingis most
excellent Maiestie.

* See Pitcairn's Criminal Trials.

† The ancient family of Luss is extinct in the male line; but the estate is, through an heir-female, in possession of the Grants, a younger son of which family assumed the name of Colquhoun. The heir of line is the present Earl of Seafield.

CURIOUS EXTRACTS

FROM THE CALEDONIAN MERCURY—1726. (No. 983.)

Rome July 13—1726

The Chevalier de St George, who has dismissed the major part of his servants, still persists in causing his eldest son to be educated in the persuasion of the Church of England, to the great grief of the Princess Sobieski, who is the more concerned at it, because that Young Gentleman begins to profess it publicly: of which they give this one instance, that as he passed by a church, attended with the Duke of Inverness, as they stile him here he did not kneel down at the singing of the *Ave Maria*.

London, July 26. The Duke of Liria, son of the Marshall Berwick, is expected here next week from Spain, to visit his grandmother, Mistress Godfrey.*

It is Stated in this St James's Evening Post, July 23, "That Dr Francis Atterbury, late Bishop of Rochester, has accepted of the command of a regiment of Horse in the Emperor's service, and was accordingly set out to 's post at Venlo."†

Mr John Davidson, writer, of Edinburgh, is sworn in to the office of Clerk of the Justiciary, in room of Lord Leslie deceased.‡

GORDON, AUTHOR OF "ITINERARIUM SEPTENTRIONALE."

This has been omitted in the collection of letters written by, or addressed to, the Rev. Robert Wodrow, published by the Society bearing his name. The letter is valuable, as relating to Gordon, the author of the "*Itinerarium Septentrionale*," of whom so little is known. According to Watts, he died in Carolina, about 1760.§

"Glasgow, August 6, 1725.

"My good friend Mr Gordon having spent a great deal of pains in recovering and preserving any thing of Antiquity in Scotland and the North of England, is come to this country to take an exact survey of the Roman Wall, and hearing you had several things worth notice in your collection that may be of use to his design, is very desirous of seeing them. I know I need not recommend any lover of Antiquity to you, nor beg the favour of allowing Mr Gordon of takyng a copy or draught of what is for his purpose. I

* Arabella Churchill, the mistress of James II., mother of the great Duke of Berwick, and sister of the still greater Duke of Marlborough.

† The notion of the Bishop becoming Colonel of a horse regiment is amusing enough. This evidently was "a base invention of the enemy."

‡ This must have been Montgomery of Lainshaw, who, as heir of line of the last Lord Lisle, assumed the title, and bore it all his lifetime.

§ Most of our readers will remember that the conversation between Monkbarns and Lovel, in the novel of the Antiquary, commences by the latter inquiring what book it was the former seemed to dwell on with such bibliographical delight,—and was informed that it was Sande Gordon's "*Itinerarium Septentrionale*."

would have seen you with Mr Gordon, but the weather is too warm. I am, Reverend Sir,

"Your most humble st.,
"ROB. SIMSON."*

L I N E S

ADDRESSED TO

THE HON. MISS MURRAY,

Daughter of Lord Elibank—attributed to Professor Richardson, and not included in his works.

ON SEEING THE HON. MISS MURRAY, AT THE REVIEW OF THE ROYAL HIGHLANDERS ON THE GREEN OF GLASGOW.

GLASGOW, April 1776.

"O quam te memorem virgo! namque haud tibi vultus Mortalis."

VIRGO.

On Glotta's plains, beneath a shade,
An artless swain attun'd his reed,
The echoes round him rung;
Disporting Driads join'd his song,
And jocund swains did round him throng,
While MARY's charms he sung.

Thou virgin of angelic mien!
More lovely far than beauty's queen,
More sweet than blooming May!
As Pallas wise, as Cynthia chaste—
Around thy tender snowy breast,
Love and the Graces play.

When walking with thy noble sire,
Like Venus, queen of soft desire,
With Mars on Ida's grove;
So gracefully you stalked along,
Struck with your charms, th' admiring throng
Proclaimed thee queen of love.

The warblers hail'd thee from the spray,
And virgin throngs, the gladsome lay,
In spite of envy join'd;
And proud t' admire thee, blooming maid!
Clyde 'bove his currents raised his head,
While Nereids throng'd behind.

Nor has indulgent Heaven kind,
Thy worth to outward charms confin'd;
Thou'rt virtuous as thou'rt fair.
May nought disturb her peaceful hours,
But ever, ye immortal powers!
Let MURRAY be your care.

EPITAPH ON ARCHBISHOP LAUD.

Here lies York's famous Metropolitan,
Who was for God, his King, and State: the man
That freed North Wales from blood-shed and from thral,
From the sad misery of War, and all
Those Hardships great, that would have ruine brought
To men's estates, their persons, all to naught.

These lines occur in a very scarce poetical tract bearing this title—"Vindication of the late Archbishop of York, from a Scurrilous Libel, printed in the Character of a London Diurnal, wherein England's Apostates are Discovered, a Poem, 4to, 1647." The poor Archbishop was so unpopular with the Puritans, that any thing to his praise deserves to be noticed. Had Charles been a King, in the proper sense of the word, he never would have allowed Laud and Strafford to perish on the scaffold.

* Wodrow, in the MS. Index of his letters, has described this as from "Mr R. Simpson about Mr Gordon the singer." Does he mean to say that Gordon was a professional singer?

Varieties.

MASSACRE OF GLENCO.—Smollett, in his History of England, says "the King, alarmed at the outcry which was raised upon this occasion, ordered an inquiry to be set on foot, and dismissed the Master of Stair from his employment of secretary. He likewise pretended that he had subscribed the order amidst a heap of other papers, without knowing the purport of it. But, as he did not severely punish those who had made his authority subservient to their own cruel revenge, the imputation stuck fast to his character; and the Highlanders, though terrified into silence and submission, were inspired with the most implacable resentment against his person and administration." This affair was taken into consideration by the Scots Parliament in 1695, and a Commission was then granted by the King to inquire into it. The Parliament ordered the King's Advocate to prosecute the Earl of Breadalbane for treason; and having had a copy of the report of the Commission laid before them, they agreed, July 10, on an address to the King, in which they declare unanimously, that his Majesty's instructions of Jan. 11 and 16, 1692, contained a warrant for mercy to all without exception who should offer to take the oath of allegiance, though the 1st of January 1692 was past, and contained no warrant for the execution of the Glencomen made in February thereafter. "We found," so it follows in the address, "that the Master of Stair's letters exceeded your Majesty's instructions; that in the letters the Glencomen are distinguished, not as the fittest subjects of severity, in case they continued obstinate, and made severity necessary, according to the meaning of the instructions, but as men absolutely and positively ordered to be destroyed, without any further consideration than that of their not having taken the indemnity in due time; and their not having taken it is valued as a happy incident, since it afforded an opportunity to destroy them.—We agreed that Lt.-Col. Hamilton was not clear of the murder;—and that Capt. Campbell of Glenlyon, Capt. Drummond, Lieut. Lindsay, Ens. Lundie, and Serj. Barber were the actors in the slaughter of the Glencomen under trust.—As the Master of Stair's excess has been the original cause of this unhappy business, and as he is absent, we beg that your Majesty will give such orders about him, for vindication of your government, as you in your royal wisdom shall think fit; and we humbly desire your Majesty would be pleased to send the actors home [from the army then abroad], and to give orders to prosecute them according to law." The 14th article of the instructions of Jan. 16, 1692, follows. "WILLIAM R. As for Maclean of Glenco, and that tribe, if they can be well distinguished from the rest of the Highlanders, it will be proper, for the vindication of public justice, to extirpate that set of thieves. W. R.]"

SINGULAR PROCESSION IN AULD REEKIE—ANNO 1736.—"July 10. Yesterday nine winches of the Town made an 'amende honorable' through the several streets of the city—the hangman attending them, and Drums beating to the time of "Cuckolds-come-dig." Seven of them were afterwards sent to the House of Correction. They were very naked and meagre beings, and fools into the bargain, for driving a trade which afforded neither food nor Rayment."—*CAL. MERCURY*.—[What would our good folks now-a-days say to so very strange a procession?]

CUTTY STOOL.—It is not generally known that this Popish relic of penance was unsuccessfully attempted to be put down so far back as 1776. The following extract from a periodical of the time will verify the accuracy of our assertion:—"On Friday, May 31, in the committee appointed by the general assembly for bringing in overtures, a motion was made to bring in an overture for changing the punishment of those found guilty of fornication and adultery from standing on what is called the 'stool of repentance,' into a pecuniary fine. The motion was warmly supported, and as warmly opposed. After a long debate, the gentleman who made the motion agreed to withdraw it; so that the affair was dropped for the present."—Whether the Cutty Stool still lingers in some remote part of Scotland in these intellectual times, we know not; but some twenty years since we saw one, "in viridi observantia," in a church in Dunfermline.

REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF RESENTMENT.—We have a remarkable instance of the continuance of resentment, from Newcastle, of Sept. 6, viz.: "A quarrel having happened between Mr Fitzgerald and Mr Hamilton, when Lieutenants of Marines on board the Centurion, in Com. Anson's voyage, in which Mr Fitzgerald cut a piece off Mr Hamilton's nose with a case-knife, they were separated by some gentlemen; and, to prevent further mischief, the Commodore put Mr Fitzgerald on board the Pearl, and Mr Hamilton on board the Wager, with orders that they should not get on shore together. On May 14, 1741, after rounding Cape Horn, the Wager, Capt. Cheap, was wrecked upon two uninhabited islands, on the coast of Patagonia, in the South seas; where the Captain and crew disagreeing, Mr Hamilton and the Surgeon choosed to share the Captain's fate. The Indians carried these unfortunate gentlemen to St. Jago de Chili, and delivered them to the Spanish Governor, who used them with great humanity. From thence they were sent to Old Spain, and permitted to come home to England; and they arrived at London some time ago. Though it might have been expected, that so long a time, and the great variety of odd circumstances Mr Hamilton had gone through, might have erased the remembrance of the above quarrel, at least cooled his resentment, no sooner had he set his foot on English ground, than he inquired after Mr Fitzgerald; and as soon as he was informed that he was Captain of a company of foot at Fort Augustus, he set out thither to fight him. At Mr Hamilton's arrival at the camp, the challenge was immediately given, and readily accepted. The duel was fought in the rear of the regiment to which Capt. Fitzgerald belonged, when Mr Hamilton run Mr Fitzgerald twice through; but neither of his wounds are mortal; and if it had not been for a Sergeant of the fusiliers that beat down the third pass, Mr Fitzgerald's days would have been ended. However, he is now recovered, and is at Inverness."—*SCOTS MAGAZINE*, 1746.

AN INDENTURE A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.—After the usual preliminary clauses, it sets forth, that if the said J. D. (the apprentice) shall be "guiltie of the foul fact of fornication, (which God forbid,)" he shall serve two years to his master, over and above the appointed time of his apprenticeship.

LACONIC EPITAPH.—The following epitaph was copied from a Stone in the Church-wall of Dowallie, Perthshire. It is without date, but evidently of great age:—

Here lvs
Tamas Stewart
He sall rys.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"A LADY, who is a constant reader of the JOURNAL," will find the matter to which she refers in some measure explained in an article in our present number. Farther particulars will be found in the work alluded to. We will be happy at all times, as far as in our power, to answer the queries, or attend to the requests, of our fair readers.

"J. D." is quite correct. By an overlook, the Scottish MERK, in No. 8, p. 114, is stated to be in value about "Thirteen Shillings STERLING." Now a Merk Scots is Thirteen-pence and a Plack; or, as any unfortunate Jaryman who has been fined for being five minutes behind his time in the Court of Justiciary knows, his penalty of a hundred merks Scots amounts to £5, 11s 1d. 1-3d sterling. The conclusion therefore come to, (p. 16,) that Alexander would net about £150,000 sterling, is fallacious.

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&c. &c.

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Price 14d.

THE COUNTRY OF THE CLAN IVOR OF SIR WALTER SCOTT, AND THE AL- BANY OF ANCIENT HISTORIANS.

GLENQUOICH, the country of the chivalrous M'Ivor vic Ian Voir, situated half-way between Crieff and Aberfeldy, is little known to the tourist. This may have been partly owing to its secluded situation, and partly to the wretched condition of the inn, at Amulree, for many years. The traffic on the road being insufficient to support a well-kept place of entertainment, it was for some years converted into the residence of a common farmer, who was equally ignorant of the requirements, and regardless of the comforts, of a respectable class of travellers. The noble proprietor of the estate has lately, however, sent one of his own old landlords to the place; and, for his encouragement, the gentlemen tourists who frequent and patronise the house, have the liberty of the whole trout-fishing of the district; which, we venture to say, is scarcely equalled in Scotland for its extent and variety.

But a visit to Glenquoich will amply repay, not only the lovers of the gentle art, for their trouble, but also those of the lore and antiquities of the olden time, and of the lovely and sublime in Highland landscape. At the entrance of the wild and romantic Glenalmon, through which the tourist passes on his way from Crieff to Amulree, he will find traces of a Roman encampment; while, in the cleft of two dark mountain ravines, peering over it, high upon the face of the hill, like the eye of the mountain eagle, is to be seen the extensive ruins of one of those Celtic fortalices, or watch-houses, commonly called Fin-houses. In Gaelic Fingal is called Fin or Fion; and it is remarkable that the vitrified and circular forts, the remains of which are still numerous in the vicinity of the more northern route of the Romans, and which were evidently erected to watch and direct their movements, should still be called by the same name in the traditions of the people of these regions.

The centre of Glenalmon, by the side of the road, is also to be seen a large stone, surrounded by the remains of a circular dyke, well worthy the notice of the literary tourist. This stone covers the grave of Ossian, whose remains, consisting of bones and ashes, were found buried in the soil, enclosed in the "four grey stones" so pa-

thetically described by himself. By the side of this stone is the peaceful mound called "the soldier's grave;" and which, being annually covered with a green turf, by the road-makers of the district, (for some reason which we had no time to ascertain,) presents a striking but not inappropriate contrast to the cold, desolate, and moss-grown monument of the warrior and bard of the days of other years. It would seem as if the modern war-worn wanderer had crept to the tomb of the aged hero, and contentedly resigned his spirit to wander, with that of Ossian, upon the clouds of the surrounding district. Mr Newte, in his work called "Prospects and Observations on a Tour in England and Scotland," London, 1791, states, that, when the soldiers of General Wade were making the road through Glenalmon, they came on a stone of "an enormous size, measuring seven feet and a-half in length, and five in breadth. They raised the stone with large engines, and discovered under it a coffin full of burnt bones. The coffin consisted of four grey stones, such as are described by Ossian, and which still remain. Ossian's stone, with the four grey stones in which his body are said to have been deposited, are surrounded by a circular dyke two hundred feet in circumference, and three feet in height. The military road passes through its centre."

Before the tranquillity of Glenalmon was disturbed by the road-making General Wade and his soldiers, it was impossible to conceive a spot more lonely and romantic than that chosen for the grave of Ossian. It is exactly such a spot as the imaginative admirer of the aged bard would have selected for his sepulchre, were the wholescenery of the Highlands before his eye, and submitted to his choice. Nor is it less appropriate on account of its scenery than the associations that are likely to have been connected with it. At the head of Glenquoich there is a Celtic fort, which had evidently been constructed for the defenders of the pass that opens northward, within a few miles of one of the stations taken up by the Romans after the battle of the Grampians. The ancient trailroad through the glen was in all probability explored by the Romans, with a view to their northern progress; for there are some tumuli in the vicinity, marking, apparently, the arena of a skirmish between the defenders of the pass and the invaders. Within three miles of this pass, eastwards, (towards the grave of Ossian,) are the remains of Caistialchroe; i. e., the castle or fortalice of the booths; erected also, evidently, for the accommodation of the defenders of the pass of

Corrie, which runs parallel with the western pass already mentioned, to the vicinity of the same station. The next pass, running nearly parallel with the two above mentioned, is that of Glenalmon, at the south-east end of which are the great Celtic forts and remains already mentioned. In the vicinity of this latter a battle must have been fought, from the number of *cath*, or battle stones, still existing there. Nor could we discern any traces of Roman roads or camps from the one above mentioned between Crieff and Aberfeldy. There is certainly a great cairn on the moor, half-way between Amulree and Aberfeldy, which indicates the field of no ordinary battle; but no Roman remains are to be found in the vicinity; and we were not fortunate enough, during our short stay at Amulree, to discover any person capable of giving us the history of the "Carn-glas," or grey cairn, as it is called.

In the absence of all traces of Roman roads or encampments, between the south-east end of Glenalmon and the great northern encampment at Fortingall, we may venture to conclude that the Caledonians had been successful in the defence of these three glens or passes; and that the Romans had accordingly detoured towards Perth, and subsequently proceeded northward by the wider and safer passage of Strathay. The probability, therefore, is, that the scene of Ossian's grave had been selected, not more for the wild and lonely beauty of the spot itself, than for its association with a successful struggle in defence of the country of the Albani, his father's tribe, against the legions of "the kings of the world."

Mr Newte, in reference to Ossian's grave, states that he had "further learned, that when Ossian's stone was moved, and the coffin containing the supposed remains discovered, it was intended, by the officer commanding the party of soldiers employed on the military road, to let the bones remain within the stone sepulchre until General Wade should come to see them, or his mind be known on the subject. But the people of the country, for several miles round, to the number of three or four scores of men, rose with one consent, and carried away the bones, with the bagpipes playing, and other funeral rites, and deposited them, with much solemnity, within a circle of large stones, on the lofty summit of a rock, sequestered and of difficult access, where they might never more be disturbed by mortal feet or hands, in the wild recesses of the western Glenalmon. One Christie, who is considered as the Cicerone and antiquary of Glenalmon, and many other persons, yet alive, attest the fact, and point out the second sepulchre of the son of Fingal."

An island on the south side of Lochfraoch, (which was evidently at one time of much larger dimensions than it is at present—so that the island may have formerly been as near the north as the south side), is the scene of the ancient ballad of Fraoch; an imperfect copy of which was published in Hill's Collection, at Perth, about sixty years ago. The tradition states that Mai, or May, (which appears to have been the ancient name of the loch also,) was in love with Fraoch, and that Fraoch did not reciprocate her passion, being in love with her step-daughter. The island

was remarkable for a shrub, the fruit of which was supposed capable of affording "a balm for every wound, and a cure for every woe;" but it was defended by a venomous monster, who made his lair at the foot of it. Tradition does not describe the animal; and all we could learn on the spot was, that the place had, for a long period, been almost converted into a desert by another animal or monster of the same description, which was rapacious for human victims. The monster is called the Beist in the poem, as well as the tradition connected with it.

Fraoch was one of the warriors stationed at Caistialchroë—the castle of the booths—to defend the pass of Corrie against the Romans, and appears to have been thoroughly imbued with those principles of romantic chivalry ascribed, by tradition, to the Fingalians. May, who seems to have been not less crafty and cruel than she was exquisitely beautiful, finding her love slighted, and her step-daughter preferred, determined to be revenged, and availed herself of the chivalrous feelings of Fraoch for the accomplishment of her purpose.

She feigned sickness, and, sending for Fraoch, engaged him to attempt "the adventure of the tree," and to bring her a bunch of the charmed fruit. To refuse would have been considered inconsistent with the romantic heroism of the times. Fraoch, accordingly, committed himself to the flood, and, swimming from the northern shore to the island, returned to her in safety, with a bunch of the fruit. She then feigned that her cure could only be effected by the possession of the whole shrub; and Fraoch again undertook the adventure, the result of which is told in the verses.

We have, in our younger days, seen an elegant version of the poem of Fraoch; we think in Stewart's collection; but that one now before us is the barbarous one of Hill's; which seems to have been copied from oral recitation by some one who did not understand Gaelic, and contented himself by taking down an imitation of the sounds of the reciter's voice. The following verses will, therefore, appear to the Gaelic scholar as a plagiarism rather than a translation—since we have merely transcribed the adventure, rather than the original ballad, in our version:—

DAN FHRAOICH—(FRAOCH).

Ah me, the voice of war may rave
Around thee, Castlereoe,
And warriors to the conflict rush,
And maidens sink in woe;

But never more shall Fraoch Macfay,
Respond to wars alarms,
Nor lead, to meet his country's foe,
The Finian hosts in arms.

In yonder cairn the fair-haired chief,
Alas! is lowly laid—
He fell, because he lov'd not May,
But Carol's beauteous maid.

May lov'd him with a guilty love,
And he escaped the snare;
But who escapes the vengeful ire,
That fires the wicked fair.

She feigns a sickness dark and deep,
On sorrow's couch she lies,
Her large blue eyes shine through her tears,
Her bosom heaves with sighs—

Her eyes that shone like humid stars,
O'er Almon's showery glen—
Her bosom, where love sat enthroned,
To rule the hearts of men—

Her rounded arm of purest snow,
Beneath her cheek is laid,
And o'er that arm and lovely cheek,
Her heavy hair is spread

In flowing traces, soft and bright,
As if they would conceal
The lustre of her dazzling charms,
Or show them through a veil.

She sent for Fraoch—the warrior came;
She, trembling seized his hand,
And fondly gazing in his eyes,
Thus breathed in accents bland:—

"My health is gone, my heart is sick,
I sink in hopeless woe,
And feel the heavy hand of death
Press'd coldly on my brow.

"Is vain for me, in May's fair Isle,
Is hung, on wavy boughs,
The charm'd fruit, which heals men's wounds,
And soothes young matron's throes;

"And from the mem'ry gently blots
The wild and tortuous train,
Of whirling thoughts, that tear the heart,
And throb within the brain.

"Oh, why should I desire to live?
To nurse a bootless flame?
Not hence frail joys and fleeting charms,
Rarewell to love and fame!

"And yet—oh, yet, I'd cling to life,
Will, fondly, I would prove,
That in the generous heart of Fraoch
There's pity, if not love.

"But why should Fraoch attempt a deed,
Which none of mortal men
Have yet achieved, though some have dared
To seek the monster's den?

"Back! warrior, back! oh do not tempt,
The monster to the strife;
Why should thy blooming form be marr'd
To save May's hated life?"

The stately warrior, proud and high,
At her alarm smiled—
"I never shrink from a behest,
From peril ne'er recoil'd.

"And, oh, I do not hate thee, May,
But dearly long to prove,
I value thee above all on earth—
Save my fair fame and love.

"Come! test and prove me:—for thy sake
I seek the monster's den,
Though I would rather meet in strife
The first of mortal men!

"But I love Carol's peerless maid,
And if for thee I fall,
Oh comfort her—she loves but me,
Though she is loved by all."

The warrior sought, with graceful steps,
The dark loch's wave-worn side;
Then quickly, fearlessly advanc'd,
And plung'd him in the tide.

He found the monster sound asleep,
But his extended claws
Appear'd to grasp the glowing fruit—
And eke his hideous jaws.

With daring hand he snatch'd a bunch,
Then sought the northern strand,
And, bounding to the house of May,
Consign'd it to her hand.

"Alas!" she sighed, "heroic youth,
Thy task thou'st bravely done;
But, ah, the virtue of the shrub
Is in the root alone.

"But do not thou again attempt
The adventure of the tree;
It claims a warrior firm and stern,
And not a youth like thee."

His pale face flush'd, his warlike form
Assum'd a loftier size;
Again he sought the subtle loch,
And through the flood he plies.

The playful waves, with am'rous curl,
Embrace his snowy side,
And brighten as they touch his form,
Upborne upon the tide.

He snatch'd the tree, and, at his grasp,
The crashing roots give way—
The monster fiercely spurns his lair,
And plunges in the bay.

Speed Fraoch! oh speed thee to the shore—
See how the monster plies;
The waves are churned in his course,
And lighted by his eyes.

Scarcely had the warrior touched the strand,
Before its spear-like claws
Had seized him, and his mighty arm
Was crush'd within its jaws.

Alas! behold the youth distress'd—
Oh had he but a knife!
No tears should bathe the maiden's cheeks,
And short had been the strife.

He rais'd his voice, the maiden came,
Like lightning to the strand;
The dirk he left upon the beach,
She gave into his hand.

He plunged it in the monster's throat—
It fell upon the shore;
But, ah, the hero's manly breast,
Is torn and steep'd in gore.

"Where art thou, love?" he faintly cries;
"The mist obscures my sight;
Oh let me feel thee in my arms—
My bosom's joy and light.

"Now, let us rest—a moment rest—
Upon the dusky shore;
Thy breath will animate my heart,
My failing strength restore."

He slowly sinks upon the beach—
Ah me, what tongue may tell
The piercing wildness of her shriek,
As on his breast she fell.

THE REGALIA, OR "HONOURS" OF SCOTLAND."

[Continued from p. 178.]

At the period of the Union, every reader must remember the strong agitation which pervaded the minds of the Scottish nation, who could not, for many years, be persuaded to consider this incorporating treaty in any other view than as a wanton surrender of their national independence. So deep was this sentiment; that a popular preacher in the south of Scotland, who died about the middle of last century, confessed to his friends, that he was never able to deliver a sermon, upon whatever subject, without introducing a hit at the Union. While the public mind was in such an inflamed

matory state, and watching, as it were, for subjects of offence and suspicion, the fate of the Regalia, the visible mark and type of Scotland's independence, excited deep interest. The opposers of the Union, availing themselves of this feeling, industriously circulated a report that the Honours of the kingdom were to be transported to England, as a token of the complete humiliation of her ancient rival. This surmise was circulated in lampoons too coarse for quotation, and it served to animate one of Lord Belhaven's eloquent invectives against the projected Union. "Hannibal," he exclaimed, calling on the Scottish nobles and commons to unite against the public danger,—"Hannibal is come within our gates; Hannibal is come within the length of this table; he is at the foot of the throne. He will seize upon these Regalia; he will take them as his *spolia opima*. He will whip us out of this house, never to return again."

As if to show that these apprehensions were not entertained without grounds, and that the surreptitious removal of the Regalia was an evil to be guarded against, it was moved by the opposers of the Union, when the twenty-fourth article of the treaty was under discussion, "That the Crown, Sceptre, and Sword of State, Records of Parliament, &c., continue to be kept as they are within that part of the united kingdom called Scotland; and that they shall so remain, in all times coming, notwithstanding the Union." The amendment was readily adopted by the framers and managers of the treaty, sufficiently willing, in their turn, to show that they meditated no such gratuitous insult upon their country as was imputed to them. The clause passed unanimously, and forms part of the great national treaty.

The Sceptre of Scotland performed its last grand legislative office, by ratifying the Treaty of Union, on the 16th of January, 1707. The Earl of Seafield, then Chancellor, on returning it to the clerk, is reported to have brutally and scornfully applied the vulgar phrase, "*There is an end of an auld sang*;"—an insult for which he deserved to have been destroyed on the spot by his indignant countrymen. The rest of the Session was employed chiefly in passing private bills; on the 25th of March it was adjourned—never to meet again;—and on the 28th of April, 1707, the Parliament of Scotland was finally dissolved by proclamation.

From this period the charge of the Regalia, which devolved on the Earl Maréchal during the Sessions of the Scottish Parliament, terminated for ever; and in surrendering them, for the last time, to the Earl of Glasgow, Treasurer-Depute of Scotland, William, the ninth Earl Maréchal, displayed a feeling extremely different from that evinced by Lord Seafield. That noble person having opposed the Union in all its stages, declined witnessing in person the final consummation, by the surrender of the Regalia to dust and oblivion. He appeared, however, by his procurator, William Wilson, one of the depute-clerks of Session, who took a long protest, which has been often printed, describing the Regalia in terms which lead to an exaggerated idea of their value; protesting that they should not be removed from

the Castle of Edinburgh, without warning given to him, or to the successor in his title and office.

A numerous body of respectable witnesses placed their names to this instrument. One copy was deposited in the chest, and many others were distributed by the Earl Maréchal to the Universities and other public bodies throughout the kingdom.

The Regalia of Scotland, with the Treasurer's Mace, were deposited in the great oak chest with three keys, which is often mentioned in the Records as a place wherein they were kept. The chest was left in the Crown-room of Edinburgh Castle, a vaulted apartment in the square, having the window defended by strong iron gratings, and the entrance secured by a strong grated door of iron, and an outward door of oak, thick studded with iron nails, both fastened with strong locks and bars. It does not appear to whom the keys of the Crown-room and chest were intrusted, nor have they ever since been found.

The government of the day were, no doubt, glad to have these objects removed from the sight of the Scottish public, connected as they now were with feelings, irritable, and hostile in a high degree to the Union, and to the existing state of things. But when the people observed that the Regalia were no longer made visible to the subjects, they fell into the error of concluding that they were either no longer in existence, or had been secretly transferred to England. The gratuitous absurdity of so useless a breach of the Union, was, in the opinion of many, no reason for disbelieving the injurious surmise. They said such insults were often committed in the mere wantonness of power, or from the desire to mortify a proud people. Mons-Meg, it was remarked, though regarded then as a national palladium, and though totally useless except as a curiosity, had been removed to the Tower of London, in the pragmatical wantonness of official authority, and to the great scandal of the Scottish populace. It was argued, that a similar senseless exertion of power might have removed the Regalia, or that they might have been withdrawn on mere political grounds, lest they should have fallen into the hands of the Jacobites, who more than once threatened to surprise Edinburgh Castle. These suspicions were strengthened by the recollection, that, from some circumstance which has never been explained, a crown has been always shown in the Jewel Office of the Tower, said to be that of Scotland. Whether the royal ornament be the Crown of the Scottish Queen, mentioned in Tennant's Inventory, which may have been carried by James VI. to England, or whether it be the Crown made for Mary of Modena, Consort of James II., or some other diadem, is a question we have no means of deciding. That it is not the royal Crown of Scotland, is now evident. But it was long suspected to be so; and even Arnot, the historian of Edinburgh, influenced perhaps by certain political prejudices, gives currency to the surmise that the Regalia had been secretly removed from the kingdom. "Since the Regalia," says that author, "were deposited, no governor of the Castle, upon his admission, has made inquiry if they were left secure by his predecessor."

No mortal has been known to have seen them. Whether it was, that the Government entertained a jealousy that the Scots, in their fickleness or disgust, would repent themselves of the Union, or that they dreaded the Regalia might, upon an invasion, fall into the hands of the House of Stuart, it appears probable that the Regalia have been privately removed, by a secret order from the Court; for it is impossible that any governor of the Castle would abstract them without authority. If, after this general surmise, so publicly thrown out, the officers of State and governor of Edinburgh Castle will not make personal inquiry, whether the Regalia of Scotland be in the Castle, the public will be entitled to conclude, *that they are not there*, and that they have been carried off by private orders from Court."

These feelings, however, passed away; the memory of the Regalia became like that of a tale which had been told, and their dubious existence was altogether forgotten, excepting when the superstitious sentinel looked up with some feelings of awe at the window of the mysterious chamber which had not been opened for a century; or when some national bard apostrophized

—"The steep and iron-belted rock,

Where trusted lie the monarchy's last gems,
The sceptre, sword, and crown, that graced the brows,
Since Father Fergus, of an hundred kings."

—ALBANY, A POEM.

In the year 1794, the Crown-room was opened by special warrant under the Royal Sign Manual to search for certain records which it was supposed might possibly have been deposited there. The dust of a century was upon the floor; the ashes of the last fire remained still in the chimney; no object was to be seen, excepting the great oak-chest so often mentioned, which the Commissioners had no authority to open, their warrant having no relation to the Regalia. The Crown-room was secured with additional fastenings, and was again left to solitude and silence; the fate of the Honours of Scotland remaining thus as uncertain as ever.

At length, in 1817, his Royal Highness the Prince Regent, afterwards George the Fourth, influenced by that regard for the history and antiquities of his kingdom which well became his high station, and not uninterested, we may presume, in the development of the mystery which had so long hung over the insignia of royalty, was pleased to offer his warrant to the Scottish officers of State, and other public officers therein named, directing them to open the Crown-room and search for the Regalia, in order that their existence might be ascertained, and measures taken for their preservation.

In virtue of this new warrant, many of the Commissioners being detained by absence from Edinburgh, the gentlemen under-named assembled in the Governor's house, for the purpose of executing the duty entrusted to them, viz. the Lord President of the Court of Session, the Lord Justice-Clerk, the Lord Chief Commissioner of the Jury Court, Major-General John Hope, the Solicitor-General, the Lord Provost of Edinburgh, Mr Walter Scott, one of the Principal Clerks of Session, William Clerk, Esq. Principal Clerk to

the Jury Court, Sir Henry Jardine, King's Remembrancer in Exchequer, and Thomas Thomson, Esq. Deputy Clerk Register of Scotland.

It was with feelings of no common anxiety that the Commissioners, having read their warrant, proceeded to the Crown-room; and having found all there in the state in which it had been left in 1794, commanded the King's Smith, who was in attendance, to force open the great chest, the keys of which had been sought for in vain. The general persuasion that the Regalia had been secretly removed, weighed heavy on the mind of all while the labour proceeded. The chest seemed to return a hollow and empty sound to the strokes of the hammer; and even those whose expectations had been most sanguine, felt at the moment the probability of disappointment, and could not but be sensible, that, should the result of the search confirm those forebodings, it would only serve to show that a national affront and injury had been sustained, for which it might be difficult, or rather impossible, to obtain any redress. The joy was therefore extreme when, the ponderous lid of the chest being forced open, at the expense of some time and labour, the Regalia were discovered lying at the bottom covered with linen cloths, exactly as they had been left in the year 1707, being about a hundred and ten years since they had been surrendered by William, the ninth Earl Marshell, to the custody of the Earl of Glasgow, Treasurer-Depute of Scotland. The relics were passed from hand to hand, and greeted with the affectionate reverence which emblems so venerable, restored to public view after the slumber of more than a hundred years, were so peculiarly calculated to excite. The discovery was instantly communicated to the public by the display of the royal standard from the Castle, and was greeted by the shouts of the soldiers in garrison, and a multitude of people assembled on the Castle-hill; indeed, the rejoicing was so general and sincere, as plainly to show, that, however altered in other respects, the people of Scotland had lost nothing of that national enthusiasm which formerly had displayed itself in grief for the loss of those emblematic Honours, and now was expressed in joy for their recovery.

There was found in the chest with the Regalia a silver rod or mace, topped with a globe, apparently deposited there by the Earl of Glasgow, and which proves to be the mace of office peculiar to the Treasurer of Scotland. It is mentioned in the discharge granted by the Privy Council to Sir Patrick Murray, in 1621.

In order to gratify a curiosity which has something in it so generous, his Royal Highness the Prince Regent, to whom these proceedings were reported, was pleased to commit the charge of the Regalia to the officers of State, that they might be exhibited to the public under proper precautions for their preservation.

In consequence of the powers entrusted to them, the officers of State named Captain Adam Ferguson, son of the celebrated Historian, and long an officer of the Peninsular army, to be the Deputy-Keeper of the Regalia. With equal propriety of selection, two Yeomen Keepers were chosen, veteran non-commissioned officers of excellent cha-

rafter, who shared the dangers and fate of Waterloo. The room in which the Regalia are exhibited to the curiosity of the public is handsomely fitted up in the form of a tent, and where they are properly protected from the risk of injury. The dress of the attendants being that of the ancient yeomen of the guards, as represented in a curious picture of the Duke of Albany and Queen Margaret, preserved at Luton, joined to the military medals which the men themselves had gained, has an antique and imposing appearance, well corresponding with the character of the relics of ancient monarchy entrusted to their charge.

THE BRODIE MANUSCRIPT.*

BURNING OF WITCHES IN FORRES.

[From the "Forres Gazette," a monthly newspaper, well conducted, and of good local circulation.]

In the year 1663 a crusade was prosecuted against the witches in the north, under the auspices of Mr Colville—the celebrated witch-finder. We have been informed that among other infallible tests was that of forcing a darning needle an inch into the fleshy parts of their bodies. If this operation drew blood, and gave extreme pain, the victim was released; if not, she was set down as in compact with the Evil One. This test is not hinted at by Mr Brodie. It is a fact worthy of remark, that if a person rub a noodle with ear-wax, he may safely drive it an inch or more, without feeling pain, into the calf of his leg, or any other muscular part of the body, and may withdraw it without the slightest appearance of blood. Mons. Piccioni, an Italian portrait painter, frequently performed this feat, for a little diversion, in our presence, with the result stated. Mr Colville, with a knowledge of this trick, might have applied his test, and burned both old and young women in scores for witches. We have put together all the notices of the witch hunting and burning which occurs in the volume, omitting the intermediate entries. These notices are highly curious and interesting, and while they exhibit the scruples that some conscious men had against taking part in such proceedings, they give a melancholy manifestation of the anxiety of even otherwise intelligent men to find these poor old women in league with Satan, and at every sacrifice of feeling purge the land with their blood! The Bailies of Forres carried the sentence into execution, probably at the howe of Drumduan—the usual place—although it appears they did not engage in it without some reluctance. Brodie was strongly impressed with the idea that these women were in regular combination with Satan, but his zeal was not according to knowledge. We suspect Bishop McKenzie of Elgin had a strong hand in the burning of the witches, which took place in his diocese at this period.

* The MS. diary of Alexander Brodie of Brodie, in the vicinity of Forres. He was a staunch Covenanter, and an eminent man in his day. He was a Senator of the College of Justice, and one of the deputies sent by the Parliament to Holland before the Restoration, to confer with the Prince, afterwards Charles II.

Edinburgh—1662-3.

June 15. Fast day. Among other things I am desiring this day to lay to heart the prevailing of the devil by witchcraft. Oh this is a sad token of displeasure when thou permits him to deceive, tempt, and to prosper, and ther his visible kingdom takis ishue expresslie, as thou had given up that place where I had my residence, and the inhabitants of it to be the divel's property and possession. What comfort can I have in it. Shall I not bewail this dispensation—the many snares—the spreading of sin—the destroying so many immortal souls, and even in that place where I live. What does this say to me? Oh search, search for thy name's sake; discover in the meantime, and destroy as thou discovers his works. Let the land be purged and not given over for thy name's (sake), nor do thou charge this sin on me, or on my father's hous—nor the causes of it; nor our accession to it, &c.

19. Dr Yong dined with me. I did see the Ladi Kenmour afternoon, and found much bitterness, passion, and heat in her against the times.

22. I met wit Mr Coluill, and conferred anent witches. He told me, 1st, A deposition that they saw persons there cannot, without other evidence, prove them present, becaus the divel can mak appearances fals. 2, He said the mark is not infallible, becaus physicians think, by natural means, the flesh may be deadened, and feeling taken away. 3, That they could not reallie transport themselves whether they pleased, for they would be oft at that same instant in thos places visible lying on their back, quhill they seemed in their imaginations to be carried to other places far off. 4, Lykwise as to shapes; but what to say as to shape or form trulie I cannot tell. He said he would have me on a particular commission, but this I desired not, nor will I put myself on any such employment; albeit as to serving God in this if cald, I would get grace to glorifi him and to follow his call. But 5, The men of the tyme have me in that dislyk that they will not be thankful to have me made use of in ani thing; so I reverence the Lord's providence, but my mind shall still be lifted up to God for mercie to the land in this particular, and that he would glorifi himself in discovering and destroying all these and other works of the divel—may rais up zealous and able men, and willing, and of good understanding for this effect; and that he would not give over the land to be possesst by divels; for the land is his; he has set up his name and tabernacle in it; and we are called by him. Oh give not over as thou art threatening; but recover for thy name's sake. Destroy this dragon, for he fights against our Michael; he and his angels—his wicked angels; his natur, operations, working, subtilti is kept from our sense and reasoning, nor can we get it learned without thou open our eyes, and tak away the veil that's on our minds, and on thy word. He knows what we are about, we know not what he is about, nor when or how he works. All that we do or ar is obvious to him, but nothing that he does is obvious to us; nay, nor the poor wretches whom he deludes; this is their disadvantage, his advantage. But let this be made up in our

head Jes. Ch., for he has far mor odds of him than he has over us. Being God—the son of God over al blessed for ever to whom is committed al power in earth and heaven, whom divels are bound to acknowledge and obey, who has conquered him already in our nature, spoiled, disarmed, vanquished, and triumphed over him—the blest seed that should bruise the head of the serpent; in whom al the nations of the earth ar blest. Who has redeemed best mankind by his blood, and delivered us from satan—his rag, dominion, power, temptations; wyle, violence, that we may serve the living God all our lyfe. Satan is that evil up which fell from his place; the father of lies; is as the serpent from the beginning; the serpent, old, steeled, red dragon; accuser, tempter, the leviant; Lucifer, enemie to mankind and our salvation; the roaring lion; adversarie: head of thos members and instruments whom he helps and strengthens to work al ungodlines and unrighteousness; opposit to God and his nature purely and perfectly. The destroyer; keeper of the bottomless pit; prince of darkness. But our head and Lord is by natur the son of God, as well as man, so that God is satan's enemie, when he has to do with us. The Saviour of mankind: Jehovah our righteousness; the holi One of God; ful of grace and ful of truth; in whom the Godhead dwells bodilie; who has received the spirit without measure, &c., &c.

June 29.—D. D. I found bodilie infirmities upon me, which did hinder me from the public worship afternoon. I found my inclination pron to lean to frets and superstitious observances. But for thy word which I will have recourse to, for light to direct my steps.

July 7. I returned to Edr having heard som report from Mr Alex. Colville of the witches he had caused to be apprehended and burnt. My son and his wife went out to Newbottle * * * * * Oldman's basie with thes poor children of mine. Bishop Haliburton of Dunkeld came over (from the cairn) with us.

and . . . (Returned to Brodie.)

Sept. 28. I desir, if the Lord permit, to set the Sabbath apart, both in humble thankfulness to praise him for his common mercie in my return, and in the ishue of our troubl. As lykways to be warned for the outbreking of sin in this place, with the prevailing of the divel; and to supplicat the Lord that his wrath may be turned away. He would not let himself be driven out of his own land by sathan; nor out of this place. We would thank him, and pray the Lord to give his spirit, wisdom, zeal for finding out the crafty workings of the divel, and that he may be cast out.

My son went to Aldern to see the trial of Elizabeth Haddon; who adhered to her confession, and was condemned.

I was desired to goe to Aldern anent Elizabeth Haddon: had som reluctance lest I should be led out of my line and calling; yet efter an answer to God, I obeyed, but did not see or speak with the poor woman, knowing that it was the will of the Lord that she had the commission, and she did forbear. I heard much of her

blaming Bessi Hay as a teacher and partner in the witchcraft * * * Let God manifest himself in making wickedness manifest, and in bringing it to light. I neither would press her to tell nor yet hinder her, only exhort her to do nothing ignorantli, or out of ani sinisterous end * * * Let God have glori.

D. D.—Oct. 5. (Among other evils lamented under this entry there is)

6thly. The sin of witchcraft and divelrie which prevailed, and cannot be gotten discovered and purged out. Satan having set up his very throne among us.

Oct. 7 and 8. I heard that at Inverness there was non of the witches condemned, and desired to consider this, and be instructed. This, if God prevent not, will be of verie ill example.

April 18, 1664. This was a meeting of the Commissioners for the witches. Moorton declined, so did Park this day. They becam obstinat and denied all that they had confessed. I was in great darkness anent this matter; being desirous that sin might be discovered and punished, on the one pt.; their denial; difficulti of proving, and the restriction of the commission, on the other pt., straitening. I again and again besought the Lord to mak truth appear, and to bring it forth to victorie—to guid the Judges and to give them understanding; to guid us that we be not blinded wt. carnal passion or prejudice or mistake; to open the hearts and mouths of the poor wretches and to order this matter to his glori. It troubled me that ani constraint should have been used to them—that they should have been beaten. My piti needs to be guided, and my fear and my zeal.

April 23. I kept at Forres anent the witches, and desir to have my soul exercised before the Lord, for ordering that matter, and going before us, giving light and understanding: opening the way and guiding us in it, that he may be glorified, sathan and his kingdom borne down, and wickedness punished. This is a work of darknes. The Lord did then discover a litl mor clearnes in the commission for the encouragement of thos employed. I thought fit one should be directed to the Bishop to communicat with him, and to get his advice. Let not this turn to be a snare to us. Grang, his absence, whether voluntari or of necessity I know not, but it hindred ws.

29. This day we wer called to Forres, anent the witches. Moorton was so scrupulous that he would scarce meit, but resolved not to vote. Again I desired grace from the Lord for my own and my son's direction, that in this we may not do our own work, nor follow ani base passion, or blind zeal of our own spirits. That thos may be guided which are appointed to Judge, and God may vouchsaf mercie to the poor witches to open their eyes, and their mouth, to get himself glori in them. He may direct the whole matter in his wisdom and mercie, for his glori, and the bearing down of wickedness. That witnesses Sys. and pnrns. may be guided; and I cast all over on his Majestie.

There was litl don, becaus there was not a quorum of the commissioners. Moorton declined even after he promised, which made our meeting uneffectual. I desired to consider this, and to repare

the Lord's providence, and yet depends on him for further counsel; and commits the ordering of this matter to God.

May 1. This day was appointed for trial of the witches; we had met with other impediments hitherto; what we may meet with, or what may fall out this day we know not. Let's desir to comitt ourselves, even our minds and spirits to God, and the ishue and ordering of that which we are about, that it may be to his glori; the bearing down of sin; terrour of others, and the comfort of thos that are employed in it. And the Lord did accordingly give som ishue. The poor creatures wer found gulti, and condemned to die. The witnesses agreed clearly and fullie, but sathan hardened them to denie; lat the Lord overcom their obduratenes in his own tym. Grange was not clear, albeit he consented to the assize, yet he was avers from the sentence of death. I desired to be touched with som human affection towards thes wretched creatures, and bewail their sin and miserie. But I cannot win to thoughts of God and his holines, suitable to him, nor of eternitie, and his justice, &c. They did recommend it to the Baillies of Forres to tak car of the prisoners, and provid for the execution, which did so irritat that ther was no peace. I desired not to be looked on as the pursuar of thes poor creatures, and therefor left it on them. Let the Lord guid my spirit in what remains. Park cam home with me and noo importunitie could stay him al night.

2. I sent to Mr Henri to com and wait on the witches, to see if God would open their heart to give God glori, and confess their sins, &c.

May 4. The L. of Eight cam and saw me, and in the afternoon Isobel (Elder) Elsher, and Isobel Simson wer brunt at Forres: died obstinat, and the Lord seems to shut the dor, and that that wickedness should be discovered and expeld out of the land. Oh let the Lord glorifi himself, bring down the kingdom of sathan and deliver us.

THE EARL OF MELROS (AFTERWARDS HADDINGTON) TO K. JAMES VI.

[This letter gives a very interesting account of a sea fight, in 1622, between two Dutch vessels and a Dunkirk vessel, in the Frith of Forth, directly opposite Leith.]

Most Sacred Soverayn,

Your maiesties letter, commanding the Dunkerker, being in the herbrie or roade of Leith, to be used as subjects of a prince in friendship with your maiestie, and to be furnished of necessaries for themselves and their shippes, at reasonable rates, was presented to your counsel upon the eleuint of this moneth, and assurance guen to the bearer and capten of the ship, that, behaving themselues peaceablie, they could be no worse vsed nor your maiesties owne subjects. Commandement was then guen to the prouest and bailies of this towne, that they and their water bailie in Leith, sould sie your maiesties will in that busines fullie accomplished. The shipplay in the roade, and the souldiours repaired to land as they pleased, till Wednesday at night, that two Holland waughters arriued, and fand a pinage of theirs neere the Dunkerker, who, about one in

the morning, assailed the Dunkerker, who made good resistance, and first repulsed them from boarding, and thereafter by the space of two houres, interchanged a great number of shot on either side, and many wounded. Before foure, some of the Dunkerkers, who were a land, and saw what had hapned, came and aduertised me that the combat wes onlie surceased, because the ebbing sea had broght all the shippes on ground, who, so soone as the water sould rise, would renew their combat, which they prayed me to prevent. My Lord Chancelar and Thesaurar being absent, I made speedie warning to the small number of counsellors being in towne, to conueene, and directed the prouest and bailies to come before them, and likeways sent for the constable of the castell and admirall depute. Meeting first with the magistrates, I directed them to warne their citizens to be in armes, readie to marche whether the counsell sould command them for your maiesties seruice, and commanded the constable to haue the cannoners, with ordonance, and all necessarie furniture, readie to be employed in your seruice, by the counsell: Who, conueening, sent a charge with the water bailie, with ane herald and trumpetour, to command both parties, in your maiesties name, to keep your peace, and forbear inuasion one of another, vpon the land or narrow waters, and that each ship sould send a principall man to the counsell. Which being obeyed, I told the Hollanders, in your maiestie and your counsels name, that great offence was taken at their presumption, to trouble any man, being subiect of a prince in amitie with your maiestie, in the verie mouth of the principall herbrie of this your kingdom, they of all others being most bund in humble respect to the effects of your royall fauour to them, notour to all the world. They excused the mater, compleaning that the Dunkerker had, within your maiesties waters, assailed and forced their cuntrie shippes, killed of their men, and had deteaned a number of prisoners, whom, they requiring to be rendered, the others refusal to do them reason, had made them to repaire violent injurie by lafull inuasion, and desired that the counsell might cause the Dunkerker restore their men. I answered, that your maiestie was friend to both, but that your counsell wer not to be arbiters of their controuersies, but freindlie receiuers of both parties, who sould behane them selues peaceablie, and of new commanded them to forbear all violence to their aduersars in this cuntrie, or your maiesties narrow waters: and thereafter, calling for the Dunkerker, told him of the Hollanders complaint and wrong done by him, on your maiesties coast, which he denied, affirming that what he had done wes in the rowme sess. We proponed the restitution of the prisoners, which he excused; but both promised to keepe your maiesties peace. The Dunkerker desired parmission to enter the herbrie of Leith, which wes granted, and I think the others will do the like. The admirall depute wes directed to try what the seamen at Leith could performe, if we had found any of the strangers disobedient. He reported that they were altogether vnable, and saw no way to force them to obedience, but by bringing ordonance from the castell to the shoare,

to ding them so long as they could be within shot.* If they shall keep promise of obedience, we will be released of that difficultie at this time; but I will humbly beseech your maiestie to consider and direct what course, your counsell shall take at the like occasions, which may frequentlie occurre heirefter, in respect of the number of warre shippes of both parties, in thir seas of late, now liklie to continew, unless your maiestie, by your excellent wisdoms and royall autoritie, prevent it. We have commanded the captaines of both parties to be before the counsell tomorrow, and are informed that he who hes charge of the Hollanders, is called Monsieur de Hautain, and is admirall of Zealand, of good qualitie and accompt amongs the estates.

This accident hes given ws proof of the incommoditie of my Lord Chancellars absence, who hes bene sickke thir fiftene dayes, that mens hopes and despairs of his recovery, have many times changed. He is eased of his paine but so weak, as if he escapes, which is greatlie wished, it will be long before he recovers his strength.†

Edin. 13 June [1622?]
at night.

SOME ACCOUNT OF A MS. OF SIR THOMAS URQUHART'S EPIGRAMS.

The knight of Cromarty was a celebrated person of his time; but his works now-a-days, with one solitary exception, are only known to the literary antiquary. This exception is his translation of Rabelais, which is admitted, by all competent authorities, to be the very best version of any foreign author, ancient or modern, that has ever appeared in the English language. Urquhart caught the spirit of Rabelais, and the result has been a complete transfusion of the Frenchman's wit, style, and pleasantry, to his own pages—no doubt accompanied by all the coarseness and indelicacy of the original. If we were believers of the Metempsychosis we would be much inclined to conclude that the soul of the Satirical Mediciner had, after some short sojourn at an intermediate "station," taken possession of the body of the whimsical Knight of Cromarty.

Recently (1836) a collected edition of all Urquhart's printed works, with the exception of Rabelais, was privately printed in 4to, and presented to the members of the Maitland Club, by a fellow member—the late much lamented Mr Stirling of Glesbervie. To supply this omission, Mr Thomas Gibson, Bookseller, 87, Princes Street, printed the portions of Rabelais translated by Sir Thomas, of the same size and on the same paper. In this way the works of Sir Thomas, in two handsome volumes 4to, with proper title-pages, can occasionally be procured, by those who wish to become acquainted

with all the productions of this very odd author. The price of the two tomes will, we fear, be in due proportion to their great rarity, owing to the limited impression.

In the works are included his Epigrams, of which there were, apparently, two editions printed at London, in 1641 and 1646. Upon a collation of the two, it turns out that the latter is just the former, with new title-pages—the pagination being the same; there being not the slightest variations in the text, and the enumeration of errata actually remaining as before. These poetical curiosities bring high prices when they occur for sale, and we have known seven guineas paid for a copy.

At the time of the republication by Mr Stirling, that gentleman did not know that there existed a very valuable and unpublished MS. of the Knight's, containing a great mass of Epigram's hitherto unpublished. But so it was. There did exist, in the library of the Earl of Hyndford, an original autograph; and there it might have remained, had not the demise of the Earl, and the imprudence of his successor, caused the dispersion of his very curious and valuable collection. The books were sold by Mr Tait in 184; and the MS. in question was disposed of, not to the Library of the Faculty of Advocates, where it ought to have gone, but to a private gentleman. At the time we took notes of the MS. and its contents, knowing well that manuscripts and scarce books, when not deposited in a public library, are apt to be lost sight of entirely.

The MS. is dedicated to the Marquis of Hamilton.* The following is an exact copy of the title:—

Ten Books
of Epigrams; the
Curiosities whereof, for
Conception, Stile, instruction, and
other mixtures of show,
and substance, being no
lesse fruitful,
Then pleasing to the diligent
Peruser, are entituled
APOLLO and the
MUSES.

Written by the right worshipful
SIR THOMAS URCHARD, Knight."

There is prefixed—"The Isagoge, or introduction, whereby some reasons therein being deduced for the several dedications, the specified number of my Epigrams and other points of the lyk consequence I make bold to stop the reader's patience for a while."

It commences—

"Now land and sea with wars are gal'd so sore
That by a militarie Metaphore
Such melancholious fancies to expell
As violently in some spirits dwell
From the nine Fosters of the two top'd hill
And Prince of their Cyrræn State, I will
To the whole Isle of Brittain heer present
Of Epigrams a compleet Regiment," &c.

In all, it occupies eight pages, and is followed by the Premonition, and then the "Prolog."

* The same nobleman to whom the printed editions are dedicated.

* This is a singular proof of the insecurity of Leith at the time (1622); for, destitute of fortifications, the town was exposed to the tender mercies of any unfriendly power, thinking it worth their while to take possession of it.

† The Lord Chancellor (Dunfermline) died the day after at Pinkie House, at between six and seven of the clock. The news had not reached Lord Melrose when he wrote the above letter to the king.

The first book is dedicated to the Marquis of Huntly. The following may be taken as a specimen:—

ON WOMAN. (No. 25.)

"Take man from woman, al that she can show,
Of her own proper, is nought else but wo."

TO A CERTAIN GENTLEWOMAN, CONCERNING CUPID
AND A NEW-BORNE BABE OF HER'S. (No. 33.)

"Because one lovely boy your eyes did enter,
Another issued at a lower center."

This book contains 110 Epigrams.

The second book is dedicated to the Earl of Arundel; it also contains 110 Epigrams.

The third to the Earl of Northumberland.

The fourth to the Earl of Pembroke.

Both contain 110 Epigrams.

From the last book, this may be selected:—

TO THE EARL OF STERLIN A LITTLE BEFORE HE DYED.
(No. 7.)

"In th' universal list of al the spirits
That either live or are set down in storie,
No tyme, nor place can show us one who merits
But yow alone, of the best poet the glorie
That ever was in state affaires employed
And best statesman, that ever was a poet."

The fifth is dedicated to the Earl of Dorset.

The sixth to the Earl of Holland.

The seventh to the Earl of Newcastle.

The eighth to the Earl of Strafford.

The ninth to Lord Craven.

Each book contains 110 Epigrams.

The tenth, dedicated to Lord Gaurin (Gowran), contains 113 Epigrams.

The "Epilog" follows—then the Valediction, and Adieu to the Muses, in verse; next a "Corollarie," in which Sir Thomas states that "one morning, for lake of more serious employment," he began to figure to himself what "might be the conference betwixt a young wedded couple of accomplished lovers the first night of their marriage, and having so couched by write, the expression of their mutual entertainment, that almost every encounter thereof cannot choose but savour in the hold of any judicious poet, the relish of an Epigram. I shall not think it very much amisse by placing this luffing discourse upon that purpose in forme of a desert," &c. Accordingly the Dialogue follows in verse, and the married pair say a vast number of amusing things, which, for obvious reasons, would not exactly suit the pages of a modern miscellany.

The Animalversion, which comes next, is interesting. It is in prose, and contains many particulars relative to the author. It appears that Urquhart "contrived, blocked and digested those eleven hundreth epigrams in a thirteen weeks tyme." Some leaves of verses precede "a Table for the more easie finding out of such epigrams as treat of one subject throughout al the ten books. Next we have an Index of the "harsh-est and most difficult words contained in the preceding Epigrams"—then a list of proper names, &c.

The volume is in very indifferent binding, and has the autograph of "Banff" on the boards.

The last leaf has upon it "Liber Georgii Ogilvie, master of Banff, 1683." There are also these names written there—"Andrew Fordyce," "Pat. Gordone, witness." How the Lords Banff got the MS. does not appear; but the mother of the first Lord Banff (so created 31st August 1642) was Helen, daughter of Walter Urquhart of Cromarty, who, according to Wood, married Sir Walter Ogilvie of Banff, who died between 1625 and 1628.

CASTLE GLOOM.

CASTLE GLOOM OR CAMPBELL, an ancient residence of the Argyle family, stands upon an isolated rock at the basis of the Ochil Hills. The date of the building is unknown. Tradition ascribes its construction to the Picts. It is of an oblong shape, and in the day of the "bow and arrow," must have been a position of great strength, defended as it is on three sides by almost perpendicular rocks some hundred feet in height; and on the other by a broad, deep fosse, or moat, which extended east and west till it reached the mountain streams, called "Care" and "Sorrow," the waters of which uniting rush down the rocky glen below with a stunning noise. But notwithstanding all these advantages, Montrose laid siege to it—took it, and burned the greater part to the ground. The "Donjon Keep," the strongest part of all old places of defence, still remains entire. A spiral staircase of about eighty-four steps, in good condition, leads to the top. In ascending this stair nothing but desolation meets the eye—every chamber is damp, desolate, and bare, and crumbling fast to decay. Time, that silent destroyer, is ever busy at his work, and in a few years a mass of ruins will be all that remains of the once princely tower of Campbell. Solitude reigns around, broken only by the dashing cascade—the caw of the rook, or the merry laugh of some visiting party.

O! Castle Gloom, thy glory's gone,
Time moulders doon thy wa's,
And o'er thy ivy mantl'd tap
The wintry tempest blaws.

The jackdaw nestles in thy tow'rs,
Devoid of every fear,
And spiders spin their airy webs,
Where hung the sword and spear.

Thy warder's tread no more is heard,
In echoes deep and long;
And in thy wild dismantl'd ha',
Is hush'd the minstrel's song.

At some distance below the castle is a small circular piece of ground, in the middle of which stands a rock covered with scanty vegetation, where John Knox frequently preached; and close at hand grows the holy bush, among whose branches, it is reported, the Reformer had often to hide himself when pursued by his persecuting enemies.

"Kemp's Score," a fearful looking chasm between two solid masses of rock, lies a little to the east of "John Knox's Pulpit." Whether it has been thrown out by some awful convulsion of nature, or worked by the hand of man, remains a mystery. Some say the latter, in order that the garrison might be supplied with water. It is

about a hundred yards in length, and two in breadth. About half-way down there is a spacious cavern, the retreat of a bandit called Kemp, from whom the place takes its name. Of late years it was much frequented by smugglers, but these have dropped away, and its only inhabitants now are the bat and the owl. J. C.

[Chambers' Gazetteer of Scotland, says, "the ancient name of the Castle was the Castle of Gloom, and the hill immediately behind it still retains the same appellation. The mountain streams that flow on the different sides, are still called, the one the Water of Care—the other the Burn of Sorrow; and after their junction in front of the castle they traverse the parish or valley of Dollar or Delour. We believe it to be more likely that *Gleume*, or *Coeh Leume*, the original name of the castle, is Gaelic, and means the place of the Mad Leap, that the Water of Care was the glen of *Car* or Castle, and that Dollar is *Dalor*, the high field; the Burn of Sorrow might easily be added by fancy—if not the Burn of Care also. At what precise time the castle and surrounding land came into the possession of the Argyll family is not certainly known; but it is conjectured that they were included in the splendid grant which was made by King Robert Bruce to Sir Neil Campbell of Lochow, on his marriage with Lady Mary Bruce, the sister of that monarch. In 1493 an Act of Parliament was passed for changing the name of "the Castle called the Gleume, pertaining to our consing Colin, Earl of Argyll," to "Castle Campbell," and it continued in the possession of the Argyll family until the year 1807, when it was sold to the late Crauford Tait, W.S. It is now for sale; and there was a report that Lord Campbell was about to buy it.]

TWO LETTERS FROM SIR ALEXANDER HAY TO JOHN MURRAY, AFTERWARDS EARL OF ANNANDALE.

I.

SIR,—There is nothing that I can wryte from hence bot it is so spedely advertised by these who haif the charge, that I holde it a neidless poynte in me to trouble any with renewing of state advertismentis. Their pairtes affordes not nather muche nor greit mater. So long as it pleases God of his infinite mercy to prolonge our maisteris gratiuous government over us, there is nothing to be expected heir bot all dewtifull obedience; and albeit now and then there may fall ~~some~~ incidentis, so is there no bodye of nevir ~~double~~ constitutionn, bot will haif a catharre, or ~~some~~ other distemperature. Alwayes our Iyles ~~which~~ is finished, and our lieutenant, the Erle of Argyll, returned yesternight, and wilbe with ~~them~~ all this day. By many it is thought, ~~that~~ goode will did secunde the dowtye whiche they ar bounde to do, thir frequent iylnd ~~employmentis~~ walde not occure so often. I wrotte ~~before~~ in my former lettres that account being ~~taken~~ what this Iyla* hathe stooode his maiesties

* *Gleume*.—This fine and valuable Island had long been ~~occupied~~ by the Campbells, who ultimately were successful in driving Sir James McDonald from possession. A

cofferis into thir tuo voyages, and specially in the accomptes of admiraltye there, I doubt if the rent of our whole Iyles will recompense it in ten year. Sen it is now quyt, it is fitting the purchesseris of the new right ather secure it heirefter, and disburdeyne his maiesties cofferis of furdur charge, or then surrender it to his maiestie: for when thir employmentis ar so profitable in present pay, and a preparatioun for making suite at courte for service done, how easie a mater it is to haif some of these vnhalloved people, with that vnchristiane language, readye to furneis fresh wark for the tinker, and the mater so caryed as that it is impossible to deprehend the plotte. But leiving this vntill the loutennant mak a relationn of his service, wo haif had in the boundis of Cathnes, some barno yairdes brunte to the Lord Forbes, a barbarous actioun, and pernicious in so skairse a year, alwayes, howevir, baiese lownes be actouris, it is muche to be feared that without setting on of greiter, these thinges wald not be interprysed. In the other partis of the cuntrey there is greit quyvetnes and obedience; and there is a very dewtifull nobelman, your maiche the Erle of Kingorne deceissed,* concerning whois waire no doubt you will heir be the officeris whome it concerns, who in this same particular, without regard of any manis swite, howevir otherwayes he affectis them, caryes no other sounde bot a good compositioun to his maiestie, and haistenis to haif it put to the best, that suiteing and importuneing his maiestie there, hinder not his profit heir. We haif now ane act registrat in our exchequer bookis, whereof I cannot find these hundreth yeiris past any lylike president, to witt, to lay vp so muche every moneth in stoire.† It is one of the most dewtifull courses that evir wes intendit for the kinges service; for if we had ones bot ten thousand pundis sterling in stoire, not to be stirred, the report of it wald do as muche to reteyne our peple in obedience as the interteyneing of a continuall garrisoun. The povertye of the crowne is the caus of the insolence oftentymes of people who propone to them selfis befor preparatioun can be made for thair perswite, ather a compositioun, or then tyme to escaipe; bot when it is knowne to be in reddynes, it will stay them to sturre. His maiestie will find the goode of this in a short progres of tyme; and I pray God that nothing from thense hinder the going forward of it. The Erle of Mar is there alreddy;‡ we looke the chancellour|| sall shortly tak jorney. I pray God in these busynes

very interesting account of the McDonalds, and the causes which led to their downfall, will be found in the second volume of the Spottiswoode Miscellany, p. 380.

* He died December 19, 1615, which fixes the date of this letter.

† The Scotch thus seem to have originated the idea taken up by the English nearly two centuries later, of a sinking fund.

‡ John, Earl of Mar, a great favourite of the King's—he was his majesty's play-fellow in youth, and James was much attached to him. When boys, the king accused him of "slaiting," i.e. cheating him at some game they were playing, and when writing him in after life often called him John o' Shaitis. This anecdote is given by Mr George Erskine, Baillie of Allon, in his MS. History of the Mar Family.

|| Alexander Seton, Earl of Dunfermline.

of discovereyes whiche yow haif abowe, his maiestie may evir haif a regarde to himself; and yit I doubt not of Godes providence for his preservatioun, for I am fully assured of Godis mercye towardis me, that I sall prevent him, and that he sall longe continew efter; and if it be Godis pleasour, I haif no desyre as yit to end. In him is all our earthly happynes; and for my pairt, I culd wishe the last confirmatioun suld come at the time of his visiteing. Lord keip him, and you yourself still attend him as you do; and so I rest.

Youris at command,

ALEX. HAY.

Edinburgh, 21 Dec. [1615?]

To the Right Honorabill and
his assured Mr Johne
Murray of Lochmaben, of
his Maiesties Bedchamber.

II.

SIR,—I must begin with craiveing pardon for my bypast silence, haveing this excuse, that in so busye tymes abowe, lettres vnles they wer of the more moment, might give mater of offence rather than contentment. To retribute complement for the substance of favour I ressaive, wer in me vndewtifulnes. I wrotte vnto you in a particular, and obteyned not only the busines dispatched by his maiestie, but so recommendit by your self to him who wes to performe the residew of it, as haveing it all done, I must confess my self your iust debtour therfor in no les degrie then if it had bein your owne frie gift, and yit can offer no more then what I wes formerly bounde, and sall evir remayne what I am or evir salbe; and as beggeris do moste importune where they come best speide, I must entreate you in the first occasioun of any of your lettres to my Lord Thesaurar, your couseing, to give him thanks for his freyndly dealing in my busynes, and I hope he sall not find it ewill bestowed. The other lettre* I haif written to be shewin by you to his maiestie, if you think meitt, or suppressed; for I can wryite nothing bot what otheris may bothe preuent me, or wryite bettir; and yit I salbe loathe to wryite any thing bot the treuth. So, with remembrance of my humble dewty to your sueitt bedfellow, vnto whome I pray God grant my Lady Dumfermling hir laite goode lucke, I tak my leive, resting,

At your service,

ALEX. HAY.

Edinburgh, 21 Dec. [1615?]

To his very honorabill and
assured freynd, Mr Johne
Murray of Lochmaben, of
his Maiesties Bedchamber.

MEMOIRS OF THE LIFE AND TREASONABLE
PRACTICES OF

DR FLORENCE HENSEY,

*Who was "Hanged, Drawn, and Quartered at
Tyburn," on the 12th of July 1758.*

FLORENCE HENSEY was born in the county of Kildare, Ireland. From thence he came very young

* See preceding letter. The present one was entirely confidential.

to England, soon after went over to Holland, and was educated in the University of Leyden, where he studied phisic. His natural parts were rather phlegmatic than sprightly, so that he made greater advances in phisic and the laborious sciences, than in polite literature. He afterwards travelled through Switzerland, Italy, Portugal, Spain, and France. By these travels he gained a competent knowledge of Italian, Portuguese, and Spanish; and his residence for some years at Paris enabled him to speak and write the French tongue with great fluency.

During his travels abroad, he supported himself in quality of a physician, and came over to England in hopes of settling there in that character. But either he had not interest or merit to recommend him; for he had no patients of any consequence. His prescriptions, however, few as they were, served to detect him.

Having continued a literary correspondence, since he left Leyden, with a fellow-student at Paris, who had lately got into the Secretary of State's office for Foreign Affairs, Hensey wrote to him a letter, informing him in general terms, "that he should be glad of an opportunity of doing him any service that lay in his power, and executing any commissions he might have in London." This general invitation his correspondent shrewdly construed into a desire of commencing a criminal correspondence; but as he did not think proper to hazard any communications, till he should be convinced of the Doctor's real intentions, he returned for answer, "that he was infinitely obliged to him for the service he offered; and that, if he understood him rightly, their correspondence might be rendered more advantageous to both, by changing their topics from literary to political." The Doctor, in a second letter, commended his friend's discernment, adding, "that if he could obtain for him a recompense suitable to the trouble, he would endeavour to make his intelligence of the utmost importance." By the next post he received an answer, containing instructions, directions, and an appointment of 500 livres (about £25 sterling) a quarter. The instructions were, to send lists of all our men-of-war, in and out of commission; their condition, situation, the number of men on board each; when they sailed, under what commanders, from what ports, and their destinations; accounts of the actual number of our troops, what regiments were complete, and where, when recruiting, they were quartered or garrisoned; the earliest account of any enterprises against France; plans of fortified places in England, America, &c. His letters were to be directed, by an outside cover, to certain persons at Cologne, the Hague, and Bern in Switzerland; and they were to forward them to Paris.

The Doctor was far from being satisfied with this stipend; he however accepted of it, in hopes by his merit to obtain a greater salary. With this view he endeavoured to insinuate himself into the favour of some clerks in the public offices, in order to obtain an early acquaintance with naval and military affairs; but this not answering his end, he passed his time chiefly in the political coffeehouses about town, particularly Tom's in Devereux Court; the largeness of his peruke, and

the sanction of doctor, rendering him unsuspected among the physical gentlemen that resorted there. He often pushed himself into the back room at Old Slaughter's, and plied at the Mount, under pretence of reading the *Hague Gazette*, though he had got it by heart before at the 'Change. He was a constant customer at the St James's or the Smyrna, on a council-day; and never failed being at the Cocoa-tree after the house was up. By this means he got acquainted with many particulars, that remained perfect secrets to the public a long while. It is confidently asserted, that it was revealed in council so late as the 24th of July, to attack Rochefort; and that Hensley's letter of the 29th of the same month, particularly mentioned this resolution, though General Mordaunt and Admiral Hawke were at that time unacquainted with it.

He never entered into any political controversies; but when he did, and there was an absolute necessity of giving his opinion, he always decided in favour of England. By this means, though a Papist, he was never suspected by those he conversed with; and they were free and open before him, as he passed for a man of a philosophical turn, who never troubled himself with any political concerns. Nor was he suspected of any such illegal practices in the house where he lodged, having appointed a coffeehouse near St Clement's Church for the receipt of his letters under a fictitious name.

He had continued his correspondence from the beginning of the year 1756, without any material interruption, writing upon the margin of a newspaper such news and observations as were not there contained. By this means the examiners of the Post Office were deceived, and let these letters pass, imagining there was nothing more contained but the newspapers. At length his employers complained of the insignificance of his intelligence, and the necessity there was of extending his plan, otherwise they would discontinue his appointment; and actually threatened to deduct a guinea for every letter that did not contain some advice of importance. This letter, which was transmitted from Paris by the Hague, contained nothing seemingly but a few wide lines, wrote upon the most trifling, complimentary subjects; and was therefore released, and conveyed to him by means of the fictitious direction. An answer to this came from him, which was sent by Holland to Paris. This letter, which then appeared upon examination to be nothing but an answer to the compliments, contained (as has since been found by the copies he kept by him) a representation of the smallness of his income, which was not sufficient to make him neglect his practice, and keep such company as proper intelligence was to be obtained from.

These wide-wrote letters had their desired effect, by passing unnoticed for some time at the Post Office. At length the Secretary, suspecting there must be something more contained than these corresponding trifles, held one to the fire; when many lines, wrote with lemon-juice, between the black ones, plainly appeared.

This letter, which was dated from Twickenham, after giving a very exact account of the state of

our finances, the condition of our fleet and army, their disposition, how many ships guarded, and how many troops lined the coasts of England, concluded with asserting, that "the only means of preventing the success of the expedition (to Rochefort), would be, to make a powerful diversion upon the coast of England, with a considerable body of troops; that, by thus attacking us in our very vitals, we might be engaged at home, and so prevented from being able to send a number of troops abroad sufficient to give them any real annoyance."

The discovery of this letter unravelled the whole mystery of all the former; and henceforward all letters directed as before were stopped, and those that came from abroad were intercepted. The real person to whom they were directed was soon found out, and his haunts were as soon known.

Being a Papist, he never failed going to one of the ambassadors' chapels of a Sunday; and as the Spanish minister's in Soho Square was that which he most usually frequented, a Secretary of State's warrant being issued for his apprehension, he was waylaid coming from thence by two of his Majesty's messengers on Sunday the 21st of August last, and after being dodged to two houses in Dean Street, and from thence to the Montpellier coffee-house, facing Greek Street, where he dined, he was seized in St Martin's Lane, and conducted to one of the messengers' houses in Jermyn Street.

His lodgings, at Mr Blount's in Arundel Street, in the Strand, were then searched; and there were found in his bureau twenty-nine rough draughts of letters, which had been wrote in lemon-juice between the black lines; and those he had received, wrote in the same manner.

In those which he had received from abroad, were complaints of "insignificance of his intelligence, and how they were better served by a person who lived (or had lived) at Colchester; that there was no need of acquainting them with what the Duke was doing in Germany, they being much earlier and better informed than he could instruct them; and instructions how to write with greater safety and dispatch, by directing all important letters to his brother, who served as chaplain and under-secretary to the Spanish minister at the Hague."

These instructions he closely followed, as appeared by the rough draughts of his letters, which latterly contained more important intelligence, as well with respect to the disposition of our fleets and armies, as secrets of the Cabinet; which it is surprising how he could get, and which can be accounted for no other way than by his frequenting such coffeehouses as these things, it is supposed, were mentioned at. It appears he gave intelligence of Admiral Holburne's destination to America, a few days after the Admiral's instructions were signed; and was particularly minute with respect to the number of ships and troops on board, with the day of their departure, &c.

This improvement in his intelligence is to be attributed to the increase which his salary now received; for instead of 500 livres a-quarter, he was promised that sum every month; and was also given to understand, that if there were any hopes of procuring any intelligence of great consequence, he should not spare expense, as he might assure

himself of all possible encouragement. But this rich endowment was but of short duration; for he received but one month's salary before he was taken into custody; when his poverty was so great, that all his cash, both in his pocket and his bureau, did not amount to one guinea.

During his confinement at the messenger's, he was particularly reserved, very seldom entered into any conversation, and never mentioned any thing that related to his own affairs. This precaution was of very little use, as he afterwards found. But he all along imagined, that things would not be pushed to extremities, and that he could, by the intercession of friends, procure a mitigation of his punishment. But his friends were, like most others, merely temporary:—his coffeehouse acquaintance all disowned him; and those persons who were any wise connected with him, were, through necessity, obliged to be evidences against him; otherwise they would have been guilty of misprision of high treason, and liable to have suffered accordingly.

After many examinations before the Secretary of State, in which he made the most trifling excuses, he was committed to Newgate on the 9th of March 1768, by the Earl of Holderness, one of the principal Secretaries of State.

He was indicted in Easter term, the Solicitor of the Treasury being Prosecutor for the Crown; and being brought from Newgate to the bar of the Court, he was arraigned for High Treason, in adhering to the King's enemies, and carrying on, by letters, a treasonable correspondence with one La Roche, and P. de Franco, as appeared by the answers he received to his letters, from these French correspondents. To this indictment he pleaded Not Guilty. He had a copy of the indictment delivered to him, and he was ordered to prepare for his trial on the 12th of June following.

He was accordingly, on that day, conducted from Newgate in a hackney-coach, the irons which he wore being taken off; and between nine and ten o'clock that morning brought into the court of the King's Bench: where, being put to the bar, the jury were called, and the prisoner was arraigned on the indictment; to which indictment he again pleaded Not Guilty.

The identity of the hand-writing was the principal point to be proved. This was done by several creditable witnesses; namely, Mr M——, on whom he had several bills of exchange, Dr W—— of Westminster, and several apothecaries, who had received prescriptions from the Doctor, for patients that he had under his care, which they had kept on their files.

Various points of law were started by the counsel for the prisoner; but the sophistry of their arguments was easily combated by the Counsel for the Crown. Lord Mansfield made a very candid and judicious recapitulation of the various points upon which the evidence turned; remarking, at the same time, that though clemency was one of the most god-like of attributes of humanity, it was necessary that gentlemen of the jury should consider the heinousness of the crime and the credibility of the witnesses, and then let their consciences give the verdict.

So impartial and favourable a charge could not

fail of extorting the approbation of every spectator; and the prisoner himself was obliged afterwards to own, that he did not expect so much clemency from his Lordship, whom he had, with the rest of the nation, so highly offended. The jury found him guilty.

When the jury returned into Court, he was scarcely able to support himself, and it was with some difficulty he held up his hand at the bar. The foreman of the jury having pronounced him guilty of High Treason, he was asked by the judge, whether he chose any particular time for receiving sentence; and he desired the Wednesday following.

He was carried back to Newgate in the same manner he came, and there close confined, and again fettered. In returning to prison he spoke very little, saying only, "His spirits were greatly fatigued, and he was worried to death."

Being again brought, June 14, to the bar, he received sentence to be hanged, drawn, and quartered.

During the reading of the sentence, he held his handkerchief up to his face. Upon being asked if he had any thing to offer in his behalf, he desired a fortnight to prepare himself for his end; and the Court, through their great lenity, allowed him till the 12th of July.

Upon his return to Newgate, he expressed great satisfaction at the candour and indulgence of the Court, seemed thoroughly sensible of the heinousness of his crimes, and convinced of the justice of his punishment.

THE OLD PALACE AT WESTMINSTER.

IN 1065 we find William the Conqueror holding his Court at Whitsuntide in the Palace of Westminster, on which occasion he received the homage of his subjects, and knighted his youngest son, afterwards Henry I. William Rufus held his Court here in 1099, and the following year kept the festival of Whitsuntide within the magnificent hall which had recently risen under his auspices. During the reign of Henry I. the Confessor's Palace appears to have been the constant residence of that monarch, and of his pious and gentle consort, Matilda, daughter of Malcolm the Third, King of Scotland, and niece to Edward Atheling. During Lent, the good Queen was constantly to be seen issuing from the palace—barefooted and clothed in a garment of horse-hair—crossing the Old Palace-yard to the "Old Chapter House," where she performed her devotions, and washed the feet of the poor. She died in Westminster Palace, on the 1st of May, 1118, and was buried within the walls of the Chapter House, which had so often been witness to her charities and her piety. Henry III. the successor of King John, made great additions to the Palace of the Confessor. During his reign we find numerous notices of his having kept his Court and held divers festivals at Westminster. Here especially, in 1285, took place the interesting betrothment of Isabella, the King's sister, to the Emperor Frederick. "In February 1235," writes Matthew Paris, "two ambassadors from the Emperor arrived at Westminster to demand in marriage for their

master the Princess Isabella, the King's sister. The King summoned a Council of the bishops and great men of the kingdom to consider the proposals of the Emperor; to which, after three days' consultation, a unanimous consent was given. The ambassadors then entreated that they might be permitted to see the Princess. The King sent two confidential messengers for his sister to the Tower of London, where she was kept in vigilant custody; and they most respectfully brought the damsel to Westminster into the presence of her brother. She was in the twenty-first year of her age, exceedingly beautiful, in the flower of youthful virginity, becomingly adorned with royal vestments and accomplishments, and thus she was introduced to the imperial envoys. They, when they had for a while delighted themselves with beholding the virgin, and judged her to be in all things worthy of the imperial bed, confirmed by oath the Emperor's proposal of matrimony, presenting to her, on the part of their master, the wedding-ring. And when they had placed it on her finger, they declared her to be the Empress of the Roman empire, exclaiming altogether, "*Vivat, Imperatrix, Vivat!*" In due time the Emperor dispatched the Duke of Louvain and the Archbishop of Cologne, with a suitable train, to escort the fair bride to Germany. They were received by King Henry with all due honours, and, previous to their departure with Isabella, we find the King entertaining them, on the 6th of May, with great magnificence at Windsor.—*Literary and Historical Memorials of London.* [Edward the First was born here. It was the residence and scene of the debaucheries of the second Edward. Here the Black Prince entertained his royal prisoners, the King of France and the King of Scotland at the same table. In the reign of Henry the Eighth the Palace was nearly destroyed by fire. The only portion of it now remaining is the building used *pro tem.* by the House of Commons and the Painted Chamber, famous for the series of great historical events its walls have witnessed. Here the Confessor died. Here the early Parliaments were opened by the Normans; here was signed the death-warrant of Charles the First; here the bodies of Chatham and Pitt lay in state. It is now the lobby of the New House of Lords.]

RAID OF RUTHVEN.

[From Anderson's MS. History of Scotland, in the Library of the Faculty of Advocates.—Vol. iii. p. 145.]

But yet to prevent the Duke of Guise his attempts in Scotland, who was thought to abuse the Earle of Lenox his mediation to avert ye King of Scots from ye English, William Lord Ruthven, whom the King had verie latlie raised and created Earle of Gowry, yea raised from troubles. This Lord William (not to degenerate from his father, who bare a deadlie hatred against the King's mother) wt. other conspirators, employed all there wits to remove the Earle of Lennox and Arran from ye King, vnder colour to provyde for Religion, the King's securitie, and the amitie wt. England, and this was there devise. The Earle of Lenox was made Chamberlane of Scotland, is perswaded to exercise with rigor the outworne jurisdiction of

Chamberlane; and this to no other intent, then that he might unwillingly procure him selfe hated amongst the multitude; that ye ministers of God's word should kindle the same by disclaiming against him, out of the pulpit as a Papist, a Guisian, and a rigorous exector of his authoritie, and should openly foretell his destruction. When ye Earle of Lenox therefore was gone from Perth (where the King then lay) to Edinburgh to exercise his jurisdiction, and Arran was out of the way, Gowry, Marr, Lindsay, and others, taking the opportunitie, invited the King to Ruthven Castell, and there detained him against his will, not suffering him to walk abroad for fear of some danger. All his servantes they removed from him, Arran they carried to prison, and constrained the King to call home the Earle of Angouse from banishment, (and this at ye intercession of ye Queene of England, who was not vnacquaint wt. theire plot,) to enforce and send back ye Earle of Lenox into France, there to passe the rest of his lyfe as he had done before; who being a man of a moist mylde nature, did for ye quyet render up Dumbarton Castell, which he might easilie have defended, and refused not to returne into France; and this he did at ye King's perswasion, who was drawn thereunto by thier constraint. And not content with all this they compelled the King against his will to approve of this intercepting of him by his letters to ye Queene of England, and to decree and call an assemblie of ye Estates sumoned by them, to be just. Yet (as some alledgeit) could they not induce Maister George Buchanan to approve of this thier fact, ether by writing or persuasion by message.

DUKE OF LENOX.

[From the same MS.—Vol. iii. p. 151.]

THIS Esme Duke of Lenox, to which honor he wes not long before advanced (1579), was, upon displeasure conceived against him, banished ye realme. In whose exile was performed ane old prophesie which I have heard, yt a nag of fyve English shillings should beare all the Dukes of England and Scotland. For when this Duke was out of the Scottish kingdome, there wes neither Duke in yt country or in England either. At the point of death, he oppenly professed (as he had done before) the Protestants' religion, confuting thereby the malice of those which had falselie defamed him to have beine a Papist.

STRANGE DISCOVERY.

Lord Dalmeny, son of the E. of Rosebery, married, about eighty years ago, a widow at Bath for her beauty. They went abroad, she sickened, and on her death-bed requested that she might be interred in some particular church-yard, either in Sussex or Suffolk, I forget which. The body was embalmed, but at the custom-house in the port where it was landed, the officers suspected smuggling, and insisted on opening it. They recognised the features of the wife of their own clergyman—who having been married to him against her own inclination, had eloped. Both husbands followed the body to the grave. The grandfather of Dr. Smith, of Norwich, knew the lord.

Varieties.

EDINBURGH AND LONDON MAIL IN 1758.—In the beginning of April, a memorial relating to the course of the post between London and Edinburgh, was presented to the annual committee of the Royal Burghs, by the merchants and traders in Edinburgh and other places in Scotland. This memorial sets forth—That the course of the post from London to Edinburgh is performed, at a medium through the year, in about 87 hours, of which five are lost by the mail's turning out of the straight road twelve miles, in order to pass through York, and by the delay at that place: but that the course from Edinburgh to London is not performed in less than about 131 hours, occasioned by unnecessary delays at different stages, particularly one of about 24 hours at Newcastle. To render the intercourse by post between the two capitals more speedy, it is proposed that the mails pass through Wetherby instead of York, and that the York bags be left and taken up at Ferrybridge or Wetherby; that the mail from Edinburgh, which is now dispatched at twelve o'clock at night, on the Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, be for the future dispatched at ten at night, on the Mondays, Thursdays and Saturdays, so as to arrive at Newcastle about seven o'clock on the Tuesdays, Fridays and Saturdays, the usual nights of dispatch thence for London; and that there be no delay, or but a short one, at the intermediate stages. The memorial concludes thus:—"The benefit of this plan to the commerce of the United Kingdom will be universal. The cities of London and Edinburgh will thereby receive returns of letters from one another in seven days and a half and eight days and a half, which at present do not come sooner than in ten days and a half, and twelve days and a half; and the course of letters to and from every place of the United Kingdom and foreign parts, passing through this channel of correspondence, will be equally shortened. The clear revenue of the post-office in North Britain, which has advanced considerably of late years, will undoubtedly be farther increased, as correspondence will be enlivened and enlarged, by this improvement; the charge of many expresses will be saved to the government; its purposes will be better answered, by the quicker conveyance of intelligence and orders, whether civil or military, to and from the capital; the kingdom will, in a manner, be contracted within a narrower circle, and receive more immediately the influence of every act of administration; and the wise endeavours of the legislature will be greatly aided for rendering the union of the two kingdoms more complete. The memorialists therefore pray the honourable Committee, to make the necessary application to the Right Hon. his Majesty's Postmaster-General, for remedying this great defect in the course of the post." The Committee sent instructions to their agent at London to make the application desired, and transmitted a copy of the memorial, to be laid before the Postmaster-General. We are told that this plan is highly approved of by the Scots nobility and members of Parliament, and by the merchants of London; and it is expected soon to be put in execution.—[Such were the ideas of improved expedition entertained by our great-grandfathers. They never dreamed of the railway speed of present times, by which the mail is conveyed from Edinburgh to London in fourteen hours.]

A HAUNTED HOUSE.—June, 1730.—My Lady Eglintoun, her brother, Mr David Kennedy, and three of my Lady's daughters, with their weemen, were over in Arran at the goat-milk this month; and a very odd passage fell out, which I have well attested from two or three who had the accounts from my Lady, and her brother, anent a disturbance they mett with. They were lodged in a house on the shore-side, the best house in that part of the Isle. A kind of surgeon lived ther, some years since, and it was alleged, a man who was sick and dyed in that house had not very fair play. It's said that several times, noises wer heard about the house; lights seen in it when nobody lived in it, and the neighbours wer beat with unseen hands. However, these passages wer not much belived by persons who went over to the Isle, because the people, inhabitants of the

Island, as all the Highlanders generally are, wer reconed credulous and fretty. [Full of 'freits,' superstitions.] Their had been severall lodgers in the house who met with no disturbance; and care was taken to bear down the storys, least lodgers should scair at the house. My Lady, and her brother, and the rest, wer one night disturbed with a noise in the night-time a little after they came to lodge ther, which revived some former storys: but on enquiry it was found to be from two drunk perons who had some brandy in some of the cellars below them. They wer seized by Mr Hamilton of Bardowy, the Duke of Hamiltoun's Bailey, and brought to the Countess of Eglington. The Bailey offered to punish them at her pleasure, but she passed them, and the whole of the former storys wer knocked down as groundles; and my Lady and her brother were satisfied all was but story and Credulity. In some days ther wer frequent noises heard in the rooms; and when people wer sent, nobody could be found. Some of the young ladys' weemen were frequently frighted; and some of them had stroaks, as they said, laid on them by invisible hands. My Lady, and her brother, being fully satisfied as to the first noise, woud belive nothing after that, and endeavoured to jest them out of their freights, caryed the matter the length that she frighted them herself by a sudden throwing a Cod [pillow] among them when in Company. But the disturbances from another art [direction] continued, and at lenth they wer all convinced that ther was some what preternatural about the house. One night, when in the room altogether, they hear a very extraordinary noise. Mr David, who is no way credulous, said to my informer, he could compare the noise to nothing but five or six aquibbs bizzing and giving a crack altogether in the different corners of the room, and the young ladys and their weemen say they saw the head of a man sweeming over their heads in the room, which was pretty high, and his face looking down on them. They were all in the utmost consternation that persons could be in, and did not in the least doubt ther wer invisible pouners about them, and as soon [as] a boat could be got, left the house in a few hours, and came over to Eglington. This is a certain fact that may be depended on.—WODROW'S ANALECTA.

INTRODUCTION OF BUGS.—October 3, 1727. The vermin called bugs are at present extremely troublesome at Glasgow. They say that they are come over with timber and other goods from Holland. They are in many houses there, and they are so prolifick there, there is no getting rid of them, though many ways have been tried to get rid of them. It's not twenty years since they wer knouen, and such as had them kepted them secret. These six or seven years they are more openly complained off, and now the half of the town are plagued with them. This is chiefly attributed to the frequent alterations of servants, who bring them from house to house.—IBID.

THE "SWECHÉ."

A RESPECTED correspondent in Forres writes as follows:—

"I observe the subject of the ancient drum, or 'sweche,' discussed in the JOURNAL, and enclose an extract from the Treasurer's Account of the burgh of Elgin at the time indicated by the date, which will set the matter at rest.

"1689.—The Comptar, viz. Andro Edie, discharges him of the following sowmes:

'Item—of 40s. gifen to James Robertson, coupur, for making of the town's Sweche.

'Item—to Alex. Milln, for ye heiding of ye Sweche, at ye town's command, 24s.'

"Here is the cooper, Robertson, paid for the wood work, and the skinner, Alex. Milln, for the parchment of the town's drum."

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THE BATTLE OF BIGGAR.

THE battle of Biggar rests almost entirely on the authority of Blind Harry, and few passages in his book are considered more fabulous than that which details this very singular and notable engagement. Almost all our historians have treated it as a fiction—passing it over without notice, or alluding only to its details to draw from them an argument unfavourable to the veracity of the Minstrel's work. We do not intend to attempt a vindication of Harry. He may have taken, in several instances, a poet's license with the narrative; but certainly he has been regarded with greater dubiety than he deserves. His statements are often rejected without sufficient cause, or set aside for others which, when fairly examined, do not seem to rest on any better authority. The historians who treat of the period when the battle of Biggar is said to have been fought, adduce no satisfactory reason, nor indeed any reason, for overlooking it. It has been said that, in the month of July, 1297, when the battle of Biggar took place, Edward I. was in France. It would be difficult to substantiate this assertion; at least we have not found any confirmation of it. But although it were established that Edward was in France in the summer of the year referred to, it is possible that he may have been in Scotland also. According to the Minstrel, Edward's stay in Scotland was limited—not exceeding two or three weeks. There may, at the same time, be a discrepancy of dates. Gray, or Con, from whose works Harry tells us he copied his principal facts, may have been in error as to the precise time of the battle of Biggar; or the Minstrel himself, or his transcribers, may have committed a mistake; but this is not enough to invalidate the truth of the whole narrative. The main facts of the battle, notwithstanding, may be perfectly accurate. The narrative in general wears such an air of sincerity, that we can scarcely doubt that the author himself truly believed it to be true. The causes, the details, and the localities of the encounter are given with such earnest minuteness that, unless contradicted by unquestionable evidence, it ought not to be altogether rejected.

Blind Harry's work, entitled "Ye Actis and Actis of ye illustre and vailzand champion, Schyr William Wallace, Knycht off Elrisle," was at

one period a great favourite with the peasantry of Scotland. It treats of a theme which has always been a deeply engrossing one to Scotsmen. It narrates the achievements of one of the bravest, most persevering, and disinterested patriots that ever drew a blade in the cause of his country—it presents so many heart-stirring descriptions of the undaunted courage, and the heroic exploits of the hardy and stalwart men who had banded themselves together to repel the invaders of their country, and to preserve intact their national independence—it expresses so much dislike and contempt of the false, cruel, and luxurious Southrons, and manifests so much genuine partiality towards the author's own countrymen, that we cannot wonder that it attained great popularity, and produced very important and lasting effects on the public mind. Its antiquated style—more especially its almost obsolete orthography—has now nearly banished it. A copy is rarely to be met with in the little libraries of the common people, and few comparatively are acquainted with its details. No doubt the metrical life of Wallace, by Hamilton of Gilbertfield, which purports to be a sort of free translation of Blind Harry's work, is very common, and there are few Scotsmen who have not read it in their early years. But Hamilton's "Life" gives but a very poor idea of the Minstrel's poem, for its omissions, alterations, and additions are so numerous, that it may more justly be styled a different version than a rendering of Blind Harry into a modern English dress.

With these preliminary observations, we propose to give a prose account of the battle of Biggar, following very closely the narrative of the Minstrel. This, we believe, has hitherto scarcely ever been attempted, and we trust our essay will be acceptable. Scotsmen seldom tire of reading the gallant exploits of him whom Thomson justly styles

"Great patriot hero! ill-requited chief!"

In the year 1296, Wallace being on a visit to his uncle, Nicol de Auchinleck, baron of Auchinleck, in Ayrshire, who at that time resided at Gilbank, in the parish of Lesmahagow, was wont occasionally to resort to the town of Lanark for amusement. During one of his visits he saw Marion Braidfoot, the heiress of Lamington, who had taken up her residence in Lanark after the death of her father and brother, and, falling deeply in love with her, made her his wife soon

afterwards. This marriage was particularly obnoxious to the English, as Heselrig, sheriff of Lanark, intended to wed her to his son. On the other hand, it tended to inflame the hatred of Wallace towards the English, and especially to Heselrig, who, besides his design on the heiress of Lamington, had cruelly put her brother to death some time before. Wallace took up his abode with his newly married wife at Lanark, attended by only nine retainers. Soon afterwards he received a visit from his faithful and attached companion in arms, Sir John Graham, with a party of fifteen followers in his train. On the morning after Sir John's arrival, both parties attended mass in the Church of Lanark, which stood a little east from the town, and on their return, a party of the English, who then occupied the town and castle of Lanark, intentionally provoked them to a quarrel. After some altercation swords were drawn, and a sharp conflict ensuing on the streets, a strong party of English, who were lying ready equipped in the Castle, were immediately dispatched to the aid of their friends. The Scots fought stoutly, and slew not a few of their foes, but finding themselves overpowered by numbers, they at length fled to Wallace's lodgings, the gate of which was opened by a female, and by a back entrance were enabled to escape to the woods and fastnesses of Cartlane Craigs, although keenly pursued by the English. Incensed at the escape of the Scots, the English returned to the house in which Wallace lived, and finding his wife, cruelly put her to death. The news of this sad event was conveyed to Wallace by an old female retainer of the house of Lamington, and naturally overwhelmed him with the deepest sorrow and distress. On recovering, he vowed from that time to devote himself entirely to the service of his country, and either to drive out the English or perish in the attempt. It was instantly concerted that an attack should be made that night on the garrison of Lanark, and Auchinleck being apprised of this resolution, joined them with a small detachment of men. The Scots, having been divided into several little parties, came suddenly and unexpectedly to Lanark, and by fire and sword, put the whole garrison, consisting of about 250 men, to death. Among the slain were Heselrig the sheriff, his son, Sir Robert Thorn, and other persons of distinction. This notable exploit soon resounded over the country, and brought together a large number of men who were desirous of striking a blow for the freedom of their country. Wallace was unanimously chosen their leader. The English garrisons, who had been left to keep the country in subjection, were of course much alarmed by these warlike demonstrations, and Amyr de Vallance, then dwelling at Bothwell, dispatched a courier with intelligence of them to Edward. The king, having set his heart on the entire subjugation of Scotland, and having been at infinite pains to effect this object by artful schemes of diplomacy, as well as by several military inroads, was excessively grieved and enraged at this intelligence, and instantly resolved to march again into Scotland to chastise the insolence and audacity of the Scots, and put them

under more rigorous bondage than ever. The queen vainly endeavoured to persuade him against this expedition, representing the outrage and injustice he was attempting to perpetrate on Scotland, by depriving it of its ancient sovereign power, and reducing its people to slavery. Deaf to all remonstrances, the king dispatched his heralds over the country to summon his vassals to meet him in warlike array, and to follow him to Scotland. One of Edward's pursuivants, by birth a Scotsman, and well-known in Scotland afterwards by the name of Jop, on learning the intentions of the English king left the court and hastened to Scotland to give information of them to Wallace, whom he found in Ayrshire. Wallace lost no time in setting up his standard at Lanark, and sending notice to his friends, especially in Ayrshire and Clydesdale, to join him without delay. Adam Wallace, the young laird of Richartown, Sir Robert Boyd, the ancestor of the Earls of Kilmarnock and Errol, Sir John Graham, Sir John Tinto, Sir Thomas Somerville of Linton and Carnwath, Sir Walter Newbigging of Newbigging, near Biggar, Nichol Auchinleck, and other men of note hastened with their followers to obey the summons. On mustering their united forces they were found to amount to 3000 horsemen, well equipped, and a considerable number of foot, but these were in a great measure destitute of arms. The Scots, learning that Edward was approaching with a powerful and well appointed army, and being aware that they could not cope with him in the open field, betook themselves to a strong position on the hill of Tinto, about four miles from the town of Biggar.

The English army marched up the Tweed from Berwick, and after winding among the hills of Peebleshire descended on the plains of the Upper Ward of Lanarkshire, by the ancient pass of Crosscyrne. The Scots, from their elevated encampment, no doubt beheld this "awful ost," as the Minstrel calls it, defile over the mountain's brow. It amounted to £8,000 warriors, clad in complete armour, led on by the most warlike and politic monarch of the age, and supplied with everything that could contribute to their comfort or inspire them with confidence and courage. Still the little patriotic band on the side of Tinto manifested no symptoms of fear, nor thought for a moment of dispersing themselves and providing for their safety. The English pitched their camp near Biggar, on a piece of ground rising gently from the valley traversed by Biggar Water, and having a deep and inaccessible morass on the south and east. Here

"Yai planytyt yar feild with tents and pailrons,
Quhar cleryouns blew full mony mychty sons;
Plenyet yat place with gud wittail and wyne,
In carts brocht yair purwiance dewine."

From this place Edward dispatched two heralds to Wallace, commanding him to submit to his authority, and promising if he should do so to take him into his service and favour, and to confer upon him the most ample rewards; but in case of disobedience, he threatened to hang him the first time he should fall into his hands. Wallace, after consulting his friends, wrote back to the king that he rejected his offers with dis-

dain, and that, so far from being intimidated by his threats, he was determined to contend against him until he was driven from the kingdom; that the Scots would sacrifice him without mercy, should he ever become their prisoner—and that they would be prepared to offer him battle at no distant period.

A young knight, the king's nephew, either out of curiosity, or for the purpose of ascertaining the numbers and reconnoitring the position of the Scots, had accompanied the heralds in disguise; but Jop recognising this youth, having often seen him before, while living at the English Court, gave intimation of his rank and condition to Wallace. In these chivalrous times it was considered highly dishonourable for a true knight to act as a spy, or for any one to assume the character of a herald who did not belong to that order, and the person who did so was held to have forfeited all claim to be treated with mercy. The Scots, smarting under the wrongs inflicted on them by the English, indignant at the haughty and imperious message sent by the king, and especially enraged at the duplicity of the young warrior and his companions, instantly resolved to punish them in a most severe and summary manner. The knight was conducted to an eminence above the camp, and had his head struck from his body—the tongue of one of the heralds was cut out, and the eyes of the other extracted with a pair of pincers. The two heralds, in this dreadful plight, were ordered to return to the English camp with the head of the knight, and to inform the king that he might regard what the Scots had done as a proof that his threats and his powerful army had not been able to strike them with terror or bring them to submission. When Edward learned what had taken place he was for some time struck dumb with sorrow and indignation, and at length, when his feelings were somewhat tranquillized, he vowed not to leave Scotland till he had taken the most ample vengeance on Wallace and the Scots for the outrage they had perpetrated. Shortly after this event, Wallace took Sir John Tinto aside, and told him that it was his intention to set out to reconnoitre the English camp in disguise, and enjoined him to keep his absence and the cause of it a profound secret. Towards evening, Wallace privately withdrew, and when on his way between Culter and Biggar he met a poor man driving a horse laden with pitchers of earthenware. Wallace entered into conversation with him, and finding him to be an itinerant merchant, instantly entertained the thought that he might gain admission into the interior of the English camp itself, by pretending to be a hawker of earthenware. He accordingly purchased the man's horse and his stock in trade, and still thinking his disguise not sufficiently complete, proposed an exchange of garments—a proposition which greatly increased the man's astonishment, but to which he readily assented. Equipped in the hawker's habiliments, consisting of a threadbare hood, a grey doublet, and hose daubed, or as Henry says, "claggit" with clay—closing one of his eyes as if it had been deprived of vision, and driving the mare, he set forward, to the great amusement of the old haw-

ker, towards the town of Biggar. It is preserved by tradition, that on his way he passed along the narrow bridge built by the Romans, which crosses Biggar Burn, and that from this circumstance it got the name of the "Cadgor's Brig," which it still retains. In this guise, about twilight, he entered the English camp, and while seemingly intent only on the sale of his commodities, he was at the same time carefully observing the arrangement of the encampment:

"Spyand full fast quhar awail suld be,
And couth weyll luk and wynk with ye ta e."

The soldiers, no doubt struck with his singular appearance, soon began to treat him with considerable freedom. Some of them broke his pots, while others indulged in jokes upon his blind eye. It is a tradition, that one man declared that if the hawker had not been blind of an eye and lame of a leg, he was certain that he was Wallace himself. This declaration was afterwards put into rhyme, and is still well-known at Biggar. It is as follows:—

"Had ye not been cripple o' a leg, and blind o' an ee,
Ye are as like William Wallace as ever I did see."

Wallace, finding his situation becoming perilous, made haste to retire without exciting farther suspicion.

On returning to the Scottish camp, Wallace found it in extreme uproar. His absence had been discovered, and no reason could be obtained why he had gone away. As he had been last seen in the company of Sir John Tinto, and as that knight would give no satisfactory account of what had passed between them, it was suspected that some treacherous plot was on foot. To such a length did the disaffection to Sir John Tinto go, that he was put in fetters; and some cried out let him be burned or hanged. In the midst of these commotions Wallace entered the camp. He ordered Tinto to be unbound, and commended him highly for the faithful manner in which he had kept the secret entrusted to him. After this, some went off to supper, but the greater part remained to hear Wallace narrate his adventures. Notwithstanding their successful issue, Sir John the Graham, true to the principles of chivalry then in vogue, expressed his strong disapprobation of the conduct of Wallace, and considered that it was not chieftain-like to resort to such expedients, or to run such dangerous risks. Wallace replied, that before Scotland was free it would be necessary for them all to expose themselves to much greater dangers. It was then concerted that the troops should take a short repose, and before dawn descend to the plains, in order to make an unexpected assault on the English camp. Accordingly, at an early hour, they were drawn up in hostile array, and divided into three squadrons. The first, or vanguard, was commanded by Wallace, and under him were Boyd and Auchinleck; the second by Sir John Graham, and under him were young Wallace of Richartown and Somerville of Carnwath; the third by Sir Walter Newbigging, and under him were his son David and Sir John Tinto. The foot, being badly armed, were drawn up in the rear, and received orders not to engage rashly, but reserve themselves till a fitting

opportunity, or till they were properly supplied with arms. Wallace then summoned the chieftains around him, and strictly enjoined them to prevent their followers from being allured from the combat by the pillage which might be presented in the English camp. He reminded them, that those who betook themselves to plunder before the victory was gained, generally lost both their life and their booty. He expressed the utmost confidence that they would on this occasion strike a blow worthy of freemen, and exert themselves with all their might to inflict punishment on a false tyrant who had come to wreath fresh chains on the necks of their countrymen. All of them readily consented to attend to his orders.

At this juncture, they were alarmed by the approach of a body of men whom they at first suspected to be a detachment of the enemy. They turned out, however, to be a party of 300 hardy and stalwart borderers, under the command of Thomas Halliday and his two sons, Wallace and Rutherford. With them also came Jardine of Applegirth and Roger Kirkpatrick, Lord of Thorwald. Greatly encouraged by this welcome accession to their numbers, the Scots marched with the utmost expedition towards Biggar. When they drew near that town the day had begun to dawn; but fortunately the most advanced of the English picquets had by that time been withdrawn. Mounted on good chargers, they pushed forward with such celerity, that they rushed into the English camp almost before the alarm could be given. A dreadful scene of noise, slaughter, and confusion immediately ensued. Wallace, on his visit to the camp, had carefully noted the position of the king's tent, and with his squadron rode furiously in that direction; but the English soldiers, seeing the great danger to which their sovereign was exposed, hastened to his assistance, and in a few minutes the Earl of Kent had surrounded the royal person with 5000 men. The onslaught in this quarter was fierce and deadly, and great numbers of those who defended the king were slain. Graham and Newbigging, with their divisions, followed by the foot, who had now obtained an abundant supply of weapons, also pressed hastily forward, overturning the tents in their way, and slaughtering every opponent they could reach. The battle still raged round the king's person with great obstinacy; and the Scots, having joined their forces, began to drive the English back towards the valley, covered with deep marshes on the south, and in the confusion the royal tent was overturned. The Earl of Kent, proud of displaying his martial skill and prowess in the presence of his sovereign, rallied his troops once and again, and with a ponderous battle-axe committed great havoc among the Scots. Wallace, finding the course of victory arrested by the powerful arm of this intrepid and indomitable warrior, sought him out amid the throng, and engaged him in single combat. When these two distinguished champions had fairly encountered, the surrounding warriors on both sides almost suspended the work of death, to watch the issue of a conflict so tremendous and heart-stirring. Both fought with great fury, but with admirable courage and dexterity, till at length Wallace, with an irresistible

stroke, smote him lifeless to the ground. At this sight the English were discouraged, and mounting the king on horseback, forced him, much against his inclination, to quit the field. In this encounter 4000 of the English were cut down, and the remainder in terror and confusion fled from Biggar, taking the direction of Culter by the Roman Causeway, which crossed the moss on the west. The Scots pursued them to Culter Hope, about four miles distant. Here the English rallied in great force, and Wallace, knowing that he was no match for them in the open field, withdrew his followers to Biggar, after they had slain 7000 men in the pursuit, as no quarter was given. Here, finding provisions and valuable commodities in abundance, and being exceedingly hungry and fatigued, they sat down to a sumptuous repast; and after regaling themselves with bumpers of wine, lay down to take some repose. Their rest, however, was of short duration, as Wallace was afraid that the English, apprized of the smallness of their numbers, would return for the purpose of recovering their camp, and therefore deemed it prudent to draw off his forces to a place of strength and security called David's Shaw, and to convey the booty obtained in the camp to Ross's Bog. The English were now drawn up in Culter Hope, on a place called John's Green, and were lamenting the disaster that had befallen them, and the loss of their comrades and commanders, among the latter of whom were the king's son, his two uncles, and the Earl of Kent, when two cooks, who had concealed themselves in the camp, and skulked off after they saw the Scots indulging in repose, came and informed them that the Scots were lying in the camp overcome with sleep and intoxication, and might easily be overpowered. The king was unwilling to credit this story, as he considered it unlikely that Wallace would be so remiss and unguarded in such circumstances. He therefore declared it to be his determination to retreat, as there was little hope of recovering their provisions at Biggar, and no adequate supplies could be obtained amid the mountains by which they were surrounded. The Duke of Lancaster urged, that the circumstances in which they were placed rendered it imperative that an effort should be made to regain the camp; and though the king himself would not return, he requested to be furnished with a strong detachment, with which he hoped to recover the supplies, of which they would soon stand so much in need. The king was prevailed on to allow him to take 10,000 men, and promised to wait on him till next day, expecting to be able to supply the wants of his troops with such bestial as he might find among the hills. The Governor of Calais and the Lord of Westmoreland resolved to accompany the Duke, and each of them obtained the command of 1000 men: Sir Amyer de Vallance also joined them with a considerable reinforcement. These united parties marched back to Biggar, but found the camp plundered and deserted, and strewed with dead bodies that had been stripped bare. For some time they were at a loss to conceive what place the Scots had retired to, but some scouts soon brought intelligence that they were posted at David's Shaw, which is supposed to have been

situated on the sloping sides of the hill of Bizzyberry, little more than a mile from Biggar. They accordingly marched in that direction, but were descried by the Scottish videttes, who gave the alarm. Leaving their horses in the Shaw, the Scots passed on foot into Jop's Bog, as a place of greater security from the attacks of the English division, which consisted principally of cavalry. The English seeing them pass into the bog, and being deceived by its fair and solid appearance, rode towards them with great impetuosity. The consequence was, that the front line of horse was soon embogued in the morass, and overborne by those that pressed on behind. In this state of confusion the soldiers were assailed by the Scots, and, being unable to extricate themselves, were slaughtered almost to a man. The Scots, emboldened by this success, crossed the bog and fell upon the English, who were bewildered and intimidated by the fate of their comrades, and the boldness and success of their opponents. The conflict, however, was sharp and long continued, and great valour was displayed on both sides. The mode of fighting at that time generally rendered a battle a series of single combats. Some notable encounters of this kind took place during the engagement. The Governor of Calais, clad in complete armour, and expert in all warlike exercises, assailed Sir John Graham, who, with his trusty blade, warded off his attacks, and at length struck him such a blow as pierced his harness, and laid him lifeless on the spot. Wallace, espying Amyer de Vallance, one of Edward's most active and resolute captains, and noted for his cruel oppression of the Scots, was anxious to engage with him; but the Earl of Westmoreland, coming between them, received a stroke from Wallace on his steel basinet which instantly deprived him of life. Robert Boyd encountered the Governor of Berwick, and after an obstinate combat also succeeded in slaying him by a "straik."

"Awkward ye crag, which cutting
Through all hys weid in sondyr straik ye bane."

The English, now panic struck, left the field to the victorious Scots, and fled back to John's Green.

Such was the battle of Biggar, and if Harry is at all to be credited, it was productive of most important consequences. Edward considered it prudent to return to England without gaining the object of his expedition. Many persons of distinction came and ranked themselves under the banner of Wallace, and in a short time after, that undaunted and inflexible patriot was chosen Warder of Scotland.

THE SORTES SANCTORUM.

This species of divination was pretty much the same as the *Sortes Virgilianæ*, so frequently resorted to, the accuracy of which Charles I. and Lord Falkland are said to have tested.

Of the *Sortes Sanctorum* there are many instances. It is said, St Anthony, to put an end to his irresolution about retirement, went to a church, where, immediately hearing the deacon pronounce these words: "Go sell all thou hast,

and give it to the poor, then come and follow me;" he applied them to himself, as a direct injunction from God, and withdrew to that solitude for which he is so celebrated among the Catholics.

The following passage from Gregory of Tours is too remarkable to be omitted:—He relates that Clovis, the first Christian king of France, marching against Alaric, king of the Visigoths, and being near the city of Tours, where the body of St Martin was deposited, he sent some of his nobles with presents to be offered at the saint's tomb, to see if they could not bring him a promising augury, while he himself uttered this prayer: "Lord, if thou wouldst have me punish this impious people, the savage enemy of thy holy name, give me some signal token by which I may be assured that such is thy will." Accordingly, his messengers had no sooner set foot within the cathedral than they heard the priest chaunt forth this verse of the eighteenth Psalm: "Thou hast girded me with strength for war, thou hast subdued under me those that rose up against me." Transported at these words, after laying the presents at the tomb of the saint, they hastened to the king with this favourable prognostic; Clovis joyfully accepted it, and engaging Alaric, gained a complete victory.

Here also may be subjoined a passage in the history of St Louis IX. In the first emotions of his clemency, he had granted a pardon to a criminal under sentence of death; but some minutes after, happening to alight upon this verse of the Psalms: "Blessed is he that doth righteousness at all times; he recalled his pardon, saying, "The king who has the power to punish a crime, and does not do it, is, in the sight of God, no less guilty than if he had committed it himself."

The *Sortes Sanctorum* were fulminated against by various councils. The council of Vannes, "forbade all ecclesiastics, under pain of excommunication, to perform that kind of divination, or to pry into futurity, by looking into any book or writing whatsoever." The council of Ayde, in 506, expressed itself to the same effect: as did those of Orleans, in 511: and Auxerre, in 595. It appears, however, to have continued very common, at least in England, so late as the twelfth century. The council of Aenham, which met there in 1110, condemned jointly Sorcerers, Witches, Diviners, such as occasioned death by magical operations, and who practised fortune-telling by the holy book-lots.

Peter de Blois, who wrote at the close of the twelfth century, places among the Sorcerers those who, under the veil of religion, promised, by certain superstitious practices, such as the lots of the Apostles and Prophets, to discover hidden and future events: yet this same Peter de Blois, one of the most learned and pious men of his age, in a letter to Reginald, whose election to the see of Bath had for a long time been violently opposed, tells him, that he hopes he has overcome all difficulties: and further, that he believes he is, or soon will be, established in his diocese. "This belief," says he, "I ground on a dream I lately had two nights successively, of being at your consecration; and also, that being desirous of know-

ing its certain meaning, by lots of human curiosity, and the Psalter, the first which occurred to me were: "Moses and Aaron among his priests."

Thus, though the ancient fathers, and, since them, others have in general agreed, that the *Sortes Sanctorum* cannot be cleared of superstition, though they assert that it was tempting God to expect that he would inform us of futurity, and reveal to us the secrets of his will, whenever the sacred book is opened for such a purpose, though it contain nothing which looks like a promise of that kind from God; though so far from being warranted by any ecclesiastical law, it has been condemned by several, and, at last, in more enlightened times, has been altogether abolished, yet they do not deny, that there have been occasions, when discreet and pious persons have opened the sacred book, not to discover futurity, but to meet with some passage to support them in times of distress and persecution.

THE MURDER OF CAIRN O' MOUNT.(1)

Do you mind yon old and hoary man,
With the haggard cheek and eye,
Whose big broad breast was often heav'd
With the deep and smother'd sigh?

Do you mind how he aye would quail and start,
As through some sudden fear,
And timidly over his shoulder look,
Though there was no one near?

And ever he mutter'd some secret words
The sighs and starts between;
And we said, 'What ails the aged man?—
God grant his hands be clean!'

It was a gloomy autumn day;
The sullen breezes sweeping,
A mournful mound of wither'd leaves
O'er the summer flowers were heaping.

And a Preacher came to our lonely glen,
A man of fame and power,
Who could stir men's hearts to their inmost depths,
Or sweeten the anguish'd hour.

And he bade us all with humble hearts
To the holy fane repair,
For he had a message direct from God
To tell the people there.

And soon from many a sylvan nook,
And many a moorland shelling,
The young and old together met
In the house of prayer are kneeling;

And that strange old man met with the rest;
With them on his knees he fell,
But whether he mutter'd his secret words,
Or pray'd, I might not tell.

The Preacher chose a startling theme
From the world's early day,
When the first infuriate murderer rose
And lifted his hand to slay;

And he told in deep, and thrilling tones,
How Abel's blood was found
To raise its cry, like an injured thing,
For vengeance from the ground!

And he said—"The avalanche may hide
The vale in eternal snow,
And the ocean roll till the day of doom
O'er the secret deeps below,

"But a deed of blood can never be hid;
For, though in darkness done,
The torch of heaven will light it up
Till it gleam like the mid-day sun!"

And he said, "Last night, in a dream from God,
I saw a recent tomb,
Where a murder'd form was laid to sleep,
Till awak'd by the trump of doom.

"And I feel impell'd by the Spirit of Truth
This judgment to declare,—
That the murderer hears my voice this day
And mingles with you in prayer!

"On earth's dark secrets heaven can pour
The light in a streaming flood;
Eternal Justice thou can'st not foil—
Stand forth, thou man of blood!"

There was silence deep in the house of prayer,
Till a thrill through each chill heart ran,
As that strange old man stood up and wept,
Crying "I am the guilty man!—

"O, heaven! have mercy upon my soul!
And bless'd be this hour for aye!
For it lifts a secret load from my heart
That hath crush'd it for many a day.

"For since these hands were stain'd in blood
A spectre, day and night,
Hath threaten'd to stab me with glittering blade,
But I've pray'd it in vain to smite!

"Yet over my shoulder its red right hand
Still lifted the brand on high,
But never would plunge it in my heart
That I might bleed and die!

"And O! the agony, worse than death,
To bear a blameless name,
Yet ever to dread that the truth would be known,
And cover me deep with shame!"

And he told how a trivial strife arose,
That a word had power to quell,
When he smote his fellow-labourer dead,
And buried him where he fell!

"And now, ye may bind me, and hold me in ward;
I have nothing to hope or to fear
From the mercy or wrath of my fellow man—
For the finger of God is here!"

No solemn tribunal in judgment sat;
No gibbet its victim display'd;
Yet long ere the last leaves of autumn were strew'd
In his grave was the murderer laid.

But as that deed of blood was done
Unseen by mortal eye,
So none but the slumberless eye of heaven
Beheld the murderer die!

And the lated traveller on the hill
Hath an old man aye by his side,
Whose ceaseless whisper at parting and hail
Is—"Murder ye cannot hide!"(2)

(1) "The Cairn o' Mount." A hill so called, in the parish of Strachan, Kincardineshire.

(2) Could it be that the chief actor in the tradition from which the above poem is taken is the same with the Professor whose incarcerations are noticed in page 144 of the "Journal"? The names, professions and dates would warrant us in inferring as much. We find the story related in one of the Maitland Club publications—"Analecta: or Materials for a History of Remarkable Providences, mostly relating to Scotch Ministers and Christians. By the Rev. Robert Wodrow, minister of the Gospel at Eastwood." "November 9, A.D. 1729. Mr William Brown tells me the following account he had, when last in Perth, from Mr James Mercer, minister at Aberdalgie, as what was generally believed as to Dr Rule, principal [of the College] at Edinburgh [from A.D. 1690 to A.D. 1703]; and the thing was so notour that it could not miss to be observed." The Doctor going to some church meeting in the north, could not obtain lodgings at a small change-house at the Cairn o' Mount, as the sheriff and some other gentlemen had engaged all the beds, even those of the landlord and

family. Unwilling to encounter the hill at night, he was glad, at last, to put up in a deserted house, about a quarter of a mile from the inn, which the landlord endeavoured to make as comfortable for him as circumstances would admit of, but did not seek to conceal that the house was "haunted with an apparition." After commending himself to God, the Doctor went to bed, putting out the candles, but leaving the fire burning. "He had not been long in bed till the room door is opened, and an apparition, in shape of a country tradesman, came in, and opened the curtains, without speaking a word. Mr Rule was resolved to do nothing till it should speak or attack him, but lay still with full composure, committing himself to the divine protection and conduct. The apparition went to the table, lighted the two candles, brought them to the bedside, and made some steps toward the door, looking still to the bed, as if he would have had Mr Rule rising and following. Mr Rule still lay still till he should see his way further cleared. Then the apparition, who the whole time spoke none, took an effectual way to raise the Doctor. He caryed back the candles to the table, and went to the fire, and, with the tongs, took down the kindled coals, and laid them on the deal chamber floor. The Doctor, then, thought it time to rise, and put on his cloaks; in the time of which the spectre laid up the coals again in the chimney, and, going to the table, lifted the candles, and went to the door, opened it, still looking to the Principal, as he would have him following the candles; which he now, thinking there was somewhat extraordinary in the case, after looking to God for direction, inclined to do. The apparition went down some steps with the candles, and caryed them in to a long trance, at the end of which there was a stair, which caryed down to a low room. This the spectre went down, and stooped and set down the lights on the lowest step of the stair, and straight disappeared. Mr Rule, after a little waiting to see if any further should cast up, lifted the candles, went up, the way he came, to his room, and went to his bed again, where he was no more disturbed." The Doctor, thinking there must be some murder in the case, sent next morning for the sheriff, and caused him to have the ground opened near the spot where the spectre disappeared, when "the plain remains of a human body were found, and bones, to the conviction of all." The Doctor next entreated the sheriff to call the country people together, "and he would give them a sermon, and see if any hint could be had of the murder." "The sheriff condescended—the people convened; the Doctor preached upon some subject suitable to the occasion, and told what had happened, and earnestly dealt with the consciences of his hearers, if they knew any thing of that murder, to acknowledge it, now that God in his providence, had brought it to light. In the time of his sermon, an old man, near eighty years, awakened, and fell a weeping, and, before all the company, acknowledged that, at the building of that house, he was the murderer. He and one of his fellow masons fell into a debate, and came to high words, on a summer morning, when the rest of the workmen were not come up to their work; and he killed the man with one stroke of a hammer, and buried him under the first step of the stair; and the matter was never known!"

C.

THE LORD CHANCELLOR TO KING JAMES VI.—APRIL 9, 1607.

Most Sacred Souerayne,

Your Maiesties Letter of the thrid of this instant, anent the Comptrollaris intention to enact custome of the outward and inward commodities exchangeit betuix this your Maiesties kingdom, wes presentit to your heynes Counsaill: conforme thairto ane act past, discharginge the Comptrollair and Customaris of all ferdier melling in that mater. Your Maiesties vther letter anent the misbehaviour of the Maister of Gray

towards his fader,* wes lyke wayes presented and red in Counsaill, and ane commissioun exped accordingly to the lord Haliruidhous; bot in the meantyme the Lord Gray, heiring quhat wes concludit be your Maiesties Counsaill in that mater, he directit his sone Robert with a letter to the Counsaill, subscrived be himself, a number of his freyndis, and two ministeris, showing that his petitioun, exhibited vnto your Maiestie, procedit upoun euill informatioun, and perswasion of some personis who lyked not of concord and peace betuix him and his sone, and that all thair differenceis wald be settled and drestit with thair awin freyndis, and that your Maiestie nor your counsell sould not be troubled thairwith, as be his letter, whiche your Maiestie sall have heirwith, may appeir; wherupoun the Counsaill thocht meit to forbeir all ferdier melling betuix thame.

Thair hes bene sindrie dyettis betuix Mr James Home and the freyndis of the laird of Mellestanes, anent the satling of that feid. Mr James seames to be very penitent, and wald gladlie imbrace freyndship and mak satisfactioun and assyithment, bot the Huntleyist pretendis mony excusis vpoun the absence and minoritie of thair cheif, and that diuers of thame being removeable tennentis to him cannot enter into that treaty by his advise. Efter diuers continuatiounis granted vnto thame, in end, this present day, a number of thame compeirit and producit a letter, writtin to thame frome thair cheif, proporting that he will only submitt that mater to your sacred Maiestie, and nane vtheris; and thay, as alswa his curatouris who compeirit with thame, following his opinioun, maid the lyke ansuer, and for thair pairtis hes submittit to your Maiestie, wherupoun ane act of Counsell is past, and nothing restis now, bot Mellestanes awne parte, to be perfyted, whilk wald be done thair be your Maiesties directioun, and returnit bak heir to suche of your Maiesties Counsell, whome your Maiestie will mak choise of in that mater, wherin thay sall haif the concurrence of the whole Counsell.† The submissioun betuix Eglintoun and Glencarne is cassin in your Maiesties handis, as, by the proces of the Counsaillis dealing wit thame, whiche the erll of Dunbar will shaw vnto your Maiestie, may appeir.

The Esteatis of Flanderis being debtfull in diuers great sowmes to vmquhile Capitayne Achiesoun, for his service in the wearis among thame,

* This must have been Patrick Sixth Lord Gray, who died in 1609. The Master was the celebrated person who figures so prominently in the history of these times as a skilful intriguer, and who, in reference to Queen Mary, observed to her rival, "mortuus non mordent."

† The Gordon had then considerable influence in the parish of Gordon, Berwickshire—indeed the family came from thence.

‡ Probably of the Gosford family. The Achiesons, who, like many other families not far removed from Edinburgh, sprung from decent burghers, were owners of Gosford—the Guse-fuird—one of the family deriving a lucrative income from supplying the gluttons of Edinburgh with geese. About the middle of the seventeenth century, they settled in Ireland, and there, became founders of a family known in the catalogue of Irish Peers as Earls of Gosford. The Scotch estate of Gosford now belongs to the Earl of Wemyss.

and his bairnis finding a warr schip pertening to the Esteatis lyand in the harbery of Leyth, awaiting vpoun the transporte of the Lord of Buckleugh and some companyis lifted by him, thay causit arreist the said ship. This mater seamit grevous to the whole estate of maircheandis, who hes sa frequent a handling in these pairtis; and your Maiesteis Counsell haueing at lenth aduysit heirupoun, thay resoluut that in respect this wes a mater of State, wherin your Maiesteie hes interesse, the arreistment could be

lowsit; and thay humble crave your Maiesteis resolutioun, incase the lyke mater fall oute heirefter. And sua, humelie craving pardoun of your Sacred Maiesteie for my lang letter, I pray God to blesse your Maiesteie with a lang and happy reignn and eternal felicitie. Frome your Maiesteis burgh of Edinburgh the nynt of Aprile 1707.

Your Maiesteis moist humble and obedyent subiect and sernitour
AL(EXANDER) CANCELLS.

To the Kingis moist excellent Maiesteie.



THE OLD TOLBOOTH, OR "HEART OF MID-LOTHIAN."

For this excellent vignette of the "Heart of Mid-Lothian," we are indebted to the publisher of "The Memorials of Edinburgh in the Olden Time,"* a work in 2 vols. 4to., now nearly completed. It is illustrated with numerous engravings and woodcuts; and the letterpress, by D. Wilson, F.S.A. Scot., exhibits a degree of research altogether surprising. The author has been indefatigable in the performance of his task, and the result is a work of great interest and novelty—both to the antiquary and the general reader. No one can be thoroughly acquainted with the antiquities of the Scottish capital who has not perused the pages of the *Memorials*.

The vignette presents a view of the north side of the Tolbooth. "It stood," says the writer, "at the north-west corner of St Giles's Church, so close to that ancient building as only to leave a narrow footpath beyond its projecting buttresses; while the tall and gloomy-looking pile extended so far into the main street, that a roadway of fourteen feet in breadth was all that intervened between it and the lofty range of buildings on the opposite side. We cannot better describe this

interesting building than in the lively narrative of Scott, written about the time of its demolition—'The prison reared its ancient front in the very middle of the High Street, forming the termination to a huge pile of buildings called the Luckenbooths, which, for some inconceivable reason, our ancestors had jammed into the midst of the principal street of the town, leaving for passage a narrow way on the north; and on the south—into which the prison opened—a crooked lane, winding betwixt the high and sombre walls of the Tolbooth and the adjacent houses on the one side, and the buttresses and projections of the old cathedral upon the other. To give some gaiety to this sombre passage, well known by the name of the Krames, a number of little booths or shops, after the fashion of coblers' stalls, were plastered, as it were, against the Gothic projections and abutments, so that it seemed as if the traders had occupied every "buttress and coigne of vantage," with nests bearing the same proportion to the building as the martlet's did in Macbeth's Castle.' The most prominent features in the south front of the Tolbooth were two projecting turret staircases. A neatly carved Gothic doorway, surmounted by a niche, gave entrance to the building at the foot

* Hugh Paton, Adam Square, Edinburgh.

of the eastern tower; and this, on its demolition in 1817, was removed by Sir Walter Scott to Abbotsford, and there converted to the humble office of giving access to his kitchen court."

Maitland quotes a mandate of Queen Mary, in 1561, ordaining the "Provost, Bailies, and Councillors," in consequence of the ruinous state of the building, to "put workmen to the taking down o' the said Tolbuith, with all possible diligence;" and states that, in compliance with this order, the Tolbooth was taken down. The author of the *Memorials* is of a different opinion. "This," he says, "is an error. The new building was erected entirely apart from it, adjoining the south-west corner of St Giles's Church."

It is possible, however, that Maitland may be in so far correct. Mr Wilson shows that the second Parliament of James II. was held, Nov. 1438—"in pretorio burgi de Edinburgh"—which "Latin term for Tolbooth is repeated in the minutes of another assembly of the estates held there in 1449." "In 1451," he continues, "the old Scottish name appears for the first time in 'the parliament of ane richt hie and excellent prince, and our soverane lorde, James the Secunde, be the grace of Gode, King of Scotts, haldyn at Edinburgh the begunyn in the Tolbuith of the samyn.' A much older, and probably larger erection must therefore have existed on the site of the western portion of the Tolbooth, the ruinous state of which at length led to the royal command for its demolition in 1561—not a century after the date we are disposed to assign to the oldest portion of the building that remained till 1817."

We can scarcely conceive that so positive an order as that of Queen Mary should have been wholly disregarded. The ruinous portion of the Old Tolbooth may have been removed and the remainder repaired. Maitland states, from the Council Register, that, in 1562, the "Lords of Session" acquainted the Common Council, that if they did not in a short time provide them a convenient house to sit in, they would remove the Court to the city of St Andrew's, which induced the Council to give immediate orders to finish the said building with the utmost dispatch."

It would appear that the New Tolbooth, "a little to the south of the old one," was not built till nearly a century afterwards. "One of the carved stones from the modern portion of the building," says the *Memorials*, "is now preserved, among other relics of similar character, in the nursery of Messrs Eagle and Henderson, Leith Walk. It bears on it the city arms, sculptured in high relief, and surmounted by an ornamental device, with the date 1641. The style of the new building, though plain, and of rude workmanship, entirely corresponded with this date, being that which prevailed towards the close of Charles the First's reign."

But whether Maitland or the *Memorialist* is the more correct, there can be little doubt that the whole of the premises latterly known as the Tolbooth buildings were not originally used or

intended for the purposes of a prison. There was a marked distinction between the architecture of the east and west ends. The western and larger portion of the building was "constructed of coarse rubble work, while the earlier edifice, at the east end, was built of polished stone." "Maitland mentions," says Mr Wilson, "and attempts to refute, a tradition that this had been the mansion of the Provost of St Giles's Church, but there seems little reason to doubt that it had been originally erected as some such appendage to the Church. The style of ornament was entirely that of a collegiate building attached to an ecclesiastical edifice; and its situation and architectural adornments suggest the idea of its having been the residence of the Provost or Dean, while the prebends and other members of the college were accommodated in the buildings in the south side of the church, removed in the year 1632, to make way for the Parliament House. If this idea is correct, the edifice was, in all probability, built shortly after the year 1466, when a charter was granted by King James III., erecting St Giles's into a collegiate church; and it may further have included a chapter-house for the college, whose convenient dimensions would lead to its adoption as a place of meeting for the Scottish Parliaments. The date thus assigned to the most ancient portion of the "Heart of Mid-Lothian," receives considerable confirmation from the style of the building.

"The ornamental north gable of the most ancient portion of the building appears to have been the place of exposure for the heads and dismembered limbs of the numerous victims of the sanguinary laws of Scotland in early times. In the year 1581, the head of the Earl of Morton, 'was sett upon a prick, on the highest stone of the gavel of the Tolbuith, toward the publick street,' and the same point—after doing the like ignominious service to many of inferior note—received, in 1650, the head of the gallant Marquis of Montrose, which remained exposed there throughout the whole period of the Commonwealth, and was taken down at length, shortly after the Restoration, with every demonstration of national honour and triumph, and committed, along with the other portions of his body, to the tomb of his ancestors, in the south transept of St Giles's Church. The north gable was not, however, long suffered to remain unoccupied. On the 27th of May 1661,—little more than four months after the tardy honours paid to the Marquis of Montrose—the Marquis of Argyle was beheaded at the Cross, and 'his heid affixt upone the heid of the Tolbuith, quhair the Marquis of Montrois wes affixt of befoir.' The ground floor of this ancient part of the Tolbooth was known by the name of the Purses, by which it is often alluded to in early writings. In the ancient titles of a house on the north side of the High Street, it is described as 'that Lodging or Timber Land, lying in the burgh of Edinburgh, forgainst the place of the Tolbooth, commonly called the poor folks' Purses.' In the trial of William Maclauchlane, a servant of the Countess of Wemyss, who was apprehended almost immediately after the Porteous mob, one of the witnesses states, that 'having come up Beth's

¹ The Court of Session sat in the Tolbooth, in what was called the High Council House.

Wynd, he tried to pass by the Purses on the north side of the prison; but there perceiving the backs of a row of armed men, some with staves, others with guns and Lochaber axes, standing across the street, who, he was told, were drawn up as a guard there, he retired again.' The crime sought to be proved against Maclauchlane was his having been seen taking a part with this guard, armed with a Lochaber axe. Another witness describes having seen some of the magistrates going up from the head of Mary King's Close towards the Purses on the north side of the Tolbooth, where they were stopped by the mob, and compelled to make a precipitate retreat. This important pass thus carefully guarded on the memorable occasion of the Porteous riot, derived its name from having been the place where the ancient fraternity of *Blue Gowns*, the King's faithful bedemen, received the royal bounty presented to them on each King's birth day in a leathern purse, after having attended service in St Giles's Church.

"At the west end of the Tolbooth, a modern addition existed, rising only to the height of two stories. This was occupied as shops, while the flat roof formed a platform whereon all public executions took place, after the abandonment of the Grassmarket in the year 1785. The west gable of the old building bore the appearance of rude and hasty construction; it was without windows, notwithstanding that it afforded the openest and most suitable aspect for light, and seemed as if it had been so left for the purpose of future extension. The apartments on the ground floor of the main building were vaulted with stone, and the greater part of them latterly fitted up for shops, until the demolition of the citadel of the old guard in 1785, soon after which those on the north side were converted into a guard-house for the accommodation of that veteran corps.

"Previous to the extension or rebuilding of the west portion of the Tolbooth, it had furnished accommodation for the wealthiest traders of the city, and there also some of the most imposing displays took place on Charles I. visiting his northern capital in 1633. 'Upon the west wall of the Tolbooth,' says an old writer, 'where the Goldsmiths' shops do stand, there stood ane vast pageant, arched above, on ane large mab the pourtraits of a hundred and nine kings of Scotland. In the cavity of the arch, Mercury was represented bringing up Fergus the first king of Scotland in ane convenient habit, who delivered to his Majesty a very grave speech, containing many precious advices to his royal successor; a representation, not altogether in caricature, of the drama often enacted on the same spot, at a later period, when Jock Heigh—the Edinburgh *Jack Ketch* for above forty years—played the part of Mercury, bringing up one in ane convenient habit, to hear a very grave speech, preparatory to treatment not unlike that which the unfortunate monarch received, in addition to the *precious advices* bestowed on him in 1633. The goldsmiths' shops were latterly removed into the Parliament Close; but George Heriot's booth existed at the west end of St Giles's Church till the year

1809, when Beth's Wynd and the adjoining buildings were demolished. A narrow passage led between the church and an ancient three-storied tenement adjoining the New Tolbooth, or Laigh Council House, as it was latterly called, and the centre one of the three booths into which it was divided, measuring about seven feet square, was pointed out by tradition as the work-shop of the founder of Heriot's Hospital, where both King James and his Queen paid frequent visits to the royal goldsmith. On the demolition of this ancient fabric, the tradition was completely confirmed by the discovery of George Heriot's name boldly carved on the stone lintel of the door. The forge and bellows, as well as a stone crucible and lid, supposed to have belonged to its celebrated possessor, were discovered in clearing away the ruins of the old building, and are now carefully preserved in the Hospital Museum.

"The associations connected with the ancient building we have described, are almost entirely those relating to the occupants whom it held in durance in its latter capacity as a prison. The eastern portion, indeed, had in all probability been the scene of stormy debates in the earlier Scottish Parliaments, and of deeds even ruder than the words of the turbulent barons. There also, the College of Justice, founded by James V. in 1532, held its first sederunt; the earliest statutes of the Court requiring that 'all the lordis sall entre in the Tolbuth and counsal-hous at viij howris in the mornnyng, dayly, and sall sit quhill xi howris be strikin.' All these, however, had ceased to be thought of for centuries previous to the demolition of the tall and gloomy prison; though even in its degradation it was connected with historical characters of no mean note, having been the final place of captivity of the Marquises of Montrose and Argyll, and others of the later victims of factious rivalry, who fell a sacrifice to the triumph of their opponents. The main floor of the more ancient building, in its latter days, formed the common hall for all prisoners, except those in irons, or incarcerated in the condemned cells. It had an old oak pulpit of curious construction for the use of any one who took upon him the duties of prison Chaplain, and which tradition—as usual with most old Scottish pulpits—affirmed to have been occupied by John Knox. Here also there was inscribed on a board, the rhymes preserved by Scott in the 'Heart of Mid-Lothian,' which have been traced to an English poet of the seventeenth century:—

A prison is a house of care,
A place where none can thrive,
A touchstone true to try a friend,
A grave for men alive.
Sometimes a place of right,
Sometimes a place of wrong,
Sometimes a place for jades and thieves
And honest men amoug.

"The room immediately above the common hall may be presumed to have been 'the upper chamber of the Tolbooth,' in which James V. held his first council, after escaping, in 1528, from his durance at Falkland Palace in the hands of the Douglas faction; its latter use was as a dun-

geon for the worst felons, whose better security was insured by an iron bar placed along the floor. Here also the condemned criminal generally spent the last wretched hours of life, often chained to the same iron bar, and surrounded with the reckless and depraved, whose presence forbade a serious thought. It was indeed among the worst features of this miserable abode of crime, that its dimensions entirely precluded all classification. It had no open area attached to it, to which the prisoner might escape for fresh air, or even a glimpse of the light of day, and no solitary cell whither he might withdraw to indulge in the luxury of solitude and quiet reflection. Dante's memorable inscription for the gates of hell might have found no inappropriate place over its gloomy portal:—

All hope abandon, ye who enter here!

"We must refer the reader to Chambers's *Traditions*, for much that is curious and amusing among the legends of the Tolbooth, gathered from the tales of its old inmates, or the recollections of aged citizens. One of its most distinguishing traits, which it might be supposed to retain as an heir-loom of its former more dignified duties, was a total suspension of its retentive capabilities whenever any prisoner of rank was committed to the custody of its walls. A golden key, doubtless, was sometimes effectual in unlocking its ponderous bars; but when this was provided against, other means were discovered for eliciting the convenient facility of 'knowing those who ought to be respected on account of their rank.' It is no less worthy of note, that occasions occurred in which the Tolbooth proved the only effectual road to freedom for some of the most notorious offenders, when seeking to elude the emissaries of justice. An old lady, to whose retentive memory we owe some interesting recollections of former times—when, as she was wont to say, she used to gather gowans on the banks of the Nor' Loch, and take a day's ramble in Bearford's Parks—related the following as a tradition she had heard in early youth:—When Mitchell, the fanatic preacher, who shot the Bishop of Orkney in 1668, at the head of Blackfriars' Wynd, in an attempt to assassinate Archbishop Sharp, so strangely eluded the strict search made for him; he effected his escape by taking refuge in the Tolbooth, to which ingress, in latter times at least, was never very difficult. The city gates were shut at the time, and none allowed to go out without a passport signed by one of the magistrates, but it will readily be believed that the Tolbooth might be overlooked in the most vigilant pursuit after one who was to be consigned to it the instant he was taken. It may be, however, that this interesting tradition is only a confused version of a later occurrence in the same reign, when Robert Ferguson, a notorious character, known by the name of 'the Plotter,' was searched for in Edinburgh under somewhat similar circumstances, as one of the conspirators implicated in the Rye-House Plot. It was almost certainly known that he was in the town, and the gates were accordingly closed, but he also availed himself of the same ingenious hiding-place, and quietly withdrew after the whole town had been

searched for him in vain. Another similar escape is mentioned in *The Minor Antiquities*, where the Highlands were scoured by the agents of government in search for a gentleman concerned in the rebellion of 1745, while he was quietly taking his ease in 'the King's Auld Tolbooth.'

We have made use of the vignette of the Tolbooth, and no small portion of the letterpress account of it, in the *Memorials*, partly in compliment to that deserving work, and partly as an appropriate introduction to a series of Notes from the Register of the Gaol, the first of which will appear in our next, and which can scarcely fail to prove interesting to all who have heard of the "Heart of Mid-Lothian" and its traditions.

A LETTER FROM THE MATE OF AN EAST INDIA SHIP, TO HIS WIFE IN CRAWFURDSYKE, NEAR GREENOCK.

[Published in the Scots newspapers about the middle of December 1758.]

MY DEAR,—This is to acquaint you, that I am yet living; and I do think there is not on earth a more remarkable instance of the mercy and goodness of God, than has been shown in my preservation. I arrived in India the 15th of August 1753, and agreed to go mate along with Captain Hugh Kennedy, an old comrade of mine in Virginia. I will be particular in this my first voyage, and I hope you will cause what follows to be put in the newspapers, that all concerned may have a true and impartial account of the fate of their friends and relations.

Our ship was about 900 tuns burden, manned with 100 Lascars, or black sailors, and navigated by a captain, four mates, and a gunner, Europeans. We took on board 500 merchants, and other passengers, going to pay their yearly devotions at Mahomet's tomb at Mecca, and sailed from Surat in India the 10th of April 1754, with a cargo on board valued at about £200,000 sterling, for Moco and Jodda in the Red Sea, with a good wind, and on the 18th at noon, we found ourselves in lat. 15 N. and long. 9 to the westward of Surat. At one afternoon, (may God preserve me from the like sight for ever), we observed a smoke coming up through the deck in the galley or fore-castle. We immediately got the fore hatches off, to see where the fire was; but the flame having vent, burst out with such rage, that it burnt both the second mate's shirt and trousers, and mine; and having got hold of her main-stay sail, in five minutes communicated itself to the rigging and all the sails in the ship. Our boats were all on board but the longboat, and our rigging being on fire, we could make no use of the tackles to hoist them out. The Lascars all run aft from the flames, and assistance had we none. I went down to the powder-room, which was by aft, with the gunner, to heave the powder overboard; and whilst we were throwing it out, I observed the longboat cut adrift by the sailors, which was the only prospect we had of life: on which account I went up to the deck, and told the captain, that, as the fire was so violent, we had now but two choices, to burn or drown. He, with his usual calmness, told me, he had seen

me swim farther in Virginia than to the longboat; and as it was death to stay on board, I might yet reach her, and save him and the rest of the Europeans. I took a cutlase in my mouth, and directly jumped overboard. At that time the fire had got the length of the quarterdeck, with such violence, that nobody durst go nigh it. I had so far to swim, I was obliged to quit the cutlase, and swim for my life.

At last I reached the longboat; and going to use my authority, though I was beloved by the sailors, they soon let me know it was at an end; and told me, Did I not see 3 or 400 people swimming towards the longboat? that already she was full; that they left their own fathers and brothers to perish, and could I think they would return to take in five Infidels, on whose account Mahomet had burnt the ship? and though they should, would not every one strive to get in his own relations, by which they must all perish? I told them we had neither water nor provisions of any kind on board, nor a compass to steer by; that we were 200 leagues from the nearest land, part of the coast of Malabar. But my remonstrance signified nothing; they were resolved to pursue for it with oars, being ninety-six souls on board, of which eight were black Roman Catholics. The ship blew up about eight at night, with a noise like thunder, and every soul on board perished. Hugh Kennedy, the captain, was brother to [David Kennedy of Kirkmichael, in the shire of] Air. John Short, the second mate, was sometime a commander at Minorca. John Richardson, the third mate, was a Yorkshire man. William Campbell, the fourth mate, was [son to John Campbell of Welwood in the shire of Air, nephew to Dr Alexander Campbell, physician, and brother to Mr John Campbell, surgeon, both in the town of] Air. The gunner was named Hamilton, a Scots gentleman's son.

We rowed forty-eight hours towards the coast of Malabar, and then gave over. I desired them to take their turbands, being Moors, and stitch them together with some rope-yarn out of the longboat's cable, for sails, and lash the oars together for masts; which they did with all expedition; and being a side wind, and fair weather, we went always two or three knots. But from the want of sleep (conducting the boat by the sun in the day, and the stars by night) I envied the death of my shipmates who were burned or drowned. We were never hungry, but our thirst was extreme. The seventh day our throats and tongues swelled so that we spoke by signs. On that day fourteen died; and almost the whole company became silly, and began to die laughing. I petitioned God earnestly to continue my senses to my end; which he was pleased to do, being the only person the eighth day that had them. On that day twenty more died; and on the ninth I spied land; which sight overcame my senses, and I fell into a swoon with thankfulness and joy. When I recovered, I took the helm, and steered in for the land, and ran into a bay between two rocks, about eleven o'clock in the morning, ten leagues to the southward of Goa, a Portuguese settlement upon the coast of Malabar. The natives were Gentoos or Pagans, who used

us very civilly. They took all the black people out of the boat first, that were alive, and when I looked round, ten lay dead in the boat. Fifty got alive to shore, of which I was one; twenty died in two days more; and only thirty of us got to Bombay, having 550 miles to travel, naked, in the heat of the sun. I was taken care of in Bombay by the English government, who allowed me 50 rupees (which is £6, 5s) per month for my sustenance, being just enough to live on there.

I recovered in six months, and went mate of another ship to Africa and Ethiopia, and returned to Bombay without any accident. I went again in the same ship to the streights of Molucca; where the Mallayans cut off the most part of our crew in the night: however, the captain and I were saved, and, with the remainder of the black sailors, we got the ship home to Bombay.

I went the next voyage with the same captain to Bengal, and arrived there just as the Moors came to besiege it. We fought the ship till we could fight no longer, the captain being killed, myself and the rest of the mates wounded in many places. We had on board twenty-six European ladies, that fled to our ship for protection, when the town was taken by the Moors. You have heard, I suppose, of the cruel massacre of those that remained in the town. I cut my cable, and run down the river, having three Moorish forts to pass. The ladies were in the hold in safety; but the most of my Lascars, or black sailors, were killed, and I received a shot, which took me in the head, and shattered my skull: but blood and bones I tied up all together, having a Bengal doctor on board, one Gray, a Scotsman; and having passed all the forts to the mouth of the river, my wounds threw me into a fever; and then I made this will and power, which I here inclose you. When I recovered, I returned to Bombay, and continued in the command of the ship; and have made several successful voyages since: but finding my health declining, I propose to return home in the summer 1759; though I need never want a command in India, through the interest of the Bengal ladies, whose lives I saved.

JOHN IVER.

LETTERS FROM A PILGRIM IN SCOTLAND.

No. I.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SCOTTISH JOURNAL.

SIR—I am not a disciple of Mahomet, still I make pilgrimages. I visit every now and then scenes in Scotland rendered sacred by the genius or deeds of her sons and daughters. The Carron, near Denny, was the "Mecca" of this month. I need not remind you, Mr Editor, that the stirring ballad of "Gil Morice" is there localised, and that the glorious Wallace, according to the Minstrel, held the celebrated interview with Bruce there. I clamb the "Erle's hill," drank of the "Erle's burn," and, carrying the tradition forward to the tragedy of "Douglas" by Home, which tragedy is founded on the ballad, I looked with intense interest on the Carron, as it dashed

against the cliff from whence Lady Randolph leapt, called to this day Lady Randolph's Leap."

I enclose a legend, picked up while at Randolph Hill, the seat of Robert Weir, Esq., of Glasgow. Being a veritable legend, not a legend "lengthened out into a tale," against which your preface to the *Journal* is an anathema, I trust it will be deemed suitable. If so, I shall have the pleasure of forwarding a curious tradition of the Witch of Torwood, which, with the present legend, is innocent of all intercourse with the Printer's Devil, i. e. of "gude black prent."

I am, Sir,
Your obedient Servant,
A. B. G.

LOCH COULTER.

The hills near Denny open into scenes of beauty; bleak and naked of themselves, they afford delightful prospects from their summits. The eye may now rest on Stirling, and the Links of the Forth, sung by M'Neil; and now on the great valley or Carse of Falkirk. However, I have only to do with the legend of the quiet little lake immediately behind Denny. William F—— was walking up the Glen of D——. He was the "herd" at the farm of H——, near Denny. The coulter of the plough had been broken, and he had it now on his shoulder going to the smithy. The glen was, by report, the residence of the fairies. William, therefore, did not relish his errand; but he was only a herd, and must do what the "maister" ordered. So, as I have said, William F—— was walking up the Glen of D——. He whistled "The last time I cam owre the muir," and trudged on. Presently, as the wind came and went, he heard—music, sweet music. He passed the *Sett*, over which a venerable *ha'* tree stood sentinel—still the music came and went. The Carron gurgled over its pebbles, and by the echo and the gurgling William accounted for the music. No—again, and yet again, the strain came and went. He now came to the *Rockin' Stane*. The music was softer and sweeter. He stood, and turning his eye towards the stone, over which the moon now shed a glittering and visible glory, he distinctly saw a train of fairies enter by a chink into the hill. He waited anxiously a little—then on hands and knees ventured to the chink. This was the hall of the fairies. The queen, dressed in green, and with a little sceptre in her hand, was receiving the obeisance of all the fairies. This was dressed in green, that in white, and all danced to the sound of sweet music. Suddenly a very small fairie approached the queen, and touched her sceptre, saying, "a mortal is near!" William F—— started; for no sooner did the small fairie deliver this oracle than the whole train of the fairies, led by the queen, issued in pursuit. On then: William does not know what to do. He is in a hollow now—still the fairies are in pursuit; nay, at his very heels. On—on; he is in sight of the smithy: he will be seized immediately! Now, or never! He threw the coulter of the plough from his shoulder. He looked behind, and where the coulter fell the water had

sprung up, and was roaring after him. On—on; the fairies are tripping from wave to wave, and the small fairie is crying "pursue!" He has reached the smithy. There were the smith, the dominie, the tailor and the tailor's rib. William F—— rushes in, and falls speechless by the anvil. "A ghast!" cries the rib. "A wirrikow!" cries the dominie. "What's wrang, Willie?—deil's in the callan, chitter-chittering!" cries the smith. "Leuk up, Willie, an' dinna gaip as if ye expeckit the smith to jump down the mouth o' ye—leuk up." William did "leuk up," and they "a' gat the story." The smith ran to the door, and a "Lord preserve us a'!" called dominie, tailor and rib out. The smithy was now a little island; for all round and round it was—water; the water of our legend—Loch Coulter. The smith got the dominie and the tailor safe on land, and the tailor's rib too, after an accidental (?) dip; but so soon as they were all safe, the strain of music was resumed, and the water wheeled in dimples over the smithy.

Reader!—this is November, "cauld and eerie." Spring—summer, however, are coming. Visit Loch Coulter, take "a branch o' that bonnie yellow broom"—lift up slowly one of the broad leaves of the water lily, and see if what I now state is verity—that the ruins of the smithy are to be seen in the loch even now. Benedicite! says Oldbuck. A. B. G.

71, Waterloo Street,
Glasgow, 20th Nov. 1847.

N.B.—I cannot fix a date to this legend; but it was known in Denny and the vicinage in 1745.

THE FLIGHT OF JAMES II.

On the evening of the 6th of December 1688, the King, without previously communicating his intentions to the Queen, sent for the Count de Lauzun, the well-known favourite of Louis XIV., and desired him to make instant preparations for her departure: he then retired, harassed and miserable, to bed. Every thing having been duly prepared, at the appointed hour the Count de Lauzun, accompanied by Monsieur de St Victor, proceeded to the King's apartment, and informed him of the steps they had taken. James instantly rose from his bed, and proceeded to awake the Queen, who being unexpectedly made aware of the plan which was laid for her sudden departure, threw herself at her husband's feet, and, in a passion of grief, implored him to allow her to remain, and share the dangers which surrounded him. James, however, was inflexible, and gave orders that the two nurses of the Prince should be awakened. When the infant was brought into the room, the feelings of the father overcame his usual coldness, and tenderly embracing his child, he gave the most particular injunctions to the Count de Lauzun to watch carefully over his charge. It was now between three and four o'clock in the morning, in the most inclement season of the year, when the Queen, carrying her infant in her arms, stole in disguise down the back stair at Whitehall, to the private water entrance leading to the Thames. The fugitives seem to have been in great dread that the cries of the royal infant would attract the attention of the guards; fortunately, however, it

slept, equally unconscious of the inclemency of the elements and of the change which was taking place in its own fortunes. At the foot of the stairs an open boat was in readiness, in which, in almost total darkness, with the discomforts of a high wind, a heavy rain, and the Thames being unusually tempestuous and swollen, the unfortunate Queen and her attendants crossed the river to Lambeth. A coach had been hired, but, by some accident, it was delayed. "During the time that she was kept waiting," says Dalrymple, "she took shelter under the walls of an old church at Lambeth, turning her eyes, streaming with tears, sometimes upon the Prince, unconscious of the miseries which attend upon royalty, and who upon that account raised the greater compassion in her breast, and sometimes at the innumerable lights of the city, amidst the glimmerings of which she in vain explored the palace in which her husband was left, and started at every sound she heard from thence." While in this disagreeable situation, the fugitives had a narrow escape from discovery. "The Queen," says Father Orleans, "waiting in the rain under the church wall for a coach, the curiosity of a man, who happened to come out of a neighbouring inn with a light, gave considerable cause of alarm. He was making towards the spot where she was standing, when Riva, one of her attendants, suddenly rushed forward and jostled him, so that they both fell into the mire. It was a happy diversion, as the stranger, believing it to be the result of accident, they both apologised, and so the matter ended." From Lambeth the Queen proceeded by land to Gravesend, where a vessel was waiting for her, in which, after a safe and expeditious voyage, she arrived at Calais about four o'clock on the following afternoon. The moment had now arrived when the unfortunate James found it imperative to consult his own safety. Accordingly, on the night previous to his flight, he communicated his determination to the Duke of Northumberland, the lord in waiting, desiring him, on his allegiance, to keep it a profound secret, till the necessity for concealment should no longer exist. On the following morning, the 11th of December, about three o'clock, the King withdrew from Whitehall by the private water entrance to the palace, and entered a boat, which was in waiting for him. The next morning the King's ante-chamber at Whitehall was thronged as usual by the officers of state, the gentlemen of his household, and others who were in the habit of attending his levee, and their surprise was excessive when, on the door of the bed-chamber being thrown open, instead of the King, the Duke of Northumberland made his appearance, and informed them of his Majesty's flight. Having performed this last act of kindness for his Sovereign, the Duke, who was a natural son of Charles II., immediately placed himself at the head of his regiment of Guards, and declared for the Prince of Orange.

James, in the meantime, had proceeded as far as Feversham, where he was boarded by a boat, containing thirty-six armed men, who, ignorant of his rank, and mistaking him for a fugitive Roman Catholic priest, detained and ill-treated him in the most shameful manner. During the progress of

these events, the Prince of Orange had advanced as far as Windsor, and as it was unquestionably his interest that James should quit the kingdom, he was naturally annoyed and disconcerted at the King's progress having been arrested. The Prince immediately despatched a messenger to his persecuted father-in-law, desiring him on no account to proceed nearer to London than Rochester. The dispatch, however, arrived too late, for James was already far advanced on his way to London, and at night his return to the metropolis was hailed by the ringing of bells, the blazing of bonfires, and every manifestation of popular delight. Reresby, a contemporary writer, mentions the "loud huzzas" which were heard as the King passed through the city, and Father Orleans also observes, "This was a day of triumph: no man ever remembered to have seen the like; ringing of bells, bonfires, and all the solemnities that are usually exhibited to testify joy, were practised on this occasion." But when James for the last time re-entered the ancient palace of Whitehall, he found its gorgeous chambers almost deserted. Gratifying as must have been the evidences of reviving loyalty which were even now ringing in his ear, they proved of no substantial advantage to the fallen monarch. The herd of sycophants and time-servers had already gone to worship the rising sun. He was approached but by few persons of distinction, and had the mortification of seeing Dutch sentries doing duty beneath his windows. James was in bed at Whitehall, and was probably but little inclined to sleep, when, about midnight, his privacy was broken in upon by Lords Halifax, Shrewsbury, and Delamere, who informed him that he must quit London the next morning. For the purpose of being near the sea-coast, he requested that he might be allowed to make Rochester his residence, and, as it suited the views of his adversaries, his request was readily granted. He was conveyed down the river, attended by a Dutch guard, on a very tempestuous night, not without danger from the elements as well as from man. He remained at Rochester till the 23d of December, when, on another dark and stormy night, he proceeded, with his natural son, the Duke of Berwick, and two other faithful followers, in a small boat, down the river Medway, and about midnight reached a sailing-vessel, which was expecting him near the fort at Sheerness. After encountering much adverse and boisterous weather, the fugitives, on Christmas-day 1688, arrived safely at Ambleteuse in Picardy.—*From Jesse's Memorials of London.*

[The Tower of London, with its historical reminiscences, occupies a large space in Mr Jesse's volumes. He relates a fact of which we were not before aware. "There still exists," he says, "a curious and ancient ceremony connected with the opening and closing of the Tower gates. In the morning, the yeoman-porter, attended by a sergeant's guard, proceeds to the governor's house, where the keys of the fortress are delivered to him. From thence he proceeds to open the three gates; and, as the keys pass and repass, the soldiers on duty lower their arms. The yeoman-porter then returns to the innermost gate, and calls on the warders in waiting to take in Queen

Victoria's keys; on which the gate is opened, and the keys are lodged in the warder's hall till night-time. At the closing of the gates, the same formalities are used as in the morning. As soon as the gates are shut, the yeoman-porter, followed by a serjeant's guard, proceeds to the main guard, who are all under arms, with the officer on duty at their head. The usual challenge from the main guard is, 'Who comes here?' To which the yeoman-porter answers, 'The keys.' The challenger returns, 'Pass, keys.' As they pass, the main guard lower their arms; on which the yeoman-porter exclaims, 'God save Queen Victoria,' and the guards answer, with loud voices, 'Amen.' The yeoman-porter then proceeds with his guard to the governor's house, where the keys are lodged for the night."—*Critic*.

ANTIQUARIAN RESEARCHES.

[From the "Ayrshire Monthly News-Letter," published by M. Dick, bookseller, Irvine—a paper conducted very much in the spirit of the ancient news-letter.]

We love the chronicles of days gone by. A black-letter-book has an incalculable charm to our eyes. We doat upon an old illuminated missal. Its dim, decayed gilding is fraught with rich memories of the hoary ancient times—of solemn processions and vesper chimes—midnight chaunts and matin prayers—the incense floating on the burdened air—and the deep-toned echo elicited from the venerable vaults which for generations have been the abodes of the bat and the owl. A kindred feeling possessed us lately when we lighted upon a dingy manuscript bearing upon circumstances and events, personal, domestic, moral and physical, that occurred in our own good burgh, more than a century ago. From this we extract a few passages interesting, in spite of their rude orthography, as showing the funeral expenses, the composition and character of the library, and the superstitious associations of a respectable man in the middle ranks of life:—

"1721.—Marion Wilson, my mother, ended her battles upon 27th Jan., 1721. Expense at her funeral:—5 points of brandy, £5; aquavetae, £1, 4s; a point of wine, £1, 4s; for white bread, £1, 4s; for pipes and tobacco, £2, 13s; for 2 gallons beer, £2, 4s; for 4 gallons ale, £3, 4s; for 2 do., £1, 12; for her coffin, £4; for mortcloth, £1, 10s; for candle, 5s.

"1731.—Account of what books I have, 17th June, 1731:—1. A muckl haus bible; 2. A small bible; 3. A new testament; 4. 3 salm books; 5. Two confessions of faith; 6. A large book, explaining two chapters of Timothy—*E. Govms*; 7. Another explaining six evangelical histories in St John; 8. Another explaining some doubts concerning baptism; 9. Several sermons of Mr Gray's; 10. Directions anent redeeming of time; 11. The marrow of modren divinity; 12. The balm of the covenant; 13. Another explaining the first book of Samuel; 14. The problems of Arastel; 15. Colpepper's midwife; 16. Robin Crusoe; 17. A large book concerning the rebellion in Ireland, and the wast; 18. A poime on the death and sufferings of Christ; 19. A book consarning the ordning of bars and orls in gardens; 20. The

seven wise masters; 21. The government and order of the church; 22. The Westminster catechism; 23. Satan's invisible world discovered; 24. A discourse of faith in Jesus; 25. A discourse on the detress of Satan; 26. A discourse concerning several duteis; 27. Explanation on the first book of Samuel; 28. The cloud of witnesses; 29. The four fold state of men; 30. Kalib stow; 31. The ministry of faith opned up by Mr Andro Gray; 32. Advice to communicants; 33. The 12 emprors of Rowm.

"1733.—The year 1733, there was a great dearth from the middle of April to the 12th day of June, and some land not laboured—all the month of May was exceeding hot and Jun. On 27th June there arose about 8 o'clock a very great thunder and fire running with it, and it continued on till 1 o'clock that day very terrible close, and for one crack was not well over until another began. About 12 o'clock there came a very great shour of hailstones, and they were so big that they killed several fowls, besides cocks, hens, chickens, cows, dows, small birds, hares; and there were some of them as big as hen's eggs. It began about Symington and along by Capertown and Kilmaurs. The corn and beer and other grain was so smitend and cuted of the roots, that the like was not seen in Scotland in any generation. The very bow kail and red kail were smitend by the roots, and the bark was pealed of the bushes; and near by Air a lad and a lass was killed by the thunder and fire; the bonnet on his head was all burnt and torn to pieces, and the rim of it sticking about his head. In his pocket there was some few happinis and a knife, and by the violent heat the bawbise was sowdred to the knife, which was very admirable.

"1739.—On 13th Jan. 1739, there was an eclipsis of the moon at 10 o'clock at night, and there arose a great storm of wind, and about the middle of the night it was so violent that it was like to sweep all off the earth; and any body that was gono to bed was hastily rose up, for it blew down many houses, and many stacks it rent off, and blew down store gables, by which some folks lost their lives; and there was a great loss at sea. There was a ship of 200 tons driven on the south side of the Trun, with 19 men on board of her, for Verginia, and they won all safe to shore but one man; and there was three or four brandy boats lost, and the brandy came in on the shore, and the ship lay in at the ebb sea with much goods in her; and their came carpenters from Greenock, and wrought six weeks, and many others, and raised her out of the said sand, which cost a great deal of money, and she was taken about to Clyde the 1st June next. The value of ship and cargo was two hundred thousand marks.

"1739.—The year 1739, at Yowl, there came a great frost, and it was a great drouth with a violent cold. The frost was so strong, that it stopped all the burn mills from going, and many of the water mills, that many people could not get meal to serve them, and the pest continued on till after Candlemas very severe. No ploughs got going till 20th Feb., in some hot, dry ground; but through the clay ground they got no going till the 26th day, and very bad then, and many of

the wild fowls died with cold; and the same season following there was a great drouth, and many people and beasts were straitened for want of water, and the grass was very bad, and the markets sore straitened for want of meal.

"1740.—On 28th Nov. 1740, there was a thunder bolt broke on the steeple of Irving, and it stroke one man dead which was in the Tolbooth, and wounded several others very sore; and a woman that was in seeing the prisoners, her clothes were burnt off her, and one of her eyes burnt out, and one of her shoes burnt off her feet, and her one side was burnt that they saw her bare ribs in her side, yet her life was saved; and it rent out of the middle of the steeple a hole that a man could have gotten in, out of the hewn stone, and rent several holes through the slates of the Tolbooth, and several folks in the town were dong down to the earth, and got no more harm; and at the same time the vittles was very scarce in the markets, the old meal was 14 and 15d per peck, and the bear was twelve pound per boll.

"1742.—The year 1742 was a plenty crop—the meal was sixpence the peck, and very little sale; and the bushel boll of bear was five pound and a mark; and the peas £4, 10s per boll.

"1748.—The Brig at Irving was taken down and built six feet lower—the whole brig by Mr Brown in the year 1748; and the money that was wast on it was £350 stg."

Varieties.

COLOURING OF ANCIENT ROMAN PAINTING.—In 1809, M. Chaptal made several experiments to ascertain the nature of seven specimens of colour, found in a colour-shop at Pompeii. No. 1, the only one which has not received any preparation from the hand of man, is a greenish and saponaceous argil, in the state in which nature presents it in various parts of the globe, and resembling that known by the name of Terra di Verona. No. 2, is an ochre of a beautiful yellow, all the impurities of which have been removed by washing. As this substance turns red by calcination with a gentle fire, the yellow colour, which it has preserved without alteration, affords a new proof that the ashes which covered Pompeii retained but a slight degree of heat. No. 3, is a brown red, like that employed at present for coarse work, and is produced by the calcination of the preceding. No. 4, is a pumice-stone. No. 7, is of a beautiful roseate hue: it is soft to the touch; is reduced between the fingers to an impalpable powder; and leaves upon the skin a pleasing carnation colour. From M. Chaptal's experiments, he looks upon it as a real lake, in which the colouring principle is united with alumine. In its properties, its hue, and the nature of its colouring principle, it has nearly a complete analogy with madder lake. The preservation of this lake for nineteen centuries, without perceptible alteration, is a phenomenon which cannot fail to excite the astonishment of chemists.

FIRST PACKET-BOAT BETWEEN LEITH AND LERWICK.—A packet-boat is now [1768] established between Leith and Lerwick in Zetland, the first to be dispatched from Leith on the 1st of May, and from Lerwick on the 1st of June, and to continue regularly every two months—to be dispatched from Leith on the first days of July, September, November, January, March and May, and from Lerwick on the first days of August, October, December, February, April and June, wind and weather serving. The portage is sixpence for a single letter, and proportionally at that rate, exclusive of any other charge.—The first packet sailed from Leith May 1.

DISCOVERY OF ANCIENT ARMS.—A curious and interesting discovery of ancient arms was made a few days

ago by some labourers employed in cutting drains upon the farm of Thrumton, near Wittingham, in the county of Northumberland, the property of Lord Ravensworth. These weapons, five in number, consisting of three spear heads and two sword blades, were found about two feet and a half below the surface, within a very small space, sticking with the points downwards in the moss. All are composed of the same material, bright shining brass, which seems to have been preserved instead of corroded by the action of the damp soil in which these relics have been deposited for so many centuries. They are all different in their construction, and all in equal preservation, with the mouldings and edges as sharp or sharper than a modern cavalry sword. Upon comparison with other remnants of a similar description, there appears to be no doubt that these weapons are of Roman fabric. They are now in the possession of the Hon. H. T. Liddell of Easington House, who, immediately upon the discovery, gave directions for further investigation to be made in the spot where these were found, but without success. It was conjectured that they might have been deposited in the earth over the place of sepulture of a Roman soldier. It is difficult to account for their peculiar position, and conjecture is at fault in the absence of any additional remains in the vicinity.

RARE RELIC.—There is a very rare and valuable relic in the library of the Dublin University—the Gospels of St Patrick in the old vernacular. In the glass cases towards the eastern end of the library this curious deposit attracts special attention. It was the gift of the late Professor McCullagh to the University, and purchased by him for 300 guineas, thus anticipating the British Museum, for which they were 'in transitu'.

"SÆ HAPPY AS WE HAE BEEN."—In the first volume of the Memoirs of the Abbe Morellet, a member of the French Academy, (Paris, 1821,) there occurs a curious anecdote relative to Dr Franklin, with whom Morellet was intimate. He was particularly fond of Scottish airs, and once travelling in America he found himself in the Allegany Mountains, and took up his abode in the house of a Scoteliman, who, having lost his fortune, was living there with his wife, who had been very pretty, and a daughter of sixteen years of age. One fine evening, "assis au devant de leur porte, la femme avais chante l'air Ecossais 'Such merry as we have been,' d'une maniere si douce et si touchante, qu'il avoit fonder en larmes, et que le Souvenir de cette impression etait encore tout vivant en l'eu apres de trente annees." The mistake of 'such' for 'sae,' and 'have' for 'hae,' is amusing enough; but the anecdote is interesting, and affords an illustration—if, indeed, any were requisite—of the singular fascination of a simple Scottish melody.

CURIOUS ADVERTISEMENT.—Dec. 15th 1720. All sort of Canarie birds of several coloures White, Brown, Yellow, Gray and Martle, are to be sold by two Germans at reasonable rate in the House of John Kincaid, Shambroek Maker, at the Foot of the West-Bow, on the South side of the Grass-Market.—CAL. MER. No. 100.

THE EARLY DRAMA OF ATHENS.—Solon, after having heard Thespis acting (as all the early composers did, both tragic and comic) in his own comedy, asked him afterwards if he was not ashamed to pronounce such falsehoods before so large an audience. And when Thespis answered that there was no harm in saying and doing such things merely for amusement, Solon indignantly exclaimed, striking the ground with his stick, "If once we come to praise and esteem such amusement as this, we shall quickly find the effects of it in our daily transactions." For the authenticity of this anecdote it would be rash to vouch, but we may at least treat it as the protest of some early philosopher against the deceptions of the drama; and it is interesting as marking the incipient struggles of that literature in which Athens afterwards attained such unrivalled excellence.

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GLENROY—ITS TOWN, ROADS, AND PEOPLE.

GLENROY, in Lochaber, is accessible from the east, by way of Dalwhinnie or Kingussie, on the Highland road. From Kingussie the distance is about forty miles, which the traveller can either post or walk. The scenery throughout will amply repay the toil and trouble of a visit. For the first twelve miles the road follows the Spey, here a considerable river, although its source, at the feet of Corryarrick, is not many miles distant. Cluny Castle, the seat of Ewen Macpherson of Cluny-Macpherson; and Laggan village—the latter so intimately connected with the name and fame of Mrs Grant of Laggan—are on the way. From the last-mentioned point the road passes, by Strathmashie and Strathpaacock, to Loch Laggan, and along the north shore of that romantic lake, through an old forest of dwarf birches and hazels. This will probably be, in future, the favourite route, opening, as it does, the scene where her Majesty lately fixed her court. Glenroy is, however, much more easy of access from the west coast. Leaving the Inverness steamer at Maryburgh (or Fort-William) the traveller will have a drive of ten miles along the base of Bennevis, and through Torlundy Moss, to the Bridge of Roy Inn. The only objects of historical interest on this road are the old Castle of Inverlochy, now the property of Lord Abinger, and the field of the two battles of Inverlochy. If the traveller is at all given to moralising among tombs, he may step into the unenclosed graveyard of Maryburgh, which lies on the wayside; where he may observe this characteristic inscription over the grave of a Cameron—"He was the best deer-stalker of his day." The inn at the Bridge of Roy is placed conveniently at the mouth of the glen, near the junction of the Roy and the Spean, the united waters of which shortly afterwards lose themselves in the Lochy.

Glenroy, at its entrance, is not prepossessingly beautiful. Even in the height of summer there is something cold and monotonous about it. The want of wood of any size takes away from it the charm of some of the Perthshire glens; and when autumn has browned the hills, its aspect becomes doubly dreary. The mouth is wide; the long slopes of the hills are covered from top to bottom with bracken; and when we visited the glen, late

in September last, cold clouds were resting upon the summits. The fern was brown and withered; the pasture had a dingy hue; no cattle were feeding on the hills; no hut was to be seen; and but for the green leaves of bushes, by the side of the stream winding down the bottom of the glen, the scene would have been altogether unpleasant and deathlike. The spirit of the landscape seemed to have left the hills and settled in the road; the many evolutions, descents and ascents of which were quite incomprehensible, seeing that the hill-side seemed perfectly straight. As we advanced the scenery improved. A mile or two onwards there is a thick oakwood, though the timber appears as if the climate or the soil was unfavourable to its growth. In a sweet little dell in the bosom of this wood, a branch of the Roy is crossed by a small stone bridge, much more picturesque than safe. The scene at this point is certainly delightful; the burn twisting and twining with a sobbing sound betwixt immense boulders; the bridge spanning from rock to rock; and high wooded banks, enclosing the valley, revealing only the blue dome above. Emerging from the glen, an entire change of scene awaited us. Now were to be seen cultivated fields, the yellow ears of barley waving over the footpath; and all at once we found ourselves in the midst of a Highland town, consisting of some twelve or fourteen bothies. As the guide-books speak only of the "parallel roads;" and as the glens we had hitherto visited were carefully preserved from houses of any kind, save the box of a gamekeeper or the hut of a shepherd, we were agreeably surprised. A few paces farther on, and from the top of a small eminence, one, two, or three other hamlets, or "towns," as the people designate them, were observed, occupying different corners of the glen. The first is called Babautin-vil; the second, Bahantin-mor; the third, Bahinnie, and the fourth, Creanachan. Each of these villages contains some twenty families, renting together a portion of the hills from the Mackintosh, (proprietor of the glen), on which they rear their flocks and herds as a joint-stock speculation. Each family, again, has its separate croft, on which its agricultural skill is spent for its own special enrichment. Nothing can differ more than the aspect of these villages from that of the rural hamlets in some of the agricultural counties in England. There are no trim lines of whitewashed walls to glance in the sunshine; no hundred-year-old oaks to throw their branches over the

walls; no honeysuckle beside the doors, to cast perfume on the wind; no garden-plot to show its lines of martial-looking stocks, its beds of bachelor's buttons, and knots of marigolds. No "village church" peeped betwixt graveyard elms; no inn shows its "Markis o' Granby" swinging above the door; no school-house presents its unmistakable outlines. All the sweet elements of beauty are wanting, and yet there is something pleasingly picturesque, certainly peculiar, about these Highland "towns." There is a want of order, but an air of happy contentment and sociality is present. The houses are pitched exactly as the owner wills. There is no plan to follow out; no specification to be attended to; no roadway to be preserved; no garden to be enclosed. Donald placed his castle here; Ronald built his house there; and so that Donald and Ronald were pleased nobody else had a voice in the matter. Some two or three of the houses stand on something like a line; but the next ungallantly turns its back upon its neighbours. Another has squatted right in the middle of the road; while the remainder are sown all about, some this way, some that way, as fancy has dictated. The "towns" themselves are in the middle of grass fields, and the order of architecture prevailing is of the simplest description. But for the anti-sanitary position of the manure heaps; the rheumatic-making windows, destitute of glass; and the thick internal atmosphere of smoke; there is something for a stranger to envy in these primitive towns. Although late in the year, the hay crop was only in preparation; and the merry daughters of the village were raking up hay before the doors; and spreading it out to the feeble sunshine close to the windows. Where there is no beadle there is little to fear from the magistrate; and swarms of children tumbled about in all manner of games in the very middle of the "thoroughfares." Here was a place where the philosopher might shut himself out from the bustle of the world, and still be one in the houses of men. Where comes no postman, no coach, no carrier, and no newspaper; where there is neither lawyer, physician, apothecary, missionary, magistrate, taxgatherer, publican, piper nor poet, there is likely to be peace, and perfect immunity from all the concerns of the big, noisy world. How fit then, Bahinnie or Bahantin—places in which, after six months residence, the exile would seize the ancient mariner by the button, glad to hear even his tale. Surrounding the villages are the croft-lands. At the time of our visit the potatoes were meeting in the drills, the fields of barley and oats were waving yellow and ripe; old and young, who were not in the hay-fields or on the hill with the sheep, were reaping, and binding, and building stooks; and as the year was unusually early and productive, an air of cheerfulness dwelt upon the scene.

A short way beyond upper Bahantin, Glenroy curves to the left, and the valley becomes narrow, steep, and wooded on the lower banks. The hills of Bennvanicaig, Creanachan, Bentullich, and Benahuirin form a panorama, over which towers Craig Dhu—"Craig Dhu," the war cry of the Macphersons. From the point of the Breagach, the finest view of "the parallel roads" is obtain-

ed. They are three lines running parallel to each other, along the sides of the four hills first named; the two uppermost closer together than the third. Seen from below they are distinctly marked, and assume the appearance of terraces; but as the visitor ascends they become less distinct, and scarcely distinguishable from the green hillside. They vary in breadth, slope like the sea-beach, and are formed of gravel. On the east side of the glen they do not extend for any great length unbroken; but on the left, with occasional breaks where rocks intervene, they extend round the end of the hill into Glengloy, preserving a perfect level. The same appearance may be observed extending along the hills east and west of the entrance to Glenroy, for several miles. Three different opinions or conjectures are hazarded respecting the origin of these celebrated lines. The old Celtic tradition attributes them to the days when the Caledonian monarchs held court on the banks of Loch Laggan, and followed the deer in the neighbouring glens. Then, it is said, the roads were made to facilitate the passage of the royal hunters. Professor Agassiz attributed their formation to the operation of glaziers. The third conjecture has found an able supporter in Mr Robert Chambers, who considers them to be the marks of ancient sea-beaches. That gentleman has, within these few days, completed a careful admeasurement of the lines, and finds, we believe, that they correspond with other marks of a similar character, in various parts of the kingdom. The glacier-theory is certainly ingenious, but the sea-beach theory seems the more probable. For the curious in such matters, we may mention that Prince Albert, after carefully inspecting the parallel roads, when lately in this country, picked up and carried off a beautiful round white pebble, as a remembrancer of the glen and its phenomena.

Glenroy was at one time inhabited, almost exclusively, by a branch of the clan Macdonald. Until lately that was the prevailing name, but now the Macintoshes are equally numerous. A Glenroy man is said to have killed the last wolf in Lochaber. Glenroy has always been noted for producing strong men; and a family, of the name of Macdonald, living in Creanachan, are now noted all over the district for their strength. One of this family carried off two first prizes at the games, held at Ardverrick in August last, in the presence of her Majesty, in honour of the birthday of the Prince Consort. After the battle of Inverlochy, when the men of the Isles so signally defeated the royal troops under the Earls of Mar and Caithness, Mar is said to have escaped on foot, and to have reached Glenroy worn and weary. While lurking about the heights, dreading to enter the huts of the Macdonalds, though famishing with hunger, he encountered an old woman, who luckily had in her pocket a small store of barley meal. Necessity is the mother of invention, and taking off his shoe, the Earl washed it in water, stirred up the meal with water in the shoe, and while he feasted upon this humble mess, he cheerfully remarked to his benefactress, in a Gaelic rhyme still preserved, that "of all cooks hunger is the best." Having got as far up

the glen as Breagach, Mar was there compelled to seek shelter from a cottar, who bore, according to tradition, the name of O'Biron. The poor cottar held hospitality to be the best of all virtues; an empty larder, when a stranger sought food, the worst of all misfortunes. He gave the shelter required; killed his only cow to entertain his guest; and at night hid him in the hide of the slaughtered animal. By the help of O'Biron the distressed soldier escaped from the dangerous neighbourhood, and safely reached his own country. The story at last "spunked" out, to the horror of the rebellious Macdonalds, who were proceeding to take summary vengeance on their false neighbour, when he fled with his family under cover of night. The shelter which the cottar had given to the peer, the peer, it is said, requited to the cottar, who all his life after had reason to rejoice that fate had permitted him to be a friend in need.

"Jon."

VISIT TO THE GRAVE OF THE POET BEATTIE.—ST NICHOLAS CHURCH- YARD, ABERDEEN.

It seems to be one of the beneficent provisions of an all-wise Providence, that early impressions, as they are the most sweet and delectable which the mind of man experiences, so they should at the same time be the most lasting and imperishable. That our boyhood and youth—the happiest periods of our existence, because we have not then embarked amid the cares and turmoils of a distracting world, and because we then possess within ourselves so many sources of enjoyment which have not yet been cloyed—should, as it were, secrete and treasure up a happiness whereby to sweeten our old age, when cares may have accumulated upon us, and when most of our other sources of enjoyment have become dry. Accordingly, it has been remarked of old men, that they can remember better upon the circumstances of their boyhood than upon the events of yesterday; and seldom, indeed, do those retrospections partake of a gloomy, but almost always of a cheerful cast. Memory, in this respect, has been compared to the bag of the bee, which only retains the sweets of what has been partaken, and suffers all that is bitter to pass away. Thus the freshness of youthful feeling in an ardent mind, its buoyant hopes and pleasing fancy dreams, Time may blunt, and dim, and tarnish, but cannot utterly destroy; its generous aspirations and vehement desires experience may mar and mangle, but cannot annihilate. For every pang of disappointed endeavour there is a hope treasured up of possible fruition. For every affection which, in our bitterness, we say has been thrown away, there is a new love planted, purified by our recent affliction. And when possession or participation comes, and we find them fall far short of our too sanguine expectations, even then we are enabled to magnify our enjoyment to a banquet by the bright colouring of our hopes; and this sweetens what would, indeed, be a drug to us if partaken of under the baneful aspect of our disappointment.

It were interesting to observe into how many of our sentiments and emotions the pleasurable associations arising from early impressions are found to enter; but as this would lead us from our present purpose, we will only stay to remark that they are elements in our patriotism, for who does not include with peculiar emphasis in the sentiment of love of country his affection for the place of his birth, the scenes of his early days; ay, and even

"The school-boy spot,

We ne'er forget, tho' there we are forgot!"

That they form some of the principal ingredients in the cup of friendship; for, although a friend may become endeared to us solely by his kindness of heart or congeniality of mind, yet it will form no mean share in the enjoyment of friendship that we can talk to our friend of our mutual boyhood, when we "ran about the braes," or "paddled in the burn" together. It will be like rising from the grave with a liberal-minded contemporary, and reviewing all the improvements that have taken place since we were gathered to our fathers; or like gazing through an inverted telescope at a well-known and much-loved scene: the landscape thus observed may appear to others small and insignificant, but to us it will be one concentrated spot of entire sunshine! And, finally, that it is a modification of this same feeling which, by its own peculiar alchymic process, extracts all the gorgeous circumstances of romance and chivalry out of the often ill-assorted and jarring events of the past.

Such were our reflections when preparing to visit our native city, Aberdeen, after a long absence. Arrived at last, it was with considerable interest that we examined the extensions and improvements that had taken place since we left it. Here new, broad streets had replaced the old narrow lanes and closes—there splendid buildings had been erected; and where we could remember green fields, pleasing hedge-rows, and even avenues of trees, suburban streets were now opened, either completely built up, or fast hastening towards completion. These novelties, however, were soon exhausted: but there was one spot through which, in our boyish days, we had many a truant ramble, and a re-visitation of which offered a rich treat of old reminiscences and associations—this was the churchyard of St Nicholas. Many a summer Sunday afternoon, when perhaps we should have been more devoutly employed, have we wandered about in this churchyard, coning the legends engraven on the tombstones, alternately touched or amused by their pathos or quaintness. Sometimes, too, we would steal with muffled step along the aisles of one of the neighbouring churches, gazing with boyish wonder on the rudely chisled figures of armed knights and stately ladies that lay in the ample window-sills; and our wonder and admiration often rose to an ecstasy when we came to look upon the more finely finished specimens of modern sculpture that were scantily scattered around. Then there was that old monumental brass, with its mystic-like characters*—the ancient tapestry†

* "Lykewayes, that learnit man, Doctor Duncan Lid-

that completely clothed one side of the church—the canopied and cushioned seat for the magistrates, and where the judges of the Circuit Court sometimes sat in (to us) awful dignity. Rising from this, our infant fancy would conjure up the time—until it appeared to gleam in very reality before our eyes—when, where now stand the two places of worship, the great Church of St Nicholas* once stood; and we would people the dreamy twilight with visions of its ancient grandeur. We would see the light streaming through its great windows, or sparkling from its “aucht chandlers of fyne silver,” and its “fiftie twa brazen chandlers,” upon its “great latroun, of massive brass, within the quire, in forme of the pelican with her birds, qhuarin the evangell was red;” or upon its thirty-one altars, with their “furnitures, or hingers befor the altars, of fyne crommassie veluot, crommassie satyn, reid dumass, quhyt, black and violat welvets and satynes, dropit with gold and golden letters;” while its priests, clad in their “fyne mass cloathis of cloath of gold, crommassie grein, black and purpour velvet, stornit with gold,” kept some solemn festival, and displayed their “aucht siluer chalices, with their patennes, tua siluer eucharists, ane siluer steip, ane crosie, siluer stock, six siluer alter spunes, tua censures fyne siluer,” and timed their chaunts to the peals of the “pair of fyne organes, weill furnisheit with their sang buird and all their tungs,” and the fitful song of nature’s organ—the wind—sighing through the “aucht gryt aiken treis, growin within the said kirkyard,”† mingled up into a pageant of grandeur such

“As youthful poets dream
On summer eves by haunted stream.”

These fancies, mingling with the tales and legends of our boyish readings, had altogether filled such a corner of our memory that we longed to refresh our recollections of early musings by visiting the scene where they were first suggested.

Indulging this desire, we soon found ourselves among our old acquaintances the grave-stones.

dle lyes buried in the Old Church; his tombe stone, covered with brasse, with an inscriptione suteable to his worth engraved thereupon.”—A Description of bothe Towns of Aberdene, by James Gordon of Rothemay—1661. “Dr Duncan Liddle (born 1661, died 1613), Professor of Mathematics and of Medicine in the Universities of Rostock and Helmstadt, was the chief support of the Medical School of the last-named seminary, and first physician to the Court of Brunswick.”—Book of Bonaccord.”

† “The east gallery contains an elegant canopy, supported by four fluted mahogany columns, of the Corinthian order, with gilt capitals. The town’s arms are cut in ‘alto relievo’ on the front of the canopy, and on the wall behind are two pieces of tapestry, by Mary Jamieson, daughter of George Jamieson, the celebrated painter. The one represents Ahasuerus presenting the golden sceptre to Queen Esther: the other, Jephtha meeting his daughter.”—Bonaccord Repository.”

* “The Old Church began to be builded by the citizens about the yeir 1060, the subrick augmented by litle and litle, and enriched with gifts dedicated therunto.”—A Description of bothe Towns, &c.”

† A summons against the magistrates of Aberdeen, dated 1691, for having “sauld, disponit, delapidat, and uthawayes usit and away put” the goods of the burgh, furnishes the catalogue of Church property from which the above items are taken.

We do not remember any thing particularly original among their inscriptions; they consist chiefly of appropriate passages of scripture, or verses of sacred song. There, however, is the brave exultation of the old mariner—

“Tho’ Boreas’ blasts and Neptune’s waves
Have tossed me to and fro,
In spite of both, by God’s decree,
I harbour here below;”

and then his quaintly-technical expression of Christian hope,

“Where at an anchor I do lie
With many of our fleet,
Till once again we do set sail
Our admiral, Christ, to meet!”

There, too, is that sweet verse, which so beautifully alludes to the short earthly existence of some cherub babe,

“This lovely child, so young and fair,
Cut off by early doom,
Just came to show how fair a flower
In paradise may bloom.”

And there, too, is an inscription—a prose composition of considerable length—which we had retained in our mind almost entire since boyhood, through all the vicissitudes of intervening years. We found it well for us that our memory could assist us in reading the epitaph of Robert Fordyce, for when we came to examine the stone, it was so worn with footsteps, or overgrown with grass (for it is not a “through-stane,” but lies recumbent on the ground) that it was almost illegible. There is neither date nor obituary upon this stone. It merely recounts, in antithetical sentences, that “Robert Fordyce was one who, even in these days of prevailing degeneracy and polite dissimulation, had the fortitude to approve himself an Israelite indeed, in whom there was no guile.” That, “with a warm heart, he possessed a cool understanding;” that, “to sufficient sensibility of temper he joined an entire command of it;” that “his integrity no temptation could corrupt, his composure no calamity could conquer;” that “while other men talked of philosophy, he was satisfied to practice it;” that he was “candid to others, to himself severe;” that, “having fixed his eye on another world, he passed through this with innocence;” that “in his life he was beloved by his friends, blessed by the poor, and honoured by all—in his death by all lamented. By none more (exclaims the author of the epitaph)—by none more than by him who writes them, not as a trial of skill, but as the language of truth; not to gain the applause of his readers, but to soothe the sadness of his soul!”

These had all been musing places in our boyhood, and now formed green spots in our memory; but there was one grave over which our musings were always of a more imaginative cast, and we purposely deferred our visit to it until we had schooled our feelings to the proper tone. This was the grave of the poet Beattie. Ever since we were able to appreciate poetry, “sweet melodious Beattie’s minstrel lays” have been our special favourites. We have loved to wander in fancy along with his young Edwin, “where the maze of some bewilder’d stream to deep untrodden groves his footsteps led.” To contemplate

the holy calm of his Hermit, "at the close of the day when the hamlet was still,—and nought but the nightingale sung in the grove." Or to enter the lonely and tangled woodland, where his sweet personification of "Solitude, mild, modest Power, lean'd on her ivied shrine." And, our heart overflowing with his beautiful imaginations, we now revisited the grave of our favourite poet.

It was one of those quiet summer evenings when, even over a churchyard in the midst of a bustling city, there hovers a Sabbath calm. The noisy stir of children, who *will* play, even over the mansions of the dead, had died away, as one by one they retired to their various homes. The swallows wheeled and curveted around the neighbouring spire, but it seemed on noiseless wings; and the striking of the clock, as with a frugal jealousy of the departure of time it doled it out in quarters of hours, had something of a drowsiness in its sound. But perhaps the quiet and contemplative tone of our poet's strains, which were now rising like welling streams in our mind, had a powerful effect in thus throwing a stillness over every surrounding sight and sound. Whatever the cause, we were soon afloat in one of those reveries which have many a time enabled us to sweeten the often bitter cup of life.

It seemed as if a quiet pastoral country opened up before us, where the occasional tinkle of a wether-bell, or the light laugh of children that played around a solitary hamlet, alone broke in upon the surrounding calm. Soon, however, some other sounds fell upon our ear, but still in strict keeping with the scene, for, apart from the "clamorous fry of squabbling imps," sat one who, caring not for gauds or toys, sought ever to flee from noise and concourse, and seemed supremely blessed to pour out the infant melody of his soul through his "one small pipe of rudest minstrelsy." Anon, by that imperceptible process of scene-shifting—like the changing of cloud scenery—so peculiar to our dreams, "the shepherd swain of whom we mention made," was now tracing "the uplands to survey, when o'er the sky advanced the kindling dawn," or climbing the craggy cliff, "while all in mist the world below was lost;" now roving "beneath the precipice o'erhung with pine," and watching the foaming torrents leaping from crag to crag. Or, "when the setting moon, in crimson dyed, hung o'er the dark and melancholy deep," hieing to some haunted stream, where fays of yore were wont to hold their revels, and letting his fancy roam at large through all the regions of fairyland. In sooth, like Byron's dream,

"There was a mass of many images
Crowded like waves upon us, but he was
A part of all."

Beside the blazing winter hearth, he was listening to the ancient beldam's legends or old heroic ditties; or roaming the snowy waste to see the stupendous clouds sailing along the blue horizon; gazing with youthful ardour the fleeting rainbow of summer, or mourning over the devastations of autumn. But perhaps the sweetest feature in all our vision was when the "lone enthusiast" descended upon that deep retired vale, "and those long, long groves eternal murmur made,"

and beheld, within a flowery nook, the ancient hermit sitting on a mossy stone, while "his harp lay him beside," and the stag sprang at his call from the pasture, and licked his withered hands as he wreathed his antlers with woodbine,

"And hung his lofty neck with many a floweret small!"

Peace to thy gentle spirit! thou sweetest of poets, thou most hopeful of Christians! Many a gentle vision hast thou enabled us to frame—many a tender thought hast thou planted in our mind. Surely those hopes of a blessed immortality, which thou hast so warmly and so beautifully expressed, can never be blasted.

"Shall nature's voice, to man alone unjust,
Bid him, though doom'd to perish, hope to live?
Is it for this fair virtue oft must strive
With disappointment, penury, and pain?
No: Heaven's immortal spring shall yet arrive;
And man's majestic beauty bloom again,
Bright thro' the eternal year of love's triumphant reign."

C.

DESCRIPTION OF, AND CONVERSATION WITH PRINCE CHARLES-EDWARD STEWART.

BY LADY MILLAR.

WE passed part of the evening at the duchess of Bracciano's. As we were there early, before much company was arrived, she was so obliging as to enter into a particular conversation with me. We were seated on a sofa, when one of the gentlemen in waiting entered and announced *il Re*. As there were many rooms to pass before this personage could appear, she seized the opportunity to desire me upon no account to speak to, or take the least notice of him, as it was not only what she insisted upon in her house, but that it was the Pope's desire that no stranger, particularly English, should hold any conversation with him. I assured her my principles were diametrically opposite to the Stuart family and their party, adding more of the like sort; but I concluded with saying, that, if he spoke to me, I could not, as a gentlewoman, refrain from answering him, considering him only in the light of a gentleman, and should treat him as I would do any other foreigner or native, with that general civility requisite on such occasions. She still insisted upon my not answering, should he speak to me; with which I refused to comply. I think I was right; my reasons were these; I knew before that no gentlemen of the British empire make themselves known to him, but on the contrary avoid it, except such as declare themselves disaffected to the present royal family; at least so it is understood at Rome. I had also heard that he politely avoided embarrassing them by throwing himself in their way; but as I am not a man, it struck me as very ridiculous for me, a woman, not to reply to the Pretender if he spoke to me, as such a caution would bear the appearance of passing myself for being of political consequence; added to these considerations, I had great curiosity to see him, and hear him speak.

But to return; he entered, and bowing very politely to the company, advanced to the individual sofa on which I was placed with the duchess of

Bracciano, and seated himself by me, having previously made me a particular bow, which I returned with a low curtesy. He endeavoured to enter into a conversation with me, which he effected by addressing himself equally to the duchess, another lady, and myself. At last he addressed me in particular, and asked me how many days since my arrival at Rome, how long I should stay, and several such questions. This conversation passed in French. What distressed me was how to style him. I had but a moment for reflection. It struck me that *Mon Prince* (though the common appellation (as in France) to every stranger, whose rank as a prince is most dubious) would not come well from me, as it might admit of a double sense in an uncandid mind. Highness was equally improper; so I hit upon what I thought a middle course, and called him *Mon Seigneur*. I wished to shorten the conversation, for all on a sudden he said, "Speak English, madam." Before I could reply, the duchess of Monte Libretti came up, and pulled me by the sleeve. I went with her to a card table, at which she was going to play. I declined playing, not being perfect in the games; besides you know I hate cards. At my departure, I took leave of the duchess of Bracciano (agreeable to the custom); and the Chevalier, who played at her table, officiously civil, rose up, and wished me good night. He is naturally above the middle size, but stoops excessively. He appears bloated and red in the face, his countenance heavy and sleepy, which is attributed to his having given into excess of drinking; but when a young man, he must have been esteemed handsome. His complexion is of the fair tint, and the contour of his face a long oval. He is by no means thin, has a noble presence, and a graceful manner. His dress was scarlet, laced with a broad gold lace. He wears the blue ribbon outside of his coat, from which depends a *cameo* (antique) as large as the palm of my hand; and wears the same garter and motto as those of the noble order of St George in England. Upon the whole, he has a melancholic, mortified appearance. Two gentlemen constantly attend him. They are of Irish extraction, and Roman Catholics you may be sure.

This evening, after quitting the Cardinal's, we were at the Princess Palestrine's *conversazione*, where he was also. He addressed me as politely as the evening before. The princess desired me to sit by her; she played with him: He asked me if I understood the game of Tarocchi (what they were about to play at)? I answered in the negative; upon which, taking the pack in his hands, he desired to know if I had ever seen such odd cards? I replied, that they were very odd indeed. He then, displaying them, said, "Here is every thing in the world to be found in these cards, the sun, the moon, the stars; and here (says he, showing me a card) is the Pope; here is the devil;" and added, "there is but one of the trio wanting, and you know who that should be." I was so amazed, so astonished, though he spoke this last in a laughing, good-humoured manner, that I did not know which way to look; and as to a reply, I made none, but avoided cultivating conversation as much as possible, lest he should give our con-

versation a political turn. What passed afterwards was relative to some of the English manners and amusements, such as, whether whist was in fashion at London, the assemblies numerous, &c. I was heartily glad when my visit was finished.

LETTERS FROM A PILGRIM IN SCOTLAND.

No. II.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SCOTTISH JOURNAL.

SIR—I now enclose "The Witch of Torwood," a tradition. The Legend of Loch Coulter and the present tradition are sooth and verity, and I do not therefore expect an Edie Ochiltree to "drop in" upon me and confound my *Agricola* *Dicavit Libens Lubens* with an "Aiken Drum's Lang Ladle." Torwood, near Falkirk, is a "Mecca" to me, because of the tree which once yielded protection to Wallace—because the ruins of the castle—a truant haunt of "auld lang syne," are still there. I have several "things," not valueless, regarding Falkirk. These in my next.

I am, Sir,
Your obedient Servant,
A. B. G.

THE WITCH OF TORWOOD.

A TRADITION.

THOMAS R—, *alias* "elder Thomas," was a smith and the laird of a "neuk o' land," near the Torwood. This "neuk o' land," as "elder Thomas" delighted to call it, employed *ae* plough, i. e. he managed the 'neuk' with the assistance of a man and a boy, without neglecting the anvil.

Thomas R— and Mary D—, after many a "tryst," are now Mr and Mrs R—. They have the "blessin' o' a' the village." For Mary was a "kin' lassie," and "elder Thomas" was "respeckit."

Five years have passed, and with the five years much. Thomas R— and Mary D— are still in the 'neuk,' he attending to the rigs and the anvil; she to the "bairns," (son and daughter) and "Crummie." Grannie M'Nab, wha grat wi' very joy whan the minister joined the han's o' Thomas R— and Mary D—, is dead. James F—, the patriarch of the village, is also dead.

Twelve years are past, and with the twelve years much. Thomas R— and Mary D— are still in the 'neuk,' and the "bairns at the skule." All are happy, but strangers are in the village now. Strangers—and whisperers. Two are met. Listen—"an' ye ken' Mrs W—, their twa kye, *Creukit Horn* an' *Rin Awa*, gie mair milk than sax o' the lave." "True, Mrs W—," says Mrs R—, "an' their butter fetches a far langer price." Mrs T—, of the *public*, joins the two. "Weel, Mrs W— an' Mrs R—, this is a fine day." "Nae sae ill, Mrs T—," says Mrs W—, 'wi' a skirle,' "but Mrs R— an' me are jist speakin' o' Mary D—, the Witch." "Witch ye may ca' hor, Mrs W—, for

I'm sure my man, John, took twa' as gude lades o' meal to the market o' Fa'kirk as e'er cam frae the grist, an' yet, wud ye believe it, Mrs W—— and Mrs R——, it didna bring in within twa dizen o' merks o' Mary D——'s. The woodie hae her. She's a witch, Mrs T——. Gars the win' shake the corn an'—an', but whish't—there she links." Mary D—— avoided the group—crossing the burn, and entering the wood—a pail of milk in each hand, and a pet lamb at her heels, round the neck of which "wee Mary" had twisted a few wild bells. Mrs W——, Mrs R——, and Mrs T——, return to their "buts an' bens." We need not follow them. However, every little thing that told of the comforts of the 'neuk,' was set down to witchcraft. "Her hens wi' taps, a' her hens had taps, laid eggs whan nae ither hens laid." Her laverock (Willie, the auld son, gaed a penny for't to a laddie frae Fa'kirk, wha' herried the nest near the Castle)—her laverock sung as gin' the gowan was its breast. Her flowers were aye blawin'. The myrtle an' the spraingit wa'-flower keekin' by the window sole, whare the robin-red-breast gat its crumb. Nae nits were like the nits i' the 'neuk,' an' the bram'le an' the blae-berry were like grapes frae far awa' kintra's. The very burnie cam jinkin' roun' an' roun', past a' the village, an' settled before the 'neuk,' whare the chuckie-stanes skinkled like the siller o' the mune. Her skeps were aye fu' o' hiney, an'—an'—Mary R—— *must* be a witch. Mrs W——, Mrs R——, and Mrs T—— had said it. The village had said it. The man and the herd, sent away from the 'neuk,' because they drank, spread the tale. Mary R—— *must* be a witch. The minister had said it—not the rev. John W——. Na! na! he was "gane to his rest"—it was anither preacher. Mrs R—— *must* be a witch. Well, she is seized, she is in prison. Hear the evidence, and shudder as you hear, for such evidence was the law not a hundred years ago, and in Scotland. John P——, the servant at the 'neuk' speaks. He tells the judge that Mrs R—— used to "waukin'" in the night and go out, returning in a little. That she then took a bridle, and coming to his bed, shook it over his head, muttering to herself, when he was immediately changed into a horse, which Mrs R—— mounted, to attend the witch gatherings on the muir. She would "tak' him the nicht, an' the callan the next." We were tired of our lives, and I at last determined *not* to sleep. When she came, and was just going to shake the bridle, I jumped up and caught the bridle, repeating the words that she used. Mary D—— immediately stood before me a beautiful black mare. I led her out as she had done me, mounted and had a gallop; but getting alarmed, as she might have carried me to the witch den, I curbed her in and brought her back. In the morning I told my master I had a fine mare to get shod. When she was brought out of the stable, and saw the shoes in her husband's hands, she groaned, and the tears cam' o'er her face; and she rubbed herself against him. The smith said he never saw a beast do the like. He lifted up one of her fore feet, and placing the shoe on it, drove in a nail. The pain

vexed her, an' she flang down the bridle. The smith lifted it, and placing it on her neck again, instead of the mare—his wife stood before him, with a horse-shoe on her right hand and a nail in it. She begged him to take it out, which he did. There is nae mark now; but if the smith was livin' (an' he only deid in February last, twa' ouks bygane) he co'd a testified to the facts.

This was convincing. Next the herd callan'. He repeated the story of the servant o' the 'neuk,' but added, that although he was a horse, and knew he was changed into a horse, still he saw all that was going on around him. She led him to a low vault, dreich an' clammy, in the Castle of Torwood, where the witches met. They all gibbered and jeered with one another, and advanced to his mistress, as their mistress. They brought out a large bowl full of blood. His mistress plunged a new-peeled skull into it, and drank "prosperity to the witches." The rest joined, and quaffed from small skulls; their teeth grinning through it as it lapped on their throats. Some of the skulls had long yellow hair attached, glittering with jewels, and some had grey hair. He often heard screams, and thought he recognised kent voices.

This was the climax. Judge and jury condemned her at once. They all thrilled with horror, and it was with difficulty that further evidence was listened to. Mrs W—— and the neighbors testified to the fact, that the 'neuk' produced double of any other neuk. (Industry opposed to idleness. Miss Mason to Mrs M'Larty.) That what they had to sell, produced more in the market than theirs; (buyers will select the best); and all the wives were sure they made as gude butter an' cheese as Mary D—— did, but coudna get the "samen prices."

Mary R——, a very pattern of industry, quiet, and kin' to man an' beast, [the beggar aye gat a gowpen o' meal—a luckie gowpen—an' the blin' an' the cripple, speakin' o' the 'neuk,' wi' the tears fillin' i' their e'en, lifted up their han's, prayin' that the benison o' heaven micht light on Mary D——; the wee Cuttie Wren biggit its nest in the auld ha' tree by the very door, an' the swallow cam aye to the winnock,] was taken to Airth, and there burned as a witch. Many years after this, the man and the boy confessed their lies, and that the "ploy" was made up to revenge themselves for being "turned awa'." But it was too late. The moss an' the fern were wavin' owre her cairn.

A. B. G.

71, Waterloo Street,
Glasgow, 27th Nov. 1847.

EDINBURGH IN 1787.

ASSEMBLY GOSSIP—ROBERT BURNS "FROM AYRESHIRE."

TURNING over lately a mass of old letters addressed to a deceased Aberdeenshire Laird, I came upon one dated from Edinburgh, in February 1787, and written in a somewhat unpromising W.S. hand. It contained, however, one name which put the stamp of value upon its pages—the great name of BURNS. The letter told nothing new about the Poet, but it was

penned by a hand which shortly before had felt the hearty pressure of his, and that was something. Wanting this, the following extracts cannot have the same interest, either in kind or degree, as the original document, but I venture them, merely promising that the writer of the epistle seems to have sat down, in an interval of graver occupations, to give a rambling answer to his correspondent's question of "What news?" touching, *inter alia*, on the election of a Master of the Ceremonies for the Edinburgh Assemblies, and the existing collections of Scottish Poetry. The transition from one subject to the other is sufficiently abrupt, but the unities were never studied by the most "polite letter-writer."

Our legal friend writes:—"I don't hear that Graham has any very serious opponent, but, in fact, I am so much among my books and so little in the gay world, that I know in general nothing of what has been going on till all is over. I think I heard of two or three people as being mentioned by others, who never, I daresay, thought of it for themselves; as, for instance, Haggart and Matthew Henderson. Would Matthew leave his friend and bottle to go bow at an Assembly? The time was, indeed, when he was at all of them.

"There is much occasion for a Master to controul and regulate their follies here, for I never beheld such an unruly, mixed multitude as I saw at the Queen's Assembly; a vast number of fine women pulled about in great disorder, and the whole machine wrought by one old Lady most shamefully. *Par exemple*, I saw an English lady stand up at the head of a sett with a ticket, No. 1 of that sett. By and bye my namesake, Miss Mary ———, came up, hauling after her a foolish-looking young man who did as he was bid, and with all the ease in the world placed herself above the stranger No. 1. The lady politely said there must be some mistake, for she had that place. 'No,' says Miss Mary, 'I can't help your ticket, but I have the Lady Directress' permission to lead down this sett! The Lady had spunk, and scolded, for which I liked her all the better; only she dealt her sarcasms about Scotch politeness, Edinburgh manners, and so forth, rather too liberally and too loudly. The partners were dumb—and I laughed at them all.

"I find many Collections of Scotch Poems, and I doubt they can only be had in collections, taking the bad with the good. There are Allan Ramsay's, Ferguson's (really good, many of them,)—and, after giving a list of others, the writer proceeds. "Lastly, Robert Burns, from Ayrshire, a real native genius, who held the plough last spring, and never was out of the shire till the people here got hold of him, and perhaps will spoil him. Creech introduced him to me the other day. He is really a wonderful fellow, and some of his pieces, in my opinion, where I understand them, extremely good. I desired Creech to put down your name, as well as my own, in his subscription list."

This opinion, modified as it is, marks pretty correctly the extent of the admiration which the public of that period entertained for the poems of "our national Bard." The great at-

traction of Burns in society was his conversational talent, and there was then no enthusiasm felt for his writings alone.

Every reader of Burns is familiar with one of the names mentioned in the letter quoted, and not much more is known of the "man of glee" who bore it, although the Poet declares that he loved him much, and has commemorated him in an immortal *Elegy*. One authority says that, "during the stay of Burns in Edinburgh, the Captain lived in the High Street, dined regularly at Fortune's Tavern, and was a member of the Capillaire Club, which was composed of all who inclined to the witty and joyous." And so thou didst play thy part, O rare Matthew Henderson!

Aberdeen.

N. C.

NOTES FROM THE RECORDS

OF THE

OLD TOLBOOTH,

The "Heart of Mid-Lothian."

THE following notes from the records of the Old Tolbooth—the "Heart of Mid-Lothian"—of Edinburgh, were copied a number of years ago. The volumes, some of which are wholly wanting, were then in a state of considerable decay, arising from damp and improper treatment. Several long blanks consequently occur between the entries. The records begin at the Restoration of Charles II., in 1660.

1662, June 10. John Kincaid put in ward by warrant of the Lords of Privy Council, for "pricking of persons suspect of witchcraft, unwarrantably." Liberated on finding caution not to do so again.

— July 10. Robert Binning, for falsehood, hanged with the false papers about his neck.

— Aug. 13. William Reid, for murder. His head struck from his body at the Mercat Cross.

— Dec. 4. James Ridpath, tinker, to be "quhitt from Castlehill to Netherbow, burnt on the cheek with the Town's common Mark, and banished the Kingdom, for the crime of double adultery."

1663, March 13. Alexander Kennedy, hanged for "rising false bonds and writts."

— March 21. "Aucht Qwakers" liberated, certifying if again troubling this place, the next prison shall be the Correction House.

— July 8. Katharine Reid, hanged for theft.

— July 8. Archibald Johnston of Warriston, treason. Hanged, and his head cut off and put on the Netherbow.

[Lord Warriston had accepted office under Cromwell, and therefore laid himself open to the charge of treason. The Presbyterians assert that Charles II. never forgave him for "the freedom with which he had censured his profligacy while in Scotland. Sir Archibald, after his escape, had

resided securely in Germany for two years; but having unadvisedly gone to Rouen, in Normandy, the English court claimed him, and he was delivered up by the French king. As a convicted traitor he was marched bare-headed from Leith to Edinburgh, his weak, enfeebled appearance creating universal commiseration."]

— July 18. Bessie Brebner, hanged for child murder.

— Aug. 25. The Provost of Kirkcudbright "banished for keeping his house during a tumult."

— Sept. 52. Agnes Tailzour, hanged on the Castlehill for child-murder.

— Oct. 5. William Dodds, beheaded for murder.

— Dec. 2. Barbara Muir, hanged for child-murder.

1664, Feb. 13. Three men, for theft, received seven stripes each at the Cross, and thereafter banished.

— March 13. Captain John Swynton, "bayley" at Corstorphine. Murder of his "wyfe." Beheaded on the 23d of April following.

— March 19. Jannet Brown, widow, accessory to the murder of Swynton's wife, and for adultery. Tried. Charge found *Not Proven*, but sentenced by the Court to pay 100 merks to the poor.

— April 4. Francis Crichton, brother to Lord Crichton, charged with murder.

— July 3. "Four Englishmen" committed as "piratts," landed at Irvine. "Shipped at Leith for the English service."

— July 18. John Logan, Leith, for the murder of his "servatrix."

— Aug. 5. Magistrates of Jedburgh, by a warrant of Privy Council, for "*allowing a ryat.*"

— Aug. 18. The Lords of the Privy Council allow William Dobie to go out of prison for sixty days, throughout the day, to work for his livelihood, and to return each night at eight o'clock. Six burgesses of Glasgow became cautioners for Dobie.

— Aug. 20. Richard Ferguson, for "venting and disposing of false coyne."

— Sept. 29. Barbara Drummond, "on suspition and presumption of witchcraft and sorcery in the Regalitie of Dumblaine." Sent to Stirling for trial.

— Dec. 2. William Mudie, fiar of Melsetter, for not finding caution to keep the peace, to be transported from Orkney to Edinburgh. By order of the Lords of Secret Council.

1665, Jan. 21. Warrant to the friends of a prisoner, who died, to wait upon him and embalm him. From another entry, this person appears to have been the "Laird of Meldrum."

— Jan. 24. Alexander Bruce, fornicator with Euphan Hardie,

— Feb. 11. Marion Dickson, for "alleged witchcraft."

— Feb. 13. Lachlan Malcomtosh, stealing *coin*. Hanged at the Mercat Cross.

— Mar. 12. (Sunday) Sundry Quakers, John Swinton, his dochter and son, and twa servants, *etc.*, by Lords of Privy Council, for assembling in contempt of authority and scandal of the profess-

ed religion. Warrant granted to the Lord Archbishop of Glasgow, the Earl of Teviotdale, and the Lord President of the Session, to meet and consider what measures necessary for their suppression; and the Magistrates of Edinburgh ordained to seize on all Quakers found at any meetings. (On the margin.) Quakers liberated on caution.

— Same day (Sunday). Mr Alexander Swinton's woman was warded at command of the four Bailies for murder of her own child. Hanged on the 26th of April following for this crime, and also for adultery with Swinton.

— April 12. Robert Armstrong and Anthony Potts. Tried at a Justice Court at Jedburgh, and sentenced "to be sold for slaves in some remote part."

— May 30. Margaret Hamilton, murder of her husband and adultery. Beheaded.

— June 3. Helen Henderson and Isobel Whitburgh, for murder.

— July 26. Agnes Anderson, for child murder.

— Oct. 6. John Duncan, fornication with Magdalen Reid, in the parish of Libberton.

— Nov. 28. Mr Alexander Smith, late minister, committed to the *Thieves' Hole*, and put in irons, by warrant signed "Rothes."

1666, Aug. 16. Agnes Anderson, child murder.

— June 5. Helen Henderson, "murder of her ane husband."

1667, Jan. 29. Marion Robinson, "for several scandals," on warrant by Lord Forrester of Corstorphine.

— March 9. Elizabeth Wilson and Janet Wilson, for the murder of a child brought forth by Elizabeth.

— March 23. Alexander Cumming, Sub-Collector of Customs and Excise at Ayr, "for not delivering up his Books. Warrant signed "Rothes."

— April 1. John Home of Kellie "Traytor."

— June 27. James Anderson, and other two "Rebells." Warrant signed "Rothes."

— Aug. 2. James Crawford, for the "wilful burning of the Mansion House of Over Libberton."

— Aug. 13. Captain James Baillie, by a warrant signed "Mountrous," "for the crimes committed by him." In a note Baillie is stated to "have departed this present life" on 13th of May 1672, having been nearly five years in prison.

— Aug. 22. "Aucht Countrie men" from Hamilton, "which was in the late rebellion."

[This was the insurrectionary movement under Colonel Wallace of Auchans, in 1667, usually styled the "Rising of Pentland."]

— Aug. 28. Agnes Somerville, for "alleged adulterie."

— Dec. 4. "Aucht hoors and a lass" sent to the Correction House.

1668, Jan. 3. At the supplication of Captain Richard Borthwick, of the frigate named the *Sant Jacob*, George Cooke, his mate, warded for taking certain goods out of the prize ships lately brought in by him.

[To be continued.]

THE DRAMATIC STORY OF AGIS,

THE REV. MR HOME'S NEW TRAGEDY.

From the Gentleman's Magazine, March 1758.

The characters are,

AGIS, King of Sparta.

AGESISTRATA, his mother.

LYSANDER, an Athenian, his principal general, and friend.

EUANTHE, an Athenian lady, engaged to Lysander, whom she has followed from Athens.

AMPHARES, a factious and ambitious magistrate of Sparta, in love with Euanthe.

RHEBUS, a Thracian, who has served in the Spartan troops from a youth.

EUXUS, the brother of Rhesus, a commander in the troops of Thrace.

SANDANE, Queen to Leonidas, Agis's colleague-king, who had been driven into exile for his vices.

ACT I. It appears in this act, that Sandane having urged her husband, Leonidas, to stretch the regal power beyond the limits prescribed by the laws of Sparta, the people had risen against him, under the direction and command of Agis; who, when they had driven out Leonidas, became sole king; that Leonidas had put himself at the head of an army of Achaians, to recover his throne, and Agis had marched out against him with the military force of Sparta; and that Amphares had found means to obtain an order of the magistracy for Agis to return to the city; who was accordingly come back, having left the command of his army to Lysander. By this treacherous policy Amphares answered two purposes: the faction, of which he was the head, might either cut Agis off; or they might, by seizing his person, make him an hostage for their safety, if Lysander should return victorious from the expedition against Leonidas. This conduct of Amphares appears to proceed from a dread of feeling the resentment of Agis, when his magistracy expires; and from his hatred of Lysander, for whom Euanthe has rejected his addresses. In an interview between Agis and Amphares, Agis expostulates with him upon the corruptness of his administration, charges him with being the author of the troubles of the state, and severely reprehends him for compelling him to quit his army, and return to the city, at so critical a juncture, when a decisive battle was every hour expected. Amphares endeavours to palliate, if not justify his conduct; and promises, that if he has opposed the interest of Agis, he will oppose it no more. Agis, though he does not seem perfectly satisfied with his sincerity, yet consents to forgive what is past, and accept his future services.

It appears soon afterwards, in an interview between Euanthe and Rhesus, that early in the morning of the day with which the dramatic action begins, Lysander had defeated the Achaians under Leonidas, at a small distance from the city; and having received a message from Agis, requiring him immediately to repair to Sparta to defend him against the faction, was returned to the city with a small party of horse, and had ordered the infantry to follow with the utmost expedition.

ACT II. Lysander receives a billet from a friend, warning Agis to stand upon his guard;

and learns from Euanthe, who urges him not again to leave her, that Amphares had addressed her as a lover in his absence. Lysander acquaints Agis with the warning he had received; and they are soon after informed by an officer, that a thousand Thracians had been discovered near the city, who reported themselves to be hired by Amphares for the service of Seleuchus, and to be on their march to Sardis. Agis and Lysander immediately conclude that, whatever was the pretence, these troops were hired to assist the faction in subverting the government. Agis proposes to double the guards; but Lysander urges him to mount his horse, and with all expedition join the troops, who were on their march to succour him. Before any resolution is formed, they learn from Rhesus, that his brother Euxus is among the Thracians, and the second in command; they therefore immediately dispatch Rhesus, to acquaint his brother with the service for which these troops are supposed to be hired by Amphares, and represent that not only justice, but honour, is on the opposite side. When Rhesus is dispatched on this service, Agis, hoping he will be able at least to divide the Thracians, if not bring them over to his interest, determines to remain in the city, lest, by quitting it to join his forces, he should drive the faction to extremes; but he orders Lysander to return to the troops, whose access to the city, without a resolute and prudent commander, may now be difficult. In the meantime the Thracians are posted by Amphares so as most effectually to execute his purpose, and wait only for the signal to seize upon the King, and cut off his party.

ACT III. The Thracians having fallen upon and dispersed the partisans of the King, he takes refuge in a temple. And it appears that Lysander, instead of repairing to the troops, as he had been commanded, disguised himself in the habit of a slave, and continued in the city, partly because his affection to the King made him unwilling to leave him, and partly because he had not fortitude to trust Euanthe alone in the power of his rival.

In this situation Euanthe and Lysander meet. He urges her to take refuge in the temple of Juno, having prepared a trusty slave of the household to convey her thither; and proposes himself to escape to the Spartan troops, over the wall, in the night; the gates of the city having been shut up, and a guard placed at them, by the faction. Euanthe strongly urges him to desist from this, as a desperate and useless attempt, and to escape with her to some port of safety, in the vessel that brought her to Sparta, which, she says, is still at anchor on the coast. During this altercation, they are interrupted by Amphares; who, supposing Lysander to be the slave which his disguise bespoke him, orders him sternly to depart. Lysander, as he could not refuse without a fatal discovery, silently obeys.

Amphares, elated with his success, makes a merit of his enterprise to Euanthe, by ascribing it to his passion for her; and urges her, with many protestations of his love, to accept his hand, and share with him the throne of Sparta. Upon her inquiry how it happens that the throne of

Sparta is at his disposal, he tells her, that Agis is surrounded by his troops in the temple of Juno; and that Leonidas, though he had taken the field to recover the throne from Agis at the risk of his life, would yet quietly and patiently yield it up to him, if he chose rather to reign alone than admit another to a share of it. Euanthe, without questioning this extravagant and improbable story, rejects all his offers with disgust and disdain, and absolutely refuses to go with him. Amphares, after having entreated, boasted, threatened, and expostulated, in vain, proceeds to force, and lays hold of her hand. Alarmed at this act of violence, she cries out for help; and Lysander, whose apprehension had kept him within hearing, rushing in to her aid, and running up to Amphares, attempts to stab him with a dagger, which he had provided for his defence, while he should wear the habit of a slave, to whom arms were not allowed. Amphares retires; and perceiving it to be Lysander, orders him to be seized alive. Lysander, the moment he is discovered, snatches a sword from one of the guards, and puts himself on his defence. The guards, awed by his presence, and intimidated by his prowess, give back. Upon which Amphares directs his sword to the breast of Euanthe, and threatens instantly to kill her if he does not throw down his weapon. Euanthe generously and heroically calls out to him to defend himself without any regard to her danger. But Lysander, after some struggles, throws down his sword, and surrenders himself prisoner to Amphares, that by this sacrifice he may redeem the life of his mistress. After some keen reproaches and invectives have passed between the rivals, and some expressions of tenderness and distress between the lovers, Lysander is sent to prison, and Euanthe secured in another place.

Amphares for some reason delays to put Lysander to death; but determines to cut off the king; yet knows not how to accomplish it, as he had taken shelter in a temple, and the profanation of that asylum might be dangerous. After some thought, he determines to send a Spartan with a feigned message in Lysander's name, which may induce him voluntarily to quit his sanctuary; and then, says he, I shall find it easy to induce the ephori* to give orders for putting him to death, as an enemy to the state.

ACT IV. Lysander is discovered in a dungeon, where Rhesus soon after introduces his brother Euxus, who commanded the party that was appointed for his guard. Euxus having heard the story of Lysander and Agis from his brother, is brought into suspense, whether to take part with them, or implicitly to fulfil the trust reposed in him, by his superior officer. He is strongly urged by his brother at least to favour the escape of Lysander, and he promises to determine in a short time what part he will take.

Rhesus then acquaints Lysander that the ephori had sent a herald, commanding the Spartan army not to proceed in its march. Lysander, knowing

that all depended upon a resolute attempt of this army in defence of Agis, wishes some messenger could be found, who would carry them a true account of the state of Sparta, and urge them without delay to storm the city. Rhesus immediately offers to attempt it himself; but Lysander advises him rather to put on the arms and habit of his country, and endeavour to pass through the Thracian guard to Agis, who he seems to think wants nothing but weapons to enable him to force a passage through the guards that surrounded the temple in which he was confined, and make his way out of the city to head his troops himself. News being brought that Amphares is coming, Lysander returns to his cell, Rhesus goes out to execute his new enterprise, and Euxus, who though yet undetermined which party to take, had been privy to all that passed between Rhesus and Lysander, remains.

Amphares, after inquiring of Euxus how his prisoner behaved, orders him to take from him a gorget with the picture of a lady studded with gems, which he wore on his breast. This was to be sent as a token to Agis by the traitor that was to inveigle him out of his asylum, upon pretence of a message from Lysander. In the meantime, however, Amphares hears that the troops had torn the mandate which ordered them to stop, and were marching with yet greater expedition to the city. He is also acquainted that the Thracians had seized a spy who had attempted to pass disguised in their habit and arms to Agis. Immediately after this intelligence Euxus returns with the gorget; and upon hearing that the spy is taken, whom he knew to be Rhesus, to whose attempt he had tacitly consented, he determines with himself to set Lysander at liberty, and abet his cause to deliver his brother.

It is, however, agreed that Lysander shall continue in prison till Euxus, who is summoned to attend the ephori, can acquaint him with their resolutions. In the mean time he gives him his own sword, and orders his troops to obey him as their chief. Euxus in a short time returns, and acquaints Lysander, that the ephori had resolved to surprise the Spartan band who had refused to obey their mandate, at midnight, and had ordered him to sustain their forces with his troops; it is then resolved, that when the forces of the faction have left the city on this design, Lysander with the Thracians shall take possession of it, secure the gates, and set the king at liberty.

ACT V. Agis having fallen into the snare which Amphares had laid for him, and quitted the temple with the pretended messenger of Lysander, is by him brought to Amphares and the ephori, who were waiting for him in the street. Amphares tells him, that the ephori have condemned him to die. Agis insists that they had no legal power over his life; and supports his arguments by reminding them that Lysander, whom he supposes at the head of his troops, must shortly arrive, either to protect him, or to avenge any injury he should suffer. To this they reply, that Lysander is their prisoner; and urge the king, as the only means of prolonging, if not of securing his life, to send his mandate to stop his troops; who, though they must have been on a forced march all day,

* The ephori were magistrates appointed by the ancient Spartans, to be a check upon the power of their king.

and were so near that a herald dispatched in the former part of the day had been to them, and returned from them, were not yet arrived. This proposal, however, he refuses with the utmost disdain, declaring that he would much rather die than live, "The tame spectator of a falling empire."

The military officers are then ordered to drag him to the place of execution; but they refuse. Amphares then offers to lay hands upon himself; but Agis prevents all farther attempts of violence, by offering voluntarily to meet that destiny which could not be avoided.

Soon after Agis is gone, and the ephori dismissed, a messenger acquaints Amphares, that the executioners refused to lift their hands against the king. Amphares then urges this messenger to perform the office; and telling him he shall name his own reward, he undertakes it. As soon as Amphares is again alone, he is informed by an officer, whom he had sent to bring Lysander before him, whose life is the only obstacle unremoved, that he is fled, and that the people are alarmed, and gather to their tribes. Amphares then dispatches a messenger for Euanthe, and seems rather solicitous to escape with her, than to resist the force that Lysander might bring against him, or wait the issue of the attempt to surprise the troops that were in Agis's interest.

As soon as this messenger is dispatched, he receives farther intelligence, that the body of Thracians, commanded by Euxus, had revolted; and that their leader being questioned by the Thracian commander-in-chief, Rhinalces, had answered with his sword; and that a skirmish had followed, in which many of the revolted were killed. Amphares immediately suspects that the Thracians were commanded by Lysander: and being told by the messenger that their leader, whoever he was, was thought to be mortally wounded, he orders a party of his own forces to join Rhinalces, and promises soon to follow them. Euanthe is then brought in; and the messenger who had been sent to dispatch Agis, reports that it is done. Euanthe, hearing that somebody had been put to death, and not knowing who, supposes it to be Lysander; but in the midst of her distress, Amphares orders an officer to conduct her to the city-gate, and wait there with some horsemen till he joined them. While he is delivering this order, word is brought him, that the Spartan troops are at last arrived, and with Euxus at their head carry all before them. He then is in haste to retire; but being unwilling to leave Euanthe, who absolutely refuses to quit the place, he gives orders to his people to drag her along. During this delay, he finds himself encompassed; and, in a transport of rage, jealousy, and despair, draws his sword, and runs at Euanthe. Just at this crisis, Lysander rushes in, followed by Rhesus, and immediately engaging Amphares, soon puts an end to his life.

The joy of Lysander and Euanthe, who are once more at liberty, and once more together, is checked by the discovery that Agis is dead. His mother Agesistrata, however, is preserved, though a messenger had been sent to dispatch her. It happened that Sandane, taking refuge in the

tower where she was confined, had caught up a mantle which Agesistrata had thrown from her, and hiding her face in it, had been mistaken by the assassin for the queen, and killed in her stead.

Lysander orders the son of Agis to be proclaimed king: and the play concludes with a solemn procession, in which the priests of Jupiter and Hercules, with a long train, attend the body of Agis from the dungeon in which he was murdered to the royal sepulchre.

This procession is attended with a dirge sung by the priests, and a chorus of youths and virgins belonging to the temple.

Many passages in this play have, by the audience, been referred to some particular circumstance in the present state of public affairs; particularly the following?—

The laws have been neglected, not annul'd,
And corrupt rulers have corrupted manners.
Authority will soon revive the laws,
And great example yet restore the manners,
In spite of those who have oppress'd their country,—
Still strove for pow'r in a declining kingdom,
Still sought for wealth in an impoverish'd land.

When Euxus tells Lysander

Your stay is full of danger; risk it not.

Lysander replies,

All necessary dangers must be risked.

The meaning of this verse was sufficiently understood, and felt, to produce, not a clap only, but sometimes a shout of applause; though a critic might frigidly object, that the expression to *risk danger* is inaccurate, to *risk* and to *endanger* being synonymous terms.

The piece in general, whatever may be its defects, abounds with warm and generous sentiments of liberty and public spirit; and the applause with which it has been received, is therefore a proof that these principles are still alive among us. There is also one passage, which, in a few words, more strongly recommends religion as a principle of heroic actions, than the most elaborate reasoning or florid declamation. Lysander, when he is alone, and in prison, expecting every moment to die by the hand of the executioner, falls into a very natural and important series of reflections concerning the immortality of his soul: the reasons for and against it seem to be nearly equiponderant, but at last he comes to this resolution,

— Whilst I live and breathe, by heaven I'll act
As if I were immortal.

This sentence includes at once all the force of precept and example; as it represents a man who doubts of his immortality, determining, that to act *nobly*, he must act *as if he were immortal*. Such a proof, that to act as an *infidel* is to act *basely*, reaches at once the understanding and the heart; and was applauded with a zeal that did equal honour to the author, the actor [Garrick], and the audience.

There are also in this piece some forcible strokes of poetry as well as sentiment.

The *present moment*, which has so often been the subject of the philosopher and the poet, is

very finely and forcibly described in the following metaphor.

Things past belong to memory alone;
Things future are the property of hope;
The narrow line, the isthmus of these seas,
The instant scarce divisible, is all
That mortals have to stand on.

When Lysander is waiting the return of Euxus, in all the anxiety of suspense and expectation, and at length hears him coming, he expresses the importance of the crisis in a figure extremely bold and poetical.

Euxus draw near—Upon the insect wing
Of a small moment ride th' eternal fates.

When Amphares offers to kill Euanthe upon her refusing to go with him, she derides his menace, and insults his folly in this expressive but short reply,

—Draw forth thy sword,
And try if death can terrify despair.

SUPPRESSION OF THE CLAN GREGOR.

THE EARL OF DUNFERMLINE AND THE LORD
REGISTER TO KING JAMES VI.

September 18, 1612.

PLEIS ZOUR SACRED MAIESTIE,

The Erie of Ergyle compeiring this day befor zoure maiesties counsaill, he exhibite ellevin of that number of the Clangregor resting vpon him be his formair accompt, who hes changeit thair names, and found caution, conforme to the ordour. He hes a warrand grantit to him for his repair towards zoure maiestie, according to zoure maiesties plesour and directioun, sygnefeit vnto vs by zoure maiesties lettre of the second of this instant, and he hes nominat the Laird of Lundy, his bruther,* to haue a cair of the prosequeution

* In a note of the Privy Council Proceedings preserved amongst the Balfour MS., it is stated, "The Laird of Lundy, brother to the Earl of Argyle, being to repair to Court to confer with his brother anent the service of the Clangregour, as he pretends, he hes nominat the Laird of Laweris to haue the charge of that service till his return, and vpon Laweris acceptation of the charge, Lundy is to haue a license for his vponning."

There is a Minute of the Council Meetings, dated 8th July 1613, from which it appears, that the Earl of Argyle appeared and freely offered to the King £22, 10s. out of every hundred pounds of the fines exacted from those who had received any of the Clangregour which should come into his hands. It is also stated, "The landlordinis of the Clangregour who should haue taine the bairnis of the Clangregour off the Laird of Laweris hands," had "failied in that poynt, and thairfore charges are directed agaius thame for payment to Laweris of the sowme of tuentie mark out of euery merk land pertening to thame, and formerly possesit by the Clangregour."

Lastly, (30th November 1613,) it was resolved, that the landlordinis should not be called vpon to pay any contribution, provided they took the Clangregour bairns. This proposal those present agreed to; and the conditions ultimately adjusted were, that the children should be distributed amongst them according "to the proportion of their lands,"—that they should be bound to keep them, and to make them furthermore when called for, until they were eighteen years of age, when they should be exhibited to the Privy Council, and their subsequent fate decided vpon. If any of these unfortunate creatures should escape from his keeper, the resetter to be

of that seruice till his returne, who hes vndertane the charge, with promissis to do his indevoir to bring the same to some settled perfectioun. We haif had sindrie conferenceis anent the bairnis of the Clangregour, and hes consultit and advisit heirvpoun with the landlordinis, whose aduise and opinioun is, that that string sall not be tuitcheit, nor no notioun maid thereof, quhill the seruice in handis agais the men be first settled and brought to ane end; at whiche tyme the execution of everie sutch course as salbe then resolved vpon agais the bairnis may with the lesse difficultie be effectuat. This is all that hes bene done with him at this meiting. So, with our hairty prayeris vnto God, recommending zoure maiestie to Godis devyne protection, we [rest]

Zour Maiesties most humble and obedient
subiectis and seruitouris,

AL. CANCELLARIUS.
ALEX. HAY.

Edinburgh, 18 Sep. 1612.
To the King his most Sacred and
Excellent Maiestie.

LIFE OF MR JOHNSON THE BOOK-SELLER.

In December, 1809, died, in St Paul's Church-yard, Mr Joseph Johnson, bookseller. He was the younger of two sons of a farmer at Everton, a village one mile from Liverpool. He was born on the 15th of November, 1738, and had therefore just completed the seventy-first year of his age. His family were dissenters of the baptist persuasion; and he was apprenticed, at a suitable age, to Mr George Keith, a bookseller in Gracechurch street, who had married the daughter of the celebrated Dr Gill, the great ornament of that sect in England. It was about the year 1760, that Mr Johnson first entered into business for himself, in partnership with a Mr Davenport; and nearly at the same period, he contracted an acquaintance with Mr Fuseli, the celebrated painter, whose acuteness and vigour of judgment are well known, and who, even at that period, discovered such qualities in Mr Johnson as led to a familiarity and friendship, which the vicissitudes of almost fifty years had not the power to overthrow. The partnership with Davenport being dissolved, Mr Johnson formed a similar connection with a Mr Payne; and their business was carried on in Paternoster Row, till nearly the whole of their property was consumed by fire in 1770, no part of it being insured. By this time Mr Johnson had acquired the highest

bound to relieve the landlord of all "pane and danger" he might incur through his flight; and moreover, to be liable to such "arbitrall censure and punishment," as the Council should think fit to inflict. The child so escaping, if under fourteen, to be scourged and burnt on the cheek for the first escape, and hanged for the second:—if above fourteen, to be hanged at once without further ceremony.

The next day a roll was made up and sworn to by Glenurquhy and the other lairds. The landlords were enjoined to keep and present the children under the penalty of two hundred pounds Scots for the child of a chieftain; one hundred pounds for the child of an under chieftain; and forty pounds for children of meaner rank.

character with those who knew him best, for integrity and a virtuous disposition; and now that he was on the ground, "his friends," as he expressed it to a particular acquaintance, "came about him, and set him up again." On this occasion, he removed to the shop in St Paul's Church-yard, where he dwelt for the remainder of his life. A short time after this epoch in his affairs, he became closely connected with the most liberal and learned branch of the Protestant dissenters in England. He published, in 1772, the *Poems of Anna Letitia Aikin*, afterwards Mrs Barbauld; and, nearly at the same time, was placed in the same relation of publisher to Dr Priestley, whose numerous writings were brought out by Mr Johnson from that time forward. It scarcely ever happened that Mr Johnson stood in the place of publisher to persons of literary merit and moral worth, without being at the same time regarded by them as a confidential friend; and a proposal having been made to Dr Priestley, in 1773, who was at that time advantageously settled at Leeds, to take up his residence in the house of Lord Shelburne, (afterwards Marquis of Lansdowne,) Mr Johnson wrote to him a warm expostulatory letter on the subject; the remonstrance probably reached the Doctor's hands too late. One of Mr Johnson's early connections, was one Samuel Paterson, the auctioneer and author; and, though Paterson was a man of talents and honourable intention, the friendship of Mr Johnson saved him from the effects of many imprudencies. In 1774, when Mr Theophilus Lindsey came to London, having given up a living of £400 per annum and rich expectancies, because he could not reconcile his conscience to the articles of the church of England, he immediately formed a strict intimacy with Mr Johnson. Mr Lindsey's circumstances became greatly straitened by the sacrifice he had made; and Mr Johnson procured, and caused to be fitted up for him, as a chapel, the Great Room in the house of Mr Paterson, in Essex Street in the Strand, and was extremely active in procuring subscriptions, and forming a regular religious establishment in that place, which he constantly attended, as long as Mr Lindsey continued to officiate there. Mr Johnson was so fortunate, (and this is one of the greatest honours that can fall to a bookseller,) as to have been publisher to many of the most eminent authors of his time; among whom we may name Mr Horne Tooke, Mr William Cowper, Dr Darwin, Dr Priestley, Dr Aikin, Dr Enfield, Mr Fuseli, Mr Bonnycastle, Mr Nicholson, Mr Howard, Mrs Barbauld, Mrs Wollstonecraft, and Miss Edgeworth. In May 1788, he began a periodical publication, called the *Analytical Review*, which was continued to the end of the year 1793, and was regarded in those times as a principal repository of sentiments most favourable to national liberty, both in politics and religion. On this account, in the period of persecution, which under the auspices of Mr Pitt in this country succeeded the French Revolution, Mr Johnson was marked out as a proper victim for the vengeance of government. The occasion that was taken was from a very injudicious political pamphlet, written by the late Gilbert Wakefield. It was proved that a copy of this pamph-

let had been bought in Mr Johnson's shop: and while Mr Cuthell, another bookseller, was sentenced, for the same offence, to a fortnight's imprisonment, Mr Johnson was committed to the King's Bench Prison for nine months, and amerced in a fine of £50: this passed in the year 1793. Mr Johnson was a man remarkably superior to mercenary views. He often proposed and entered into the reprint of books which he considered as conducive to the best interests of his species, without the possibility of being reimbursed but in a very long time, and probably not at all. He often purchased the manuscripts of worthy persons in distress, when he had no intention ever to send them to the press. His benevolent actions are by much too numerous to be related in such an article as this; nor would it, in many instances, be delicate to the feelings of the parties to relate them. His mind was of so admirable a temper, as almost never to be worn out with importunity; and he was not to be turned aside by the ingratitude of those he benefited from doing that which he judged to be right. In his latter years, Mr Johnson was uncommonly reduced by a series of infirmities; he walked with difficulty; his frame was worn to a shadow; and, having mentioned on some occasion, that it was his desire to be borne to his grave by four men, added, that in reality two would do, for they "would have nothing to carry." Yet his faculties and his powers of conversation remained; and he scarcely remitted his attention to business, and not at all his disposition to be serviceable to others. We will conclude this article with an extract of a paragraph which appeared in the *Morning Chronicle* the day after Mr Johnson's death:—"His understanding was of the best and soundest nature; and, though he was the very reverse of every thing assuming and ostentatious, yet those who knew him best, and were most able to estimate his talents, will readily bear testimony, that they never heard him say a weak or foolish thing, or indeed any thing that would have discredited the lips of the wisest of his contemporaries. Accordingly his table was frequented, through successive years, by a succession of persons of the greatest talents, learning, and genius: and the writer of these lines can cheerfully bear witness, that all were delighted when he took his share in the conversation, and only regretted that the gentleness and modesty of his nature led him to do it so rarely. He was always found an advocate on the side of human nature and human virtue, recommending that line of conduct which springs from disinterestedness and a liberal feeling, and maintaining its practicability.

THE RUINES OF TIME.

["The following verses, ascribed to Spenser," says a correspondent, "are copied from an old book which has no title page." They appear as Spenser's in Anderson's "British Poets," inscribed to the Countess of Pembroke.]

I saw an Image all of massive Gold,
Placed on high upon an Alter fair,
That all which did the same from far behold,
Might worship it and fall on lowest stair.

Not that great Idol might with this compare,
To which the Assyrian Tyrant would have made
The holy Bretheren falsely to have paid.

But the Alter, on the which this Image staid,
Was (O great pity!) built of brittle Clay;
That shortly the foundation decay'd,
With Showers of Heaven and Tempest worn away:
Then down it fell, and low in ashes lay,
Scorned of every one, which by it went;
That I it seeing dearly did lament.

Next unto this a stately tower appear'd,
Built all of richest Stone that might be found,
And nigh unto the Heavens in height uprear'd,
But placed on a Plot of sandy Ground.
Not that great Tower, which is so much renown'd
For Tongues Confusion in Holy Writ,
King *Ninus*' Work, might be compar'd to it.

But O vain Labours of terrestrial Wit,
That builds so strongly on so frail a Soil,
As with each Storm does fall away, and flit,
And gives the fruit of all your Travail's toil,
To be the Prey of Time, and Fortune's Spoil!
I saw this Towers fall Suddenly to dust,
That nigh with Grief thereof my Heart was burst.

Then did I see a pleasant Paradise,
Full of sweet Flowers and daintiest Delights,
Such as on Earth Man could no more devise,
With Pleasures choice to feed his cheerful Sprights.
Not that, which Merlin by his Magick Sights
Made for the gentle Squire to entertain
His fair Belphebe, could this Garden stain.

But O short Pleasure, bought with lasting Pain,
Why will hereafter any Flesh delight
In earthly Bliss, and joy in Pleasures vain;
Since that I saw this Garden wasted quite,
That where it was, scarce seemed any sight?
That I, which once that Beauty did behold,
Could not from Tears my melting Eyes withhold.

Soon after this a Giant came in place,
Of wondrous Powre, and of exceeding Stature,
That none durst view the Horror of his Face,
Yet was he mild of Speech, and meek of Nature.
Not he, which in despite of his Creatour,
With railing Terms defy'd the Jewish Hoast,
Might with mighty one in Hugeness boast.

For from the one he could to th' other Coast,
Stretch his strong Thighs, and the Ocean overstride,
And reach his Hand into his Enemies Hoast.
But see the end of Pomp and fleshly Pride!
One of his Feet unware from him did slide,
That down he fell unto the deep abyss,
Where drowned with him is all his earthly Bliss.

Then did I see a Bridge made all of Gold,
Over the Sea, from one to th' other side,
Withouten Prop or Pillour it t' uphold,
But like the coloured Rainbow Arched wide.
Not that great Arch which Trajan edipide,
To be a wonder to all Age ensuing,
Was matchable to this in equal viewing.

But (ah!) what boots to see earthly thing,
In glory or in Greatness to excel,
Six Time doth greatest things to ruin bring?
This goodly Bridge, one Foot not fastened well,
'Gan fail, and all the rest down shortly fell;
Ne of so brave a Building ought remained,
That grief thereof my spirit greatly pained.

I saw two Bears as white as any Milk,
Lying together in a mighty Cave,
Of mild Aspect, and Hair as soft as Silk,
That Salvage Nature seemed not to have,
Nor after greedy Spoil of Blood to crave:
Two fairer Beasts might not else where be found,
Although the compass World were sought around.

But what can long abide above this Ground,
In state of Bliss or stedfast Happiness?
The Cave in which these Bears lay sleeping sound,
Was but of Earth, and with her Weightiness,
Upon them fell, and did unware oppress;
That for great sorrow of their sudden Fate,
Henceforth all World's Felicity I hate.

Much was I troubled in my heavy Spright,
At sight of these sad Spectacles forepast,
That all my Senses were bereaved night,
And I in mind remained sore agast,
Distraught 'twixt Fear and Pity; when at last
I heard a Voice, which loudly to me call'd,
That with the suddain Shril I was appall'd.

Behold (said it), and by ensample see,
That all is Vanity and Grief of Mind,
No other Comfort in this World can be,
But Hope of Heaven and Heart to God inclin'd;
For all the rest must needs be left behind.
With that it bade me, to the other side,
To cast mine Eye, where other sights I spide.

Upon the famous Rivers farther Shore,
There stood a snowy Swan of heavenly Hue,
And gentle Kind, as ever Fowl afore;
A fairer one in all the goodly Crew
Of white Strimonian Brood might no Man view:
There he most sweetly sung the Prophecy
Of his own Death in doleful Elegy.

At last when all his mourning Melody
He ended had, that both the Shores resounded,
Feeling the Fit that him forwarned to die,
With lofty Flight above the Earth he bounded,
And out of sight to highest Heaven mounted:
Where now he is become an heavenly Sign;
There now the Joy is his, here Sorrow mine.

Whilst thus I looke, loe adown the Lee
I saw an Harp all strung with Silver Twine,
And made of Gold and costly Ivory,
Swimming that whilom seem'd to have been
The Harp, on which Dan Orpheus was seen
Wild Beasts and Forrests after him to lead;
But was th' Harp of Phillisides now dead.

At length out of the river it was rear'd,
And borne about the Clouds to be devin'd,
Whilst all the way most heavenly Noise was heard
Of the Strings, stirred with the warbling wind,
That wrought both Joy and Sorrow in my Mind:
So now in Heaven a Sign it doth appear,
The Harp well known beside the Northern Bear.

Soon after this I saw on the other side
A curious Coffer made of Heben Wood,
That in it did most precious Treasure hide
Exceeding all this baser World's good:
Yet through the overflowing of the Flood
It almost drowned was, and done to nought,
That sight thereof much grieved my pensive thought.

At length, when most in peril it was brought,
Two Angels down descending with Swift Flight,
Out of the swelling Stream it lightly caught,
And 'twixt their blessed Arms it carried quight,
Above the reach of any living sight :

So now it is transformed into the Star,
In which all heavenly Treasures locked are.

Looking aside, I saw a stately Bed,
Adorned all with costly Cloth of Gold,
That might for any Prince's Couch be red,
And deckt with dainty Flowers, as if should
Be for some Bride, her joyous Night to hold :
Therein a goodly Virgin sleeping lay ;
A fairer Wight saw never Summer's-day.

I heard a Voice that called far away,
And her awaking, had her quickly dight,
For loe her Bridegroom was in ready Ray
To come to her, and seek her Love's delight :
With that she started up with cheerful sight,
When suddenly both Bed and all was gone,
And I in langour left there all alone.

Still as I gazed, I beheld where stood
A Knight all armed, upon a winged Steed,
The same that bred was of Medusa's Blood,
On which Dan Perseus born of heavenly Seed,
The fair Andromada from Peril freed :
Full mortally this Knight ywounded was,
That Streams of Blood forth flowed on the Grass.

Yet was he dockt (small joy to him, alas !)
With many Garlands for his Victories,
And with rich Spoils, which late he did purchase
Through brave achievements from his Enemies.
Fainting at last through long Infirmities,
He smote his Steed, that straight to heaven bore,
And left me more his Loss for to deplore.

Lastly I saw an Ark of purest Gold,
Upon a brazen Pillour standing high,
Which th' Ashes seemed of great Prince to hold,
Enclosed therein for endless Memory
Of him, whom all the World did glorify :
Seemed the Heavens with th' Earth did disagree,
Whether should of these Ashes Keeper be.

At last me seem'd, wing'd-footed Mercury,
From Heaven descending to appease their Strife,
The Ark did bear with him above the Sky,
And to these Ashes gave a second Life,
To live in Heaven where Happiness is rife :
At which the Earth did grieve exceedingly,
And I for Dole was almost like to die.

L'ENVOY.

Immortal Spirit of *Phyllisides*,
Which now art made the Heaven's Ornament,
That whilom was the World's chiefest Riches ;
Give leave to him that lov'd thee, to lament
His loss by lack of thee, to Heaven bent ;
And with last Duties of this broken verse,
Broken with Sighs, to deck thy Sable Horse.

And ye, fair Lady, th' Honor of your Days,
And glory of the World, your high Thoughts scorn ;
Vouchsafe this Monument of his last Praise,
With some few silver-dropping Tears t' adorn ;
And as ye be of heavenly Off-spring born,
So unto Heaven let your high Mind aspire
And loath this Dross of sinful World's Desire.

Varieties.

CHARLES I.—Sept. 1710. My Lord Pollok tells me that he had several times heard the old Earle of Dumfries say that he was employed to carry the written papers of 'Eikon Basilike' between King Charles the First and a clergyman, Dr Goodman, or some such name, that I have forgot, who was retired to some country place about Newcastle, or somewhere in the north, and that he believed they were written by that Doctor, and he had some materials from the King."—WODROW'S ANALECTA. This story is probably the truth: that Charles wrote the entire work is very questionable: he furnished the "materials;" 'Gauden,' not Goodman furnished them up, and put them in the shape they have come down to us. Gauden obtained a bishoprick for his trouble, and was discontented because he was not further promoted. He got a good deal more than he deserved. The historical student will find a most learned and amusing volume on the 'Eikon Basilike,' consisting of several treatises, by Dr Worthworth, Master of Trinity College. His argument is able, but he adroitly throws overboard all the evidence adverse to the King. He was not aware of the curious piece of evidence preserved by that twaddling old humbug, Wodrow. The following lines, attributed to Charles, possess much merit :

"Close thine eyes and sleep secure,
Thy soul is safe, thy body sure,
He now guards thee, He thee keeps,
Who never slumbers, never sleeps,
A quiet conscience is a quiet breast,
Has only peace, has only rest.
The music and the mirth of kings
Are out of tune unless she sing."

GRAVE WIT.—Sir Patrick Hume, King's High Commissioner to Parliament in Scotland, died in the 84th year of his age, 1714. Being observed to smile when on his death-bed, he was asked by Lord Binning what he was laughing at; he answered, "I am diverted to think what a disappointment the worms will meet with, when they bore through my thick coffin, expecting to find a good meal, and get nothing but the bones!"

TWO DUCHESSES.—When the Duchess of Buckingham found herself dying, she sent for Anstis, the herald, and settled all the pomp of her funeral ceremony. She was afraid of dying before the preparations were ready: "Why," she asked, "won't they send the canopy for me to see? Let them send it, even though the tassels are not finished." And then she exacted, as Horace Walpole affirms, a vow from her ladies, that if she should become insensible, they would not sit down in her room until she was dead. Funeral honours appear, indeed, to have been her fancy; for when her only son died, she sent messengers to her friends, telling them that if they wished to see him lie in state, she would admit them by the back-stairs. Such was the delicacy of her maternal sorrow. But there was one match in pride and insolence for Katharine Duchess of Buckingham; this was Sarah Duchess of Marlborough. Upon the death of the young Duke of Buckingham, his mother endeavoured to borrow the triumphal car that had carried the remains of Marlborough to the grave: "No," replied the widowed Duchess of Marlborough, "the car that has carried the Duke of Marlborough's body shall never be profaned by any other." "I have sent to the undertaker," was the Duchess of Buckingham's rejoinder, "and he has engaged to make a better for £20." On her death-bed, the latter expressed a wish to be buried by her father, James the Second, at Paris. "She need not," was the remark of Mr Selwyn, "be carried out of England to be buried by her father."—*Memoirs of Viscountess Sundon*.

GRASS SEEDS.—Clover seeds were first sown in East Lothian, and first in Scotland, in 1708.

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NOTES

RELATING TO THE NAME OF BAIRD, PARTICULARLY AS TO THE FAMILIES OF AUCHMEDDEN, NEWBYTH, AND SAUCHTONHALL.

THE Bairds are said traditionally to have come from the south of France; but the first of the name in England came from Normandy with William the Conqueror, in 1066.* The old spelling was Bard, Barde, Barte, Baurt, Beard, Byrd, and Bayard, and it was never written Baird till the latter end of the sixteenth century.

When King William the Lion returned from his imprisonment in England, in 1174, he was accompanied by several Englishmen, and among them, it is believed, there was a gentleman of the name of Baird. There is a tradition, which has been related by several peerage writers, which also connects the name with that Monarch. The tradition is, that when William the Lion was hunting in a forest in one of the south-west counties, and happened to straggle from his attendants, he was alarmed by the approach of a wild bear, and called for help, upon which a gentleman of the name of Baird, who had followed the king from England, rode up and had the good fortune to kill the bear, for which signal service the king made a considerable addition to the lands he had given him before, and assigned him for his coat of arms a boar passant, (a boar being considered the most honourable of armorial bearings,) and for his motto "Dominus fecit;" and what contributes to the belief of this story, says the late William Baird of Auchmedden,† in his account of "the surname of Baird, is, "that one paw of the bear came north with Ordinhivas'‡ ancestor, and is still

*Old History of Normandy, in Advocates' Library, and Heliand's Chronicle.

†The late Mr Baird of Auchmedden was a very accomplished gentleman, and the early patron of James Ferguson, the celebrated astronomer. Ferguson, who started first as a portrait painter, says that he was the first who sat to him for a likeness. See Life of Ferguson, written by himself, (Chamber's Lives of Illustrious Englishmen.) This interesting portrait is, we are informed, in the possession of Mr Baird's great-grandson, Francis G. Fraser of Findrack, Aberdeenshire.

‡Walter Baird of Ordinhivas' daughter and only child, Lillie, was married, 16th August 1570, to Gilbert Baird of Auchmedden.

preserved; and indeed it well deserves it, being one of enormous size, 14 inches long and 9 inches broad where cut from the ancle."

We have seen this interesting relique, (which has been handed down from father to son in the Auchmedden family, ever considered chief of this name, through so many ages,) in the possession of the late Mr Baird of Auchmedden's great-grandson, William N. Fraser, Esq., second son of the late Francis Fraser of Findrack,* Aberdeenshire.

Mr Burke, in his Peerage and Baronetage, *voca* Newbyth, relates this tradition, but erroneously describes the animal who attacked the king as a wild boar. He may have fallen into this error from supposing that this country had never been infested by bears, while there is a statute of the English Parliament, passed about this time, for their destruction throughout the country.

In the R. Roll, or Submission, sworn and subscribed in 1293 by the nobility and principal gentry of Scotland to King Edward the First of England, we find the names of Fergus de Barde of Meikle and Little Kypp, John Barde of Evandale, and Robert Barde of Cambusnathan. Cambusnathan afterwards went to Sir Alexander Stuart, afterwards of Darnley, by marrying the heiress, Jean Baird, about 1360.†

We find in a Parliament held at Perth by King Robert the Bruce, in 1308, Baird of Carnwath, and four other gentlemen of the name, being convicted of adherence to Balliol, were forfeited and put to death, and the lands of Carnwath given to Alexander Stuart of Darnley.

Andrew Baird of Laverocklaw (on the north coast of Fife), son of Gilbert Baird of Posso,‡ and Lillias, only child and daughter of Walter Baird of Ordinhivas, acquired the estate of Auchmedden, in Aberdeenshire, from John Earl of Buchan in 1534.

George Baird of Auchmedden married, 10th August 1550, Elizabeth, daughter of Alexander Keith of Troup, who was brother to the Earl of

* Henrietta Baird, daughter of William Baird of Auchmedden, and Anne Duff, his spouse, daughter of William Duff of Dipple, Esq., and sister of William, first Earl of Fife, married, 1761, to Francis Fraser, younger of Findrack, a cadet of the family of Durris. (History of the surname of Baird, by William Baird of Auchmedden.)

† Dalrymple's Collect. 394.

‡ Baird of Posso was an ancient and well allied family in the shire of Peebles. It came to an heiress, who married a gentleman of the name of Naismith, ancestor of the present Naismith of Posso.

Marischal. Their aunt, Lady Anne Keith, daughter to William Earl of Marischal, was first married to James Earl of Murray, Regent of Scotland, to whom she bore a daughter, and from whom the present Earl of Murray is descended; and next she married Colin, Earl of Argyll. This marriage acquired to George Baird the favour of the Regent, who employed him much in his affairs, and placed great confidence in him. By a deed, signed at Glasgow, 15th May 1560, the Regent, then wardator of the estate of Buchan, discharges the reversion of the lands of Auchmedden, and disposes the same to him heritably and irredeemably, the onerous cause being, "for many acts of friendship done to me, and sums of money given out by him in my service." Eight days before this, Queen Mary escaped from Loch-Leven, which threw the Regent into a great consternation, and it is highly probable that Auchmedden had advanced him a round sum at this time, as he required money, particularly to oppose the Queen.

This George Baird attended the Earl of Huntly at the Battle of Corrichio,* 25th October, 1562, and endeavoured to get him transported to Aberdeen, having caused him to be laid on a "cadger's" horse with "croils," being a fat and unwieldy man, but through weakness the Earl died by the way.

He was present, also, at the insurrection in Aberdeen, in 1589, on the Roman Catholic side, and got a pardon for it from King James the VI., who wished to suppose that the allegation of his being present was a mistake.

"J. REX

"Justice Clerk and your Deputies, we greet you well, for as meikle, that we understand our lovit George Baird of Auchmedden, being an aged and decrepit man, was summoned to this Court of the Sherifffdom of Aberdeen, for assisting the Earl of Huntly and his complices at last insurrection made at Aberdeen, and passing from that to the Brig of Dee, in the month of April last, by part whereof he was convict by an assize, howbeit, wrongously, seeing we are surely informed that he was not within 24 miles, at the time of the sd. insurrection, to the Burgh of Aberdeen.

"Wherefore we command you that incontinent, after the sight hereof, ye do let the said George's act of conviction furth of the Buiks of Adjournal, so that he noways be callit, troublit, molestit, pointid or distressit, by virtue thereof, and the same be as delote as if he had never been challengit, for the said crime in time coming, discharging our Treasurer, Treasurer's deputy of all extracting thereof, and of troublin the said George thereby, &c. Subscribed with our hand, at Aberdeen, the 4th day of August, 1589.

JAMES REX. †
ROBERT MELVIL,
T. MATHY."

* A spot on the Hill of Fare in the County of Aberdeen.

† The king arrived in Aberdeen about the 27th of July, (on his return from Ross and Cromarty, where he had held Justice Courts), and remained there till the 4th of August, upon which day, a little before his Majesty took horse to depart, the Earl of Errol, the Lairds of Auchindown, Balquhain and Cluny, presented themselves, and requested pardon, when they, and sundry of the surname

The families of Newbyth and Saughtonhall are sprung from the Auchmedden family. James Baird, fourth son of Gilbert Baird of Auchmedden, was the founder of these two families. He was bred to the law, and became very eminent in his profession, and was appointed by King Charles the First sole Commissary of the Ecclesiastical Court of Scotland, an office, in those days, of great trust and emolument. He possessed the lands of Byth, in the county of Aberdeen, and had the king's warrant for creating him Lord Deveron, (being the name of a river which runs past that estate), but bedied before the patent was expede. He married Bathia, daughter of Sir James Dempster of Pitliver, a very old family in the county of Fife: she was sister to the famous John Dempster, remarkable for his disputations among the foreign schools.

The Commissary's eldest son, John, was an eminent lawyer, and, upon the restoration of King Charles the Second, was made a knight, and one of the senators of the College of Justice by the title of Lord Newbyth. He sold his lands of Byth, in Aberdeenshire, and purchased those of Foord and Whitekirk, in Haddington, and got them erected into a barony by the name of Newbyth. Lord Newbyth's only son, William, was created a knight baronet by King Charles the Second, in 1680, and, since then, the family has produced many distinguished names; among these may well be mentioned that of the Hero of Seringapatam, General Sir David Baird. It is now worthily represented by Sir David Baird of Newbyth, bart.

[To be continued.]

MINUTES OF IRVINE PRESBYTERY.

For some years past the press has groaned beneath the number of publications on the subject of the Church of Scotland; of these a very great proportion are, we suspect, chiefly adapted to the fancies of their authors.

We therefore think that some *authentic* History of the proceedings of the Church should be acceptable to our readers, though, in many instances, it may not, in all respects, coincide with their previously conceived ideas.* One of the most interesting of the recent publications on the subject, is the Sketches of the History of the Church of Scotland by the Rev. W. M'Crie, which, emanating from the son of so distinguished a father, would have given it an interest, even had its own intrinsic merits been less than they are. The author, with a most unusual candour, cautions his readers not to place implicit reliance on his statements. He says, in the preface—

"To the high professions of impartiality with which some historians have ushered their productions into the world, the author is not disposed to attach much value, having seldom found such professions realized; being convinced that no writer of church history, who has any principles to which

of Gordon, were received into his Majesty's mercy and favour.—MOYSE'S MEMOIRS.

* Our attention has been drawn to excerpts from the minutes of the Presbytery of Irvine, in the years 1646 to 1650, which have recently appeared in several numbers of the Ayrshire News-Letter, and which we propose to copy.

he attaches importance, can describe the scenes and characters with which these principles are identified without imparting to the description more or less of the colour of his own mind. The author candidly avows himself a Presbyterian of the old school, and he has been at no pains to conceal his sentiments."

Should Mr M'Crie's views, therefore, not always be borne out by the facts, his readers have less reason to complain.

In treating of the Church of Scotland, Mr M'Crie could not, of course, avoid noticing their proceedings against parties charged with witchcraft, but, very probably, he thought the less said on the subject the better. In speaking of the transactions between 1620 and 1630,* he says, "It is unfair to single out the clergy as eminently chargeable with these prosecutions, (*persecutions*), in which they only participated with persons of all ranks," &c. Now, we have no means of knowing the extent to which these horrid proceedings were carried at the particular period he refers to, when the church had, comparatively, *little power*; but they must have been bad indeed if they were to half the extent to which they appear to have been carried by the Presbytery of Irvine in the years 1649 and 1650, at a time when the Kirk was in the zenith of her power, and appears to have assumed almost the entire authority, both in Church and State. On referring to the minutes of the Presbytery of Irvine, it clearly appears that they took the most active part in all the proceedings against these unfortunate wretches;—that they dealt with them, and that in so *persuasive* a manner as to procure, in almost every instance, confessions of crimes which are most revolting and *wholly impossible*, and which confessions these poor creatures knew were certain to consign them to a horrible death. They usurped the authority of the civil courts, and they complained of the lukewarmness with which the civil authorities seconded their proceedings; and, at an after period, in the year 1698, the Presbytery of Irvine appoint one of their number to attend, with other ministers, a meeting of Parliament, for prosecution of the recommendations of the General Assembly against Popery and witchcraft; and, in the previous year, 1697, they proclaimed a fast to be observed for various sins, among others, that of witchcraft.

Mr M'Crie also wishes to impress on his readers that the Kirk always acted with great mildness and moderation. He says—†

"So far as it can be shown that, in any case, they resorted to violence to enforce the covenant we do not vindicate them; but, indeed, it cannot be proved that it was forced upon any, or that any injury was incurred by any for simply refusing to conform. In answer to this, to the proceedings against Thomas Cumming—see minutes of the Presbytery, 29th Nov., 1649, 25th Dec., 1649, and 1650."

Mr M'Crie, also, says,‡ "whatever may be said of the principles of the Presbyterians, on the subject of toleration, it is undeniable that their conduct when in power," was marked by the most

exemplary forbearance; and, again,— "The sentiments of our Scottish divines on this point may be seen from the following extracts.* As to the Church of Scotland," says Baillie, "that it did ever intermeddle to trouble any in their goods, liberties, or persons, it's very false; what civil penalties the parliament of a kingdom thinks meet to inflict upon those who are refractory and unamenable by the censures of a church, the state, from whom alone the punishments do come, is answerable, and not the church. That excommunication, in Scotland, is inflicted on those who cannot assent to every point of religion determined in their confession there is nothing more untrue; for, we know it well, that never any person in Scotland was excommunicated only for his difference in opinion in a theological tenet; excommunication there is a very dreadful sentence, and, therefore, very rare." Now, on referring to the minutes of the Presbytery it will be found that in every case brought before them, whether it was refusing to subscribe the covenant, not attending church, obeying the Parliament in opposition to the will of the Church, *suspicion* of being guilty of incontinence and not confessing the charge, disobeying the sentence of the Presbytery, or whatever other offences the parties might be charged with, that they would, in every instance, have been excommunicated if they had not either submitted to the Presbytery, and to the degrading punishment inflicted on them, or left the country. We have heard of late, in certain quarters, much as to the inefficiency and worthlessness of the present clergy of the Church of Scotland, but, we think, we may safely assert that, through the length and breadth of Scotland, there is not a presbytery that need fear to place themselves in contrast with the Presbytery of Irvine, as it was constituted in the years from 1646 to 1650, exhibited in *their own minutes*; nor do we think that, if such characters as some of these men appear to have been, had, unfortunately, been intruded into the Church in the present day, that they would have been allowed to disgrace it for as many months as these men appear to have done for years; and that, too, at a period when she had had supreme authority for ten years in the Church, if not in the State also.

"We have been fortunate enough, (*says the Ayrshire Monthly News-Letter*), to obtain perusal of an interesting document, namely—Extracts from the minute books of the Presbytery of Irvine from the years 1646 to 1650, and from 1688 to 1745, the intermediate books being unfortunately lost. By far the most interesting parts of these records are in the period from 1646 to 1650, during the palmy days of the Kirk, when she could place her heel alike upon the neck of the noblest of the land, and upon that of the humblest peasant.

In those pure and happy days, the reverend fathers certainly were not idle—what with trying and censuring admitted and suspected delinquents, trying and admitting clergymen, trying and deposing them, (for there were three clergymen in the Presbytery of Irvine deposed in the course of four years,) raising and heading troops, to oppose the troops raised by the Scottish Parliament, for the

* See Vol. i. page 282. † Ibid, page 282.

‡ Ibid, page 306.

* Vol. i, page 307.

service of the king, then a prisoner in England; afterwards censuring and punishing those malignants who obeyed the Parliament, and disobeyed the Kirk; placing on the stool of repentance for this offence many of the nobles, gentry, and inferior classes of the community, among others the Earl of Glencairn, Lord Montgomerie, Lord Boyd, &c., and all this submitted to under the alternative of the then fearful sentence of excommunication; the penalties of which extended not only to their spiritual but also to their temporal interests—dividing parishes—getting additional ministers appointed to different parishes, and a vast variety of other matters too tedious to enumerate. Perhaps, however, the most interesting parts of these records are the proceedings against parties accused of witchcraft, about fifty having, in the course of three months, been brought under the cognizance of the Presbytery. Of these unfortunate wretches *no less than twelve were executed at Irvine at one time in the month of March, 1650, (what a splendid Auto da Fe,)* and four more within a few weeks afterwards. Unfortunately, (or perhaps rather fortunately), the minute book of the Presbytery is lost just at the time when they were in their full career. We have given below the proceedings in some of these cases, and in our future numbers we shall give farther extracts from these precious minutes. The first notice we find on the subject of witchcraft is in the month of May, in the year 1648, of some persons in the parish of Largs being suspected. On 3d July 1648, Mr William Castellan, one of the ministers of Stewarton, being sent to officiate at Largs, (the church being vacant,) was directed to make inquiries. He appears, however, to have been a very poor witch-finder, for he reported that the grounds “were not so clear as was alleged when they began to ripe them up;” and as there does not appear to have been any witches discovered at Stewarton, we suspect Mr William was rather careless in his investigation, more particularly as we find some of his elders complaining of his slackness in other matters. At length, however, in the month of September, 1649, they fairly hunted down and caught a witch in the parish of Kilwinning, one named Elizabeth Graham. Having once fairly got on the scent, matters went on swimmingly, and they soon had plenty of cases—some “upon presumption,” some “upon delation,” and some “upon *mala fama*,” so in one shape or another they were sure to be caught, and if caught, almost certain of being convicted. Their confessions appear to have been invariably the same, namely, having renounced their baptism, taken a new name from the devil, and having carnal dealings with him. These confessions were made after they had been dealt with by the Presbytery. What species of arguments were used to get these poor creatures to admit impossible crimes does not appear; but they must have been very stringent, seeing their confessions were certain to consign them, in a few days, to a horrible death. We have also to observe, that in the year 1647, a presentation to the kirk of Ardrossan was granted by Lord Montgomerie, the patron, which appears to have been conducted in precisely the same manner as was afterwards the practice, the people

being merely cited to state whether “they had anything to object either against the doctrine or the life and conversation of the presentee.”

24th Sept., 1649.—The moderator of the Presbytery, (Mr Thomas Bell) upon the grounds and presumption of witchcraft that are holden forth against Elizabeth Graham in Kilwinning, having written for a commission to try the said Elizabeth. The commission is returned, whereupon it is appointed that some of the brethren go to the Erle of Eglinton, and speak his Lordship that that commission may be put in execution, and that his Lordship may be pleased actively to concur.”

24th Oct., 1649.—Upon the presumption of witchcraft that was holden forth against Elizabeth Graham in Kilwinning,* the Presbytery did conclude that the Committee of Estates should be written to for ane commission to put the said Elizabeth to an assize, if their Lordships should think the presumption relevant, and the draught of the letter that was drawn up by Mr James Ferguson is approved as fit to be sent.”

19th March, 1650.—The baillie of Cuninghame having signified to the Presbytery, that upon Thursday next an assize was to be holden upon twelve persons who had confessed the sin of witchcraft, and that the execution was to be upon Friday the morn thereafter, and that it was fitting a minister should be appointed to wait upon every one of them that they might be brought to a farther acknowledgment of their guilt. The Presbytery having considered the fairsaid, does, in order thereto, appoint these brethren following to wait upon the execution the said day, viz., Mr Ralph Rodger, Mr James Ferguson, Mr Wm. Russel, Mr R. Urie, Mr Alex. Nisbet, Mr James Romah, Mr Wm. Rodger, Mr And. Hutchison, Mr Wm. Castellan, Mr James Clandening, Mr Rob. Aird, Mr Wm. Crookes, and Mr Gabriel Cuninghame.”

* In a work entitled “Satan's Invisible World Discovered,” by Mr George Sinclair, Professor of Philosophy in the College of Glasgow, there is an account of the proceedings against Elizabeth, or Jessie Graham, one of the parties mentioned in the minutes of presbytery. It is stated to have been given by the minister of the parish. It appears that in a fit of drunkenness Jessie had threatened another woman, who ten days afterwards was taken ill and died. Jessie was apprehended and imprisoned in the steeple on a charge of witchcraft. She lay there for thirteen weeks, the minister constantly visiting her. But she remained obdurate, denying her guilt. He was under great doubts on the subject, when fortunately a celebrated witch-finder, named Bogs, made his appearance, and having examined Bessie, found the mark in the middle of her back. Into this mark Bogs inserted a large brass pin; and as Bessie did not appear to feel it, and no blood flowed, this was considered strong evidence. The minister was a good deal nonplused, however, because the chief man in the parish, (we presume Lord Eglinton,) and other judges, had declared it to be “mere clatters.” Another circumstance appears to have given the minister some anxiety, which was, his fear that the assize would not condemn Bessie, unless he advised them to do so, which he was not very clear about doing. In this dilemma he prayed for direction how he was to proceed, and as he appears to have considered it by a special interposition, he was induced to listen at the door of the prison, accompanied by the bellman, where they overheard Bessie conversing with the

A LAST CENTURY ROW IN "AULD REEKIE."

THE social habits of the denizens of Edinburgh, during last century, have been admirably depicted by the "Author of Waverley," and are well known. The following account of a criminal action, arising out of one of the frequent excesses in which the most respectable indulged, is copied from a periodical of 1758, and affords a capital illustration of the bacchanalian bouts of our worthy grandfathers. The Lord Provost, and sundry members of that famous body, the "City Guard," it will be observed, are the parties brought to the bar. Andrew Crosbie, the *Pleydel* of Scott, is one of the counsel on the part of the defenders.

About the 22d of July, criminal letters, at the instance of John Wightman of Mauleslie, with concurrence of his Majesty's Advocate, were executed against Robert Montgomery, Esq.; present Lord Provost of Edinburgh, and against a corporal and nine private soldiers of the city-guard. The occasion of this prosecution was as follows. Mr Wightman having invited several friends to dine at his house on Sunday, June 4, the birth-day of the Prince of Wales, they drank pretty freely, and by their behaviour gave offence to some people in the neighbourhood. Two of the gentlemen were in liquor before they came in, and one of these puked over a window. This produced an altercation between him and one or more persons who had taxed him and the rest of the company with a heinous profanation of the Lord's day; and drew several idle people to the place. The Lord Provost, who lives in the neighbourhood, sent for a party of the guard to see what the disturbance was. When the party went into the house, they found Mr Wightman and two other gentlemen in a room; but seeing no disturbance they retired down stairs. The three gentlemen followed them. By this time one of the gentlemen, who had been put to bed, awoke; and running down a back-stair, without wig or shoes, he and the soldiers met, a scuffle ensued between them, and the other gentlemen interposed. Whether the soldiers first attacked the gentleman, or he them, is not easy to be determined, as either party charge the other with it. That gentleman, another, and Mr Wightman were carried to the guard, a fourth got off, and some others who had been at dinner, were gone before the party arrived.—The libel bears, that Mr Wightman having asked the commander of the party for his warrant, was answered by the corporal, holding out his lochaber-axe, This is my warrant; that Mr Wightman

having challenged the soldiers for insulting a gentleman in his house, was struck once and again by them with their lochaber-axes, to the effusion of his blood, and then dragged, he and his two companions, as malefactors, down the High Street, to the guard-house, exposed to the view of people of all ranks, in broad day-light, one or more of them wanting shoes, &c.; nor were they allowed chairs, or time to write to the Lord Provost, though this was requested by Mr Wightman; that upon being put into the guard-house, Mr Wightman pointed at the soldier who had wounded him, and desired the serjeant who commanded in the absence of the captain, to take him into custody; that thereupon some of the aforementioned party knocked Mr Wightman down to the ground, where he lay a considerable time deprived of his senses, and in that condition was thrown into the thieves' hole, to which dungeon another of the gentlemen had been committed before; that upon the captain's coming in, Mr Wightman demanded of him, by whose authority he was committed? to show the warrant of commitment, and to give a list of the party by whom he had been abused, but was refused satisfaction in any of these particulars; that in an hour or two after, the captain told the prisoners, that they were at liberty, and might go when and where they pleased; and that before going out of the guard-house, Mr Wightman took a protest, dated between ten and eleven at night, June 4. But the facts were put in a very different light by the counsel for the pannels, in their pleadings on the relevancy.—*P. S.* The trial came on before the High Court of Justiciary, Aug. 7. The Lord Provost was dressed, not in velvet, but in black cloth, like the other magistrates, and had on his badge of office, the gold chain and medal. His Lordship was attended in the pannel by Provost Drummond, the four Bailies, the Dean of Guild and Treasurer, the Convener, and some other members of the council. For counsel, the prosecutor had the Lord Advocate, Mess. Solicitor Pringle, Alexander Lockhart, and Hugh Dalrymple; and the pannels had Mess. James Burnet, Thomas Miller, Francis Garden, William Johnston, George Cockburn, Adam Fergusson, and Andrew Crosbie. After long pleadings on the relevancy, the Lords continued the cause till the 27th of November, and ordained informations to be given in for both parties the week preceding that date. The names of the two gentlemen who were carried to the guard with Mr Wightman, and of others who were at dinner with him, are in the list of witnesses to be adduced for proving the libel.

In the beginning of December, informations were given in for Mr Wightman, prosecutor, and for Provost Montgomery, and the corporal and soldiers of the city-guard of Edinburgh, pannels. Mr Wightman's was drawn by Mr Hugh Dalrymple, Provost Montgomery's, by Mr Francis Garden, and that of the soldiers, by Mr James Burnet. The pannels' account of the facts differs greatly from that of the prosecutor. They say, that the prosecutor and his company were hallowing, singing obscene songs, cursing, sometimes squabbling, and that some of them called for the guard; that from the window they entertained the female part

feel send: although the minister could not understand their conversation the bellman did; at the same time the bellman appears to have got such a fright that he nearly tumbled down the stair of the steeple in his haste to get away from so dangerous a personage. Of course this was conclusive of Bessie's guilt, and her fate was soon settled. Finding she must die, poor Bessie prayed earnestly for forgiveness of her sins, but denied most obstinately the witchcraft, and the minister very sagely discovered that this was a device between Bessie and the devil to deceive him, but he was too knowing too to be thus taken in, and Bessie suffered according to her sentence, impatient to the last.

of the spectators with the most filthy and obscene language, when the streets were crowded with people returning home from public worship; that when the soldiers were going peaceably out of the prosecutor's house, two of the guests fell upon them with all the rage and fury of frantic bacchanals, beating them with hands and feet, throttling them, and endeavouring to wrest out of their hands the lochaber-axes.—“What” (says the elegant writer of the paper) “could the soldiers do in such a case? They had not the lyre of Orpheus: and if they had had it, it would not have availed them any more than it did Orpheus; who, though he could tame wild beasts, and soften even rocks by his music, yet could not appease the rage of that mad bacchanalian rout that tore him to pieces.”—That not a blow was struck by the soldiers; only the corporal ordered his men to carry the two persons who had attacked them to the guard; that the prosecutor swore that no man should be carried out of his house to the guard, or if they must go, he would go along with them; and accordingly, though the corporal desired him to keep his own house, fastened upon them, and went with them to the guard; and that they were put into the room where gentlemen prisoners are commonly put, and that no blow was exchanged between them and the soldiers in the guard.

It was pleaded, *inter alia*, for the prosecutor, that it was culpable in the Lord Provost to order the soldiers to enter a man's house, without a written warrant, or a peace-officer to direct them. To which it was answered, that if a riot had happened on the street, the guard would have seized the rioters without any order of a magistrate; or if a disturbance had happened in any house near the guard, and the mob had gathered about it, if no magistrate was at hand to give an order, the officer of the guard would have been justified in entering the house to compose the disorder; and if he and his party were assaulted, he might have carried the rioters to the guard till the orders of a magistrate were known. That the Provost's order to call the guard imported no more than what any sober citizen, upon a like occasion, might have innocently done, and often do, to keep the peace. That the guard-soldiers are a kind of armed peace officers, who, under the command of the magistrates, are ready to protect the citizens upon any sudden emergency, when the protection of the law and its civil officers would come too late. That not long ago a gentleman of fashion would have been murdered, as he was in fact most grievously wounded, if the soldiers of the guard, upon the alarm given, without any order, had not come to his relief, and saved his life, by breaking up the door of the room where he was locked in: and, that the necessity of such cases dispenses with the forms of law.

Another point was debated thus.

For Mr Wightman] “The prosecutor has reason to think, that after Mr Montgomery, and the other pannels, were served with a copy of the indictment at his instance, a precognition was taken in the council-chamber of Edinburgh, without any authority of your Lordships, nay in contempt of your authority; and in this, some of the witnesses contained in the prosecutor's list were examined;

and after they had told all they knew of the matter, they were asked, whether they were of the prosecutor's witnesses? and upon their answer in the affirmative, they were dismissed.—There can be no proceeding more inconsistent with strict justice, with the nature of impartial evidence, and the forms of procedure in this court, than for a party arraigned before your Lordship's bar, to call for witnesses of his own authority, even those who had been cited in the cause, thereby endeavouring to pervert them to his purpose, and forestal their evidence in his own favour.”

For Provost Montgomery.] “That no reflection, as to this matter, may stick against gentlemen of fair reputation and public character, who have been employed as agents for the Provost, it is proper that the plain fact should be avowed, and justified.

The fact truly was, that when the pannel, a few days before the trial came on, met with Mr James Montgomery, one of his lawyers, and with William Alston and John Davidson, his agents, he showed them a list of the persons who he had been informed could prove the different parts of his defence. These gentlemen were truly surprised that a prosecution of this nature should have been attempted against the Provost, when the circumstances of the drunken riot appeared to be so flagrant; the one half of them would have been more than sufficient to justify any magistrate, or sober neighbour, for calling the guard to suppress the disorder: but they thought it of great consequence to state only in defence what could be clearly proved; and apprehending that the Provost had perhaps received his information in too strong colours, they had not the least hesitation to resolve, that the agents themselves should go, and converse with some of those persons, in order to know the truth. Some of them accordingly went, in open day-light, to enquire into the matter. They were so very delicate in the affair, that they introduced themselves, by telling the people with whom they conversed, that they had no right to ask any question, nor were they obliged to answer, unless they pleased. There were none of the magistrates along with them, nor did they so much as take written notes of what was related to them. Mr Alston went in accidentally to one house, where finding the landlord and his wife had been cited against the Provost, he immediately left the house without asking a question. At another time, a person who had been enquired after, came to the council-chamber, where Mr Davidson happened accidentally to be present; and upon discovering that he was cited for the prosecutor, he was likewise dismissed, without answering a question.

His Majesty's Advocate, for the public, every judge in the kingdom, and every party who apprehends himself wronged, has a right to take a precognition, by calling upon persons who are supposed to know the truth, and taking down their examinations, sometimes upon oath, in writing. This practice answers two most excellent purposes. It points out the evidences, by which the guilty are brought to condign punishment, and frequently prevents groundless prosecutions, by a discovery to the public conductors of such trials, that there is no foundation for the charge, or that

a sufficient defence would be proved. And if the prosecutor in this case had taken such a precognition, to serve in place of his own information to his counsel, it cannot be believed that he would have been advised, or even suffered, to persist in the prosecution.

If then such precognitions are lawful and right, in order to aid a prosecutor to frame his indictment, and conduct his proof; shall it be maintained that the accused has no right to enquire, by all lawful ways and means, how he shall prove his innocence? And how can that possibly be done, but by such means as were used in this case, by conversing with and enquiry of those who are supposed to have been spectators of what passed? To affirm that this is illegal, is indeed to arraign the common sense and liberty of mankind. It is saying, in so many words, that although the court allows the pannel an exculpatory proof, yet he must not enquire who are the witnesses who can exculpate him, or what they know of the matter. But, says the prosecutor, you must make no enquiry after you are served with an indictment. This will make no difference in the case: for how shall one, who [as was Prov. Montgomery's case] is not in custody, or upon bail for trial, know that he is to be indicted, or of what crimes he is to be accused? And because the prosecutor thought proper rashly to bring this prosecution, without any previous precognition, in order to show if he could support his complaint; shall the pannel therefore be debarred from the common justice of a modest enquiry, in order to prove his defence?"

But no judgment was given upon these points: for the diet was deserted against the Provost, Dec. 27, and he was simpliciter dismissed from the bar.

With regard to the other pannels, the soldiers, the following interlocutor was pronounced, Jan. 8, 1759. "The Lords—find the libel relevant to infer the pains of law, against the pannels, or any of them, in so far as it charges, that they, or any of them, after having entered the prosecutor's house in consequence of orders libelled to have been given by Robert Montgomery, Esq. late Lord Provost of Edinburgh, commanding a party of the guard to repair to the prosecutor's house, to search for, seize, and apprehend him, and all those who should be found in company with him in said house, and commit them prisoners to the guard, did, without any just cause, abuse and maltreat the prosecutor, or those in company with him, in the way and manner libelled, either in the prosecutor's house, or in the street, or in the guard-room; or that they, or any, or one or other of them, were guilty, actors, art and part, in the several facts found relevant; but allow the pannels to prove all facts and circumstances alleged in their defence for exculpation or alleviation of the facts charged upon them, as above found relevant; and remit the pannels, with the libel, as found relevant, to the knowledge of an assize."

The depositions of the witnesses were then taken; after which the proof was summed up on the part of the prosecutor by Mr Alexander Lockhart, and on the part of the pannels by Mr James Barnet; and the following verdict was returned next day, viz. "The assize—by a majority of

voices find, that Alexander Miln, corporal, commanding officer of the party, is guilty, art and part, in abusing and maltreating the prosecutor, and some of these in company with him, by not allowing Mr Wightman to write to the Provost, by refusing the use of chairs when asked, and by the ignominious way and manner of carrying them, in broad day-light, through the streets, from the house of Mr Wightman to the guard, one or other of them without hats, wigs, or shoes: and do find the whole other pannels not guilty. In witness whereof." &c.

Accordingly the soldiers were instantly assoltized; but with regard to Corporal Miln, his counsel craved to be heard on the import of the verdict; to which the counsel for the prosecutor agreed. Both were heard Jan. 22, after which the Corporal was also assoltized.

SGEUR NA BAINTIGHEARNA, OR THE LADY'S ROCK.

In our 5th Number, page 69, we gave an account of the Legend of the Lady's Rock, as furnished by our contributor, D. C. We now subjoin another account of this legend, as it obtained in the neighbourhood of the spot about fifty years ago, which differs in some respects from that already given; and, being the production of a lady,* may be interesting to our fair readers:—

"At the south end of the island of Lismore we sailed near a small rocky isle, over which the sea rolls at high tides; at other times it raises its rough head somewhat above the surface of the water. It is called the Lady's Rock, for the following reason.

"In former times one of the McLeans of Duart, whose castle (now in ruins) stands on a promontory in Mull, in nearly an opposite direction to the Lady's Rock, married a sister of Argyle. The lady was handsome and amiable, but unhappily she was barren. In those days it was a high crime in the eye of a husband, when his wife bore him no children. Duart hated his hapless lady for that cause, and determined on her destruction. To accomplish it with ease, and as he imagined, safe from detection, he ordered ruffians to convey her secretly to the bare rock near Lismore, and there leave her to perish at high tide. The deed was executed to Duart's wish, and the lady left on the rock, watching the rolling tide rising to overwhelm her. When she had given herself up for a lost being, and expected in a very short time to be washed from the rock by the waves, she fortunately perceived a vessel sailing down the Sound of Mull, in the direction of the rock on which she was sitting. Every effort in her power was exerted, and every signal in her possession was displayed to attract the notice of the people in the vessel. At length they perceived her and drew near the rock. She made herself known, and related that it was by the order of her barbarous husband she was left on the rock, and thus reduced to the wretched state in which they found her.

* The Hon. Mrs Murray of Kensington—in her "Companion and Useful Guide to the Beauties in the Western Highlands and Hebrides." London, 1803.

The mariners, ever a generous race, took compassion on her, received her on board their vessel, and conveyed her safely to her brother at Inverary.

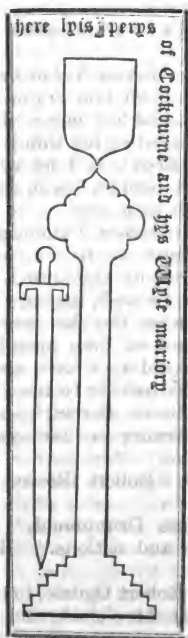
"M'Lean Duart made a grand mock funeral for his much loved, much lamented lady, who he announced to have died suddenly. He wrote disconsolate letters to her relations, particularly to Argyle, and after a decent time went to Inverary in deep mourning, where with the greatest show of grief, he lamented to his brother-in-law the irreparable loss he had sustained. Argyle said little, but sent for his sister, whose unexpected appearance in life and health, proved an electric shock to her tender husband. Argyle was a mild and amiable man, and took no other revenge of M'Lean but commanding him to depart instantly, at the same time advising him to be cautious not to meet his brother Donald, who would certainly take away his life for having intended to destroy that of his sister. Sir Donald Campbell did meet him many years afterwards in a street at Edinburgh, and there stabbed him for his crime towards his sister, when M'Lean was eighty years of age."

TOMB OF COCKBURN OF HENDERLAND.

[We copy the following particulars, additional to what appeared in the "Journal," page 126, respecting "Cockburn the Borderer," from the "Peeblesshire Monthly Advertiser," a well-conducted periodical, devoted chiefly to matters of local and literary interest. We are at a loss to understand how the inscription on the tombstone should be "Perys of Cockburn," seeing that the name of the "borderer" was WILLIAM COCKBURN OF HENDERLAND. Perhaps "J. P.," the correspondent of the "Peeblesshire Advertiser," may be able to explain this.]

TOMBSTONE

of



COCKBURN OF HENDERLAND,
and his Lady.
1529.

The prefixed is a drawing of the flat monumental stone over the grave of Cockburn of Henderland, a free-booter in the reign of James V., of whose surprise and summary execution by the king, in 1529, a short account is given in "Chambers's Picture of Scotland," (1831) p. 84, and in his "Journal," 7th July, 1832. See also in "Scott's Border Minstrelsy," *The Lament of the Border Widow* (Note). The tomb, which is about five feet long, stands on a moat, or small conical hill, flat on the top, still called the chapel-knowe, and is in the centre of what was the Chapel of the Castle of Henderland, and probably the "Kirk of Enderland," mentioned in the Records of the Presbytery of Peebles, 17th June 1603, as then "altogedder down and equall wt ye erd" (earth).

Sir Walter Scott says, "In a deserted burial-place which once surrounded the chapel of the castle, the monument of Cockburn and his lady is still shown. It is a large stone broken in three parts; but some armorial bearings may yet be traced." When Sir Walter wrote this note, the broken stone had been removed from its original resting-place into the adjoining burying-ground. The armorial bearings are a blank shield, a cross and sword. Sir Walter quotes the inscription, which is engraven in old Saxon characters, "Here lyes Perys of Cockburne, and hys wyfe mariory." The inscription is still legible with a little care. But in speaking of the "foaming cataract" near the castle, to which the lady is said to have retreated, in order to drown "the tumultuous noise which announced the close of her husband's existence," Sir Walter calls it the "Dow-glen," instead of *Dhu-Lynn*. This is probably a misprint.

In 1841, Mr Murray of Henderland ordered the old tomb to be repaired, the chapel-knowe to be planted, and these interesting relics to be protected by a stone wall round the foot of the moat, in which steps are formed for the convenience of strangers visiting

"Lone St Mary's silent lake,"

and its delightful neighbourhood.

Before the repairs of the tomb were commenced, an individual who was somewhat sceptical as to whether the stone had really been placed over the laird's grave, dug about two feet down, and, to his surprise, turned up a portion of a human skull. It was in the dusk of the evening, and struck with dismay, he threw down his spade and fled. Next morning, however he returned, and part of the skull is now in the possession of a gentleman in Edinburgh. It was submitted to the inspection of a distinguished anatomist, without any information, but simply with a request that he would state "to what animal it belonged, and whether to male or female;" and he reported—"It is a portion of the inner table of the two parietal bones of the skull in advanced life, and apparently of the male sex. You will easily observe the serrated line of union of the two bones." There cannot be the smallest doubt, therefore, that this bone is part of the skull of the redoubted Border Thief, who, with Scott of Tushielaw, and Johnny Armstrong of Gilnocky Tower, incurred the barbarous penalty inflicted upon them by King James, in 1529.

J. P.

ORIGINAL LETTER OF MARY QUEEN
OF SCOTS.

THE original of the following letter of Queen Mary with which we have been favoured, is in the archives of Kirkwall. There is no address on the original, but it appears to have been folded twice, and the four corners perforated simultaneously, apparently for a thread to pass through, and there is the impression of a seal on the part so perforated :

"Torquill M'Cloyd, we grete you wele. We are informit that sum of the Ilis ar desirous to have you allyat to thame be marraige, And becaus ye have that honor. to be of the Stewarth blude, we thot. expediet. to gif you advtisement. that it is or. will and pleshr. that ye allyat yourself to na party in marraige without or. advys, and qll. we declair or. opinioun and mynd to yor. self thairin. Subscrivit wt. or. hand, at Laverary the xxiii of July, 1563.

MARIE R."

VALUE OF MONEY A HUNDRED AND
TWENTY YEARS AGO.

THE following letter, which is transcribed from the original document, is curious, as showing the value attached to a shilling *sterling* in 1728. The writer of the letter was Patrick Lindsay Crawford, second Viscount Garnock—a title now extinct. Kilbirnie Castle, in Ayrshire, was the family residence. He married a daughter of George Home, Esq. of Kelly, and died in 1785.

The party to whom the letter is addressed was Patrick Hunter of Hunterston, representative of an ancient family, who still enjoy the property, which is situated in the parish of West Kilbride, not many miles from Kilbirnie. He married Marion, eldest daughter of Thomas Crauford of Cartsburn, by whom he had five sons and four daughters. He died in 1739.

"Kilbirnie, June 4, 1728.

Dear Sir,

Please lett me know, in answer to yrs., what I see you o borrowed money, wc. I think is a shilling *sterling*, and two or thereby half pence. Write to me by ye bearer, my servant, let me know if the book letter be come to hand. My kind Love to all friends at Hunterstown, and believe me to be.

Dear Sir,
Your most afte. Cousin,
and most humble Servt.
GARNOCK.

To Hunter of
Hunterstown, Esq."

NOTES FROM THE RECORDS
OF THE
OLD TOLBOOTH,
The "Heart of Mid-Lothian."

[Continued from our last.]

1668, March 13. William Finlay, for theft from Samuel Cardwell, Leith, and cutting off his left hand with a broadsword, when arresting him in Kinross-shire.

— April 10. Sir William Ballendean, close prisoner, by warrant of Privy Council, and to suffer none to speak to him but in presence of one of the Lords of Privy Council.

[Sir William was brought to trial along with Sir James Turner, during a temporary fit of liberality on the part of the government of Charles II. The charges against him, though acting under the King's commission, were of an aggravated and brutal nature. He was fined in £200 sterling, and banished the kingdom. Sir William Ballenden is mentioned in Fountainhall's "Chronological Notes," as having, in 1687, "trepanned" young Sir Henry Wardlaw of Pitreavie into an improper marriage.]

— June 4. William Anderson, blacksmith, in Mid-Calder, "who was in the late rebellion."

— June 24. Michael Brun, close prisoner—no person to speak to him, except in presence of the Privy Council, or one of the bailies.

— Oct. 9. George Mutter, for murder.

— Oct. 24. James Lachlan, accession to the late rebellion.

— Oct. 26. Three "Egyptian persons" from Leith.

— Nov. 18. James Valentine, from Leith, a man who takes upon him to practice divination and soothsaying, and for money doth ordinarily make a trade of discovering things lost, and how they are to be found, and by whom they were taken away; and being a lowse, flagitious fellow, to be strictly kept in prison.

— Nov. 23. James Vallentine, soothsayer, who was sent from Leith for his "diabolical tricks," arrested during the Lord Lyon's pleasure.

1669, Jan. 6. David Mortoun, "a debosht profligate person, who, tho' he never was or is a minister, presumes to take upon him to marrie, contrarie to the rules of God and the Laws of the Kingdom. To answer to the Privy Council.

— Jan. 6. Bessie Barrio, "a most malicious woman," for burning a barn-yard. Warrant signed "Atholl."

— Feb. 24. Robert Rosse, counterfeiting dollars and marks.

June 27. Agnes Drummond, "for her wicked and debosht life and actions." By order of the Privy Council.

— July 6. Robert Ogilvie, to be laid in irons till to-morrow at 11 o'clock, and the bailies to cause their hangman carry him to the pillorie, near the Cross, to stand thereon from 11 till 12, with a paper on his Brow, having this inscription, "Robert Ogilvie, a man-sworn person," and to be

carried back to prison till "further orders." By warrant of the Lords of Council and Session.

1669, July 7. Chief of the Camerons, for £860 Scots, being for the "maintanance" of his lands. Relieved by the Lords of Council, in respect he had a protection for his person and debts, and the "two messengers put in the tolbuith."

— Sept. 13. Dyet and suitable entertainment to the "three Highland Thieves" sent in by Sir James Campbell. They were allowed a groat a-day each.

— Sept. 18. "The laite Laird of Carsland" (not named) warded as "being forfeitured of treason."

[Robert Ker of Kersland, in Ayrshire. In early life he took a decided part with the Covenanters. He had the credit of inflexible integrity, and possessed the confidence of his party to a great extent. In Nov. 1666, he met with the Laird of Caldwell and others, at Shitterflat, in the parish of Beith, where they formed a small party of horse, and marched to join their covenanting countrymen, immediately before the battle of Pentland.* Of this troop Mure of Caldwell was Captain. They went as far as Glassford, but by this time the King's troops had got between them and the army of the Covenanters, under Colonel Wallace, which made them retire. For this affair Kersland and Caldwell, and the other heritors who had been with them, were indicted as guilty of treason, and forfeited. The estate of Kersland was given to General Drummond. Kersland fled to Holland, but returned privately in 1669. He was meanly betrayed by a pretended friend, and apprehended in his lady's bed-chamber in Edinburgh. After a long course of sufferings he went again to Holland, where he died in 1680.]

1670, Aug. 27. James Fergusson, "for a most crewall and bloodie murder."

— Oct. 27. George Graham and James Beattie, for horse stealing.

— Dec. 19. Grigor Dow MacGrigor, presented by Sir James Campbell of Lawars, who had a commission from the Privy Council, directed to all Magistrates to receive prisoners presented by him. [See "Suppression of the Clan Gregor," page 237 of the *Journal*.]

1671, March 28. John Scott, workman in Leith, for the crime of witchcraft, on warrant by Robert Baird and David Boyd, bailies.

— May 2. Robert Kerr, glover in Stirling, for treasonable speeches.

— May 26. Marion M'Caul, for drinking the Devil's health, to be scourged, bored in the tongue and burnt in the cheek, pursuant to a sentence of the Court of Justiciary.

1672, May 9. Jean Bonar, for child murder.

— June 29. Duncan Macpherson of Cluny. By order of the Privy Council.

[This Duncan Macpherson of Cluny died at an advanced age, in 1722, without surviving male issue. The representation of the family consequently devolved upon his cousin.]

— July 24. John Cameron, for murder.

* The "Rising of Pentland," by a misprint, is stated in our last to have occurred in 1667, in place of 1666.

1672, July 26. Seventeen persons, for Conventicles, by warrant of the Secret Council.

— Sept. 13. Nine persons for Conventicles.

— Sept. 16. Ten "Egyptians, sorning and rioting in the Country," brought from Dundee.

— Sept. 23. M'Corkindale, murder of two men.

— Oct. 28. John Brisbane, younger of Rosland, returning from banishment, and stealing horses from his father's tenants in the night. By warrant signed "Dundonald."

— Oct. 28. John Campbell of Ardchattan.

— Dec. 14. Isobel Martin, for the murder of Richard Tweedie.

1673, Jan. 23. Act of Sederunt, by Lords of Council and Session. "All persons taking the Cessio to wear a dyvots habit, brown and yellow, and a hood of same colour, and when liberated from prison, to come out betwixt the hours of 9 and 12."

— Feb. 20. Andrew and David Speedans, "hieland gentlemen," and James Shaw, for murder. On a verbal order from the Court of Justiciary.

— Feb. 20. Donald Campbell, "My Lord Argyll's peadge," warded by Lord Chancellor.

— June 2. Margaret Millar, for "most insolentlie riving the Proclamation" of the Privy Council against Conventicles, at Kirkaldy Cross.

1674, Jan. 13. Agnes Johnston, for the murder of Margaret Lamb.

— Jan. 28. William Barrie and George Barrie, for the "crewall and horrid murther" of Thomas Dunlop in Foulshaw.

— Feb. 7. James Mitchell, "anent the shot at the Archbishop of St Andrews his coach," in July 1668, by which Andrew, Bishop of Orkney, was wounded in the arm. Warrant signed "Rothes."

[All have heard of the fanatical attempt of Mitchell, who was a preacher, and had been at Pentland, to assassinate Archbishop Sharpe as he was about to enter his coach at the head of Blackfriars' Wynd. The prime escaped, the shot having taken effect in the Bishop of Orkney's arm. Mitchell eluded pursuit, it is said, by taking refuge in the Old Tolbooth.]

— Feb. 25. William Laurieston, for the "ryot and ravishing of Margaret Cornwall, in Burrowstounness."

— March 10. William Measson, murder of James Ralston.

— March 17. Four persons, "for false coynes and clipping."

— May 6. Marion Wallace, for child-murder at Innerkip. By warrant of the Lord Commissioner his Grace, and Lords of His Majesty's Privy Council.

— June 7. John Inglis of Nether Cramond, for keeping Conventicles "ilk sabbath day in the month of April and May last." Fined in the fourth part of his yearly valued rent "for ilk ane." Warrant signed "Rothes."

— June 22. Four persons for Conventicles on the Lomonds.

[To be continued.].

LETTERS FROM A PILGRIM IN
SCOTLAND.

No. III.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SCOTTISH JOURNAL.

SIR,—Had you said "Letters from a Gabel-lunzie" you would have better expressed my vocation, for I only intend to give you legends, traditions, superstitions, and such crumbs, that I have picked up in my wanderings. I was glad to find that "Loch Coulter" and the "Witch of Torwood" were deemed suitable. By the way, the Printer has made a very erroneous reading in the first. He substitutes *sett* for *yett*.^{*} The sentence should read—"He passed the Yett, over which a venerable ha' tree stood sentinel," &c. I refer your readers to the legend. You will receive with this "The Fairy Rings," a legend. I intended, in No. III., to have given notices of a few "curious things" in and near Falkirk. These in No. IV., as I must yet make inquiry. I send you nothing but what is received as verity.

Fairy Rings, or Fairy Circles, are often to be seen in muirs. They are generally very round, and covered with a bright green vegetation. I could account for them, of course, but, like Campbell, I do not thank Newton for his analysis of the rainbow. You remember what Lord Buchan says—"I take it to be a great advantage that one can amuse one's self with an old idle story in these stormy times."

I am, Sir,
Your obedient Servant,
A. B. G.

THE FAIRY RINGS—A LEGEND.

MARY NEILSON, an orphan, was blind. However, "her leuks were not changit." Her "leuks were not changit." This is the *text* of my legend. Her "e'e was fu' o' beauty, an' waeft' it was to see the grit tears trinklin' owre her cheek: as the rain when the win' is playin' wi' the blossom o' the bean. Puir Mary! "she gied to the Muir to pu' the wee flowers, that Grannie likit sae weel to hae. But the fairies whyled her awa'. She was fand by the herd o' Shielhill, within their Rings, "soan sleepin." He wauken't her. She sabbit an' said 'I canna see.'" The Rings of my legend are still on the Muir of Falkirk, near the houses called Bentend. "The herd took Mary hame. She grat a' the road, crying 'I canna see.'" Her venerable relative has put past the wheel, for her usual *stent* is done. She has even read her "chapter," an' the "Crook in the Lot."—However she is not uneasy, for Mary "wad be wi' the lasses o' the toon [farm]." She has "lichtit her cruizie an' set it in the window." She is very uneasy now, "for the gloamin' is wearin' awa'." Supper is ready—is "cauld wi' stanin' sae lang." Her bed is "maid down." Now the herd and Mary are "hame." "I canna see," were the first words Grannie heard. The herd told all. All

Mary said was, "I canna see." Grannie's grief was fearful. She "wad never forgie hersel' for lettin' Mary gang to the Muir." She "kent weel that *something was to happen*." Had she not "dreamt o' fire again an' again?" Had not Yerron, the collie [dog], been "greetin' [howling] a' Monday night?" Did not Janet Wilson tell her she heard three distinct "chaps on the back o' her bed" last Saturday? And, "aboon a', that weary pyet [Maggie] had never been aff the house for the last twa days." She "wad never forgie hersel' for lettin' Mary gang to the Muir. A' thae warnin's werena sent for naething. Puir Mary! Puir Mary!" Week followed week, and still Mary Neilson was blind. "I canna see:" this was all she said. However, the neighbours had a story. They whispered that as Mary was "puin' the wee flowers" on the Muir, a fairy appeared to her, and said, "Come wi' me." Mary, indeed, "at the en'" allowed that a fairy appeared to her, and said, "Come wi' me," and that she went. The fairy took her to a "beautifu' water. Twa swans, wi' wings a' glitterin' wi' licht, cam' near." One to the fairy. One to Mary. The fairy said "Fly." They flew. Then they entered a "wud," where "the munc was linin' ilka leaf o' the trees wi' silver." The fairy said "Music." Then the "wee gonty flowers in her han' glintit wi' dew, an' a fairy stude in each." Music! Then a sweet, delicate air was struck up. Mary was to be their Queen. No—she would not. The fairy who conducted her to the wood said, "Refuse not." Mary held out. The result was, she was rendered—blind in revenge! The fairies led her to their Rings. There she was found by the herd.

This legend is, or was, implicitly credited by the neighbours. I leave it to philosophers to account for the belief. Certain it is the Fairy Rings are still there. Certain it is Mary Neilson left her Grannie's cottage well. Certain, too, that she was found within the Fairy Rings—and blind. She was seven years of age when the event occurred. Her "leuks were not changit. Her e'e was as fu' o' beauty as ever." This showed it was the fairies.

71, Waterloo Street, A. B. G.
Glasgow, 4th Dec. 1847.

N.B.—I may add that, on each seventh anniversary (Mary Neilson's ago *then*) of the day she was found within the Fairy Rings, two swans "cam' to a hollow o' water near the spot. They "flychtered here an' there a' the night, an' when they flew awa' they seemed to carry the mune-licht on their wings. Sae leamin' were they." May 7, 1848, is the next anniversary. Perhaps the credulous reader may visit Bentend. If so—ho will of course see (?) the "twa swans!"

DUNLOP CHEESE.

The small village of Dunlop, in Ayrshire, has been long celebrated for the excellent produce of its dairy. During the troubles which occurred, in regard to religion, in the reign of Charles II., a woman of the name of Barbara Gilmour, belonging to the parish of Dunlop, fled to Ireland to avoid the persecution which was then raging with great vio-

* He did so in the belief that a place of meeting was meant—the "Sett," or "Tryst," under the hawthorn tree.—Printer's Devil.

lence in the west of Scotland, after returning from her exile, she succeeded in making cheese from unskimmed milk. The farm on which the first cheeses were made was the farm of Hill, in Dunlop. Some have supposed that she learned the art in Ireland; but this could not be the case, as it was nearly half a century afterwards before cheese-making was known in the north of Ireland. It would appear that she died prior to 1696. Her burying-place is in the east corner of Dunlop churchyard. A stone, which seems to have been placed over her grave a considerable time after her death, contains the names of several individuals, among which her name is mentioned; but neither the date of her birth nor death is given. Forsyth, in his 'Beauties of Scotland,' thus speaks of Barbara Gilmour:—

"The manufacture of cheese has been the source of much prosperity to the northern part of Ayrshire.* It was first introduced, or brought into perfection by a farmer's wife, in the parish of Dunlop. It has hitherto been one of the misfortunes of mankind, that in consequence of a false taste, they have bestowed more attention and applause upon great talents or ingenuity, when exerted in the arts of destruction, than when employed in devising the means of giving plenty and felicity to nations. * * * * *

"It is certainly true that Barbara Gilmour, whose industry and ingenuity first produced what is now called Dunlop Cheese, performed a more valuable service to the world than Alexander the Great or Julius Caesar accomplished by their sanguinary labours, and without any mixture of evil, undoubtedly, produced a greater number of industrious, happy, and prosperous families. She had gone to Ireland to avoid the absurd religious persecution, which was conducted with such atrocity in the west of Scotland, under the last prince of the house of Stewart. Having returned, after the revolution, she introduced this manufacture, which, since that period, has been the great business of this neighbourhood. * * Thus, providence sometimes puts it in the power of a person in the humblest station, to become extensively useful to society."

A late writer says that the cheese known by the name of Dunlop cheese is inferior to the Gloucester and Stilton cheese—neither so rich in quality, nor so agreeable to the palate. If what the writer states be true, we are ignorant of the cause. Perhaps it was the cheese called half-an-half, (cheese made from milk, one half of which is skimmed, vast quantities of which are made in Ayrshire) that he has written about. We have as good pasture in Scotland as is to be found any where in England, and the Ayrshire milch cows are a superior breed, and the manner of manufacturing cheese unsurpassed by any people in the world.

J. D. B.

CAPTAIN THOMAS NEWTE.

In 1788, there was published a Tour in Scotland, to which the author did not prefix his name.

* Cheese-making has since extended over all the west of Scotland.

The authorship was, nevertheless, assigned, on good authority to Thomas Newte, Esq., for many years a captain of, and afterwards part owner of several ships in the service of the East India Company. On one occasion, he had the good fortune to entertain Captain Cook, his officers and crew, near the Cape of Good Hope, and is mentioned with respect in "Cook's Voyages." "He is said to be (we quote from a cotemporary journal) a man of a generous disposition, and of an active turn of mind; and with these qualities, it is also said that he fortunately unites an ample fortune and public spirit. He has lately set an example to the East India Company, of building ships on an enlarged plan, and constructed in such a manner, as at once to admit a reduction of freight, and to do as much execution as a sixty-gun ship of the line. This example will, no doubt, be followed, and a great addition thereby made to the naval strength of the nation. As Mr Newte is considered to be a leading man among the owners of ships and proprietors of India stock, it is not to be wondered that he is very much attended to by different members of Administration. The gentlemen who accompanied Mr Newte in his Tour in Scotland, were Captain Scott, of the East India Company, and Captain Nutt, who commands one of Captain Newte's ships. The occasion of the Tour, perhaps, was the death of his lady, a daughter of the late excellent Sir Charles Raymond.

"Mr Newte possesses an estate, and is the representative of an ancient family in Devonshire. He takes great pleasure in reading books, especially the best poets. A taste of this kind seems to be hereditary in his family; for his brother, once a Fellow of Christ Church, Oxford, now a Clergyman in Devonshire, has written Poems on various subjects, though they have not been published. Mr Newte possesses every advantage of exterior appearance—a good person, an interesting countenance, and a tone of voice manly, yet melodious and affecting. Though he has not yet passed the 86th year of his age, he has performed, in different stations, seven voyages to India."—Oct. 1788.

GRAVEN AND MOLTEN IMAGES OF THE ANCIENT IDOLATERS.

We believe most readers of the Bible think that a *graven image* and a *molten image* were separate and distinct forms of images. Bishop Horsley, in his "Translation of Hosea," gives the following explanations, from which it appears they were one and the same thing:—

"We read frequently, in our English Bibles, of graven images, and of molten images: and the words are become so familiar, as names of idolatrous images, that although they are not well chosen to express the Hebrew names, it seems not advisable to change them for others that might more exactly correspond with the original.

"The graven image was not a thing wrought in metal by the tool of the workman we should now call an engraver; nor was the molten image an image made of metal, or any other substance melted, and shaped in a mould. In fact, the graven image and the molten image are the same

thing, under different names. The images of the ancient idolaters were first cut out of wood by the carpenter, as is very evident from the Prophet Isaiah. This figure of wood was overlaid with plates either of gold or silver, or, sometimes perhaps, of an inferior metal; and in this finished state it was called a graven image, (i. e. a carved image,) in reference to the inner solid figure of wood, and a molten, (i. e. an overlaid, or covered) image, in reference to the outer metalline case or covering; and sometimes both epithets are applied to it at once. "I will cut off the graven and molten image." Again, "What profiteth the graven and molten image?" The English word "molten" conveys a notion of melting, or fusion. But this is not the case with the Hebrew word, for which it is given. The Hebrew **יָדָה** signifies, generally, to overspread, or cover all over, in whatever manner, according to the different subject, the overspreading or covering be effected; whether by pouring forth a substance in fusion, or by spreading a cloth over or before, or by hammering on metalline plates. It is on account of this metalline case, that we find a founder employed to make a graven image. And that we read in Isaiah of a workman that "melteth a graven image;" and in another place we find the question, "who hath molten a graven image?" In these two passages, the words should be "overlayeth," and "overlaid."

THE REIGN AND DEATH OF WILLIAM RUFUS.

SHOULD any one be desirous, however, to know the make of his person, he is to understand that he was well set; his complexion florid, his hair yellow; of open countenance: different coloured eyes, varying with certain glittering specks; of astonishing strength, though not very tall, and his belly rather projecting; of no eloquence, but remarkable for a hesitation of speech, especially when angry. Many sudden and sorrowful accidents happened in his time, which I shall arrange singly, according to the years of his reign; chiefly vouching for their truth on the credit of the Chronicles. In the second year of his reign, on the third before the ides of August, a great earthquake terrified all England with a horrid spectacle; for all the buildings were lifted up, and then again settled as before. A scarcity of every kind of produce followed; the corn ripened so slowly that the harvest was scarcely housed before the feast of St Andrew.

In his fourth year was a tempest of lightning, and a whirlwind: finally, on the ides of October, at Winchester, a stroke of lightning beat against the side of the tower with such force, that, shattering the wall where it joined to the roof, it opened a place wide enough to admit a man; entering there, it struck a very large beam, and scattered fragments of it over the whole church; moreover, it cast down the head of the crucifix, with the red leg, and the image of St Mary. A stench so noisome followed, as to be insupportable to human nostrils. At length the monks, with auspicious business, entering, defeated the contrivances of the devil, by the sprinkling of holy water. But

what could this mean? such a thing was unknown to every previous age. A tempest of contending winds from the south-east, on the sixteenth before the kalends of November, destroyed more than six hundred houses in London. Churches were heaped on houses, and wall on partitions. The tempest proceeding yet farther, carried off altogether the roof of the church of St Mary-le-Bow, and killed two men. Rafters and beams were whirled through the air, an object of surprise to such as contemplated them from a distance; of alarm to those who stood nigh, lest they should be crushed by them, for four rafters, six-and-twenty feet long, were driven with such violence into the ground, that scarcely four feet of them were visible. It was curious to see how they had perforated the solidity of the public street, maintaining there the same position which they had occupied in the roof from the hand of the workman, until, on account of their inconvenience to passengers, they were cut off level with the ground, as they could not be otherwise removed. In his fifth year, a similar thunder storm at Salisbury entirely destroyed the roof of the church-tower, and much injured the wall, only five days after Osmund, the bishop of famed memory, had consecrated it. In his sixth year there was such a deluge from rain, and such incessant showers, as none had ever remembered. Afterwards, on the approach of winter, the rivers were so frozen that they bore horsemen and waggons; and soon after, when the frost broke, the bridges were destroyed by the drifting of the ice. In his seventh year, on account of the heavy tribute which the king, while in Normandy, had levied, agriculture failed; of which failure the immediate consequence was a famine. This also gaining ground, a mortality ensued, so general, that the dying wanted attendance, and the dead burial. At that time, too, the Welsh, fiercely raging against the Normans, and depopulating the county of Chester and part of Shropshire, obtained Anglesey by force of arms. In his tenth year, on the kalends of October, a comet appeared for fifteen days, turning its larger train to the east, and the smaller to the south-east. Other stars also appeared, darting, as it were, at each other. This was the year in which Anselm, that light of England, voluntarily escaping from the darkness of error, went to Rome. In his eleventh year, Magnus, king of Norway, with Harold, son of Harold, formerly king of England, subdued the Orkney, Mevanian, and other circumjacent isles, and was now obstinately bent against England from Anglesey. But Hugh, Earl of Chester, and Hugh, Earl of Shrewsbury, opposed him; and ere he could gain the continent, forced him to retire. Here fell Hugh of Shrewsbury, being struck from a distance with a fatal arrow. In his twelfth year, an excessive tide flowed up the Thames, and overwhelmed many villages, with many inhabitants. In his thirteenth year, which was the last of his life, there were many adverse events: but the most dreadful circumstance was, that the devil visibly appeared to men in woods and secret places, and spoke to them as they passed by. Moreover, in the county of Berks, at the village of Finchhampstead, a fountain so plentifully flow-

ed with blood for fifteen whole days, that it discoloured a neighbouring pool. The king heard of it and laughed; neither did he care for his own dreams, nor for what others saw concerning him. They relate many visions and predictions of his death, three of which, sanctioned by the testimony of credible authors, I shall communicate to my readers. Edmer, the historian of our times, noted for his veracity, says that Anselm, the noble exile, with whom all religion was also banished, came to Marcigny that he might communicate his sufferings to Hugo, abbat of Clugny. There, when the conversation turned upon King William, the abbat aforesaid observed, "Last night that king was brought before God; and by a deliberate judgment incurred the sorrowful sentence of damnation." How he came to know this, he neither explained at the time, nor did any of his hearers ask: nevertheless, out of respect to his piety, not a doubt of the truth of his words remained on the minds of any present. Hugh led such a life, and had such a character, that all regarded his discourse and venerated his advice, as though an oracle from heaven had spoken. And soon after, the king being slain as we shall relate, there came a messenger to entreat the archbishop to resume his see. The day before the king died, he dreamed that he was let blood by a surgeon; and that the stream reaching to heaven, clouded the light, and intercepted the day. Calling on St Mary for protection, he suddenly awoke, commanded a light to be brought, and forbade his attendants to leave him. They then watched with him several hours until daylight. Shortly after, just as the day began to dawn, a certain foreign monk told Robert Fitz Hamon, one of the principal nobility, that he had that night dreamed a strange and fearful dream about the king: "That he had come into a certain church, with menacing and insolent gesture, as was his custom, looking contemptuously on the standers by; then violently seizing the crucifix, he gnawed the arms, and almost tore away the legs: that the image endured this for a long time, but at length struck the king with its foot in such a manner that he fell backwards: from his mouth, as he lay prostrate, issued so copious a flame that the volumes of smoke touched the very stars." Robert, thinking that his dream ought not to be neglected, as he was intimate with him, immediately related it to the king. William, repeatedly laughing, exclaimed, "He is a monk, and dreams for money like a monk: give him a hundred shillings." Nevertheless, being greatly moved, he hesitated a long while whether he should go out to hunt, as he had designed: his friends persuading him not to suffer the truth of the dreams to be tried at his personal risk. In consequence, he abstained from the chase before dinner, dispelling the uneasiness of his unregulated mind by serious business. They relate that, having plentifully regaled that day, he soothed his cares with a more than usual quantity of wine. After dinner he went into the forest attended by a few persons: of whom the most intimate with him was Walter, surnamed Tirel, who had been induced to come from France by the liberality of the king. This man alone had remained with him, while the others, employed in the chase, were dispersed as chance directed. The sun was now declining, when

the king, drawing his bow and letting fly an arrow, slightly wounded a stag which passed before him; and, keenly gazing, followed it, still running, a long time with his eyes, holding up his hand to keep off the power of the sun's rays. At this instant, Walter, conceiving a noble exploit, which was, while the king's attention was otherwise occupied, to transfix another stag which by chance came near him, unknowingly, and without power to prevent it, Oh, gracious God! pierced his heart with a fatal arrow. On receiving the wound, the king uttered not a word; but breaking off the shaft of the weapon where it projected from his body, fell, upon the wound, by which he accelerated his death. Walter immediately ran up, but as he found him senseless and speechless, he leaped swiftly upon his horse, and escaped by spurring him to his utmost speed. Indeed there was none to pursue him: some connived at his flight; others pitied him; and all were intent on other matters. Some began to fortify their dwellings, others to plunder, and the rest to look out for a new king. A few countrymen conveyed the body, placed on a cart, to the cathedral at Winchester; the blood dripping from it all the way. Here it was committed to the ground within the tower, attended by many of the nobility, though lamented by few. Next year the tower fell; though I forbear to mention the different opinions on this subject, lest I should seem to assent too readily to unsupported trifles, more especially as the building might have fallen, through imperfect construction, even though he had never been buried there. He died in the year of our Lord's incarnation 1100, of his reign the thirteenth, on the fourth before the nones of August, aged above forty years. He formed mighty plans, which he would have brought to effect, could he have spun out the tissue of fate, or broken through, and disengaged himself from the violence of fortune. Such was the energy of his mind, that he was bold enough to promise himself any kingdom whatever.—From *Gile's new edition of William of Malinesbury's Chronicle*.

THE STORY OF THE GREAT GIANT OF HENLLYS.

ABOUT a century ago, there lived near the banks of the Wye a very wicked man, rich and extremely oppressive; who, from his tyrannical conduct and the name of his residence, was called "*Y cawr mawr o'r Henlllys*"—the great giant of Henlllys. After practising much oppression and tyranny in his neighbourhood, at length he died; and the country rejoiced exceedingly at the deliverance. But their joy was of short duration. Soon after his death, the country began to be troubled with strange disturbances. Fearful sounds were heard at night, and unaccountable appearances seen about the lonely parts of the roads and lanes—beginning with nightfall, and increasing with the lateness of the hour; so that none but very courageous persons would venture out of doors. For some time the cause of these mysterious molestations greatly perplexed the country; but ere long it was discovered that they were occasioned by the *Cawr mawr o'r Henlllys*,—who, in his ghostly

state, and with his pristine malignity, had come once more to trouble the neighbourhood. And then all peace of mind was gone. The women would not go to market, for fear of night overtaking them on their way home; and even the very horses started and trembled, and could scarcely be made to stir. Such was the state of things, that all the country cried out for having this wicked spirit laid; and in accordance with this desire, three clergymen—some say seven—undertook the work of exorcism. Having assembled in the parish church, in the dead of night, at the hour in which the spirit used to be most daring, and having drawn a circle round them on the floor in the vacant space before the altar, each holding a lighted candle, they commenced their exorcisms. After reading for some time, symptoms of the spirit's approach were perceived. He rushed forward from the other end of the church, in the form of a terrific monster; and with horrible roarings and bellowings; rushed towards them up the aisle, and sprang at them with his jaws extended. But the moment he reached the circle within which they stood, he fell back as from a stone wall, and instantly disappeared. So unexpected and appalling was the attack, that the candle of one of the exorcists went out,—his faith not being sufficiently strong for such a trial. However, they continued their adjurations; and the spirit again came forward in the same furious manner, in the form of a raging lion—and again met with the same repulse at the edge of the circle. Then, again, as a monstrous bull—with the same result. He continued these assaults for a considerable time and under different forms;—all of which are particularly described when the narration is complete. At one time he came up as a wave of the sea, foaming and threatening to overwhelm them, but dashing itself into spray and vanishing at the edge of the circle. At another time it seemed as if the end of the church were falling to ruins on their heads with fearful crashing. During the course of these proceedings so terrific was the scene that one of the candles went out—and even the remaining ones burnt dim. But their faith returned—and their candles burnt brighter. So they continued their exorcisms till at length the spirit appeared in his human form as when living. They then spoke to him, and asked him why he troubled the country? and he answered, "I was bad when a man, I am worse now I am a devil,"—and vanished in fire. From this time forth, as they proceeded with their adjurations, the forms which he assumed became less and less terrific; and his manner less fierce—till at last he came in the form of a *fly*, when they opened a tobacco box, and compelling him to enter it, they shut him in, and took him to *Llynwynn* pool—some say *Llynhiwyn*—and threw him in, there to remain for ninety-nine years—some say longer. At the expiration of that term he is to appear again, and be ten times worse than at first. So generally current is this story in the country, that some time ago when persons were dragging one of these pools for eels, they were significantly cautioned not to disturb the tobacco-box, and so release the old *Caur* before his time!

—*Anonymous.*

THE LAIRD OF HAPLAND.

A BALLAD.

"FORBEAR, my son, to go from thy home,
(The Lady of Hapland said,) O! stay at home, for evil will come
If thou join the lawless raid."
"The Cuninghame brave has sought my aid,
And, mother, I must go;
Of thy young son wouldst thou have it said
He fear'd to meet a foe."
"Let Cuninghame meet his foes alone,
If thou hop'st to live secure;
True friends the fierce Cuninghame has none
Since he slew the gallant Mure.
His hands are red with the blood of the brave
His treachery has spilt;
O, follow him not, but sheath thy glaive,
And share not in his guilt."
"Tis dawn of day, and I must away;
The chapel bell has been rung,
And I will return, at evening grey,
Ere the vesper hymn be sung."
"Thou'lt never return, my son, again,
Thou ne'er shall reach thy hall;
For thou wilt be found among the slain,
And bleeding thou shalt fall."
"Last night, in a dream, I saw thee ride
Around by the castle wall,
And by thy side was a bonnie bride,
With the kinsmen gathered all;
And I turn'd me round to look again,
And mark thy bride so fair,
But all was gone, and along the plain
A funeral train march'd there."
"I will not list to your wondrous dream—
It has got no charm for me;
To love-sick maids it may haply seem
Like a wild seer's augury.
My noble steed, at the open gate,
Chafes at the idle rein;
Farewell, I am lingering here too late—
I'll soon return again."
The sun has set in a blood-red sky,
The shadows of night come on,
And a foaming steed draws prancing nigh;
But rider, ah! there is none.
His vassals seek, 'neath the pale moonbeam,
By darkened glen and mound;
And long ere the morn, by Annick stream,
His bloody corse was found.

J. D. BROWN.

[Hapland is a beautiful small estate, in the parish of Dunlop, Ayrshire. It was originally the property of a family of the name of Dunlop, whose descendants are still in the parish—probably a branch of the Dunlops of Dunlop. Nearly two hundred years ago it became the property of a family of the name of Trotter. The small mansion on the estate has been unoccupied by the proprietors for a long time, and is in rather a dilapidated state. Aiket Castle, about a mile below the village of Dunlop, is the oldest building in the parish, and was at one time the family residence of one of the branches of the numerous Cuninghame family. It has long since passed into other hands. In Pitcairn's Criminal Trials, it appears that, on the 4th of November, 1670, William Cuninghame of Aiket was brought to trial for way-laying, with a number of confederates, and slaying "amq! Johnne Mure of Cauldwell;" and there is an old tradition that, about that time, the young Laird of Hapland was induced, notwithstanding the tender entreaties of his mother to the contrary—and who likewise had a remarkable dream about him—to accompany Cuninghame in a raid against one of his hostile neighbours, where he fell, mortally wounded, in an affray on the banks of the Annick, near where the village of Stewarton stands. The horse returned foaming and spent, having fled from the field when his rider fell.]

Varieties.

THE MONASTERY OF MOUNT SINAI.—I was most anxious to see another remarkable MS. of Sinai; this is a gospel said to have been extant in the palace of the emperor Theodosius. Cyrillus had not seen it, notwithstanding his function of librarian; but another brother, as well as Signor Petro, gave me a precise description of it. Thence, as well as from previous communications made to me about it at Cairo, the MS. I conceive may be of the eleventh century. But all my exertions, both conciliatory and imperative, were in vain. The explanation ran that the MSS. were in the archiepiscopal chapel, whose comptroller, who had but recently taken office, was not to be found. Upon my return to Cairo, the bishop there assured me that it had been sent a few years before to Constantinople, to the archbishop, for the purpose of being copied. But even in Constantinople I found no trace of it. This was a genuine instance upon all sides of the 'Græca fides.' Pointedly as I taxed the brotherhood with falsehood, they quietly submitted to the accusation. The prior is a native of Crete; St Paul's notorious character of the Cretes (the Cretes are always liars) he seems to verify in the present day. I now believe that the manuscript for which Lord Prudhoe offered some years ago two hundred and fifty pounds, and which was not accepted only because they could not agree about the division of the proceeds, has really been sold to the English. As it would be a disgrace to the monastery, they fancy they dare not admit it. But if it be in England, I wish Christian literature joy of the acquisition of the new treasure; for, that it may be speedily communicated to the real Christian church, is a wish towards whose fulfilment erudite men are doubtless already labouring.—'Travels in the East.'

HIGHLAND FAIRIES.—It is a long time since the "Daoine Shi," or fairies, disappeared from the society of mortals. The Gael clung to them for many years after all other nations had abandoned them as fictitious delusions. He had invested them with all the accompaniments of his own rude habits, so that the Highland fairy was as truly national as the Highlander himself. He believed them to be the veritable angels who rebelled and were cast from heaven. Unlike the elves of "merrie England," they had no sovereign, and disdained to owe fealty to any power inferior to that of the arch-fiend himself. We hear of a fairy queen on the borders, but she does not appear to have crossed the Grampians. On their expulsion from the celestial regions the "Daoine Shi" were condemned to dwell on the earth, and they fixed their abodes under its sod and under its seas. The inhabitants of the sea-shore believed them to be disguised in the shape of seals, animals which are common on all the northern coasts. In the interior of the country they were supposed to live in conical mounds, which often occur among the inequalities of a hilly district, and are in Celtic language called "Tomhauns." Mrs Grant of Laggan paints with vivid touch a lovely scene in Strath-spey, which is famous for its enchanted hillocks. They rise in a narrow pass, at the mouth of a small lake called Lochan Uvie, close under the tall perpendicular cliff of Craig Our, on whose summit the last goshawk known in Scotland built its unapproachable nest. The mounds are thickly overgrown with birchwood, whose light waving boughs have a fantastic effect in the moonlight, when, according to rumour, unearthly figures are to be seen flitting underneath them. The Celtic fairies seem to have been a morose and malicious race, not unlike the German gnomes or earth spirits. Their supposed origin accounted for this, and their chance of salvation being very remote, they hated with unremitting jealousy the human beings in whose eternal weal the Almighty had deigned to take an interest. Their power over mankind was limited, and depended not a little on human faith and obedience. Transgression of duty, presumption, or neglect of the proscribed ordinances of religion, threw mortals within reach of their malignity. As they were unhappy so they were capricious, and variable. Sometimes they would benefit men, sometimes they would injure; and the uncertainty of their dispositions rendered the Highlanders cautious in adverting to them. They were called men of peace, though notoriously quarrelsome, and "the gude

friends," though too frequently they proved themselves enemies. Their inveterate habit of kidnapping children might be excused on the plea that they were yearly obliged to pay tithes or tithes to hell, and therefore preferred to substitute mortal infants in the place of their own offspring. See the curious confession of Isabel Gowdie in Pitcairn's "Criminal Trials." There was marrying and giving in marriage among the Highland elves, in which respect they had lapsed from the spirituality of their angelic nature. Agreeably to the changeful humours which ayawed them, the object of their choice was now one of their own race, now a mortal woman, forcibly abducted from her earthly kindred. The mother, after her delivery, was in a perilous state of exposure to their devices. Till both she and her infant had been formally admitted into the visible church, the first by public thanksgiving, the latter by baptism, they were not considered in safety by their relatives. It was thus imperative on those around the invalid to watch with unremitting assiduity, more especially by night. A moment's forgetfulness might ruin all; but if the attendants were on their guard no ill could happen, as the fairies never came unseen, and a single adjuration in the Holy Name was sufficient to disappoint their malice. The stratagems they had recourse to were endless. Either a charmed sleep weighed down the vainly resisting eyelids of the watchers, or a false alarm from without summoned the household from the sick room, and, on their hasty return, they would find the bed empty, and a green bough left in place of the stolen female. Such a misfortune happened very lately to a peasant of Argyle, who assured a friend of ours that his wife had been carried off by the elves, and a green billet of wood left in her stead! Remedies there were for these troubles, spells to bring back the lost and loved; but at best they were of doubtful efficacy, and, when they failed, drew the bonds of thralldom more tightly than ever round the elfin captive. Infants were more easily recovered, probably because their sinless purity gave them somewhat of an advantage over the fallen spirits who had seized them. It was a popular belief that the elves, having chosen green for their own especial use, were highly offended at any one who presumed to wear that colour—an indignity which was sure to fix their malicious observation on the unlucky transgressor, and the first opportunity was embraced to avenge themselves for the insult. One cannot but remark the difference in temperament between the Highland and English elves. Shakspeare's fairies are gay, airy, harmless creatures, sporting in the moonbeams, and as ethereal and innocuous as the rays which lit their gambols. They had little power, and that little they exercised oftener to assist than to annoy. But the Celtic fairy was a being of more strength, more energy of purpose and depth of feeling. It could hate, and envy, and oppress with all the malignity of the worst of Cain's descendants. Shakspeare imbued his Mab and Titania with the graceful playfulness of his own fancy; the Gael clothed his "Daoine Shi" in all the savage ruggedness of a wilder nature.—'Book of Highland Minstrelsy.'

CURIOUS LAW CASE.—A curious cause was lately brought before the Court of Session. Two gentlemen had wagered one hundred guineas on a horse race. The loser paid a small part of the wager, but died soon after; the winner brought an action against the trustees of the deceased gentleman's heirs for the remainder of the money, who refused to pay it, alleging that no wager for more than 100 merks could be legally recovered. The Court determined, that the winner was only entitled to recover 100 merks, but that the loser, or his heir, was liable for the remainder of the money, which was confiscated for the use of the poor of the parish where he resided, and that an action was competent for the recovery thereof.—July, 1774.

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THE SIEGE OF LOCHLEVEN CASTLE.

THE glorious victory of Bannockburn, which effectually laid the foundation of the liberties of Scotland, and the long and prosperous reign of Robert Bruce, of which that victory was the immediate

cause, might very reasonably have induced the Scottish people of that eventful era to indulge in the hope that their country's independence was then established upon a basis which it would be impossible for the power of England, potent and gigantic as it was, ever again to disturb. But these hopes, if indulged in, were doomed to suffer a very speedy and humiliating disappointment; for the clouds which had so often and so long lowered over "puir auld Scotland," were again to discharge their tempests upon her devoted head, when the Ajax who had successfully defied them was mouldering in the dust.

The national troubles were renewed on the lamented demise of Bruce. Edward Baliol (son of the famous John Baliol, our vassal king) taking advantage of the death of the Regent Randolph—the infancy of the young king, David—and the distractions prevailing in the councils of the country, asserted his own right to the Scottish crown, and invaded Scotland. The battle of Dupplin, won by the basest treachery, placed him on the throne; and he was crowned at Soone on the 24th September, 1332. Various gallant attempts were made by the Brucean party to expel the usurper; but the decisive fight of Halidon Hill sealed for a time the fate of Scotland; and Baliol was upheld on the throne by the power of the English king, who was acknowledged as his Lord Paramount by the abject monarch, who fully inherited the crying soul of his father. The country was subjugated by the English arms; and all the places of strength which it possessed fell into Baliol's hands, save five, which are thus enumerated by Sir James Balfour:—"Dumbarton, kept by Sir Malcolm Fleming; Lochleun, kept by Sr Allane Vipont; Kildrumey, kept by Christianna Bruce; Vagart, by Sr Thomas Landore; Lochdin, or the Poicle, in East Lothian, kept by Johnne Lomax."* The most of these were important places of strength.

It is our present intention to offer to the reader

a short and cursory sketch of the famous siege of the Castle of Lochleven, as we find it narrated at the greatest length by that quaint old chronicler, Hollinshed—an event, the truth of which, it is but right to say, has been very much controverted by modern historians, and that too upon apparently very plausible grounds. However, we deem it foreign to our purpose to enter into any examination of the arguments used *pro* and *con*, believing as we do (a good deal on the faith of the old Scotch saying, that "there's aye water whaur the stirk's droon'd,") that the story of the siege could not have arisen from mere fable, though the poetic Prior of Lochleven does not even refer to it in his *Oryginale Cronykyl*.

Situated in the beautiful lake from which it derives its name, Lochleven Castle was capable of being rendered a place of great, if not impregnable strength. At the period referred to, it was garrisoned by a strong body of veteran soldiers, in the Brucean interest, under Sir Alan de Vipont, or Vypont, who seems to have divided his command with one James Lambie or L'Amey. Whether the latter was dignified with the honour of knighthood, cannot be precisely known, though Hollinshed calls them "two valiant captains." At all events this much is known, that they were both citizens of St Andrews, having been born and brought up there. The garrison of the castle were very active in harassing the partisans of Baliol in the adjacent country, so that their reduction was at length resolved on. In the words of Hollinshed:—"The Baliol being sore offended, that such castells as were kept by his enemies, were so great an impediment to his enterprises, by succouring and relieving his adversaries to make wars against him, he got together an armie, and the next yeare laid seige to the castell of *Lochlevin*; but perceiving that this castell might not be won without long seige, he appointed Sir John Striveling to continue the seige with a great power of men, until the castell were yielded. There were left also with him, *Mickael Hariot, David Wemis, and Richard Malevill*. [these three knights were Scots who had espoused the cause of Baliol, and very probably among the number of expatriated Scots who had followed Baliol in his invasion], with divers others. These captains advising the place and site of the castell, lodged themselves within the churchyard of *St Serfe*, be-

* Annals of Scotland, Vol. i. pp. 107-8.

* Hollinshed's Scottish Chronicle, Vol. ii. p. 6.

side *Kingrossie*, making bastiles and other defences within the same, for their more safeguard." St Serf, or Servanus, was the tutelary saint of Lochleven: the monastery bearing his name stood on the largest island in the loch. Sir Robert Sibbald, "Doctor of Medicine," in his "History, Ancient and Modern, of the Sheriffdoms of Fife and Kinross," (p. 108), says, "Little more than a mile south-east from the castle, in the samen lake, lieth St Serf's Isle, and not far from it another small isle, much haunted by water-fowls, which lay their eggs, and hatch their young there, called the *Buttern's Bour*. St Serf's Isle was of old called the Island of *Loch-Levin*, as appears by the Records of the Priory of *St Andrews*."

It was in the month of March, 1335, (during the season of Lent), that the operations of the English for the capture of the castle were commenced. They "assailed all the means that might be devised to have won this castell, but all was in vain. At length they devised a subtilt sleight whereby to compass their intent, on this wise: they went to dam up the mouth of the river where it issued out of the *loch*, with earth, trees, and stones, that the water being so kept in, might rise to such an height, that it would overflow the castell, and so drown all the people within it. And to cause the *loch* to swell more speedily, they turned the course of divers rivers and brookes in the countrie thereabouts, and brought them into the same *loch*." This "subtilt sleight" of damming up the mouth of the Leven, where it issued from the loch, is the principal bone of contention between modern historians—some affirming that so much water could not have been collected in the loch during the period of the siege. We will not enter upon this question. Hollinshed continues:—"It chanced at the same time that *Sir John Striveling*, captain of the seige, with a great part of the armie, went unto *Dunfermling* for devotion sake, to visit the shrine of *St Margaret*, sometime Queen of *Scotland*." The festival of *St Margaret* took place on the 19th June, 1335. "Whereof *Alane Vepont*, then captain of the castell, having understanding, about midnight prepared three botes, and taking certain soldiers with him, rowed forth to the head of the dam or water, and there, with his engines as he had devised for the purpose, assailed to bore through and make a hole in the bank or rampier that kept up the water, which when they had brought to pass, they returned quickly again to the castell. The water having once got an issue, within a while wore the hole so large, that entering with more violence, it finally broke down the bank, and rushed forth with such an huge stream, that it bare down all afore it, drowning up the bastils and tents of them that lay at seige there, and carried the same with men and all down into the deep sea, they were so suddenlie taken yer they could make any shift to escape."

Nor was this all the havoc made. Early in the morning, De Vipont left the castle, with the flower of the garrison, to attack the English camp at *Kinross*, and storm the fort which they had erected in the churchyard of *St Serf*. In illustration of the struggle which ensued, we beg to make the following extract from the Romance of

"*Alan de Vipont*," published in a small provincial periodical, now finished—"The Tales of *Scotland*"—

"The boats were manned; and the hoary abbot of *St Servanus* having blessed the warlike crews, they rowed off for the land, which yet lay hid in the writhing vapours of the morning, among which the quiet gale was gamboling. The daylight was now full, and the sun was coming. Nearer as the flotilla approached the shore of *Kinross*, the noise from the camp grew louder. At length the Scots heard the surly waves plashing on the shore.

"De Vipont and the Black Penitent gave a few hurried directions to the eager soldiers: fresh vigour seemed imparted to the muscular arms of the warlike oarsmen. Nearer and nearer they came—silent as the grave—cresting the billows with gleaming steel. The sun shot up over the *Lomonds*, red as blood; and with a tremendous huzzah, which resounded in lessening peals far and wide, the Scottish flotilla reached the shore, and ran aground.

"The Black Penitent sprung eagerly into the foamy tide; and the soldiers poured as eagerly after him, wading waist high and knee deep in the waves. Blood-red glistened the spears and helmets in the sun. The Scots speedily formed on the strand in one close column, at whose head De Vipont and his friends stationed themselves. The solitary banner, which they had brought from the castle, waved its heavy and emblazoned folds above them. The deep voice of the Penitent rose again in fiery exhortation—he waved his shield, with the Scottish lion, on high—his form of colossal proportions seemed to expand—"St Servanus for *Lochleven*!" reverberated along the shore, up which the patriots now advanced towards *Kinross*.

"The English camp was in perfect disorder: the guards had abandoned their posts—the cavalry horse were running loose through the wilderness of tents—and the men-at-arms were grouped here and there, some with weapons and some with none. The alarm of the Scots landing did not reach the infatuated Southrons until the gleam of their assailants' lances flashed across their sight. The Scots rushed on in a torrent—furious as an avalanche—resistless as the thunderbolt!—They penetrated into the camp, cutting down all who opposed them—resistance was in vain—scarcely any thought of resistance. 'St Servanus for *Lochleven*!' struck terror into every heart. The waving of the banner of *Scotland* blasted the Southron's sight—the shouts of the Black Penitent spread terror around. 'St Servanus for *Lochleven*!'—and the camp was in the hands of De Vipont's men!

"On—on in their bloody course rolled the Scottish phalanx—axes and lances gleaming like crimson *now*. Down went English horseman and helmeted knight. The archer had not time nor space to string his bow ere a Scottish brand was in his breast—the bill was stricken from the grasp of the footman: the Scottish axe was in his brain! 'St Servanus for *Lochleven*!' Hushed was the rallying word of 'St George for merry *England*!' Red-cross banners drooped and fell,

and were daggled in blood. Some of the tents were set on fire, and the smoke spread over the scene, mingling with the mists which still obscured the morning air. Those who yet slept in that fated camp were doomed to sleep for ever! Death was at their pallets—destruction raged around them!

That terrible—that all-conquering phalanx rolled on in its furious track. On every hand were defeat and disaster. The English scattered like sheep on the approach of the wolf; only a few of their knights made a stand at intervals; but the slogan of 'St Servanus for Lochleven' was triumphant over all. Banner after banner, and pennon after pennon, sank, like tempest-riven trees, before that banner which displayed the silver cross of St Andrew. 'Servanus for Lochleven!' and the field is Scotland's!

"The fire spread among the tents as among the dry grass of an American Prairie. The glare of the forky flames reddened the very air with the glow of a furnace. The newly-raised levies in the camp abandoned their colours at the first blow, and fled; and the Scots there, who had espoused the cause of Baliol, staid not to measure swords with their patriotic countrymen, but saved their lives by a timely though dishonourable retreat. On—on rolled the conquering phalanx in the career of destruction. Truly the white-cross banner was as red that day as 'merry England's' token on an archer's breast."

The English were totally routed, and their fort fell into the hands of De Vipont. Hollinshed says:—"John Striveling hearing the mischief that had happened to his folks, returned to the seige, and made a vow never to depart from thence till he had taken the castell, and slain all them within it. But yet after he had lien there a long time, and saw it was not possible to win that fortress, he was constrained to raise his seige, and to go his ways, after he had lost thereat no small number of his people."

Such is the fullest account which can be given from our historians of the siege of this important stronghold. At another period we may recur to the history of the priory of St Serf.

A. W. E.—D.

Crossheads.

LORDS LISLE.

In a former number, (page 191,) there is an evident misprint of Lord Leslie for Lord Lisle; indeed the mistake is evident from the foot-note. The following memoranda relative to the Lisle family, by old Robert Mylne, copied from one of the volumes of his MSS. in the library of the Faculty of Advocates, may be interesting:

"Lisle or Lyle, for the origine of the old Family let us look through the Register of Paisley, quher we find *Radulfus de Insula*, being early and contemporary with the Costentines and Pollocks, *regno regis Willielmi*. Then follows Wm. de Yle, and some names de Insula. *Alanus de Insula*, miles, is in anno 1246. Then *Petrus*, and after him *Radulfus de Insula*, Dominus

de Duchal, in the reign of Alexander the Third. His successour is Robertus Dominus de Lyle, 1452."

In another portion of the same volume occurs this entry:

"Lyle, John Lord (whose armes was quarterlie 1 and 4, gules, a fret, or, 2d and 3d, azure, a bend, or, betuix sex cross-crosslets fitchie, argent,) married Jean, fourth daughter of William 1st Lord Setton. Robert, appeiring heir of Robert Lord Lyle married the second daughter of Archibald Earl of Angus, chancellor, and Elizabeth Boyd, sister of Thomas, Earl of Arran. The Lord Lyle was successor to How Danielston."

It is not easy to reconcile these notices of John and Robert with the account given by Wood, in his edition of Douglas, vol. II., p. 164, for Robert 2d Lord Lisle is there married first to the nameless daughter of John Master of Soton, and, secondly, to Lady Elizabeth Douglas, the only marriage recognised by Mylne.

The direct male line of the Lords Lyle terminated with John, who, on the 29th August, 1541, obtained, on his father's resignation, a crown charter of the lands of Lyle, in Renfrewshire, which were erected into a barony.

John's sister, Jean, married Montgomerie of Lainshaw, and, according to the ancient law of Scotland, the descendants of this marriage were entitled to the barony of Lyle. Accordingly, until the Montgomeries fell also into decay, they insisted on their right to the title, and used it accordingly. Lainshaw, however, the old family estate, passed from their hands, and is now possessed by the son of the modern purchaser, who made a fortune in trade, in the tobacco line it is said. Lord Mansfield's erroneous notions in regard to heirs-male, which he promulgated in the *Caillies* and *Sutherland* peerage claims, would now prove an impediment in the way of an heir female claiming; but the utter fallacy of his arguments could be proved beyond the possibility of doubt by a thorough search into the records, and by tracing the transmission of estates prior to the introduction of patents of titles of honour.

In the "Scots Compendium," London, 1756, it is stated that James Lord Lisle, of the Court of Justiciary, married Barbara, daughter of John Kennedy of Craig; that he voted at the election of Scottish peers in 1722, and died *unmarried*. A very odd assertion, truly, unless the writer intended to mean that he died *unmarried* by the previous demise of his wife.

THE SAXON AND THE GAEL.

We have never seen any good reason for believing that the Saxon and the Gael are descended of distinct races of people. Mankind are the creatures of education and circumstances; and these have, in all probability, produced every shade of difference now discernible between the inhabitants of all the nations of Europe. When we say education, we do not mean merely what is learned in schools. We hold the person to be but poorly educated who has not learned a great deal more from his oral than his literary education. We

mean, by education, all that a person can learn, in or out of school, which is calculated to elevate men mentally and physically in the scale of being.

The word Gael has been preserved as the distinctive name of the first tide of emigrants from the east, by whom Europe was inhabited. The word means white. This name, then, which was given or adopted at a period too remote for our research, implies that, at that time, mankind were of different colours; and that one of these was white. This word was accordingly given or assumed as the name of the white in contradistinction to the coloured races of mankind; and certainly the Saxon, and every other family now to be found in Europe, appear to be the descendants of the Gael or white race.

Although we hold by the above opinion, namely, that all the varieties of white men are of one and the same race, (we regard the question, which has frequently been under public discussion of late, as to the cause of the difference in comparative wealth and poverty of the classes who inhabit the richer and poorer districts of Great Britain and Ireland, as extremely interesting; but we greatly doubt whether the conclusion at which the writers on the subject seem to have arrived—that it is to be ascribed to the inferiority of the Celtic race in mental and physical capacity—is borne out by the military or civil history of the races, even in those kingdoms.

The Saxons, where they are supposed to be of pure lineage, as in Holland, have generally been characterized as of phlegmatic temperaments, and heavy or unwieldy frames; and the Celtic race have uniformly been represented as of fiery temperaments and active frames. Yet, these writers ascribe to the Saxons all that is intellectually great and physically energetic; while to the Celts they ascribe all that is mentally feeble and physically indolent. We do not think these premises and conclusions reconcilable.

Cæsar describes the Gauls, who were Celts, as far advanced, beyond the Germans, (who are assumed to have been Saxons,) in civilization; and civilization is the result of the exercise of what is termed "the industrial virtues." Are not the industrial virtues acquirements? If so, may not the difference between the habits and circumstances of the inhabitants of the richer and poorer districts of Great Britain and Ireland, at this day, as well as the difference between those of the Gauls and Germans of the days of Cæsar, be accounted for separately altogether from any supposed difference in the mental and physical capacity of the German and Celtic races?

Is it not the fact, that the more nearly we find mankind (no matter of what race,) to their primitive and uncultivated state, the more are they characterized by apathy and indolence? Nay, is it not the fact, that, in the bosom of the most active seats of enterprise and industry, whole families are to be found whose deficient education, in the industrial virtues, stamps them with all the characteristics of indolence and apathy? Now, it will not be denied that the inhabitants of the more cold, sterile and inaccessible districts of all countries (by whatsoever race inhabited,) continue much longer in a primitive and uncultivated state than those

of the more fertile, genial and accessible districts. The origin of wealth is in the abundance of nature. It is almost spontaneously produced in the more fertile, and can only be produced by extreme industry in the more sterile districts. Now, wealth is essential to, if not the parent of commercial and manufacturing industry. It creates artificial wants, and searches for and rewards the enterprise and industry whereby they may be supplied. A people living in a barren country, and who know no wants excepting those of nature—who are contented with milk and potatoes, *brogues* and *hoddens*—do not possess within themselves the means nor the stimulus necessary for the creation of commerce and manufacturing wealth and industry.

The Saxon and Celtic inhabitants of Great Britain and Ireland (in addition to the great advantages the former had over the other, in the possession of rich and fertile plains, intersected with navigable rivers, bays and estuaries, whereby the wealth and commerce of the whole world was drawn among them,) have not set out on the career of commercial and manufacturing enterprise on equal terms. The Saxons of Great Britain and Ireland were, hereditarily, less or more, accustomed to servitude and commerce, at a period when the Celtic race possessed the soil of their native land, in common, and when the exercise of their industrial virtues was only necessary for the cultivation of their own lands and the domestic manufacture of their own produce for their own use. Their industrial virtues were, therefore, in those days equal to their wants; and they lived contented and happy. The acquisitiveness and injustice of the stranger changed the scene. He overturned the laws and institutions of their country, and made others, regardless of their wants, customs and habits; and without allowing them to have a say in the case. By these new laws the Celt was denuded of his right of property in the soil, which constituted his whole earthly possession, and reduced to the condition of a serf, to grinding and oppressive landlords, whose unjustly acquired wealth went to the employment and the enrichment of the Saxon, because his hereditary knowledge of commerce and servitude made him the more eligible and ready-handed to supply their artificial wants and luxuries. In short, the whole property of the Celtic inhabitants of Great Britain and Ireland was confiscated to a class, for the employment and enrichment, in effect, of those of the people who had been, then, accustomed to servitude and commerce; and now the poor Celtic race, denuded of all they possessed, thinly scattered over a barren and rocky sea-coast, or among the isolated glens and mountains of broken and sterile wastes—depressed by poverty, and even deserted by the accustomed bounties of nature—are blamed for not having, in this state of transition, made the same progress in the arts and sciences of civilized life, as a people hereditarily initiated in servitude and commerce: and who, moreover, at the outset had virtually helped themselves to their lands—the foundation of the whole wealth of the country—to carry on their trade.

That the difference in the habits and circumstances of the inhabitants of the richer and poorer districts of Great Britain and Ireland cannot, with

justice, be ascribed to anything inherent in the Celtic character, is proved by the fact; that there is no part of these kingdoms in which persons of undoubted Celtic lineage are not to be found, standing pre-eminently forward among the most distinguished individuals of the Saxon race, in every department of literature and the fine arts, as well as in all the sciences and inventions, or discoveries, which have resulted in their great mercantile and manufacturing prosperity.

Nor is the comparison of the emulation of individuals of the Saxons and Celts with one another less favourable to the latter than the emulation of towns and cities, if we take progress in commerce and manufactures as the criterion. Let us take, for example, the city of Glasgow. Now, we find that Glasgow, so recently as the year 1668, did not possess a single merchant who was a shipowner. Gibson, the father of her mercantile prosperity, made that year the first venture in foreign trade. He cured and exported to St Martin's, in France, 300 lasts of herring, containing six barrels, and received a barrel of brandy and a crown for each. Such was the extent of the foreign trade of Glasgow in 1668. Compare this with the foreign trade of Glasgow at the present time; and will it be found that she has loitered behind her neighbours in mercantile and manufacturing industry and enterprise? The statistics of Glasgow, and of many other towns and cities in Great Britain and Ireland, (whether Celtic or Saxon), show that great progress has been made by the country in mercantile and manufacturing enterprise within these two hundred years; and where is the writer who will venture to assert that that progress, in the towns and cities in which it has taken place, is to be ascribed, not to a change in the habits of the people, but to a change of the race by which they were, or are, inhabited? Are we to come to the conclusion that Glasgow, in 1668, was inhabited by a fiery race of Celts, and that she is now inhabited by a phlegmatic race of Dutchmen? The statistics of towns and cities afford no evidence in confirmation of the charge of indolence and apathy made against the Celtic race of Great Britain and Ireland; and the biography of eminent men does not show that the Celtic race has failed to furnish its due share of all that is intellectually great and physically energetic. But, perhaps, it is in their military qualities that these writers find the great superiority of the Saxon over the Celtic race? Let us take a glance at the question in a military point of view, then, and see how it stands; but, in order to clear it of all that might mislead the general reader, we must beg him to favour us with his attention to a short sketch, in reference to Wallace, and the history and military strength of the king-made nobility of his time.

North Britain, previous to the arrival of the Scots-Irish in the western parts of Argyleshire, was governed on the patriarchal cleachda of all the ancient Celtic nations. This system is defined by the great (though some times not immaculate) Chalmers, in his *Caledonia*, as affording to every tribe the privilege "of being each independent of the whole." By this cleachda, the power of the kings, chiefs and chieftains, who

constituted the patriarchs, was so bound down as to have led Roman and other ancient writers into the supposition that clanships were pure democracies. They were not democracies; but they were probably as nearly so as was consistent with the purity and independence of the rulers of the people. The Scots, who ultimately succeeded to the supremacy, do not appear to have carried with them the patriarchal system (judging from their feuds and questions of succession among themselves) into the country; at least in its purity. We accordingly find that Malcolm Canmore, who appears to have been the first Scoto-Irish king that acquired any thing like an effectual dominion over the Picts, took immediate steps for the establishment of that system. The disruption consequent on this process, [see former articles on the subject], threw the greater portion of the country into the hands of new possessors. Hence, the Scottish nobility of the days of Wallace were, in every essential, a foreign nobility. They were foreigners in their lineage, language, titles, tenures, manners and customs. There were, thus, elements of the most irreconcilable enmity in existence between the people and the nobility of Scotland in the days of Wallace. Being, however, only the growth of the two previous centuries, fortunately for the people, the nobility were not in the possession of great military strength. Their following consisted of men-at-arms, as may be seen from their charters; and the men-at-arms of Scotland were never very formidable, and much less so at the above period. We accordingly find that Cumming, one of the oldest and most powerful among them, when he had to rely upon his own feudal friends and vassals, (for the clans were only willing and voluntary soldiers in defensive warfare,) as in his silly invasion of England, did not dare to encounter the hostility of the citizens even of Carlisle. When the stalwart burghers showed face, he abandoned his resentment against King Edward and fled. We also find, when the great Stewart, with Lennox "and other barons," joined the army at Stirling, that their strength consisted only of sixty men! Douglas, Lorn, &c., who were chiefs, and followed by the people of their respective clans, are not to be confounded with the nobility referred to. Neither should we allow our estimate of the power of the nobility of those days to be exaggerated by the vulgar error of supposing that the schiltrons, or divisions, which they commanded in battle, were formed of their own vassals. These schiltrons were composed of the clans, and officered by their chiefs and chieftains; but as their ruling passion—a jealousy of each other's supremacy—would not admit of one clan being commanded by the chief of another, when severals of them were formed together into a schiltron, or division, some neutral personage behoved to get the command. The king, or his representative in the field, therefore, usually appointed some nobleman, popular in the districts of the respective schiltrons, to command them in battle. We must not, therefore, allow our estimate of the military strength of the nobility of the days of Wallace to be magnified by the importance of the stations they occupied in the field of battle; or by the power to which, by the suc-

cessful carrying out of the feudal organization, they afterwards attained. The power was only in its birth at that period; and we accordingly find that their assistance to the invader consisted chiefly of intrigues, whereby they divided or betrayed the patriots—as witness the battle of Falkirk.

The derivation of the name, as well as the genealogy of Wallace, is involved in obscurity; but its absence from bonds and charters, like those of other Celtic chiefs, and its identity, as originally spelled Walens, with that of the heroic Walenses of Clydesdale, of which district he was a native, furnishes, at least, *ex facie* evidence of his Celtic lineage. To be of the same lineage and language with the natives, would also seem elements absolutely necessary to popularity among a people so constituted as the Scots of the days of Wallace. Nay, we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that, even at so late a period as “the forty-five,” no small share of the enthusiasm in favour of “the Prince” may be ascribed to the zeal and address with which he assumed their national dress and arms, and cultivated their habits and their language. These were the means whereby he rooted himself in their hearts, and effectually awakened their ancient loyalty and fidelity to their old race of kings.

We also see that the tone of determined enmity in which Wallace is made to speak of his foes, has in it something far more bitter than could have arisen from the hostility of two warlike kingdoms. It implies hatred to the race much more distinctly than to the invader. Nor is the intense hostility of the Scottish nobility to Wallace satisfactorily explained when ascribed merely to their supposed pride of rank and birth. For Wallace was himself of knightly rank and family; and, therefore, even according to their own feudal distinctions, qualified to enter the lists against the best and noblest of their race or order. Neither is it to be understood that the nobility of that age—that is the king-made nobility—possessed that prestige which power and antiquity of family confer on their descendants. No doubt some of them were descended of the nobility of England; but these were only the offspring of the then recent conquest of that kingdom by the Normans. But, at any rate, the best and noblest of either the English or the Scottish nobility of that day, were not to be compared to the chiefs and chieftains of Scotland, in purity of blood, or antiquity of family. We must, therefore, look elsewhere than to their pride for the cause of the hatred and affected contempt entertained by the nobility against Wallace. May they not rather have arisen from his Celtic lineage and popularity with the people; who hated and repudiated their rank and tenures—and whom they, in return, both hated and feared?

When circumvented, or defeated on the plains, where the feudal nobility had some show of influence, and where they, some times, joined in order to thwart and betray him, we find that Wallace invariably retired beyond the Forth, among the glens and mountains occupied by the native Celtic race, and that he never failed to return thence with thousands of true hearts and strong arms,

able and willing, as at the battle of Stirling, to pave his way to glory and to victory. These were the men with whom he thrice swept the invader from the land; and with whom his triumph had been completed, but for the persevering, and alas, ultimately, successful treachery of the nobility. These facts lead to the conclusion that Wallace and his followers found their mutual patriotism, and confidence in one another, cemented by the ties of language and of lineage—that they were equally the lineal descendants and true representatives of the illustrious tribes who, of old, repelled the Roman and Danish invaders of their country, in the same spirit in which they, their offspring, were then resolute to conquer or to die in the sacred cause of her liberty and independence. We have, therefore, reason to believe that the opponents of the English, in the days of Wallace, were the patriarchal clans of Scotland; the same race whom they long afterwards encountered at Prestonpans and Culloden. We shall now, therefore, proceed with a brief sketch of the more prominent arenas on which the Saxon and Celtic races have met each other in battle, beginning with the late war.

The Continental Saxons have frequently met the half-Celtic French in battle; and certainly did not show their superiority to them in mental and physical energy. During the late war, in particular, the Continental Saxons gained no laurels from the representatives of the ancient Gauls. It is not to their Saxon blood, therefore, that the English owe their military superiority over the French; but to the blood of their British mothers—otherwise why did not the Continental Saxons (who certainly must possess more Saxon blood than the English) beat the French? The descendants and representatives of the Celtic Gauls are, at this day, the greatest of all the Continental nations.

The last occasion on which the Celtic and the Saxon races of Great Britain met one another in warfare, was, as already mentioned, in the “forty-five,” and we certainly do not find that the Saxon manifested any superiority to the Celtic race, either physically or mentally, on that occasion. We must, therefore, proceed backward with our researches before we can find any evidence of the military superiority of the Saxon to the Gael.

It is true that the Saxon subjugated the Briton; but the Briton had become effeminate by several centuries of subjection to the Romans, before he achieved that triumph. Over the Scot and the Dane he failed to achieve any permanent superiority or advantage. On the contrary, his country was overrun repeatedly, and finally conquered by the Dane; and the Dane, the Saxon's conqueror, was as repeatedly defeated in battle, and driven by the Scot into the sea.

Nor was the superiority of the Saxon to the Celt manifested in the war of independence under Wallace and Bruce, although that war occurred after he had been again improved in his breed, and elevated in his military character, by an accession of blood from the half, if not wholly Celtic and warlike Norman. But, to show the difference between the Celt and Saxon, in their military qualities, it is only necessary to refer to the histo-

rical facts—that, by the loss of the single battle of Hastings, the Saxon was *cowed* and subjugated; whereas the Celt, instead of yielding on a single defeat, maintained a disastrous war of thirty years' duration, not only against a powerful foreign invader, but against the still more fatal treachery of the Anglo-Saxon, planted, by his own kings, in the bosom of his country, for the extinction of his rights and liberty.

Nor did these thirty years of ruinous warfare either cool his patriotism, or tame his courage. On the contrary, he faced the whole Anglo-Saxon and Anglo-Norman power, not only of England, but of Ireland also, on the field of Bannockburn, and, with one Celt against three Saxons, overthrew them with a slaughter, to which that of Waterloo, (the Bannockburn of European warfare) is scarcely to be compared: and, with that crowning victory, he secured and consolidated the independence of his country. The military history of the Saxon and Celtic races, relatively to one another, does not, therefore, afford any evidence of the mental or physical superiority of the Saxon race.

We do not, and cannot see any reason for coming to the conclusion, that the Saxons and the Celts are descended of two distinct races. Every shade of difference between them, may—we would say, must—have been produced by education and circumstances. But be that as it may, so complete is the amalgamation of the two now, in Great Britain and Ireland, as to render it impossible to draw a line of demarcation between them. However, it is not either necessary or desirable to do so, and we may venture to predict that no honest patriot will ever attempt it. Indeed, we question if twenty families of British-born subjects can be found, who can trace themselves through six generations of an unmixed Saxon lineage.

D. C.

SPIRITED REMONSTRANCE BY THE LORDS OF SESSION TO KING JAMES THE SIXTH.

Gibson of Durie was a Lord of Session, and his appointment to act, *pro tempore*, as King's Advocate in the action brought by the Earl of Mar to recover his ancient estate from the Elphinstones, who had possessed it for more than a century, very properly called for the interference of his brethren. Their remonstrance is spirited, though temperate, and their reasons unanswerable. The remonstrance was successful. The Earl of Mar was descended from a daughter of William Earl of Douglas, and James, who was jealous of any attempt to revive a claim to that earldom, successfully insisted on procuring from Mar a renunciation to all claim on his part. Lord Mar was successful in his cause against Lord Elphinstone, and the result was the impoverishment of the Elphinstone family, which never recovered the blow.

Most Sacred Soueraigne,

In the action moved be the Erll of Mar against the Lord Elphinstoun touching the lands of Kildrymmie, it hath pleased your maiestie, being informed of a reasonable cause, which may

dishable your maiesties owne Aduocat to discharge his dewtie in that pleading, to substitute Sir Alexander Gibson of Durie, knight, one of our ordiner number, who, thogh in all humilitie and reverence, did offer him self most readie and will to embrace and obey, without exception, all your maiesties commandements, yet, finding this motion new and strange, proceeding rather from the instant suite of a partie, nor any other warrantable ground, did wish vs to tak the samyn to our consideration, and let your maiestie knowe our judgement and opinion thairanent; and when we fund it did in consequence touch the whole body, whereof we ar members, we could not weell refuse so reasonable a desire, bot rather wer vniformelie moved by the dissuasive reasons following, to represent to your maiesties royall wisdome, which is our best lead-star in doubtis of this kynde, the effects which may ensue, iff this haue any way, as it is now suited.

First, the eminent dignitie whervnto your maiesties princelie power hath promoved vs in this place, shall, by this meanes, be empared, for that hath ever heirtofoir privileged vs, from necessitie of vndergoing of any inferior function, bot specialle such a charge as this, which can not be dischargit bot at the arbitrimint, and be the disposing of the pairtie informer.

Nixt, as it is new and strange, so it is likewyse for the preparative, dangerous, considering how often the like caise may occur, at least the like cause be pretendit. For, iff it sall be arbitrarie to pairties, imploring the ordinarie ayde of iustice, to single out, vnder the like protence, any of our number, at thair pleasure, it will in end proue both a weakning of our body and strengthening of factions; and these had effects, which this course, by appearance, will produce, moues vs to rest assured that your maiestie, out of your royall caro, asweell of vs, as the weell of your subjects, will both foirsee and avert the danger of them, and will rather be gratuslie pleased to appoynt that choise of substitution out of the number of advocats, nor our number, and the rather in respect that number hath, often before this tyme, bene with good success the seminarie of this place, and the garden, whence these of whome your maiestie made choyse for that service, haue alwayes bene pluckt and taken.

This our opinion on the occasion forsaid, as it doth proceid from our loyall and harty affections, so we hope shalbe kyndlie taken by your maiesties fatherlie love, and we our selves be further directed by your maiesties royall wisdome and pleasure, to which, in all humilitie, conforming and submitting ourselves, and praying God for all Happiness and Prosperitie to your maiesties royall person and posteretie.

Your maiesties most devoted and
humble servitouris,

Melros.	J. Herryson.
Sanctandrews.	Wemis.
Lauderdaill.	R. Cockburne.
Carnegie.	J. Cockburne.
Melvill	Geo. Areskyne.
A. Hamilton.	Al. Hay.
Kilsayth.	

Edinburgh, 20th June, 1622.

AULD DUNROD.

1.

Certain premises regarding Dunrod, and a liberal conclusion, which certes none will dispute.

Auld Dunrod* was a gowstie carl,
As evir ye might see;
And gin he was nae a warlock wicht,
There was nane in the haill cuntrie.

2.

A prank, or cantrip. The instrument mentioned, and the consequences which flowed from his necromantic twistings.

Auld Dunrod stack in a pin—
(A bourtree pin)—in the wa,
And whan he wanted his neibour's milk,
He just gaed the pin a thraw.

3.

Farther on the same subject, and very much to the same purpose, with the extent of his warlockship—whether the milk came over the Firth in *magic* pipes or *mortal* boats is not stated. There seems no doubt as to the fact.

He milkit the Laird o' Kellie's † kye,
And a' the kye in Dunoon;
And auld Dunrod gat far mair milk
Than wad mak a gabbart soun.

4.

The wonderful effects of the Black Art in the multiplication of kebbocks—a not unsuitable simile to show their number; but says little for their colour, which seems to have been too black; peradventure they may have been painted.

The chaise he made war numerous,
And wonerous to descrye;
For thay kyth't as gin thay had bein grule,‡
Or pelts set up to dry.

5.

The neighbours flocked to Dunrod for advice. The henpecked are far more numerous than ignorant people are willing to believe, and therefore his clients or his patients were a great number.

And thair was nae cumerwald man about
Wha cam to him for skill,
That gif he didna do him gude,
He didna do him ill.

6.

The powers ecclesiastic, then too potent, got notice of Dunrod's doings, and began to deal with him accordingly. And the consequences of their overture.

But the session gat word o' Dunrod's tricks;
And thay teuk him in haun;

* Alexander Lindsay, Laird of Dunrod, sold the same, or the Ten Pund Land, to Sir Archibald Stewart of Blackhall, in 1619. Dunrod is in the Parish of Innerkip.

† An ancient family named Bannatyne were Lairds of Kellie, within the parish of Innerkip, till 1792.

‡ *Grule*, (u sounds like the French *u*)—a sort of peat. The moss was puddled among water and baked in the heat of the sun.

And thair was naething to do but auld Dunrod
Forsuith maun leive the laun.

7.

Dunrod taketh the earliest conveyance he had, and he quitteth his premises. And the sequel sheweth he did not return in a hurry.

Sae auld Dunrod he muntit his stick,
His brumestick muntit he;
And he flychter't twa three tymes about,
Syne throu the air did flee.

8.

A geographical, or rather topographical account of his passage upon his broomstick. A simile introduced.

And he flew by auld Greinock tour, §
And by the Newark haw, ||
Ye wadna kend him in his flicht,
Be a huddock or a craw.

9.

This stanza showeth the extent of his journey on this occasion, and the merry mood he was in.

And he flew to the Rest and be Thankfu Stane—
A merrie auld carl was he;
He stottit and siffer't as he had bein wud,
Or drucken wi' the barlie brie.

10.

Impediments not foreseen in his way, of which he was not cognizant. Hints as to botany or the knowledge of herbs.

But a rountree grew at the Stane—
It is thair unto this day,
And gin ye dinna find it still,
Set down that it's away.

11.

Showing the effects of ignorance and rashness. An accident befalls Dunrod consequent thereon.

And he neir wist o' the rountree
Till he cam dunt thairon;
His magic brumestick tint its spell,
And he daudit on the stone.

12.

A comparison between his head and a stone—given in favour of the former. Case, being upon doubtful authority, should be continued for judgment.

His heid was hard, and the Stane was sae,
And quhan they met ane anither,
It was hard to tell what wad be the weird
Of either the tane or the tither.

§ Mr George Crawford says, in 1710, there "above the town, on an eminence, stands the castle of Greenock, which overlooks it, surrounded with pleasant parks and enclosures, having on all sides a great deal of regular and beautiful planting, with spacious avenues and terraces." Sir John Schaw, the last of the distinguished race of the Lairds of Greenock, died in 1752, without male issue, and the estate fell into the hands of the Stewarts of Blackhall and Ardgowan, Baronets.

|| George Maxwell sold the castle and estates of Newark at the beginning of the last century. The chapel was within the castle, but the cemetery was in the midst of the village of Newark—an odd thing.

13.

Effects of collision between two impenetrable substances; with a word of advice to people on a journey.

But the Stane was mullt lyke a lampat shell,
And sae was auld Dunrod;
When ye munt a brumestick to tak a slicht,
Ye had best tak anither road.

14.

The officious neighbours are rewarded as they ought to be in every case of impertinence. Dunrod and the said Stane ought to have settled the matter themselves.

The neibours gather't to see the sicht,
The Stane's remains they saw;
But as for auld Dunrod himsel,
He was carreit clain awa.

15.

A lamentation for a meikle stane, a thing quite uncalled for. It may safely be left out of the following editions. There is here, too, a very doubtful opinion as to the propriety of the hero of the poem not taking the air as he did. In all the circumstances of the case he was the better of doing so.

And monie noy't, as weill thay nicht,
The *Rest* and *be thankfu* Stane,
And ilk ane said it had been better far,
Gin Dunrod had staid at hame.

16.

The latter end of Dunrod is involved still in some uncertainty, which it is hoped future labours may resolve.

And what becam o' Auld Dunrod,
Was doutfu for to say;
Sum said he wasna thair ava,
But flew anither way.

X.

[A genealogical account of the Lindsays of Dunrod, and of "Auld Dunrod," in particular, will be given in our next.]

NOTES FROM THE RECORDS

OF THE

OLD TOLBOOTH,

The "Heart of Mid-Lothian."

[Continued from our last.]

1674, June 25. Sir James Kirkaldy, younger of Grange, and ten others, by Privy Council.

— July 21. Mr John Law, an outed minister, by warrant signed "Atholl."

— July 21. Mr John King, an outed minister.

[From a passage in Robert Law's Memorials, (Edin. 1818, 4to.), it appears that Law was minister in Kirkaldy, and King, chaplain to Lord Cardross, both prisoners "for the crime of preaching."]

— Sept. 12. Andrew Rutherford, for the murder of James Douglas, brother to Sir Wil-

liam Douglas of Cavers. Apprehended at New-castle.

1674, Sept. 14. Fourteen persons for "mutinie," from Stirling, on warrant signed "Mar, Wigtounne, Kincardine."

1679, Nov. 12. Mistress Christian Hamilton was this day relieved furth of ward, by being brought to the Croas of Edinburgh, and having her head severed from her body, for the slaughter committed by her upon the Lord Forrester.

[James Baillie, born 29th October, 1629, succeeded to the title of Forrester in 1654. The fair murderess was Lord Forrester's first wife's niece, and it is pretty plain that an improper connection existed between them—although she was a married person, being the wife of James Nimmo, shop-keeper in Edinburgh. She pleaded pregnancy in bar of her punishment, alleging that she was with child to his lordship. She escaped, on the 30th September, in men's apparel; but remaining, foolishly, at Fala-Mill, in place of crossing the border, she was retaken on the 1st of October, and beheaded on the 12th November. Fountainhall says "She was a woman of a godless life, and ordinarily carried a sword beneath her petticoats."]

1681, Jan. 26. The which day, Isobel Wilson and Marion Harvie "was set at liberty by being taken to the Grasmercat" and executed for disowning the King's authority; as also Elsa Morrison, Isabella Bell, her daughter, Jean Henderson, Helen Girdwood, and — Donaldson, all hanged the foresaid day, for murdering their children. [Seven women executed at one and the same time.]

— March 7. Margaret Tait, for murder of a child, by throwing it out of a window.

— March 11. Mary Lawson, and Mary Gordon, for child murder.

— March 11. Christopher Miller, William Green, and Robert Sangster, executed in the 'Grasmercat' for high treason.

— April 13. Margaret Tait, child-murder, executed.

[Fountainhall remarks, in noticing this execution—"They say she declared one of the main temptations which induced her to murder her child, was to show the ignominy of the Church Pillorie, which the Duke of York (James II.) hearing and informing himself of our custom; and that it was used in no other place of the Christian world, and it rather made scandals than buried them, and increased whoredom rather than brought the committers of it to any penitent sense of their sin, and that it was not used for drunkenness, sabbath-breaking, lying and other enormities; the Duke was displeased, and thought it would be a more efficacious restraint if the civil magistrate were to punish them either by a pecuniary mulct or corporal punishment."]

— April 13. David Cathcart of Glendusk liberated after being two years a prisoner, for being at Bothwell Bridge.

[Glendusk is in Ayrshire. Cathcart was seventy years of age at the time. He was connected with the Cathcarts of Carleton.]

1681, June 2. Eight schoolmasters, by warrant of the Lords of Secret Council.

— June 20. Anna Murray, for child-murder.

— June 23. Privy Council order Christian Cunningham and Elspeth Lookhart to be set at liberty, and who were imprisoned for "adhering to those called the Sweet Singers, they having renounced and abjured their principles."

[Fountainhall gives the following account of the "Sweet Singers"]—"The 21st of February, 1681, there were brought from Borrowstonnes, a company of distracted men and women, who called themselves Sweet Singers, or the only true saints, declared for Mr Donald Cargill's covenant, and had napkins dipped in the blood of Steuart and Potter, after-mentioned, and waving them in their prayers, crying for vengeance on the murderers, disowned the King and all Government, and followed a sailor called Gibb, who assumed the name of King Solomon. Their husbands, who were not of their opinion, they would not converse with. There were three of them hanged in the Grass-Mercat, 11th May, 1681, for disowning the King, and saying it was lawful to kill him and his Judges. Their names were Goyer, Miller, and Sangster, and when on the scaffold they were offered pardon by the Duke if they would but say God save the King. Some days befor several of their principall leaders had taken of the West Port the heads [&c.] of Stuart; and the Lords of Justiciary, to supply that want, ordered two of the above-condemned persons to have their heads cut off, and put in their place." The editor of Fountainhall's Notes adds, "The Sweet Singers adhered to no preacher, save their own leaders, Meiklejohn, Gibb the sailor, and one David Jamie. They burnt the Bible, and were guilty of the wildest blasphemies. When lodged in the jail with the other prisoners, they disturbed their devotions by their wild cries, until George Jackson, a Cameronian martyr, put a stop to that practice by beating Gibb severely. After which he used to sit howling behind the door, until their exercise was finished. He and Jamie were both banished to America, where Gibb came to be much admired by the poor blind Indians, for his familiar converse with the devil."]

— July 13. Andrew Pitilloch and Laurence Hay, executed for "denying authoritie."

[They were weavers from Kilconquhar, commonly called Kenneachar; and their crime was a denial of the King's authority, calling him a tyrant, and thinking it lawful to kill him.]

— July 27. That "Arch Traytor," Mr Donald Cargill, Mr James Boage, Mr Walter Smith, William Thomson, and William Cuthel, "all" executed at the Cross of Edinburgh, for "treasoun and denying his Majesty's authoritie."

[Cargill and his fellow-sufferers are well-known to the readers of "The Scots Worthies."]

— Aug. 2. William Riddell, late Provost of Rutherglen, confined for his accession to the rebellion of Bothwell Bridge, "in hounding out persons thereto and resetting them," being of

great age, was relieved furth of ward of this date.

1681, Aug. 12. Eleven persons for Conventicles.

— Aug. 16. William Murray, Sheriff-Depute of Selkirk, "Resetting and Corresponding with Rebels." Liberated on finding caution to compare when called upon.

— Oct. 17. Patrick Forman, Robert Garnock, Alexander Russell, David Ferrier and James Stewart, all hanged at the Gallowlee, for "high treasoun and denying the King's authoritie."

[Garnock, at a meeting of the Council, made a fierce attack with his tongue upon General Dalziel, "calling him a Muscovia Bear, who used to roast men," whereupon the gallant commander struck him "with the pomel of his shable on his face till the blood sprung." Dalziel seems to have been a coarse minded man, and like all *parvenues*, (for his father was a gardener, who married the bastard daughter of Lord Bruce of Kinloss) arbitrary and tyrannical. The heads of "the martyrs" were placed upon prickns on the Pleasance Port, and Forman, who had a knife with this inscription on it, "This is to cut the throats of Tyrants," was sentenced to have his head cut off while alive, which seems to have been done. The bodies were stolen from under the gallows, and buried in the West Kirk.]

1682, Jan. 27. Anna Smith, for child-murder, and Christian Gale, for the like crime, from Aberdeen. Both confessed their guilt.

— March 29. Twenty-two persons for Conventicles.

— April 7. Major Learmonth, the Laird of Barscobe, Hugh Fleming, and Hugh M'Ilwraith. Sentenced to death for the rebellion of Pentland Hill and Bothwell Bridge.

[All well-known champions of the Covenant.]

— June 1. Seven Gypsies, from Dumfries, by warrant of his Royal Highness, (the Duke of York, afterwards James II.), dated at Edinburgh, 13th May, 1682.

— June 22. Charles Allan, for the Poor's money of Humble parish, by warrant from the Lord Bishop, signed "Lo. Edinburgh."

[To be continued.]

FLORENCE WILSON.

THE following letter of this accomplished Scotsman was written in 1531 or 1532. It is printed from the original in the Cottonian Library, which has partially suffered from fire. The *lacunæ* have been conjecturally filled up, so far as they could be; and as the only letter in the vernacular tongue by Florence Wilson, it deserves a place in this miscellany. Volusenus, or Wilson—or, as some say, Williamson—a Scotsman by birth, was author of a treatise of some celebrity, entitled "De Animi Tranquillitate Dialogus;" Lyons, 1543, 4to. He obtained, in 1535, the situation of teacher of the Greek and Latin languages in the Public School of Carpentras, a town of France, in the department of Vaucluse. When about to return to his native land, he was taken ill, and died at Vienne, in Dauphine, in 1547. He was born on the banks of the Loessie, in the neighbourhood of Elgin.

The work of Wilson, "De Animi Tranquillitate," was, as above mentioned, first published at Lyons, by the learned printer, Gryphius, a German, who settled there in 1528. There are three editions at Edinburgh in the last century; but an edition, very rare and little known, is that of Leyden, 1637, 8vo., a copy of which was in the library of the illustrious De Thou. The Dialogue is well written, but tedious, being one long-continued dialogue, in imitation of Plato.

In the dedication of the first edition of the "Emblems of Alcibiades, 1549, Wilson is described as "a man, besides his excellent manners and virtues, and the knowledge of the arts and sciences and all things good and worthy, having also the intelligence and faculty of Greek and Latin, and of the modern Scottish, (his own,) French, Italian and Spanish, all acquired by visiting those nations." This is addressed to James Earl of Arran, in Scotland, and Duke of Chatelherault, in France, Governor of Scotland.

LETTER OF FLORENCE WILSON TO THOMAS CROMWELL,
AFTERWARDS EARL OF ESSEX.

Richt Honourable Sir, after humble commendation of my service, I beseech your maistership to vnderstand that nouellis thair is but few heir worthy to be written; notwithstanding, suche as thair is I shall schortlie rebers. The doctors of this towne, not all, but Beda,* de Cornibus,† a Cordeleir, and such hes complayned to the Kyng vpon ane prechar called Maister Peter Gerarde,‡ which preached afor the Quein of Nauarre this Lent in Paris: and as Monsieur de Lange§ tolde me, that haif noted but thre articles, or four, the wiche thai iuge other croneous, or ellis not to be preached in this tyme, saying, that he layith suche general ground whairupon he intendith to beild a hous of heresi: Theis be the articles:

Omnia sunt munda mundis, thairfoir this *dilectus ciborum* should be superstitious.

Sicut auicula contractans panem domine sue, immundis manibus offendit Dominum, sic nos Deum quicquid operemur sine fide et conscientia munda.

Sicut non licet uxori mutare, augere, vel immutare, vel commentatione aliqua aut glossa in hanc vel illum sensum trahere testamentum mariti, sic nec licere ecclesie sacras literas, sic pro arbitrio suo fingere ac refingere.

The fourt article I harde not.

The King has sent for Gerard, and for certaine doctors, and hes commanded Gerard, when that he preachis afor his sister, to haue over two honest men, and of iugement, sworne to recite faithfully it that he says, when thai shall be required; the wiche me think but a small punishment.

Thre or iiij thair was that preached against him be name, and that sediciously, the wiche is commandit to fre waird, amongs thair freindis; and amongs theis is thair one Cordeleir, wiche

told openly in the pulpite one example of a greate clerk, wiche shuld haue come other tymes out of Boheme to Englund, and thair, with great eloquence, preached erroneous opinions: The princis and nobles of the realme persuaded be his eloquence, suffereth him, the comons for fear of greate men, whobeit thai grougith, yit thai durst not do him no harme than what foloued the corne was meruelus fair on the erroneous preaching of this doctor came and newe breade this br but swell men and poyson thame so and perished meny thousand. The [people] setting a part all feir, ordinance, and [respect] of princis went of thair awne zeil and [haif] stoned this doctor to death; and so [that fell] wiche was persaned to be send be God. [Ye kill] certaine fleis that eite and poyson the [body]; and so shuld ye doo, said the [cordelier], with this heretic Gerard, wiche is now [poysoning] princis and ladyis.

After this [on that] same day, as he was going on the st[reet], to the sermon he persaued certaine seruandis of [the Quein] of Nauarre, and schew to thame that [wich happened] saying, thois be this heretics and falois hurt v or vj of thame be his exhor will be corrected Other matters I dif[fer] to my] cuning, wiche, be the grace of Gode, shall be [in xv] or xvi days. In the meane tyme I commend h[umbly] Nicolas Fedderstone my procture of Spelhur, besiching you to help and succurs him in his neid] George Hamptones seruand wiche arriued [in this town] yister-enin, hoc est xxiiij die Aprilis, spakke [to me of] bookis to your mastership, and being will[ing] to buy] the same and not hauing great plenty as [I was wont of money, I went to Maister Hamptone [who spakke] to me, and said, with a meruelus liberal] [air, I shuld] not laike no money for any thing that concer[neth your] Maistership, declairing your greate humanite, [which was] daylie schaw to him; and so suche new th[ings] as are] heir I shall bring with me in all haist. [I pray] Gode haue your Maistership in his keping. At [Paris] the xxv of Aprile be

Yor. awne seruand,
FLORENCE VOLUZENE.

MINUTES OF IRVINE PRESBYTERY.

[Continued from the "Ayrshire News Letter."]

FROM the excerpts now given, it would appear that his Satanic majesty had not been very fastidious in his amours; but, as we think it but fair play to give even the devil his due, we have added a case taken from the work formerly quoted, "Satan's Invisible World Discovered," which, emanating from no less a person than a Professor of Philosophy, will, no doubt, remove all scepticism on the subject, and, in which instance, the devil showed a better taste. In the same work there is a description given by some of the witnesses in a case of witchcraft, of the personal appearance of the devil. He is described as a dark man, dressed in black clothes, with a blue band, white handcuffs, and wearing hoggars—(stockings without feet)—and that he had cloven feet and no shoes. If, in place of hoggars, he had put on a

* Noel Beda, Principal of the College of Montagne from the year 1502, an enemy to all religious innovators. He is ridiculed by Rabelais.

† Pierre (Peter) de Corne, alluded to by Buchanan in his *Franchescan*, and also ridiculed by Rabelais.

‡ Principal of the College of Mignon.

§ Probably John de Bellay, Bishop of Paris.

pair of smart Wellingtons, he might have passed muster in decent society.

"22d April, 1650.—The Presbytery finding that the sin of witchcraft was growing daily, and that in the several parishes meikle of the hidden works of darkness was discovered and brought to light in the *mercy of God*, and that several were apprehended, and in firmance for that sin, did meet occasionally this day to hear and receive the confessions of some, of the said sin of witchcraft, that they might recommend the same to the Lords of Privy Council, for the issuing forth of a commission of assize to sit upon the said persons; and after hearing the Presbytery, do judge the confessions of the persons following relevant to be recommended:—Imprimis of Margaret Couper in Saltcoats, who was apprehended by the Bailie of Cuninghame, upon presumption of witchcraft and common *bruit*, who confessed the renunciation of her baptism, carnal copulation with the devil, and the taking of a new name from him. Item, the confession of Janet Robison in Monkcastle, of Sarah Erskine in Largs, of John Shedden there, of Margaret Montgomerie in Irvine, of Jean Hamilton, Marion Cuninghame, and Euphame Dickie, there, of Janet M'Kie in Dalry, Catherine Robison, Agnes Glen, and Bessie Ewing there, likewise of Violet Mudie in Kilbride, all which did confess before famous witnesses the renouncing of their baptism, copulation with the devil, taking of a new name from him, and several apparitions of the devil to them, and some of them by and attour, did confess. Further, the Presbytery being informed that there were several persons in Dalry, who, partly upon *presumption*, partly upon *delation*, and partly upon *mala fama*, were apprehended by the Judge Ordinar for witchcraft, who continued still *impenitent*, therefore it is appointed that Mr Patrick Colville, and Mr W. S. Russel, shall go to Dalry, and deal with the said persons for bringing of them to ane confession. Likewise the confession of Catherine Montgomerie in Saltcoats, who did confess, beside the renunciation of her baptism—the appearing of the devil—the taking of a new name from the devil—copulation with him and sundry malafices, and the alluring and drawing on of others to the devil's service, is found relevant and clear, and recommend it amongst the rest.

"The Bailie Depute of Cuninghame," (north district of Ayrshire,) "having represented to the Presbytery that sundry persons, who were suspected of witchcraft within the bounds of the Presbytery, were apprehended (contrary to the privilege of the bailiary) without a warrant from him, the foresaid representation being heard and examined by the Presbytery, they do judge it expedient that no person or persons suspect of witchcraft as said is, be apprehended and put in firmance by any person, without a warrant from the Bailie of Cuninghame or Depute; and in case any person be apprehended before a warrant can be obtained and had, that word be presently sent to the bailie thereof.

"The confessions of several persons in Largs, of the sin of witchcraft, being read and examined, are recommended to the Committee of Estates for issuing furth of a commission to put the said per-

sons to ane assize, that so the land may be purged of that abominable sin."

"30th April, 1650.—Some of the brethren, viz. Mr James Ferguson, moderator, Mr Alex. Nisbet, Thom Bell, Mr James Rowat, Mr And. Hutchison, Mr Ralph Rodger, Mr Wm. Rodger, Mr Jas. Clandening, Mr Robt. Urie, and Thos. Guthrie, ruling elder, did convene to receive and examine the confession of Maal Montgomerie in Largs, Maal Small and Isobel Maillshead there. Sikelike of Margaret Isset in Kilwinning, who had confessed ilk ane of them their guiltiness of the sin of witchcraft; and after examination of the foresaid confessions, they are found relevant to be recommended for issuing furth of a commission to put them to ane assize."

"7th May, 1650.—Because there is to be ane execution of four persons upon Saturday next, at Irvine, for the sin of witchcraft, the Presbytery does appoint three ministers, viz., Mr James Ferguson, Mr Matthew Mowat, and Mr Andw. Hutchison, together with the minister of the place, to attend the execution the said day.

"Three ministers to go to Dalry, and deal with those persons apprehended for the sin of witchcraft and continuing impenitent, to bring them to a confession of their guilt, if it be possible.

"Isobel Allan in Kilwinning, being triplapee in fornication, compeared, and because she was under the suspicion of witchcraft, and withal great with child, &c., delay proceeding in the meantime.

"The confession of Geiles Buchanan in Ardrossan, and Janet Hill there, wherein was contained their acknowledgment of the abominable sin of witchcraft in renouncing their baptism, taking a new name from the devil, having carnal copulation with him, and being at diverse meetings with him, being read and examined, are judged clear to be presented to the Lords of Privy Council or Committee of Estates, for granting and giving a commission to put the said persons to ane assize."

"28th May, 1650.—The confession of Wm. Semple in Kilburnie, and Agnes Houston there, being apprehended by the Bailie Depute of Cuninghame, for the sin of witchcraft, and acknowledging the same before witnesses, being read and examined, are to be recommended to the Committee of Estates for the issuing furth of a commission to put the said persons to ane assize.

"Mr Wm. Guthrey, and the two ministers of Stewarton, are appointed to deal with some persons within the parish of Dreghorn, apprehended for the sin of witchcraft, both upon *presumptions* and *delations*, for bringing them to ane confession."

"16th June, 1650.—Having heard the confession of Jean Hamiltown, Isobel Hutchison, Marion Boyd, of Agnes Dunlop and Jean Swan, in Irvine, of witchcraft, how that they had renounced their baptism, taken a new name from the devil, and that the devil had copulation with them, &c., being read, are found to be clear, to be recommended to the Committee of Estates for a commission.

"James Robertson and his wife, indwellers in Irvine, apprehended to be cited before the Presbytery for writing a letter to Barbara Montgomerie, now apprehended for the sin of witchcraft, wherein they dissuade her from confession of that

sin, and desiring her by any means to *keep her tongue, and all the world will not get her life.*"

"2d July, 1650.—The confession of two persons in Irvine, having acknowledged their guiltiness of witchcraft, viz., Thomas Brown and Isobel Carse, likewise of ane Samuel Elves, an Englishman, who had been a common beggar this many years in the country, being read, are judged clear to be holden forth to the Committee of Estates for a commission to put them to ane assize."

"In 1697, a fast to be observed for various sins, among others the sin of *witchcraft*. Three people in Ardrossan, charged with using a charm to *preserve their cattle* from disease, declared they did it ignorantly, and professed their grief, are sharply rebuked, and ordered back to their session to be rebuked."

"19th July, 1698.—The Presbytery appoint Mr Pat. Warner, their commissioner, to attend with other ministers, meeting of Parliament for prosecution of the recommendations of General Assembly against popery and witchcraft."

This is the last instance in which witchcraft is mentioned. There are several cases where parties were brought before the Presbytery for consulting spawwies for the purpose of recovering stolen goods, the last instance was in the year 1735.

In the reign of James VI., it appears that persons accused of witchcraft were tortured by the thumbkins, and cords twisted round their heads to make them confess. There appears too much reason to suspect that this practice was continued.

EXCERPT FROM "SATAN'S INVISIBLE WORLD DISCOVERED."

Another Revelation, 34, is contained in a letter from Edinburgh, dated 8th Oct., 1684, addressed to *Philosopher Sinclair*:—

"The last case, which is more remarkable, shall be anent the wife of one Goodal, a cooper in the parish of Carron. This woman was about 32 or 33, a most beautiful and comely woman as was in the country about. She was often filed and delated"—(a very common fate of pretty women)—"by many who had been burnt. They told that amongst them all she was the person that the devil, at their meetings, did most court and embrace, calling her constantly *my dear mistress*, setting her always at his right hand, to the great discontent of the old hags, who, as they conceived, he now slighted, &c.

She was accordingly imprisoned and tried: but as she appeared to be the devil's favourite Sultana, they considered it necessary to have a strong guard to prevent him carrying her off; and this precaution seems to have been very necessary, as the devil made a bold attempt for that purpose, in which, however, he was defeated. During the skirmish she fell into a swoon, and on awakening she accused the devil of having betrayed and delated her—a very common complaint on the part of frail fair ones—stating that he had promised to carry her off to Ireland by four in the morning, and to call, in passing, on her sister at Paisley. She suffered like the rest, confessing the witchcraft and delating others.

ROMAN ANTIQUITIES IN NORTHUMBERLAND.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE GATESHEAD OBSERVER.

Sir,—I was yesterday favoured by a copy of the *Gateshead Observer* of Saturday last, with a request that I would translate and give an account of some antiquities printed, in that newspaper, and lately discovered by Mr Richard Shanks of Broadgates, near Risingham, the modern name of Habitancum, the Roman station in which these antiquities were discovered. To this request I am glad to forward you an immediate answer, because it gives me an opportunity of thanking Mr Shanks for the kindness he has shown me about his researches, and for the zeal and energy he has employed for the last three years in investigating the extensive ruins of Risingham. About a year since I made in his garden drawings and minutes about all the altars, coins and curiosities he had then discovered in his station, of which in February last I gave an account in the *Gentleman's Magazine* and the *Newcastle Courant*. In April and June following, he favoured me with drawings and observations on the four Roman grave-stones then lately discovered by him in Risingham, and noticed in the *Gateshead Observer* of Saturday last: and of these, in his letters to me, he says they were all found within the great wall that surrounds the station, on a level to each other, their ends inwards, and the inscriptions on the under side. "Not a letter is defaced by the hand of time." Number I. was found at the north-east corner of the wall; numbers II. and III. about 20 feet further to the south; and all of them six inches thick, with the back side quite rough.

The inscriptions are in the following letters, all in capitals, and some words much abbreviated, but below translated in Latin and English at length. The figures, 1, 2, &c., show the beginning and number of each line.

I.—ID.M. 2SATRIVS 3HONORATVS 4VIXIT. AN 4NIS. V. ME5SIBVS. VIII.

Diis manibus. Satrius Honoratus vixit, annis quinque, mensibus octo.—To the Gods of the Shades below. Satrius Honoratus lived five years, eight months.—This tombstone is 38 inches by 22, and has the six lines of the inscription cut in capital letters on a writing tablet.

—II.ID.M.S. 2AVR. OVART3LA. VIX. AN 4NIS. XIII. MI. V. 5D.XXII. AVR. 6OVAR-TINVS 7POSVIT. FILI8AE. SVAE.

Diis manibus sacrum. Aurelia Ovartla vixit annis tredecim, mensibus quinque, diebus viginti duo—Aurelius Ovartinus posuit filia suæ. Sacred to the Gods of the Shades below. Aurelia Ovartla lived thirteen years, five months, twenty-two days. Aurelius Ovartinus set it to his daughter.—The stone is nearly three feet high, but its top and bottom are broken off.

III.—IDMS 2AVR. LVPV3LE MATRI 4PHSSIME 5DIONYSIVS 6FORTVNA7TVS FILIVS 8ST 9TL.

Diis manibus sacrum. Aureliæ Lupulæ matri piissimæ Dionysius Fortunatus filius. Sit tibi terra levis.—Sacred to the Gods of spirits. To Aurelia Lupula, mother the most holy, Dionysius Fortunatus, the son. Light be the ground to

thee.—Height, 30 inches; breadth, 21. Each end broken.

IV.—LIVL. VICTOR 2SIC VIX AN 3IV.

Julius Victor sicut vixit annos quatuor. Julius Victor lived nearly four years.—This is on a stone two feet high, but broken at both ends.

Among the Romans, as at present, funereal monuments were very commonly raised out of the graves of one age, to be used as common stones for the walls and buildings of others.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
JOHN HODGSON.

Hartburn Vicarage, Morpeth, 9th Oct., 1841.

THE ROBBER, KEMP.

WILLIAM KEMP was by birth a Dane. His parents dying when he was a mere boy, an uncle, who neglected him altogether, became his guardian. Allowed to do whatever he pleased, with no one to direct or advise him, he grew up a strong, athletic, youth—bold, headstrong, and passionate; nevertheless possessing a feeling heart, for whom the sea rose like mountains, wrecking some unfortunate ship on the rocky coast, he was the first to render assistance to the sufferers.

At the end of eight years his uncle died. He was then thrown upon the world a houseless wanderer. The sea at that time swarmed with innumerable pirate ships, and he soon found an opportunity of joining one of them, where his courage and bravery secured him the favour of the captain, as well as of the whole crew. Among such company his better qualities were soon corrupted, and in a short time he became one of the most blood-thirsty villains on board. Months rolled on, and his captain having been killed in an engagement, he was unanimously called upon to take the command. This he declined at the time, but ultimately agreed to; and after sailing the sea for many a day, striking terror into every ship that crossed his path, he sailed into the Frith of Forth—landed at Kirkcaldy, burned his ship, and betook himself, together with his band, to an almost inaccessible ravine in the immediate vicinity of Castle Campbell. Here he carried on his lawless pursuits without interruption. For miles round he kept the country in perpetual alarm, and the most powerful barons, instead of endeavouring to suppress him, were glad to court his favour by heavy bribes. Thus he lived, feared and respected by all. Vengeance, however, overtook the robber at last. A party of his men in disguise, headed by himself, entered Dunfermline, and succeeded in carrying off a great quantity of valuable plate, with other booty. The theft having been discovered, pursuit was given, and the chase lasted many hours. Driven to desperation, and seeing escape impossible, Kemp ordered his men to stand and fight for their lives, an order they did not hesitate to obey. The pursuers came up, and a desperate battle ensued, in which the whole of the robbers fell. Kemp, with his back to a tree, fought long and well. At last he was overpowered. His head was severed from his body, and stuck upon the point of a spear, while the headless trunk was thrown into the river Devon. The place, from

this circumstance, has since retained the name of "Willie's Pool."

J. C.

[Our correspondent does not mention the time when Kemp lived.]

INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF PRINCE CHARLES-EDWARD STUART.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SCOTTISH JOURNAL.

Sir,—I am a reader of your "Journal," and often admire the ancient stories about "auld Scotia" that appear in its pages. I beg leave to enclose you an adventure, or incident in the life of Prince Charles-Edward Stuart, that occurred during his wanderings in the Highlands. The story was told to me lately by one of the descendants of the peasant in whose humble cot the circumstance took place, and who felt proud when recounting the story as it has been handed down from father to son. As I do not think it has ever appeared among the many anecdotes recorded of the Prince, I thought it might perhaps be worthy of a place in your really national "Journal." I therefore take the liberty of sending it to you, with every wish for the success of your periodical. I am, &c. W. S.

THE Prince, during his unhappy wanderings among the Highland wilds, was one day endeavouring to escape from a party of royal dragoons, who had obtained information of the place of his concealment, and were now in hot pursuit of him and a small band of his followers. He had so far succeeded in his attempt as to be able, unseen, to enter one of the wild rocky glens by which he was surrounded, where, the better to aid his escape, he dispersed all his followers, save one or two trusty Highlanders, who were determined rather to die than leave him. They rested for a short time among the crevices of the rocks, but, fearful of being discovered, they again sought their way to a more secure retreat. In doing so they were espied by the royal troops, who were making desperate efforts to overtake them. The rugged road, however, favoured their escape; but, a party of foot soldiers, who had been sent in aid of the dragoons, coming in sight, the Prince found it necessary to command the few men that were with him to leave him, and trust for protection from another source. Agreeing to meet at a certain rendezvous, after it became dark, they dispersed in different directions, at the same time hovering round the Prince, who was not far ahead of his pursuers. A turn of the glen, which fortunately hid the royal wanderer from the view of his pursuers, brought him to a peasant's cot. Here he sought a hiding place; but there was none. The peasant was not without an expedient, however. Dressing the Prince in female attire, he gave him the cradle, in which the infant was asleep, to rock, and a stocking to darn. Anxiously waiting the result, they saw the soldier searching among the rocks near the cottage. At length they came to the house, and laying hold of the peasant, ordered him to deliver up the Prince, as they were sure he had concealed

him. He told them they might search. They did so, even laughing and joking with Grannie, as they imagined, while the Prince sat earnestly at his assumed vocation. Failing in their object, they left the house to proceed farther on in their search. The Chevalier was again safe, and the noble peasant received the thanks of the unfortunate Prince. But the generous deed did not terminate here; for, when all was dark in the glen, he lod him safely to the appointed rendezvous, where hope again cheered the little band.

CLEVELAND.

THE History of Cleveland, like that of almost every spot upon our island, is replete with events that have more than a local interest. The neighbourhood abounds in relics of the British and Roman eras. Thus at Danby they are thickly scattered. "Trenches, camps, forts, houses, British habitations, may be met with in almost every ridge, moor, hill-side, and projecting headland of this romantic region. The ridge which terminates at Castleton, and that which separates Glaisdale from Egton Grange, have been strongly fortified by the ancient Britons. A strong trench between the upper part of Danby Dale and Little Fryup is also unquestionably British. A cluster of British camps, three in number, have been discovered in Little Fryup, a mile south of Danby Castle, each 200 feet square, and calculated for mutual defence, and to resist any attack from the sea in that quarter. Three clusters of pits have also been discovered on the moor between Danby Beacon and Waupley. These differ from others already described, being arranged in parallel lines, instead of the zig-zag form; and the earth, instead of being heaped up as a parapet, has been removed to form a wall, outside the lines, enclosing the pits within, so as to conceal them from view. Each range consists of fourteen pits, the breadth of the whole 50 feet. About 100 paces S.E., another small cluster commences; and 150 paces to the western edge of the valley are two other ranges still more extensive—the one consisting of fifteen pits, the other of thirty-four pits. In the spaces between are Druidical remains; and a tall Druidical pillar, called Longstone, stands northward. Southward are three large houses or tumuli, each 70 feet in diameter and 100 feet asunder. Three large houses, of the crater form, stand near Castleton, close to the Gisborough-road; and the heights are studded with them. From one elevated point we counted at least fifty of these ancient British and Danish sepulchres: none of which, that we heard of, have ever been explored. This seems to indicate that when the low fertile grounds were overrun by their rapacious invaders, the Britons retreated to the heights and fastnesses, where they withdrew their cattle, formed their dwellings, raised fortifications, died or perished amongst the hills, and were interred beneath these sepulchral mounds amidst the desert heath."

Among the most curious of these relics, and which have given rise to much controversy, are the crosses, thus described by the author:—"Crosses were erected by the Danes as memorials of battles, and not unfrequently placed on the graves of distinguished warriors. In Angushshire, in Scotland,

above the grave of one of their bravest generals (slain by the valiant Keith), 'there was a high stone erected, which carries the name of Camus' Cross. And about ten miles distant from this, at Aberlemno, is another cross, erected upon some of the Danes killed there. Both of these have some antique pictures and letters upon them.' The name 'Stump's Cross,' near Gisborough, has perhaps been derived from a similar circumstance. A tradition (familiar to every one in Gisborough) has brought down to us the story of a bloody battle on this spot, probably during the furious dynasty of the Danes; and here one of the soldiers is said to have fought with incredible valour after his legs were hewn off—literally on his stumps—wherefore "Stump's Cross." I did conceive at one time that this tradition might refer to the contest between the royalists and the rebels mentioned at p. 63; but, on further consideration, I am inclined to fix the site of the latter battle elsewhere, viz. "Wars' Fields" (so called to this day), now in the occupation of Mr Charles Simmonds. A cannon-ball, found in this field, is in the possession of Mr Simmonds; and on examining the field, the antiquarian will discover abundance of proof, in the raised mounds, trenches, and irregular disposition of the ground, of its having been strongly fortified, and the scene of some fierce and desperate encounter. The tradition of Stump's Cross, must, therefore, go back to a remoter period. The only other cross we need mention, may be seen on the road near Hutton Low Cross, fronting the green lane leading to Kempley, where the Chaloner property joins a small slip belonging to the Crown. All that now remains is the broken shaft and socket; but the sacred symbol has long since been demolished, probably by the same rude fanatic bands before whose brutal rage so many rare and venerable antiquities have disappeared."

The traditions of the country are numerous, and many are here collected. One of the most amusing is the following:—"Tradition affirms that in days of yore his Satanic majesty, with a sporting company of favourite imps, was accustomed, like the stout Percy of Northumberland,

His pleasure in the 'Kildale' woods
Three summer days to take.

A worthy named Stephen Howe, incensed at his highness for poaching on his manor, had the effrontery to boast, on one occasion, that if he again caught him hunting without license, he would not only discharge him from his liberty, but chastise him for his insolence. Hearing of this, Satan, whose courage has never been impeached, seated in a magnificent car, drawn by six coal-black steeds, drove down boldly, at his next visit, to Stephen Howe's small cot, on the brink of Court Moor. 'Hah, hah!' shouted Lucifer, 'I have found you at last!' Upon which poor Stephen took to his heels, being mightily afraid. Not so his wife, Nanny Howe, who being reputed a famous witch, did not fear even the devil himself, and boldly saluted him with her broom, which caused him to scratch his head with his claws. Soon rallying, with a powerful switch of his tail, he capsized poor Nanny, who was thus

compelled to own the superior skill and agility of her antagonist. 'Ah!' quoth the devil, 'you have both grievously offended me; one of you at least must accompany me,—see, I have brought you a carriage and horses: say which of you will go.' 'I, I,' said Nanny; and shouldering her broom leaped into the coach without waiting further invitation, and away they drove in gallant style. Midway up the hill the devil, who felt thirsty, alighted, and at one draught drank dry the church well, which formerly supplied the holy water for baptism. We were further informed, that, during the last century, a certain youth, who, like Tam O'Shanter, had been 'getting fou' and 'unco happy,' in crossing the wild heaths and moorlands above Kildale, actually beheld Nanny riding on her broomstick over the "Devil's Court." The fright occasioned by this incident induced the youth to become a zealous teetotaler. Nanny Howe is still sometimes to be seen gaily frolicking through the air at the awful hour of midnight.

Another is scarcely less wild. "About the year 1200. Kirklevington was given by Adam de Brus to Henry de Percy, in marriage with his daughter Isabel, on condition (such was the polite chivalry of that age) that 'the said Henry and his heirs should repair to Skelton every Christmas day, and lead the lady of that castle from her chamber to the chapel to mass, and from thence to her chamber again, and after dining with her, to depart.'"

Subterraneous passages are invariably associated with the popular stories about old castles. At Skelton Castle this sort of mystery was supposed to have been largely enjoyed. "Every child yet believes in the story of the subterraneous passage running from the Priory to Plantation-field in Toccotes. Midway in this dismal pathway is an enormous chest of gold, guarded by a raven or crow, who keeps incessant watch over the precious contents. Once only was the treasure invaded, by a person who hoped to appropriate some of the ingots; but when he had reached the box, its guardian, the raven, suddenly became transformed into his Satanic majesty, who belaboured the intruder with such terrible severity, and otherwise excited such a dreadful fright, that neither he nor any other person ever ventured within the precincts afterwards. Be this as it may, a subterraneous passage unquestionably existed, commencing in the ancient part of the ruin, now occupied as a wine-vault: but the mason who discovered it, Thomas Winter, was ordered by the late Mr Chaloner again to close it up. The use and object of such a passage, we must, of course, leave to conjecture. Doubtless it might reveal many histories of sorrow and guilt, of outrage and licentiousness, which were best hid in the silence and oblivion of the past."

These extracts are sufficient to excite the interest of all who are acquainted with the locality. To others the volume scarcely addresses itself.—*Notice of "The History of Cleveland," in 'The Critic.'*

Varieties.

CARRONADES.—This species of great gun, so much used in the last war and the present on board of ship, is

usually accounted a modern invention, and takes its name from the Carron foundry where they are made. We find, however, in the Patent-Office a notice, September, 1727, "That his majesty was pleased to grant to Henry Brown, Esq., a patent for the sole use and benefit of his new invention of making cannon and great guns, both in iron and brass, which will be much shorter and lighter, and with less powder will carry farther than those of equal bore now in use, which it is said will save great expense to the public."

OXFORD.—The following is among the MSS. of Anthony Wood, as a specimen of the logic and learning which prevailed at Oxford in the beginning of the fourteenth century. "In king Edward II's time, as I remember (says my author), at which time the university of Oxford, was much addicted to the learning of those, who by some were called Nominals, for that they were strict in examining the nature and signification of every word, Merton College being seated upon the walls, and the master and fellows of the house being desirous to walk in the meadows that lay close to the walls, thought good to send three of their company to the king, then at Woodstock. There, being admitted into his presence, one of them signified to his majesty, that they were sent by the college, to demand 'Licentiam faciendi ostium,' 'a licence or liberty to make a door.' The second, presently interrupting him said, 'that he was mistaken, for that liberty to make a door was not a satisfaction to them, for so they might have a licence, and yet the door never made; and therefore his desire was, to have 'ostium fieri,' 'a door to be made.' Whereunto the third replied, they were both mistaken, for so it might still be 'in fieri; but his petition was to have 'ostium factum,' 'a door made.' Whereunto the first replied again, that they were not so unmannerly as to desire a 'door made,' for that was to demand the king to make them a door; and he therefore desired they might have leave 'posse ostium fieri,' 'to have it in their power to make a door.' But the second again opposing him, and the third opposing the second, and the king growing weary, his majesty answered them, 'that though he understood their request, he would not give them satisfaction till they should agree 'in modo loquendi.'"

GARDENING.—The following fact is curious in the history of gardening. In the time of Charlemagne, this prince possessed an orchard in Paris, which was then considered as a very rare luxury. It contained 'sorb,' or service trees, filberts, chestnuts, plums, pears and apples. The rarity of these fruits is shewn by a bishop in 606 sending from Tours, as an acceptable present, some chestnuts and crabs to his mother and sisters, who were at Poitiers. The orchard of Charles V. in Paris, the site of the present botanic garden, is also cited as a remarkable circumstance. It contained cherry, pear, and apple trees. Afterwards, under Francis I., Olivier de Terres, by his excellent writings, and the Cardinal of Bellay, Bishop of Mans, by his personal exertions increased the orchards; and the friend and correspondent of the latter, the physician Belon, who travelled into Syria, Egypt, and Persia, sent seeds and grafts from those countries, which were distributed through Maine, Anjou and Touraine, and succeeded there so well, that these provinces have long been, and still are, considered as the gardens of France. Under Lewis XIV. the taste for symmetric gardens, introduced by Laquintinie, caused the preference to be given to espaliers instead of orchards, though these latter still are much attended to in some of the finest provinces in the centre of France.

VALUABLE COWS.—Mr Morrice has at Craig eight capital milk cows (one of them gives eighteen pints with froth), from which he makes 100 stones of cheese in the season, which sells for 12s. per stone, besides supplying the family with milk, butter, &c. An acre of his pasture feeds a cow.—*Memorandum-Book, July 22, 1805.*

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THE LINDSAYS OF DUNROD.

THERE is a melancholy pleasure in contemplating the few traces of the public transactions, the joys, amusements, the virtues and the vices of an ancient, by-gone family, to be found in a stray leaf of local history. The Lindsays of Dunrod, in the county of Renfrew, were an old and powerful clan. In the parish of Innerkip, between the village of that name and Greenock, were to be seen "the embellishments" of two Castles of Dunrod. One of the fortalices disappeared between 1619 and 1650;* the other existed in 1710, but had been demolished before 1782.† The *Old Place of Dunrod* is laid down in the map of the Greenock Railway, 1837.

Dunrod may be derived from the Gaelic *dun*, a hill, or fortified hill; and *roid*, a fragrant shrub, called *gaul*, or *sweet sauch*, or *bog-myrtle*, which delights in wet soil, and grows in marshes not subject to the plough. The botanists invented a name for it, *myrica gale*. The modern improvements of husbandry have banished this delightful plant, in Renfrewshire, to a few obscure places, such as "the Back o' the Warl," in Innerkip parish, and Auchinbothie, in Kilmalcolm parish.

The following Barons, or Lairds of Dunrod, are recorded in scarce books and manuscripts:

I. The progenitor of this family was Sir James Lindsay, the constant companion of King Robert the Bruce; which James Lindsay was a younger son of Alexander Lindsay of Crawford.

The "Bruce repaired to Dumfries, where Comyn happened at that time to reside. Bruce requested an interview with him in the Convent of the Minorites. There they met before the great altar. Bruce passionately reproached Comyn for his treachery. 'You lie,' cried Comyn. Bruce stabbed him instantly. Hastening out of the sanctuary, he called "To horse." His attendants, *Lindsay* and *Kirkpatrick*, perceiving him look pale, and in extreme agitation, anxiously inquired how it was with him? 'Ill,' replied Bruce, 'I doubt I have slain Comyn.' 'You doubt!' cried *Kirkpatrick*; and rushing into the church,

fixed his dagger in Comyn's heart. (10th February, 1305-6.)**

II. John Lindsay, Laird of Dunrod, his successor, obtained from King Robert II. the barony of Kilbryde, and the lands of Kittochsyde, Thortoun, &c., extending to "ane hundred merk land," in Clydesdale, for his good and faithful services, in the year 1382.†

III. John de Lindsay de Dunrod, about 1362, was a witness to a charter granted by Robert Earl of Strathern to Stephen of the lands of Porterfield. Witnesses, John Stewart, Lord Kyle (afterwards King Robert III., *alias* John Fernyeir), Dominus Joannes Stewart de Darnlie, *Jo. de Lindsay de Dunrod*, Thomas Sympill and Goselinus de Cochran.‡

IV. John Lindissay ye Lard of Dürod was ordanit by the Parliament at Strivelin, 12 Jan. 1467, "to take ye Inquisicions Imprimis in ye Sherefdom of Lanerk."§

V. Alexander Lindissay, 4th August, 1473, "persewit befor the Lords Auditors, Richard of Bannohtine of Corhouss, and got a Decreit against him that he sall pay to himself (Dunrod) samekle as he may prufe he is seathin in his matris and costis and expenss, in defalt of entre of said Richard to the landis of Allirstokis."||

Alexander Lindsay of Dunrod, 5th June, 1478, "persewit aganis Thomas Braidwod, Johnne Braidwod, Andro Kennedy and Roule, anent the wrangwis withhalding of vii. c. of mele of fermes of the landis of the Toftis pertenynng to sd. Alexander."¶

The Lords of Council, 9th March, 1490, "decrettis that Johnne Maxwell of Caldairwood, knyght, and Alexander Lindsay of Dunrod, sall pay to Coline Erle of Ergile, chancellare of Scotland, 100 merks aucht to him."**

The Lords Auditors, 22d June, 1493, decrettis that "Robert Maxwell of Caldairwod, knyght, and Alexander Lindisay of Dunrod, sall pay to Archibald Erle of Ergile the soume of 600 merkis."††

* Lord Haile's Annals of Scotland, vol. i. p. 320; and also Crawford's Renfrewshire, p. 128.

† Robertson's Indexes of Charters; and Ure's Ratherglen, p. 152.

‡ Miller's MS. Genealogies.

§ Thomson's Acts of Parliament, ii. p. 526.

|| Acts of the Lords Auditors, p. 28. ¶ Ibid, p. 60.

** Acts of the Lords of Council, p. 174.

†† Acts of the Lords Auditors, p. 182.

* Robertson's Crawford, p. 128. Semple's Crawford, p. 99.

† Craighends Papers. Also Paisley Magazine, p. 313.

"October 25, 1488, before the Lordis comperit Johne Lindsay, sone to the Lard of Dunrod, and protestit, that becauss Alexander Hume of that Ilk, gert summonde him at his instance, and wald nocht comperere to folow him, that tharfore, et cetera."*

"The Lords of Council, 13th July, 1492, decrettis that David Lindsay, nevo and apperand air to Alex. Lindsay of Dunrod, sall werand and kepe to Johne Lethe the tak and set of the 25s. worth of the landis of Thornele, with the pertinentis, cftir the forme of the letres of Tak maid to him, schewin and producit before the Lordis."†

Robert third Lord Lyle and his Lady, Mariot Lindsay, a daughter of the house of Dunrod, had charters of the lands of the Scheills of Kilbryde, and of Buchan, 18th September, 1497.‡

VI. David Lindsay of Dunrod married Isobel, daughter of Sir Alexander Elphinstoun of that Ilk, afterwards first Lord Elphinstoun, created in 1509. This Isobel Elphinstoun was secondly married to Sir Robert Maxwell of Calderwood.§

John Cochran of that Ilk, married Mary, daughter of Lindsay of Dunrod. He died in 1558.‖

VII. John Lindsay of Dunrod married Marian, daughter of Sir Robert Douglas of Lochleven, ancestor of the Earls of Mortoun. Sir Robert succeeded in 1513.¶

Douglas styles Lindsay "of *Dowhill*;" but Wood probably discovered the mistake.

John Brisbane of Bishoptoun occurs in 1523 and 1532. He was slain at the battle of Pinkiecleuch in 1547. His wife's name was Elisabeth Lindsay. She may have been of this family.**

The Laird of Dunrod was said to have married a daughter of William Lord Semple.††

Gabriel Sympill of Craigbait, younger son of Lord Sympill and Margaret Lindsay, his wife, had a charter of confirmation granted by Queen Mary, 25th February, 1550, of the fyve pund land of Craigbait within the paroch of Kilbarchan. She may also have been of this house.‡‡

VIII. Robert Lindsay of Dunrod was at the Parliament, and signed the declaration of 17th August, 1560, "approving as hailsome and sound doctrine, groundit vpon the infallible trewth of Godis word.§§

Robert Lindsay of Dunrod, in 1562, baillie to the Priory of Blantyre. His fie was 13 merks yearly.‖‖

Robert of Dunrod was elected, in the year 1562, Provost of Glasgow. "He was a great and opulent Baron in the neighbourhood, and ge-

nerally such were chosen that could best protect the inhabitants, and the privileges of the city, from the insults of other great men, who were now and then attempting to make encroachments upon the city's privileges."*

Dunrod consented to sign the Maurent of Robert the great Lord Sympill, in 1572, before his death, with other thirty-five noblemen and gentlemen, who obliged themselves to defend Robert the future Lord Sympill, a boy, the great Lord's oe, to assist him with their bodies and goods.†

James Wallace of Johnstoun married Margaret Lindsay, daughter of the Laird of Dunrod, about 1580, or thereby.‡

John of Dunrod, of the family of Dunrod, married Isobel Schaw, daughter of the Laird of Greenock, about 1590 or 1630.§

IX. Sir John Lindsay of Dunrod, before 1602, as the following notice :

X. Alexander, son of Sir John Lindsay of Dunrod, Knight, had a retour, 27th April, 1602, in the ten pund land of Dunrod, with the advowson of the chapel of the same.‖

There was a remission to Alexander Lindsay of Dunrod, for adultery with Marjorie, daughter of Patrick Hamilton, formerly of Kincaird, in Linlithgowshire, in 1609.¶

"Deame Jeane Hamilton, Lady Dunrod," is mentioned in a testamentary document in 1610.**

Not long after this a transaction occurred, rather uncommon and stirring, from the creed and exile of the other party, namely, Hew Sempill of Craigbait, a Roman Catholic and Jesuit, and possibly a kinsman of Dunrod, from Craigbait's grandmother, Margaret Lindsay, who may have been a daughter of the house of Dunrod. A remarkable person, Mr John Ogilvie, a Jesuit, from the College of Grats, was apprehended in Glasgow, in 1614, and tried for being a professed Jesuit, and a traveller from the Pope, stirring up Scots subjects to rebellion against King James VI. During the trial he had an extraordinary courage, bigotry and firmness. Among other things, he, in his defence, said, "Where I am said to be an enemy to the King's authority, I know no authority he has, but what he received from his predecessors, who acknowledged the Pope's jurisdiction. If the King will be to me as his predecessors were to mine, I will obey and acknowledge him for my king; but if he do otherwise, and play the runagate from God, as he and you all do, I will not acknowledge him more than this old hat." Upon this he pulled off his hat, and twirled it in the air. At last, doom was pronounced; and he was hanged in the public streets of Glasgow.

The said Hew Sempill of Craigbait "resortit to

* Acts of the Lords of Council, p. 97.

† Ibid. p. 253.

‡ Wood's Peerage, vol. ii. p. 165.

§ Douglas' Peerage, p. 216.

‖ Ibid. p. 244.

¶ Wood's Peerage, vol. ii. p. 273.

** Robertson's Cunningham, p. 92.

†† Craighends Papers.

‡‡ Millar's MS. Genealogies.

§§ Thomson's Acts of Parliament, vol. ii. p. 526.

‖‖ Chalmers' Caledonia, vol. iii. p. 644.

* Macure's City of Glasgow, pp. 82 and 309.

† Miller's MS. Genealogies.

‡ Ibid.

§ Semple's Crawford, p. 87.

‖ Renfrewshire Inquisitions.

¶ Anderson's Hamiltons, p. 318.

** Com. Rec. of Glasgow.

the said Mr Johne Ogilvie, within our citie of Glasgow, in the monethis of August, September and October, in 1614; and was present in companie with the said umquhill Mr Johne Ogilvie, Jesuit, and hard diverse *Messes* qlk. was said to him within ye dwelling-house of umple Marion Walkar, and divers yyeris housis within our said burt. and citie of Glasgow and yyeris pairtis. Be the willfull heir-ing of the Mess, and conceiling of the samin, the said Hew Sempill of Craighaitt hes contravenit our Act of Parliament, and incurrit ye Panes and Punishment, viz. to be execut to the daith, and his movabill guidis to be confiscat and escheit to our use as giltie of the samin cryme, qlk. aucht to be justifeit upon him at all rigour, to the terrour and exampill of oyeris to commit the lyke, gif sua be. Daitit 12 Feb. 1617."*

Craighaitt fled for his life from the port of Irving, 27th August, 1614, and lived afterwards in Spain safely. He borrowed, 24th July, 1614, at Rutherglen, 800 pundis from Alexander Lindsay of Dunrode, over his fyve pund land of Craighaitt. He "barrowit fra Dunrode 570 merk," 7th July, 1614, at Kilbryde-Maines.†

Hew Sempill of Craighaitt, of the Jesuit College at Madrid, acquired considerable reputation by his critical disquisitions, and by his mathematical works. One of his books was published at Antwerp in 1635.‡

The laird was in difficulties, as appears, about 1618 and 1619. There was a paper drawn up, displaying the properties of the barony of Dunrod, as an advertisement, for sale. The ten pund land was divided into 20 maillings, and it had 37 tenants, rentallers, pofflers and cottars, who paid mails to the laird. This is a highly curious list of his tenants, their possessions, their rents, silver, corn, vittall, beir, maut, meill, salt-butter, cheise, fousls, creills of peits, herring, rouch-wedders;§ turses of hay, daily service, and riding for service. The conclusion is as follows:—"This by the place and yairdis, wt. woddis;|| wt.in ye grund abundans of lymestaine and friestaine; in ye widdis|| all kynd of temmir vsuall in yis cuntrie; ye miller takes na milstanes farther yane ye mill floir or ye mill geawell.¶ Upone ye north syde ane commonty** of my awin, on ye sowthe syd lyis ye common commontie;†† wt.in Dunrod is abundans of gud mos and trufe, qlk. wt.in werie few years will not be gattin for silver.‡‡ Ye place is twa towirs and forteine housis, by§§ ye

throwgange,* turnpyk,† and transis.‡ Yit it is bot four rumeys, and ilk tour twyss wantit, sa ye Kirk ye first Place and Buriall.§ Yis land falls|| mair yane threttein scoir of bolls corne and beir, and fawis|| langle-lint and kemp,¶ ye qlk. is werie foren† and profitabill. It maws threttie dark** of hey: Of tydie ky mae thane nyne scoir, by†† yowis, hors, and yell soumis.‡‡ Ye onsettis§ ar weill biggit, and hes guid yairds, and ye tenants wt. the best of ye cuntrie."

This laird sold the barony of Dunrod, in 1619, to Sir Archibald Stewart of Blackhall and Ardgowan.

There is a notice in Spotswood's Practicks, 20th March, 1628, namely, "In a general Declarator of the Laird of Dunrod's Escheat and Liferent, compeared one Wallace, and alleged no Process at the Pursuer's Instance till he were paid of the debt owing by the Rebel to him, because the Horning upon which the Gift flowed was at his Instance.

"It was found that this Alledgiance could not stop the General Declarator; but the Donator being once constitut Debitor by the General Declarator, then the Creditor would have good Action against him."||

XI. A representative of this family had the title of Dunrod about 1640.¶¶ He sold the "hundred pund land of Kilbryde, including the Castles of Kilbryde-Maines and Corcebasket, about 1640.

The ancient Castle of Basket, the age of which is not known, was the jointure-house of the family of the Mains.

It is reported, says the Rev. David Ure, that the last Baron—the "Auld Dunrod" of the ballad—greatly exceeded all his forbears in haughtiness, oppression, debauchery, and every kind of wickedness. He seldom went from home, unless attended with a retinue of twelve vassals, well mounted on white steeds.

* Thoroughfare.

† Circular stair.

‡ A passage within a house, or a lobby. It seems the Throwgange, Turnpyke, and Tranes, were separate houses, and called by the said three names.

§ This sentence is unintelligible.

|| Yields; to produce.

¶ Maister George Sempill, minister and vicar at Kilbrian paroch, pursewit George Houstoun of the Park, 27th November, 1670, befor the Commissariat of Glasgow, for his teind of lint and hemp, grownd upon his landis of Park; as 10 threives of lint, and fyve threive of hemp: The teind is extendand to ane threive of lint, and ane stouk of hemp. The pryce thereof, 3 lib. of monie of lint, and 40 shilling of hemp. The Persewer styles the carriage of the Defender, "wrangous and maisterfull spoliatioun and intrumission thairwith." But the Commissarie absolvit the Defender.

There was a cultivation of hemp at Innerkip about 1619, with a considerable profit.

But the expense of home grown, perhaps, may, at the present day, be greater than imported hemp. Mr Boaz, in his General Report of Scotland (in 1813), says, 'the hemp employed is almost all imported, either from Russia, or from America.

†¶ Foreign, strange.

** A day's work.

†† Besides.

‡‡ The word "soum" is used by the shepherds in the mairs for pasture for one cow, or five sheep, &c.

§† The farm houses.

||| Spotswood's Practicks, p. 149.

¶¶ Authority not remembered.

* Craighends Papers.

† Ibid.

‡ Dr Irving's Scots Poets, vol. i. p. 118.

§ Rough-wedder—unshorn and castrated ram.

|| Woods.

¶ Gable.

** It seems to have been a piece of land unenclosed, and in a natural state, for the laird's own use.

†† An unenclosed pasture for the use of all tenants of the barony.

‡‡ Peats are plentiful to this day; but the use of coals became afterwards more common, to save peats.

§§ Besides.

Among the instances of his cruelty, it is told that, when playing at the curling, he ordered a hole to be made in the ice, and one of his tenants, who had by chance offended him in a jest, or in sport, to be drowned. The place has been since called "Crawfurd's Hole," from the name of the sufferer.

Shortly after that brutality, it is reported that his pride was brought very low. This haughty chieftain was at length obliged to beg alms from his former tenants and domestics. We have reason to believe they would not give a very kind welcome to so unfeeling and overbearing a tyrant. It is said that, having worn out the remains of a wretched life, he perished in a barn of one of his former farmers. Such was the miserable end of one of the greatest and most opulent families, of the rank of the true Lairds, the crown vassals, or the Barons, in this part of the country.*

We may be allowed to add to Mr Ure's statement, that "auld Dunrod," in his indigent days, feigned to be a warlock, and made a league with some reputed witches among his former cottars at Innerkip. He and his accomplices levied a sort of black mail from skippers and fishers. They pretended to have the power of warding off all witchcraft and malefices of the allies of Satan, from the sea-craft of the simple and credulous owners, by their mystical *blue clue*, for a valuable consideration, in the shape of "white sillar."

According to the "Greenock Visitor," Marie Lamond, in the judicial trial of the Innerkip witches, in 1662, confessed and deposed, that fyve yeares since, Katrein Seot, in Murdistaine, learnt hir to tak kyeis milk, bidding hir goe out in mistie mornings, and tak with hir a hairie tedder, and draw it over the mouth of a mug, saying in God's name, God send us milk, God send it, and meikle of it:—Be thae wayes she and the said Katrein gat muckle of thair neibours milk, and made butter and cheise thairof: That the deill nipt her upon the richt syd, qik. was vera painfull for a tym, but thairefter he straitit it with his hand and healed it:—That she was at a meiting at the Brig-Lin, &c., wher the Deill was with thaim, in the likeness of a brown dog; and the end of thair meiting was to raise stormie wather, tharby to hinder boits from the killing fish:—That she knew sum witches carreit meikle ill-will at Blackhall, younger, and Mr John Hamiltoun, and wad fain give thaim an ill-cast gif thay could:—That Jean King, Kaitie Scot, Janet Holm, herself, and sundrie others, met togidder, in the mirk, at the Buchtgait of Ardgowand, whar the Devill was with thaim, in the lykeness of a black man, with cloven feet, and directit thaim to fetch whyt sand fra the shore, and cast it about the yetts of Ardgowand, and about the minister's hous; but God wad not give thame libertie to get any evill done:—That shee and severall others went out to the sea, betwix and the land of Arran, to doe skaith to boits and ships that sould come alongs; they gart the storme to wax greitlie; and forgathering of Colin Campbell's ship, thay rave the saills fra hir:—That she was at a meiting at Kempock, wher thay designit to caet

the lang *sten* into the sea, tharby to destroy a whein boats and ships:—And that the Deill for ordinar, in the shape of a black man, sang to thame; he gave thame wyn to drink, and wheat bread to eat; whon thay dancit thay war all vera merrie; and he kist thame, ane and all, when thay skailit."*

The following rhyme, picked up from some "auld spaewife," was published in the "Paisley Magazine:—"

In Auldkirk the witches ryde thick,
And in Dunrod thay dwell?
The graitest loon among thaim aw
Is auld Dunrod himsell.

Lindsay of Dunrod's armorial bearings—A fess, with three stars, argent, two and one.†

"The family of Dunrod is now, (1710,) represented by Lindsay of Blacksholm," in Kilmalcolm parish.‡

Their armorial bearings, as recorded in the Lion Register, are, Gules, a fess cheque, argent and azure, and in chief a label of three points of the second: crest, a withered branch of oak sprouting forth green leaves proper; motto, *Mortua viviscunt*.

David Lindsay, merchant in Edinburgh, descended of Dunrod, carries Gules, a fess cheque, argent and azure, betwixt three garbs of the second, and banded of the first: crest, a dexter hand holding a branch of olive proper; motto, *Mortue amore cresco*.

Lindsay of Corsbasket accompanies the fess cheque with two stars in chief, and in base a cinquefoil, argent.§

A. C.

KING JAMES VI. ON WITCHCRAFT.

On the return of King James the Sixth from Denmark, with the second daughter of Frederick the Second as his bride elect, in the year 1590, such was the imbecility of the government of Scotland, that the people neither respected the laws nor the civilities of social life; and although domestic feuds were frequently attended with open murder or private assassination, yet the perpetrators of these atrocities went unpunished, and even occasionally appeared at court, marked with distinction in place of infamy.

But, while real crimes were allowed to pass unheeded, imaginary ones were sought out with inquisitorial activity, and punished with rigorous severity. The king was a firm believer in the supernatural agency of witches and sorcerers, whose supposed power to inflict incurable diseases by secret incantations, became to his mind an object of dread. Several persons, of both sexes, some of them even moving in a respectable sphere of society, were apprehended, tortured into a confession, and executed, on the ridiculous charges of having been present at midnight as-

* Ure's History of Rutherglen and East Kilbride, pages 150 to 153.

• The Visitor, vol. ii. page 140.

† Nisbet's Heraldry, vol. i. page 55.

‡ Crawford's Renfrewshire, page 128.

§ Nisbet's Heraldry, vol. i., page 55.

semblies, where the devil presided in person: of raising storms at sea, and "witching folks to death," &c.

But it was not in the Council only that the king propagated and enforced his opinions; for, so that the public mind might be enlightened on the subject, and thoroughly imbued with the royal belief, his majesty wrote a treatise on "Dæmonologie," extending to forty-five folio pages, in the preface of which he states that "the fearefull abounding at this time in this countrey, of these detestable slaues of the Diuel, the witches or enchaunters, hath moued mee to dispatch in post this following Treatise of mine, not in any wise, as I protest, to serue for a shew of my learning and ingine, but only moued of conscience, to preasse thereby, so farre as I can, to resolute the doubting hearts of many, both that such assaults of Satan are most certainly practised, and that the instruments thereof merit most seuerely to be punished: against the damnable opinions of two principally in our age, whereof the one called Scot, an Englishman, is not ashamed in publicke Print to deny, that there can be such a thing as witchcraft."

Having thus given his reason for writing the treatise, the royal author proceeds with a rapid sketch of the contents of the work, stating, amongst other things, that it is divided into three books, the first, "Magic in General," and "Necromancie in Speciall;" the second, "Sorcerie and Witchcraft;" and the third, "A Discourse of all these kinds of Spirits and Spectres;" that he cannot "touch every particular thing of the Diuel's power," "but only to speake scholastickley on *genus*, leaving *species* and *differentia* comprehended therein;" that his information is derived from the works of several German writers, Bodinus Dæmonomancie, Hyperius, Hemmingius, Cornelius Agrippa and Wierus, "together with their confessions that have been at this time apprehended." The mention of these German authorities would give some countenance to the idea, that it had been while the king was storm-steed on the Continent, when he went for his bride, that he had imbibed so thoroughly the ridiculous notions which he develops in this treatise, and which lighted the fires of the cruel and barbarous witch persecution which disgraced his reign. The treatise is written in form of a dialogue, and opens with a very learned disquisition on "Saul's Pythonisse," and other passages of Scripture, viz: 1st Cor., ii. 14; 1st Kings, xxii.; Exodus, xxii., and Exodus, vii. 2; 1st Samuel, xv.; Acts, viii.; and Acts, xvi., "to prove that there can be such a thing as witchcraft and witches," and that "their sinne is a sin against the Holy Ghost." After tracing the art of *magic* back to the Chaldees, and explaining the difference between it and witchcraft to consist in this, that the witches are the servants only and slaues of the diuel; but the Necromancers are his masters and commanders, he comes to speak of the "Diuels rudiments," and "entres-sets to the arte of *magic*."

We shall now see of what this "sinne against the Holy Ghost" consisted. We are gravely informed that in general the rudiments are "all that which is vulgarly called the vertue of word, herbe, and stone, charmes, freits, and other extraordinary actions, which cannot abide the trew touch of

natural reason, and in particular such charmes as daft wiues use for healing of forespoken goods, for preserving them from euill eyes, by knitting roun trees or sundry herbes to the haire or tails of the goods; by curing the worm; by stemming of blood, by healing horsecrooks, by turning of the riddle, by staying married folke, by knitting so many knots upon a point at the time of their marriage, and doing such innumerable things by words, without applying anything meete to the part offended, as the Mediciners do."

But having got through the rudiments, we come next to deal with the "foul thief" in *propria persona*, who, it appears, allowed his votaries to conjure him up when they required his aid. This, however, was so "difficile and perillous" that they generally came to a plain contract with him, "wherein was specially contained formes and effects written with the blood of the conjuror." The "formes" have reference to the manner of raising him, and the shapes in which he obliges himself to come when they call; sometimes in the likeness of a cat, dog, ape, or other beast, or else to answer by a voice only. The effects "are to answer such demands as concerne curing of diseases," &c., or sometimes "to enter into a dead body, and to give out answers on matters concerning the state, the event of battles, and other great questions;" to some he will even be "a continuall attender and page," and to others "he will permit himself to be conjured for the space of so many yeeres in a tablet or a ring, which they may easily carry about with them."—But, even to "give the diuel his due," it appears that his work was not all mischief, for in those days when the schoolmaster was abroad, he would "oblige himselfe to teach them the artes and sciences, which he may easily do, so learned a knaue as he is." He also, in those days, performed the part of an electric telegraph, for he would "carry them news from any part of the world, which the agilitie of a spirit may easily performe"—"reueale secretes"—make them "creepe in credite with princes"—and please them by carrying them "dainty dishes in short space fra the farthest part of the world, for no one doubts but he is a thief; and also learns them tricks at cards and dice, and such like, to deceive men's senses thereby;" not that he gets any credit for all these services, for it is "only *secundum quid* and *ex pacto* allanerlie, whereby he obliges himselfe in some trifles to them, that he may on the other part obtaine the fruition of their body and soul, which is the only thing he hunts for," has done since the fall, and will do till the latter day, in "wandering through the world as God's hangman to execute such turnes as hee employes him in; and when not employed in that, returne he must to his prison in hell."

But, many of our readers will be anxious to know "the difficile and perillous" operation of conjuration, whereby his sooty majesty might be brought up to a *tete a tete*. The Scottish Solomon says, "There are four principal parts in the conjuration, the persons, the actors, the words and the rites, and the spirits conjured;" and also two other things that cannot be wanted, "holy water, and some living thing to present to him." There are, likewise, "certaine seasons, days and hours, that

must be observed in this purpose; these being all ready, circles are made triangular, quadrangular, round, double, or single, according to the form of the apparition that they crave, with innumerable characters and crosses within and without, and out-through." But after the conjured spirit appears, which will not be "while after many circumstances, long prayers, and much muttering and murmuring, if they have missed one iote of all their rites, or if any of their feet but slyde over the circle, through terror of his fearfull apparition, he at once pays himself of that due debt which they ought him, and otherwise would have delayed longer; I mean, he carries them with him, body and soul."

Having thus disposed of the "Necromancers," our author turns to his own particular branch of the art, namely, witchcraft. As before noticed, it appears that witches were only the servants and slaves of the "Roarand Lyon," and therefore his manner of introducing himself to them is different from that which we have been considering as his tactics with the necromancers. And it farther appears that he assailed "none except he first find an entresse ready for him, either by the great ignorance of the person he deales with, joined with an euil life, or else by their carelessness and contempt of God," and of this class, either "those who are rich and desire revengo," or "those who are poor and melancholy." These he tries first to drive to despair, and at a proper time, when they are either "walking solitarie in the fieldes, or lying panning in bed," he appears to them in "the likeness of a man," and promises them a suddaine and certaine remedie," if they will but follow his advise, the first part of which is "that they renounce their God and Baptisme directly," and then "he gives them his marke upon some secrete place of their bodie, which remains soare unhealed," but it nevertheless "remaineth eur after insensible, howsoever it may be nipped or pricked by any, to give them a prooff thereby, that as in that doing he could hurt and heal them, so all their ill and well doing thereafter must depend on him;" and as they are but as yet "newe Prentises," they might wish to retract their "horrible promise," and "skunner at the same." At their third meeting he makes a show to "performe his promises, by teaching them, by vile and unlawful means, how they may be revenged, or get gain, as the case may be."

The compact being thus fairly formed, they are next informed of the general place of meeting, and as the "Diuel," we are told, is "God's ape," so "he counterfeits in his seruants this seruice and forme of adoration that God prescribed and made his seruants to practise," "so he makes them conueene in great numbers;" and "further, witches oft times confesse not only his conueening in the Church with them, but his occupying the Pulpit. Yea, their forme of adoration to be the kissing of his hinder parts; which, though it seem ridiculous, yet may it likewise be trow, seeing we read that in *Calicute* he appeared in forme of a goat-bucke, and had publickely that unhonest homage done unto him by every one of the People:" after this, we think few will deny that, to give him "his due," his title of "foul-thief" is at least just and well earned! But

a word or two on their manner of "conueening," and the natural philosophy of flying in the air, so that all knotty points may be unloosed, and the way to belief made clear. In our boyish days it has often excited our wonder how the "withered hags" could so easily accomplish that feat, and it really did seem to us a very pleasant part of the art to skim the blue ether, and sweep through the clouds like the swift goshawk, even although they had but a broomstick for their Pegasus. However, hear the Scottish Solomon elucidate the mystery. One way of "conueening" is "that which is natural, riding, going or sailing, at what houre their master aduertises them, and this way may be easily beleueed; another way is somewhat more strange, and yet it is possible to be trow, which is by being carried by the force of the spirit, which is their conductor, either above the earth or sea, swiftly to the place where they are to meete, which I am perswaded to bee likewise possible, in respect that as Habakkuk was carried by the angel in that form to the den where Daniel lay;" another was by "a mighty wind, being but a naturall meteoore to transport, from one place to another, a solid body, as is daily seen in practise; but in this violent manner they cannot be caried but a short bounds, agreeing with the space that they may retain their breath, for if it were longer their breath could not remain unextinguished, as, by example, if one fall from an high rocke his breath will be forcibly banished from his body before he can win to the earth. In this transporting, they say themselves that they are inuisible to any other, which may also be possible, in my opinion; for if the deuill may forme what kinde of impressions he pleases in the aire, why may he not farre easilier thicken and obscure, so the aire that is next about them by contracting it strait together that the beams of any other man's eyes cannot pierce thorow the same to see them." So far for their journeying at home; but when they take a foreign trip, they leave their bodies lying at home "in an extasie, their spirits being vanished therefrom and caried to such places." However, the convention met, and adoration such as we have noticed past, the next part of the business is that "cury one of them propones to him what wicked turn they would have done, and, as it is to doe euill, he teaches them the means whereby thay may doe the same;" such as how to "joynt dead corpses, and to make powders thairof, mixing such things amongst them as he gives them, to make pictures of wax or clay, that by the roasting thereof the persons they bear the name of may be continually melted and dried away by continual sickness: to some he gives stones and powders whereby they may cure or cast on diseases; or teacheth all kinds of vncouth poysons, which the mediciners vnderstand not;" and also to make men and women to loue or hate each other, raise stormes and tempests in the aire, either on sea or land, to make folkes become phronticque or maniacque," to "make spirits haunt houses, affray the inhabitants," and to "follow and trouble persons," and likewise to "make some to be possessed with spirits, and so to become very Deamoniacques."—Sad catalogue of crimes this! The good people of those days must have lived under a "reign of terror" which is now a-days difficult to conceive.

Into his third book, containing the discourse on all kinds of spirits, we cannot follow our royal author, many of their pranks with dead bodies not being fit for the pages of a public journal. There is another secret, however, which we must put our readers in possession of before we close. It has often occurred to us as being unaccountable, how his black majesty happened to be so fond of the softer sex. Nothing was a mystery to our learned author, and this little matter he disposes of in a few words. Thus we have "the cause that there are twenty women given to that craft, for one man." "The reason," he says, "is easie, for as that sexe is frailer than man is, so is it easier intrapped in these grosse snares of the diuell, as was ouer-well proued to be trew by the serpent's deciding of *Eua* at the beginning, which makes him the homelier with that sexe sensine!" We shall only just glance now at the last chapter, which treats of the "tryall and punishments of witches." We have already seen that witchcraft was accounted the sin against the Holy Ghost, and therefore unpardonable; and now he tells us that "they ought to be put to death according to the law of God, the ciuill and imperiall law, and municipal law of all Christian nations;" and that if the magistrate spared them, it "would be doubtlesse no less sinne in that magistrate nor it was in *Saul's* sparing *Agag*;" and that they ought to be put to death "by fyre:" and neither "sexe, aage, nor rancke exempted, for it is the highest point of Idolatry, wherein no exception is admitted by the lawe of God."

In our day, one is apt to wonder that such nonsense as we have been detailing should have gained such an ascendancy, from the peasant to the monarch, in the most learned and gifted minds in Scotland in that age; but from this treatise, every statement of which, however gross or ridiculous, is staunchly "nailed with scripture," the whole secret of the matter appears to have been, that witchcraft was made a religion, or rather the religion of the time in question; for those very few who had the god sense and hardihood to avow their disbelief in it, were termed infidels, who taught "damnable opinions," maintainers of the "old errours of the Sadducees, in denying of Spirits," and one Wierus, a German physician, was accused of witchcraft himself, because he wrote against the persecution of witches. The religious sentiments are the noblest elements in the nature of man—the medium by which he can in some measure assimilate his mind to the mind of God—rise as it were from earth to heaven and hold converse with his Creator; but as the proper direction of the religious sentiments is the greatest blessing that man can enjoy, so their misdirection has in all ages been his greatest curse. When we find, therefore, that they were deeply interested and fully involved in the question, and that consequently the witch persecution was in reality a religious persecution, we are quite prepared for tales of blood and suffering, the most horrible and revolting, and can recognise in them the work of the same demon that lighted the fires of Smithfield, perpetrated the massacre of St Bartholomew, and consigned our own martyrs and covenanters to the dungeon, the rack and the flames!—all the fearful

and fatal results of the religious sentiments misdirected—gross and terrible ignorance endeavouring, by deeds of legal murder, to do God a service!

South College Street.

J. H.

THE LORDS OF PRIVY COUNCIL TO KING JAMES VI.

ROBERT BRUCE, a well-known name to those versant in Scottish ecclesiastical history, incurred the enmity of James VI. for his uncompromising independence. The following letter, descriptive of his infirmities, possesses deep interest. It is printed from the Balfour MSS. belonging to the Faculty of Advocates. As Bruce was born in 1554, he must at the time have been about sixty-eight years of age. It is to be hoped that the application of the Privy Council was successful. Bruce died 15th Aug. 1631.

Most Sacred Souerane,

Thair wes this day a petition gevin to youre maiesteis counsaill, be Maister Robert Bruce, humelie craving some ease and releiff in that directioun, and charge gevin to him for his confyneing within the burgh of Inuernes, in respect of the indispositioun and inhabilitie of his persone, and of his grit aige and infirmiteis, quhilkis are incident to aige, quhairwith, as he alledgeis, he is so far worne, and become so feeble and waik, as hardlie may he travell ony quhair; and he offeris to be confynned in his awne house, and twa myllis aboute the same, and never to transcend the boundis thairof, without youre maiesteis warrand, as more particularlie youre maiestie will persave, be his petition, whilk we haif heirwith send vnto youre maiestie. Bot becaus the directioun and warrand for his confyneing in Inuernes, proceidit frome youre maiestie, we wald not presume to medle thairwith, without youre maiesteis allowance. Onlie this far, we ar to shoue vnto youre maiestie, that, be the sight we had of him these twa dayis he wes broght befor the counsell, we knowe him to be a far decayed and worne man, not able, by probable coniectour and appeirance, to live lang; and we ar credibillie informed that his worldlie estate is verie waik, althocht he hes concealed the same in his petition, and that he hes nane of his awne to tak the charge thairof; swa that his confyneing so far from his awne house, and frome attendance on his awne affairs, will altogidder vndoe him. We write not this as ane motiue and argument to pleade for fauour vnto him, bot onlie to latt youre maiestie knowe quhat we apprehend anent the dispositioun of his persone, and quhat we heir anent his worldlie estate and fortunis. Remitting the consideratioun, bothe of the one and the other, to youre maiesteis most pious, graue, and princelie resolutioun, whilk your maiestie wilbe pleased to caus be returnit vnto ws, quhen the importance of your maiesteis more weyghtie affairs may afford the occasioun. And so, with oure vncessant prayeris vnto God for

your maiesties lang lyffe, happie reigne, and
prosperous estate, we rest
Youre Maiesteis most humble and obedient
subiectis and seruitouris,

Al. Cancells.	Wemis.
Melros.	George Hay.
Aberdene.	W. Oliphant.
Lauderdaill.	R. Cockburne.
Al. Elphinston.	Archibald Naper.*

Edinburgh, 22 Januair 1622.

To the King his most sacred and
excellent Maiestie.

NOTES FROM THE RECORDS

OF THE

OLD TOLBOOTH,

The "Heart of Mid-Lothian."

[Continued from our last.]

1682, July 19. William Murrie, executed for murder.

— July 21. Andrew Walker, executed for murder of his *gude-brother*.

— August 3. Richard Storie, for murder, brought from Dumfries tolbooth, his friends on the Border having threatened to rescue him.

— August 16. James Douglas, beheaded at the Cross, for the murder of ——— Lindsay, † son to the Laird of Eveloch.

[Fountainhall observes that Douglas was the son of Mr William Douglas, "the advocate and poet." He was under nineteen, and was troubled with hypocondria and melancholy.]

— Oct. 5. John Leper, from Hamilton, for murder.

— Oct. 21. Six gypsies sent to New York.

— Nov. 2. John Buij, for murder.

— Dec. 15. William Cochrane, John Finlay, and James Robertson, hanged for treason.

— Dec. 29. Alexander Home, portioner in Home, hanged for treason.

1683, May 4. John Wilson, writer in Lanark, sentenced to death for treason.

— May 4. Robert Teviotdale, for a murder committed in Leith. Sentenced to death by the magistrates of Edinburgh.

— May 4. David McMillan, sentenced to death for treason.

— May 4. Andrew Gullane, one of the Archbishop's murderers.

— July 21. Twenty-one persons, by Court of Justiciary, for treason.

— July 26. Twenty-three persons on same charge.

— July 31. Eleven persons on same charge.

— Aug. 2. Seventeen persons on same charge.

[Seventy-two individuals committed to prison

* First Lord Napier, son of the Inventor of Logarithms.
† His step-brother.

in the course of ten days! When we recollect the limited accommodation in the Old Tolbooth, the sufferings of these unfortunate people must have been very grievous.]

1683, Nov. 1. Baillie of Jerviswood, and ten others, brought from London on a charge of treason.

— Nov. 23. Alexander Gordon of Earlstoun, ordered to be kept by himself; was to be put to the torture, but appeared mad.

[When brought to the Privy Council Chambers to be tortured, he commenced roaring like a bull, and struck about him with such violence, that not even the hangman would lay hands on him. He then fell into a swoon, and asserted that the bloody Dalziel and Drummond were to head the fanatic party, and that Duke Hamilton was on the same side. The Council became evidently alarmed at this, for had he confessed under torture, this might have bothered those in power very seriously. It was judged more prudent to treat him as a madman; and by this ingenious device he escaped torture.]

1684, Jan. 18. Sir William Scott of Harden, warded for nonpayment to his Majesty's Cash-keeper of 10,125 pounds Scots, as the fourth part of his valued rent, for keeping three house Conventicles; and the sum of 36,000 pounds, as the sixteenth part of his valued rent, for his lady's constant withdrawing from her paroch kirk.

[The Author of *Waverley* refers to this in one of his Introductory Chapters in the "Tales of My Landlord," wherein he says, "That some of his ancestors had suffered in purse and person in the cause of the Covenanters."—(Vol. ix.) The Scottish game of curling is incidentally mentioned by Lord Fountainhall, in his "Decisions," in the notice of this case: "A party of the forces having been sent out to apprehend Sir William Scott of Harden; one William Scott of Langhope getting notice of their coming, went and acquainted Harden with it, as he was playing at the curling with Riddell of Haining and others."]

— March 10. John Nicolson and Margaret —, for "bigamie and adulterie."

— May 9. Margaret Burnet, hanged for poisoning Catharine Hannie.

— June 5. Act of Privy Council, allowing the "gude town" to transport all "the idle vacabonds, whoors and thieves," who may be in the Gaol or Correction-house, for the well and ease of the place, and their more virtuous living in time coming.

— July 11. Robert Elder, for the murder of Finlay More MacFindlay.

— July 14. Daniel Ferguson, burning a wheat stack.

— Aug. 14. Act of Privy Council, allowing Lady Graden to be kept a closs prisoner with Baillie of Jerviswood.

— Aug. 18. Act of Privy Council, allowing Lady Jerviswood to visit her husband, but not to speak to him.

— Oct. 27. Privy Council, allowing the spouse of Mr William Carstairs to be kept close prisoner with her husband.

[Carstairs was afterwards chaplain of William the Third, and one of his chief advisers.]

1684, Sept. 10. Act of Privy Council, withdrawing liberty for the ladies to be with Jerviswood.

— Sept. 13. Sir John Dalrymple, advocate, open prisoner. Dame Elizabeth Dundas, his lady, and maid-servant to stay with him.

— Oct. 15. Eight parish ministers entered ward, conform to their obligations given at the Circuit.

— Nov. 13. Thirteen gentlemen from the west ward.

— Nov. 24. John Semple "that was put in the Thumbikins," by the Council, executed of this date.

[This was an instrument applied to the thumbs in such a way as to enable the executioner to squeeze them violently; and this was done frequently, with so much force as to bruise the thumb bones, and swell the arm of the sufferer up to his shoulders. A picture of the Thumbikins, used in torturing Carstairs, occurs in the *Scots Magazine* for August 1817, p. 7. They were fastened to the table with a screw. The thumbs are placed between two small iron bars; the upper bar was then screwed down by the executioner, and every turn of the screw inflicted the most excruciating torture on the sufferer.]

1685, Jan. 29. Janet Wallace, child murder, confessed.

— Mar. 5. Sir William Scott, of Harden, by warrant of Privy Council. Warrant signed "Perth."

— May 11. Christain Gardner, for adultery and child murder.

— May 20. Thirty-seven persons from Burntisland warded on a verbal order from Lord Balcarras, and the laird of Gosford.

1685, June 20. Lady Sophia Lindsay, by order of the Privy Council, to be kept close prisoner with her maid, but to have the best room.

[Sister of Colin, third Earl of Balcarras, she married a son of the Earl of Argyll, and assisted her father-in-law to escape from the Castle of Edinburgh in 1680, in the disguise of a page holding up her train.]

— June 26. James Webster and John Urquhart, merchants in Aberdeen, for the murder of Alexander Simpson there.

— June 30. Mr Robert Black, for keeping a "disorderlie schoole" in Edinburgh.

June 30. John Reid, skipper in Leith, for murder.

— July 3. Sir John Cochrane,* his son, and David Dunbar, by order of the Privy Council, to be met at the Watergate by the common hangman, who is to tie their hands behind their backs, to uncover them, and usher them up the way to the Tolbooth, with his coat on and covered.

— July 28. Nine gentlemen of the name of Campbell warded by order of the Privy Council.

— Dec. 13. Twelve women and nine men, who were imprisoned in Leith on the public account, removed to Edinburgh and put in the Iron-house for attempting to escape.

[The Iron-house was one apartment of the Tolbooth, so that these twenty-one individuals, male and female, were all huddled together.]

1686, March 23. John Gavins, soldier, hanged for the murder of a messenger on the High Street.

— April 18. Marion Hay, warded on the application of the minister of Libberton, till she find caution to satisfy the discipline of the Church for being an adulteress, and recommended by the minister to be fed on bread and water.

— Oct. 12. Mr John Adamson, and Mr John Shiell, brought from the Bass, by order of the Privy Council to Colonel Graham of Clavers.

— Oct. 12. Alexander Mowat, and John M'Kiver, for assassinating Mr John Irving, minister, in the wood of Humberie, and robbing him of 350 merks. Both hanged on the 23d December following.

— Nov. 16. Sixteen persons warded, "all phanaticks."

1687, June 23. Nine men brought in by Lieut. Lyon, Lieutenant to Colonel Graham.

— June 23. Thirteen women, on a warrant from Lord Strathallan.

1688, Feb. 17. Mr James Renwick executed in the Grasmere. Sentence pronounced on the 8th, but reprieved by the Privy Council till this day.

— Feb. 18. George Gibson, brother to Sir Alexander Gibson, liberated, after being seven years confined, on bond to return to prison in July next, if he is in life.

— Feb. 24. Philip Stanfield, executed at the Cross.

— June 16. The Lords of His Majesty's Privy Council do, upon the happy news of Her Most Serene Majesty having been delivered of a Prince of Scotland, hereby give order and warrant to the Magistrates of Edinburgh, furthwith to set at liberty Allan Bell, William Bell, William Haddock, James Janet, and Mary Howisons, prisoners on the account of field conventicles, and other church disorders and irregularities, and have discharged, and hereby discharge ym., or any of ym., to be troubled on the account foresaid, by any person qt.somewer in time coming. (Signed) Wm. Paterson, Clk. Secti. Concilii.

— June 29. John Allan, executed at the Cross for false coynage, was reprieved by the Privy Council from the 26th of April, "in regard to his continued unpreparedness to die and enter on eternitie."

— Aug. 2. The Lords of his Majesty's Privy Council, "Doe hereby, in pursuance of his Majesty's royall command, sygnified to them by his royall Letter, dated at Whythall, the 17th July, 1688, Give order and warrant for taking down the head of the late Earle of Argyll from off the tolbooth of Edinburgh, where it now stands, and for delivering it to any person who shall have the late Lord's son's order for receiving the same, to be disposed of yf. after in such way and manner as to the said late Lord's son shall seem fitt, without any lett, hinderance, or molestation qt.somewer: And Ordains the Magistrates of Edinburgh to give their concurrence and assistance in putting His Majesty's royall commands aforesaid to due execution. Extracted by me, W. P. C.S.C."

* Second son of the first Earl of Dundonald.

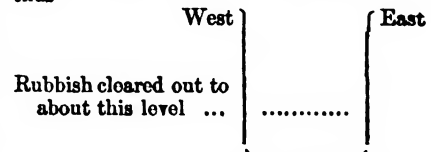
SOME ACCOUNT OF AN ANCIENT MINE.

[From the "Belfast Commercial Chronicle."]

THE neighbourhood of Ballidehob, in the parish of Schull, county Cork, has been for many years known to abound in mineral veins; but these, like many other sources of wealth possessed, but not employed by this unfortunate country, have been heretofore, except in a few instances, neglected, or perverted by designing men into means of fraud. The history of the Cappagh mine, near Ballidehob, the chief scene of the West Cork Mining Company's notorious adventure, is, unhappily for the interests of Irish mining, but too familiar both to mining capitalists and to those versed in Chancery reports. This and similar projects have tended to the utter extinction of a spirit of enterprise, always too feeble to withstand any great discouragement. But a more active and intelligent disposition, mainly fostered, if not altogether inspired, by the patriotic researches of Sir Robert Kane, is now beginning to exhibit itself in increased attention to our various "industrial resources," and amongst others to the mineral possessions of the country. Amongst the enterprises to which this disposition has given birth is that which has led to the remarkable discovery of which it is attempted in this paper to give an unpretending account. A few gentlemen of the city, and of this part of the county of Cork, agreed about two years since to expend a moderate sum in a search for mineral deposits, to which end they obtained the mining sets of two extensive estates, and engaged the service of an intelligent Cornish mining agent, Captain Charles Thomas. The researches hitherto have been attended with signal success, and the results promise to become highly important. Amongst them may be mentioned the discovery of several loads of yellow copper ore at the Mizen Head, where there is reason to hope for the establishment of a great and profitable mine. In the strata of the country, and the character of the loads, it is pronounced by Capt. John Reed, of the Berehaven Mines, to bear a close analogy to that celebrated mine (in whose neighbourhood it lies). But this by the way.

In the course of Captain Thomas's searches near Ballidehob, on the land of North Derrycarhune, an unfrequented mountain about two miles to the north of Ballidehob, and three miles from the sea, where he had previously found several mineral indications more or less promising, he observed a smooth rock of the slate of the country facing towards the south, which his experience at once told him was the northern boundary, or "north wall," of a "load" or vein. He further observed in the surface of the adjoining ground, which consisted of peat closely covered with strong herbage, several lags or depressions of the ground, running parallel to each other in a direction nearly east and west, at a distance of from ten to thirty yards apart. These depressions were about five feet in width each, and sunk below the ordinary surface at either side not more than six or seven inches, and covered with green sod like that around. Capt. Thomas, with a sagacity for which he deserves credit, at once stated his conviction that ancient

miners had worked there, and that these depressions were caused by the subsidence of loose stuff, filling up excavations which had been made upon the course of the east and west loads. It must here be stated that no record or tradition whatever existed in the country of any ancient excavations or works for mining or other purposes. Captain Thomas at once set men to work, and his inquiries have led to some extraordinary results. He discovered ancient workings on five different parallel roads; but that which has been hitherto most extensively cleared of rubbish is the third in order from the south. The rubbish appears to have been replaced in all with an anxiety to refill the excavations, and to obliterate from the surface every vestige of the works. In the load referred to the old excavation has been found to extend for about 600 feet along the course of the load at the surface, but to become rapidly narrower in longitudinal extent as it descends. It has been cleared out to a depth of about 60 feet, but the bottom has not yet been seen. (At this point a "cross-cut" has been driven north and south to intersect some of the other loads, for the mining purposes of the present proprietors; and it is understood that in one of them a valuable course of grey sulphuret of copper two feet wide has been discovered. If this be true, the discovery is likely to prove of at least equal interest to the poor labourers of the neighbourhood as to the antiquarian.) This ancient excavation was not made, like a modern mine, by shafts and levels, cross-cuts and winzes; but the whole contents of the load were cleared out along the entire surface of the work, small portions only of the load having been left standing here and there; so as to form natural abutments for the support of the "walls" of the load, performing the duty of the timber "stalls" of the modern Cornish miner, and being in fact indispensable for the safety of the mine. This load is from three to five feet wide, and this is accordingly the width of the old excavation as it now stands cleared out, and once more, after many centuries, exposed to light. As above stated, its longitudinal, or east and west dimensions, become narrower as they descend, its western termination being much more precipitous than the eastern, which latter appears to have been used for the purposes of ascent and descent. Thus a vertical section of the limits of the excavation would present a curve, somewhat like that of a syphon, thus



Pure precipitate of copper has been found in considerable quantities mixed with the peat of the surface; but no ore, at least in any important quantity, is seen standing where the ancients left off work.

Numerous implements have been found in the rubbish, the most remarkable of which are the syphon-shaped tube, and the funnel attached, now at the Irish Academy, which this sketch is intended

to accompany. These were found precisely in their present state, at a depth of about 50 feet. The material is apparently of yew, but its use is as yet wholly unexplained. It is charred on the inside, as if it had been hollowed by fire; and the direction of the annuli of the wood may show whether it was cut from a solid piece, or artificially bent into its present curve, or was a natural "knee" of timber. An annular mark will be observed at its lesser end, as fresh as if it had been contracted but yesterday, showing that it had there insertion into another tube. Could it have been used for the purpose of washing the ore, the knee being placed undermost, and the legs upwards, so that the richer and heavier particles on subsiding might have been extracted through the longitudinal aperture on the inside and at the bottom of the curve?

There has been also found a very wide ladder, consisting of a single piece of oak, the steps being formed by notches cut on one side. The timber is much decayed. Its length now remaining is about 12 feet.

A multitude of stone hammers of the very rudest construction have been found dispersed through the rubbish, two of which are believed to be at present in the possession of Professor Allman, of Trinity College, Dublin, who recently visited the place. These consist of single stones, of four or seven pounds weight, and of an irregular oval shape, which in some appears to have been artificial; but the majority seem to owe their form to the action of water, and to have been brought from the neighbouring sea-shore. They are generally slightly flattened at one side to fit the hand, and battered at the opposite end as if from use.

No metallic implement of any kind has been found, nor does the mine exhibit the smallest trace of the use of any such. It is needless to say that no marks of the use of gunpowder are to be seen. It is probable that the place was densely wooded at the period of the operations. It is further to be observed that no scorificæ, or "slags," the residue of smelting processes, have yet been found.

Who, then, were those ancient and mysterious workmen, who, possessing no metallic implements, yet laboured with incredible perseverance to obtain the raw ores from which the metal could still be extracted only by a difficult and tedious process—who, ignorant and rude as they must have been, are yet proved by those "stalls," which are above described, to have been not wholly inexperienced in the art of mining? Why did they so carefully and with so much labour replace the rubbish and remove the traces of their works? Were they natives of the island, or casual visitors from a more civilised nation, as the Phœnicians; who, unexpectedly falling on these mineral deposits, worked them with such means as they had at hand, afterwards closing and concealing them, with the intention of reserving them for a future visit? The works, from their extent, and the imperfection of the tools which appear to have been used, must either have occupied a considerable portion of time, or been accomplished by a great number of workmen. Either of these facts would seem unfavourable to the foregoing supposition.

Finally, what was the era of these works? A singular and authentic element for this inquiry is supplied by the hand of nature herself, for at the edge of one of the excavations may now be seen, lying on a bed of peat, a stratum of the rubbish thrown up by the workmen, about one foot in thickness. Above this rubbish there lies *in situ* the peat which has accumulated since the throwing up of the stuff: and this stratum of peat, which is moderately compressed, is of three feet in thickness. The time therefore required for the accumulation of such a stratum has obviously elapsed since the period of these ancient works; and that, measured by the generations of men, must be of considerable length.

It is greatly to be desired that some gentlemen qualified to investigate such a subject should examine the circumstances on the spot; where they would, doubtless, find much to interest them, both in the scientific and the industrial relations of the matter.

Skibbereen, co. Cork,
1st Nov. 1847.

MINUTES OF IRVINE PRESBYTERY.

[Continued from the "Ayrshire News Letter."]

WE shall now give a series of extracts illustrating the conduct of the kirk in matters of ordinary procedure, as well as the extent and character of her claims of sanctity, and to public regard. We shall see how nobles bowed the neck to her uncompromising decisions—how "the call" was made and responded to in the "golden age"—what exertions were made in cases of public distress and for objects of public utility—and how the clergy passed through the ordeal of the solemn visitation, when Presbyterial committees inquired at the people, individually and collectively, what accusation in regard to life, doctrine, character, &c., they could bring against their minister.

2d Oct., 1646.—It was reported that Janet Reid, in Largs, had made her repentance for slandering her minister. That David Brown, in London, has satisfied for speaking against the covenant. Rob. Brown, Largs, cited for saying The devil be with the ministers, a pack of false common thieves went after them &c.; and when a piper came out to play, he said he came to play away the puritans. The Laird of Knock, for taking protection, cited—also Lord Boyd, the Laird of Craig, and others, for similar practices."

"12th Jan., 1647.—My Lord Montgomerie having exhibit *ane presentation* to the kirk of Ardrossan, in favour of Ralph Rodger; after reading of the said presentation, Mr Ralph was inquired whither or no he would accept of it, and answerit he would accept of it, in *case the Presbytery found it ruled*; whereupon it is ordained that Mr Alex. Dunlop, the next day, should produce before the Presbytery both the decret of the plat and the prior presentation, to collation the two together, that the Presbytery might give their judgment the better. The Presbytery ordered a day of solemn humiliation for divers sins, and also for the plague or pestilence that was beginning to rage in Glasgow."

2d Feb., 1647.—My Lord Boyd expressed his

willingness to give satisfaction to the kirk for his complying with the enemy. The Presbytery ordered a contribution from every parish to repair the bridge of Lugton. A contribution ordered for the distressed people of Argyre, as recommended by the committee of the kirk."

"29th March, 1647.—This day being appointed for the closing and perfyting of Mr Andw. Hutchison on his trials, the brethren, in an afternoon session, convened, and having examined and tried the said Mr Andrew, both in his knowledge of tongues, chronology, reconciliation of seeming contradictions, exposition of harder places and cases of conscience, he was approved in all; and having given satisfaction in his whole trials, the Presbytery ordains his edict to be given out and served, and returned formallie, indorsed the next day of meeting, and for hastening his admission, that there should be no stop and let to it. Mr John Bell and Mr Hugh M'Kaile, are appointed to meet at Stewarton upon Monday come-eight-days, for the removal of all impediments out of the way, that there may be a full settling betwixt the parish of Stewarton and the said Mr Andrew. This being the day of censure, the brethren were removit as follows: Mr Pat. Colville and Mr John Bell, well reported of by all; Mr Hugh M'Kaile and Mr Wm. Guthrie, has a good testimony of the whole brethren; Mr Wm. Lindsay and Mr Jas. Ferguson, well reported of; Mr Wm. Castellan and Mr Alex. Nisbet, reported well of; Mr John Nevey and Mr Rob. Urie, had the like testimony. The absent ordained to be censured next day."

"20th April, 1647. The edict of Andw. Hutchison being called for, was returned formallie, indorsed by Robert Brown, clerk to the session at Stewarton. The parishioners of Stewarton being called upon three several times, if they had *any thing to object, either against the doctrine or life and conversation* of the said Mr Andrew, that they should compar, with certification, that if they did not compar the Presbytery would go on to the admission. None gave appearance, whereupon the Presbytery concludes to go on to the admission of the said Mr Andrew, and to the end, that his admission might be hastened, the ordinance is renewed to the former committee that was appointed to meet at Stewarton, for settling of any thing that might be controverted betwixt the parish and the said Mr Andrew, to meet upon Monday next, without delay, for the full settling of Mr Andrew and the parish of Stewarton, and to report their diligence."

"27th April, 1647.—Mr John Bell, in name of the rest of the brethren who were appointed to go to Stewarton for settling and composing any thing that might be controverted between Mr Andrew Hutchison and the parish of Stewarton, relates that he had kepted, and had settled all things that were debateable, and ane security for stipend, glebe, and manse, agreed upon to be given to the said Mr Andrew, whereupon the Presbytery ordains Mr Andrew Hutchison his admission to be upon Thursday come-eight-days, and Mr Hugh M'Kaile to preach, in case the foresaid conditions be fulfilled that were agreed upon both by the commissioners of the Presbytery and the parish of Stewarton."

"4th May, 1647.—Mr Wm. Castellan being enquired if the securities for Mr Andrew Hutchison, his stipend, glebe, and manse, was subscribed by the gentlemen and heritors of the parish of Stewarton, answered that it was drawn up and subscribed, and that he had a commission to produce the same to the Presbytery. The bond being read and produced was found to be defective in this, that it was not subscribed by the whole heritors. The said Mr William *fearing that the admission upon this ground would be delayed*, undertook to have the bond subscribed by the whole heritors having interest against the day of admission; and in case he should fail in this, he is content to be bound and obliged, and binds and obliges himself to pay what was unlaiking by the non-subscribers, and upon this the Presbytery ordains the admission to go on upon Thursday next, and the whole Presbytery to be present. Upon the humble petition of Mr Alex. Dunlop, (the lately deposed minister of Ardrrossan,) the Presbytery, notwithstanding that they have appointed Mr Ralph Rodger his edict to be served, concludes that the admission should be delayed till the 1100 merks be paid to him by the parish of Ardrrossan, and all other conditions fulfilled that were agreed upon between the said parish and Mr Alex. Dunlop.

"18th May, 1647.—The Presbytery had no exercise this day, because that the brethren who were appointed *did pretend* that they got no advertisement, whereupon the Presbytery, *de novo*, appointed the same two who were formerly appointed to exercise this day 15 days. The edict of Mr Ralph Rodger being called for, was returned formallie and lawfullie indorsit—proclamation according to the custom being made at the kirk door to the parishioners of Ardrrossan, to come here in case they had any thing to object *either against the doctrine or the life and conversation* of Mr Ralph Rodger. None comparred. The presentation being produced and compared with the prior presentation, it was found to be deficient in ane clause anent the sea vicarage, whilk it did not specify at all, which the Presbytery was confident that the two noblemen, Eglington and Montgomerie, would rectify. The edict being served, the parishioners pleased with the man, and the Presbytery being hopeful that the said two noblemen would be willing to mend any thing that was deficient in the presentation, upon this consideration the Presbytery ordains the admission of the said Mr Ralph Rodger to be upon Thursday come-eight-days, and Mr Wm. Russel to preach. Mr Hugh M'Kaile, and Mr Alex. Nisbet, and Mr James Ferguson, are appointed to revise Row, his psalms, and to give in their animadversions thereupon."

1st June, 1647.—A visitation at the new kirk at Kilmarnock, (understood to be Fenwick,) Mr Wm. Guthrie, the minister, preached, and was approved of. Their different elders being called upon separately, expressed themselves highly pleased with their minister. The rest of the elders being called in cumulo, because there was not the least surmise of any particular to occasion farther and particular enquiry one by one, most unanimously and most cheerfully confirmed the good opinion, &c. The elders being removed, the ministers gave them a *very sweet testimony*, as also to the whole flock.

Being enquired at about the payment of his stipend, gave a very *unsatisfactory account as to that matter.*"

15th June, 1647.—The plague surmised to be in Kilwinning, and that the sickness at Largs still continues. The Laird of Dunlop having related to the Presbytery that the parish of Dunlop had given an unanimous call to Mr James Durham of Pourie, to be their minister, and withal desiring the Presbytery's concurrence with them in the said call. The Presbytery being most willing to further the motion upon the sight of the said call, appoints a letter to be direct from the Presbytery to the said Mr James, intreating that he would lay the call of the Presbytery to heart."

Next month, we shall give an interesting account of the process of Presbyterial investigation as to a ministers' diligence, acceptability and usefulness. Associated with these proceedings will be found the names of many, such as M'Kail, Outhrie, and Durham,—names which fall like a strain of soft music on the ear of all whose hearts glow at the reminiscences of those days, when the banner of the covenant waved over the wild and heathy hills of the west, besprinkled with, and hallowed by, the blood of its martyrs.

BATTLE OF PRESTONPANS.

THIS battle, fought September 21st, 1745, between the forces of Prince Charles-Edward—usually styled the *Pretender*—and those of the Hanoverian dynasty, is sometimes called *Gadsmuir*. It was so designated in the despatches of the Prince, after the victory, and more than one historian of the events of the period has followed the example. The reader, unless versant in Scottish topography and history, might suppose that *Prestonpans* and *Gladsmuir* were two different battle-fields. The inconvenience of this seems to have been anticipated by a contributor, or contributors to the *Scots Magazine* at the time—November 1745—in the following humorously serious petition :

To the author of the SCOTS MAGAZINE.

The petition of Prestonpans, Preston, Cockenzie, Seton and Tranent.

Humbly sheweth,

That whereas, from all antiquity, it has been, and still is the universal custom, to denominate battles from the field on which they were fought, or from some town or village nearest to such fields ;

And whereas some dignity is thereby added to such fields, towns, or villages, their names made remarkable in the maps, and recorded in history ;—witness the small village of *Dettingen*, which was never of such consideration as to find a place in the maps of *Germany*, until it was celebrated by the engagement which happened near it a few years ago ;

And whereas, on the 21st of *September* last, there was a battle fought on a field which is in a manner surrounded by us the petitioning towns and villages ; from one or other of which the said battle ought undoubtedly to derive its title :

Nevertheless, the publishers of a certain newspaper, intitled, *The Caledonian Mercury*, have most unjustly denominated the said battle from a

muir on which it was not fought, nor near to it ; in which they are followed by several people, who, either through malice against your petitioners, or through stupidity, have affected to call, and still do call it, *The battle of Gladsmuir*. By which practice your petitioners are, conjunctly and severally, deprived of that honour and fame which of right pertains to them, and which in all histories, future maps and almanacks, ought to be transmitted as theirs to the latest posterity.

Your petitioners humbly apprehend, that even the conquerors themselves have no right, after a battle is once fought, to determine that it was fought on any other field than where it really was.

Shall, then, our fruitful fields and meadow-ground be called by the name of a barren muir ? This, Sir, is downright *transubstantiation*, and can be enforced by nothing less than the late fashionable arguments of *military execution*.

Your petitioners could have put up with such an encroachment as they take this to be upon their property, had it appeared only in a short-lived newspaper, especially when published by a certain authority, or rather command ; but it affects us much to see the same usurped title of the fore-mentioned battle find a way into your last *September Magazine*, which bids fair to perpetuate it.

May it therefore please you, Good Sir, if you have occasion hereafter to publish any thing concerning the said battle, to denominate it from one of your petitioners ; or at least to publish this our remonstrance against the encroachment made upon our rights. And your petitioners shall ever pray &c.

The editor of the SCOTS MAGAZINE, in a strain of well-affected gravity, appends a conditional interlocutor in favour of Preston. He says—

The desire of the above petition appears to be just and reasonable, for any thing yet seen. But, as in matters of great importance all parties having or pretending to have interest ought to be called, we ordain the said petition to be seen, and answers to be given in betwixt and the tenth day of *January* next ; with certification, that, if no answer is then given in, the desire of it will be granted. And in regard the honour and fame resulting from the name of this battle, must be confined to one of the petitioners, so that all of them except one must give up their right, for the greater utility of his Majesty's subjects, (for there would not be room in maps or almanacks to conjoin all the petitioners in one), we hereby declare, that, in case no answer is given in against the time appointed, we shall for the future denominate this battle by the name of Preston, as this petitioner's title seems to be best founded in the nature of the thing, and as we have the greatest number of precedents for such preference ; allowing the other petitioners, nevertheless, to make their objections, if they any have, in due time. And further, in case judgment is allowed to pass in the above terms, which it is hereby declared to do without further form, provided no answers or objections are presented as aforesaid, we hereby give full power to such of our readers as think proper, to erase the word *Gladsmuir* in all places of our *Magazine* in which it is

used to denominate the battle in question, and in place thereof to write *Preston*; allowing such of them, however, as may have reasons unknown to the petitioners and to us for preferring the former word, not only to continue *Gladsmuir*, where it already is, but even to write it in place of *Preston*, in case this last word should in its turn be exceptionable: for we are utterly averse to any encroachments on the liberties of mankind, sacred or civil.

SEARCH FOR PEARLS IN SCOTLAND, IN 1622.

EARL OF MELROS TO KING JAMES IV.

MOST SACRED SOVERAINE,

VNDERSTANDING, by my Lord Chancellor, that the Earle of Kellie, by his letter, had signified to him, that it wes your royall pleasour, that I sould aduertise what order wes proseriued for the timelie and convenient search of pearles in this kingdome, with the effects thairrof. For obedience of your maiesties commandement, by the letter first sent to me for that purpose, I conferred with the Lord Chancellor and Aduocat, and by their aduice and concurrence, directed commissions to Sir Robert Gordon, and, in his absence, to his brother Sir Alexander, for Sutherland; to the Lord of Kintail, for the waters in Ross; and to Mr Patrik Maitland of Auchincreib, for the waters of Eythen, and others within the schirefdome of Aberdeen: with power to Maistor Patrik Maitland to receiue all the pearle that sould be found to youre maiesties vse, geuing due satisfaction to the takers thereof. I haue not hard of the effects of Sir Alexander Gordons diligence, but haue of new remembred him, by letter, of your maiesties direction, and his owne dutie. I haue spoken with the Lord Kintail, in this towne, who sayes he hes not hard of any pearl taken, sence his commission, in the waters of Ross. Maister Patrik Maitland persewed some men of Aberdene, before the counsell, for thair vnlauffull buyeing of pearles, since the proclamation; who compeiring, some confessed a small quantitie of pearle of no valow, the rest, being sworne and examined, denied. Order wes taken with the contravenars, and they acted vnder great panes to abstean from that trade; and the proclamation commanded to be of new published, to restra.ne the abuse of vnlauffull buyeing. I am informed that their are sindrie other riuers in this kingedome where pearles ar found; as the water of Forth, the waters of Cart beside Paislay, and some waters in Galloway; but I heare not of any pearles of wourth found thairin, except verie rarelie. If it please your maiestie to make choice of any dwelling in those cuntries, to take charge of the riuers, commissions sall be given as they sall be directed. So, praying God long and graciously to preserue your maiestie, the pearle of kings, I rest,

Your sacred Maiesties most humble and
faithfull subject and bund seruant,

MELROS.

Edinburgh, penult of Januar 1622.

The ship of Ostend, which wes at Monross, hes been rencountred at sea be a waghter of the estates, and so miserablie beaten, that scho wes to fle to

Stanehyue, vnable to be repaired for vse or seruice, as we heare.

Last of Januar 1622.

To the Kings most sacred Maiestie.

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF ROBERT THE BRUCE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SCOTTISH JOURNAL."

SIR,—As your valuable *Journal* is a repertory of ancient traditionary stories, and antiquarian lore, I haue made bold to submit for your consideration the following short but striking legend, which I heard long ago, in my boyhood, from the lips of an old sybil, yclept my "grannie," deeply versed in all the unearthly mysteries of the "world of spirits," fairies, brownies, witches, kelpies, and "such other bugs," (as honest Reginald Scot says in his famous *Discoverie of Witchcraft*), by which our forefathers were rendered "afraid of their own shadows."

That eventful period, when the sun of Scottish liberty had set in the blood of our noblest patriot, "the wight Wallace," and the young King, Robert the Bruce, was pursued, as an alien, among his native mountains by the "Southron kernes," is peculiarly rife with many heart-stirring narratives of the countless perils to which our gallant countrymen were exposed, and the noble deeds they achieved. Prodiges, too, were eagerly caught at by both parties, as auguries of the success of their respective causes. The life of King Robert the Bruce teems with marvellous exploits, and not a few mysterious incidents (such as the strange fire which lighted him over to Turnberry) which may never be sufficiently explained. But perhaps the most mysterious incident related of Bruce is that which I am about to state, for the veracity of which, however, nobody could of course vouch—I only

"Say the tale as 'twas said to me."

One dark and stormy night in the spring of 13—, Bruce was wandering alone upon the Ayrshire coast, near to an old castle called *Blairstone*. That day his little but devoted band of followers had been scattered by a sudden and unexpected onset of the enemy; and the poor King, driven to extremity, pinched with hunger, and without a single friend to whom he could unburthen his grief, sought refuge in the "pathless wilds." Weary and wayworn, he at length reached a bleak and dreary muir, close to the sea, from which the cold sea-blast was howling, and looked round for shelter, where shelter there was none. It is said that on this muir there once lay a large smooth slab of stone, half embedded in the sod, and half covered with the heather; and that Bruce, in despair of finding any human dwelling that night, sat himself down on the stone, and giving free vent to his despair, in the agony of the moment, began to repine against the mysterious workings and ways of Providence. Despair often makes the sufferer an unbeliever. Bruce then prayed that heaven would vouchsafe, by some visible and apparent sign, to show whether he should continue the almost hopeless struggle to retrieve his fortunes, and regain the liberties of Scotland. What pathos must have been in that

prayer, evoked from the very depths of his labouring heart!

Faint and famished, sleep overtook him, and he fell forward on the face of the stone, his ponderous two-handed sword lying beneath him. The midnight storm beat in all its fury over the unprotected head of the unfortunate King. He awoke in the cold grey of the morning; but picture his amazement when, on raising his brand, he perceived that on the face of the stone, whereon he had lain, was impressed the figure of his sword!

This undoubted miracle or prodigy at once filled him with the cheering rays of hope. He knelt down that moment, and offered grateful thanks to God; and from that hour he never despaired of success in his glorious cause.

My garrulous informant stated that the stone, bearing the well-defined impress of the Bruce's sword, existed in her "young days," but whether it exists at present I cannot tell. Perhaps some of the western readers or correspondents of the "Journal" may be able to say.

A. W. E.

[The stone referred to still exists. It is a huge block of granite—not properly a *slab*, though it lies flat. It is mentioned in *Abercrommie's* description of Carrick—written before 1688—and appears to have occupied the same ground then that it does at present. He says "There is also upon the descent of *Broun-Carrick-Hill*, near to the Mains of Blairstoune, a big Whinstone, upon which there is the dull figure of a Cross; which is alleged to have been done by some venerable Churchman, who did mediat a peace twixt the king of the Picts and the Scots; and to give the more authority to his proposalls, did in their sight, by laying a Cross upon the stone, imprint that figure thereon." Such was, apparently, the tradition when *Abercrommie* wrote. It has also been attributed to Wallace as well as Bruce.]

ADDRESS TO AUCHENBOTHIE TOWER.

THE remains of this fine old ruin are situated in the parish of Lochwinnoch, Renfrewshire, close by the high way leading from Caldwell to the little rural clachan of Howood. The earliest account which we have of Auchenbothie, or Auchenbathie, is by *Crawford* in his history of Renfrewshire, (quarto edition, with a continuation by *Robertson*, published in 1818). At page 82, he thus speaks of the Wallaces of Elderslie:—"I have seen a resignation of the lands of Auchenbothie into the hands of Robert, Duke of Albany, governor of Scotland, in the year 1398, by John Wallace of Elderslie, in favour of Thomas Wallace, his son:" and at page 87, still speaking of the Wallace family, he repeats the former statement: thus, "the first of whom (meaning the Wallaces), I have found mentioned, is John Wallace of Elderslie, who resigns the lands of Auchenbathie in favour of Thomas Wallace his son in the year 1398, who was author of the Wallaces of Johnston." About nine years after the preceding date, we find that Wallace of Elderslie, having obtained, by some means unknown, the lands of Fulton, which had before belonged to Fulton of that Ilk, gifted or resigned them, for some priestly service, to the "Ecclesiastics of Paisley."

It is supposed that the Fultons of that Ilk removed and settled at the time on a portion of the lands of Auchenbothie. In a note appended to an article in the "Paisley Magazine," entitled "Some Incidents in the Life of Alexander Wilson, the celebrated American Ornithologist, collected in the parish of Locwhinnoch," we are informed that Auchenbothie, which belonged to the Wallaces of Elderslie, and which is thus alluded to by *Blind Harry* in his metrical history of Sir William Wallace—

Malcolm Walys hir got in marreage
That Elderslie had in heritage;
Auchenbath and other sundrie places,
The second oe he was of gude Walys—

was a barony whereon was a tower or castle, considerable ruins of which were to be seen at that time. The dimensions of the ruins of the castle at this day are as follows: 30 feet in length, 30 feet in breadth, and the walls at the base about 6 feet in thickness. A part of the walls standing measures about 16 feet in height. It must have been a place of some strength in the feudal ages.

Mould'ring ruin! all neglected,
Can'st thou tell of ages gone,
When thy proud halls were respected—
Now so desolate and lone?
Can'st thou tell the martial story
Of brave Wallace, freedom's son,
Who, on war-fields red and gory,
Scotia's independence won.

Did his footsteps ere awaken
Echoes in thy stately hall?
Was there ere a gathering beacon
Kindled on thy lofty walls?
Was there ere a foe, assailant,
Led by knight of famous powers,
Who was vanquished by the valiant
Warriors in thy guarded towers?

Was there ere a beauteous maiden,
Lovely as the sun-beam bright,
In thy halls, whose smile did gladden
The won hearts of many a knight?
Tell me of the warriors hoary,
Who, around the wassail bowl,
Echoed the heroic story
Of their chief of noble soul.

Mouldering ruin! desolation
O'er thee wilds his lonely sway,
And silence mocks my fond petition
That in echo dies away.
Shorn of all thy former glory,
Solitude dwells in thy walls,
And oblivion shrouds the story
Of the brave who graced thy halls.

In thy towers, where oft were seated,
Warriors brave and ladies fair,
Whose bright eyes to eyes repeated
Love's pure language fondly there,
Sits the night-owl, idly slumbering
When the sun is shining high,
And with shrieks the lone hours numbering,
When the stars are in the sky.

Where rich strains of music swelling
Often echoed in thy hall,
There the bat hath found a dwelling
In thy solitary walls;
And the dews of eve are sleeping
Flowers thy ruins dark among,
And the "ivy green" is creeping
Where rich tapestry was hung.

Ruin lone! I love to wander
Near thee when the evening falls,

Where the mossy streams meander,
Singing round thy gloomy walls—
When the cooling breeze is bringing
Odour from the moorland flowers;
When the blythesome birds are singing
Flitting round thy broken towers.

And I love thee, though deserted—
Left to moulder in decay:
Like the cheerless broken-hearted,
That neglected pine away.
The more I love thee, thus forsaken,
My heart the warmer turns to thee;
And thy sad fate can awaken
A mournful sympathy in me.

J. D. B.

Varieties.

FORGERY.—Is one of those crimes, says a letter in Nov. 1803, the frequency of which seems to increase with the certainty of punishment. Excluded in almost every instance from clemency, it is daily becoming more common, and the alteration of the punishment to death has had no terrifying influence. The punishment of this crime formerly was perhaps thought too sanguinary by some, and too merciful by others, so difficult it is to apportion punishment to crimes, and so short-sighted are legislators when they consider death as a preventative as well as a curb. In a Journal for the year 1731, we find the following detail of the then mode of punishment, which to many of our readers is probably unknown:—June 9. "This day, about noon, Japhet Crook, alias Sir Peter Stranger, was brought to the pillory at Charing Cross, according to his sentence of forgery. He stood an hour thereon; after which a chair was set on the pillory, and he being put therein, the hangman, with a sort of pruning-knife cut off both his ears, and immediately a surgeon clapt a styptic thereon. When the executioner, with a pair of scissors, cut his left nostril twice before it was through, and afterwards cut through his right nostril at once. He bore all this with great patience; but when, in pursuance of his sentence, his right nostril was seared with a hot iron, he was in such violent pain, that his left nostril was let alone, and he went from the pillory bleeding. He was conveyed thence to the King's Bench Prison, to remain there for life. He died in confinement about three years after.

ARMAGH CAPTURED BY STRATAGEM.—In the month of January, 1696, the earl of Tyrone made a grand effort to regain Armagh, and with that object he attacked a considerable force of the English army, under Sir John Norris, which was stationed at the church of Killoter. They were forced to give way to the desperate valour of the Irish, and after losing many of their number they fled through Armagh to Dundalk, having left a garrison of 500 men under Captain Stafford for the defence of the former place. Tyrone being now master of the surrounding country, took the most effectual means to cut off all communication between Armagh and the English army, by which the garrison became a prey to famine and disease. Sir John Norris made an attempt to relieve the city, by forwarding a quantity of provisions from Dundalk, under the escort of a squadron of horse and three companies of foot. But, through the vigilance of Tyrone, the escort was defeated and captured, with the whole convoy, and the Irish chieftain stripped the British soldiers and equipped an equal number of his own men in their uniforms. He placed one half of these under Con O'Neil in the vaults of a ruined monastery, which was situated eastward of the city, and with the remainder he appeared at dawn of day in full view of the garrison. A sham fight soon commenced between those dressed in the English uniform and another body of the Irish army, the men on each side firing their muskets, which were charged only with powder, and many of the soldiers fell to the ground as if struck by the shock of their antagonists. Completely deceived by this stratagem, Stafford sent forth the half of his garrison to the assistance of his supposed countrymen; but when the English advanced to the conflict, they suddenly found themselves assailed by the troops whom they had been so eager to succour, as

well as by Tyrone's forces; and in the midst of their confusion Con O'Neil sprang forth with his corps from the old monastery, and the whole party thus attacked in front and rear, were put to the sword in the very view of the garrison. Stafford was so weakened by this disaster that he surrendered the city, on being permitted to retire to Dunalk.—'Stories of Ireland.'

STAGE PLAYS.—The reign of Henry VIII. was memorable for the introduction of stage plays into Ireland. The members of the different guilds, or corporations, of Dublin were the first actors, and it is said that, during the Christmas of 1523, the earl of Kildare was invited every day to a new play, performed on a stage erected in Hoggan (New College) Green—the tailors acting Adam and Eve; the shoemakers, Crispin and Crispinus; the vintners, the story of Bacchus; the smiths, that of Vulcan; the carpenters, Joseph and Mary; the bakers, the comedy of Ceres; the prior of St John of Jerusalem and all Hallows caused at the same time two plays to be acted, the one representing the passion of our Saviour, and the other representing the various Martyrdoms of the apostles—so indecently were sacred and profane subjects mixed together at that time.

WOLVES IN SCOTLAND.—The honour of having slain the last Scottish wolf is claimed by different distinguished families, and the scene of his death has been laid in various parts of the kingdom. By some authorities, the very last wolf in Scotland was killed in the seventeenth century by the famous Sir Evan Cameron of Lochiel. The same exploit is also said to have been achieved by an Ogilvy in the wild glen of Bach-na-gairn, where the Grampians descend in steep and abrupt gorges to the Lowland districts of Forfarshire. However or wherever the race may have become extinct, we are well pleased to remember that it is so—that shepherds are no longer in fear for their flocks, or mothers for thier infants, as often happens in the severity of a Continental winter, when these ferocious animals come hunger-stimulated from the mountains. In former times the "woulfs" were objects of deserved terror. We are told that the tract of country called Ederachillis, on the west coast of Sutherland, was so invested by them that they even rifled the corpses from the graves, and the inhabitants were obliged to convey their dead to the neighbouring island of Handa, as the only safe place of sepulture. Handa is a barren and lofty rock of red sandstone, its cliffs on the north-west side rising six hundred feet in a perpendicular wall from the ocean. They are stratified horizontally, and present the appearance of the most regular and artistic masonry. The spray from the stormy billows, which here seldom know repose, is dashed often to their summits, while, undaunted by the noisy roar and continual showers, the sea-fowl gather thickly on the inaccessible ledges of the rocks. These birds are of various kinds. The osprey or sea-eagle, the gannet or solan-goose, all sorts of gulls, puffins, fulmars, the kestrel falcon or hawk, and many others of rarer species, make Handa's shelves their yearly home, coming always to lay their eggs and rear their young in the beginning of spring, and leaving the island in the end of summer, or later, according to the nature of the season. They afford food to the inhabitants. The fulmer yields an oil, which cheers the dreariness of winter, by lighting their wretched hovels; and the feathers are received as rent by the proprietors of the island. The grey-furred and green-eyed wolf, which was once a tenant of these districts, was the same as the common European wolf of the present day. The female suckles her young for six months, in a sort of nest heaped roughly together of twigs of grass. The wolf, from its extreme voracity, when flesh cannot be had, will eat refuse of any description. The "ware-wolf," or witch disguised in the shape of a wolf, was at one time an universal superstition wherever these animals were found. Even now, the peasant of Russia and Poland hold a belief of the same nature.

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LARGS.

THE Church of this interesting parish is situated in the town of Largs, at the north end of the street, facing the sea.* The former church stood within the burying-ground, but when its re-building became necessary, in 1812, it was removed from its primitive site to the present more open and eligible situation. The present edifice is a neat plain building, originally a simple oblong in plan, but, by the addition of aisles to its eastern extremity, in 1821, it has been made to assume a cruciform appearance. A steeple, of a quadrilateral form, crowned with embrasures, and small turrets at the angles, from which rises an octagonal spire, surmounted by a weather-cock, graces the west gable, which is, moreover, the principal façade of the building. Whatever may be the architectural defects of the edifice, it possesses one feature, in the single tier of windows by which it is lighted, that all must commend. Within, the church presents a light, airy, and comfortable look, and is capable of accommodating about 1300 sitters.

The burying-ground, which is a moderate sized enclosure, is situated behind the south extremity of the same street as that in which the church stands, and another running eastward. It is a quiet spot, though partly surrounded by dwelling-houses and gardens, and is kept in a state of decency and order that might serve as a pattern to

most of the churchyards in the district. From the north-west it is not inappropriately overlooked by a large tumulus or mound of earth, raised

"Above Norwegian warriors grim,
Savage of heart and large of limb,"

who fell in the battle of 1263, and is now one of the few memorials of that decisive contest that has withstood the changes of modern times.* An aisle erected, in 1636, by Sir Robert Montgomery of Skelmorlie, and which extended northward from the demolished church, has been left entire. It contains a burial vault, and over it a stately and richly sculptured monument, erected in 1639, by the same eminent person. The style of the monument, and the painted ornaments of the apartment, are subjects of no common interest to those conversant with that department of the arts. Every person of taste, therefore, must regret that such rare and valuable specimens of monumental architecture, and the ornamental style of the early part of the seventeenth century, should be consigned by neglect to decay, and that nothing should be attempted, by the noble proprietor, to arrest the wasting "deliberate malice" of time.

The aisle measures, over the walls, 34 feet 10 inches, by 22 feet. It is built both outside and inside, the ceiling excepted, of chiseled freestone, and is covered with a deep roof, the south gable of which is surmounted by a thistle, and the other by a fleur-de-lis. The interior is lighted by a large equilateral arched window in the north gable, divided by a strong mullion into two trefoil-headed lights, with a small circular aperture between the heads; two of the ordinary form in each of the side-walls, and since the removal of the church, by another in the south gable. The entrance-door, the moderate height of which is characteristic of

* In several respects this parish is certainly among the most interesting in the west of Scotland. The few but significant relics still extant of the famous battle of 1263, along with the vestiges of entrenchments of a more remote antiquity, are objects that have long attracted the attention of the antiquary, and conferred on the district historical celebrity. Of times more modern, yet still rude and lawless, the ancient portions of the feudal residences of Skelmorlie and Kelburn, and the ruined Castles of Fairlie and Knock, will be found not unworthy of the notice of him who studies the condition and manners of ages long since past, through the medium of such tangible and unequivocal monuments. The admirer, too, of fine prospects will not lack gratification here; for, though the scenery of the lower part of the parish is not of a very picturesque cast, it presents a variety of views of a character decidedly beautiful, while those commanded from the higher grounds are extremely magnificent, and scarcely equalled in variety, extent and grandeur, by any on the shores of the Firth of Clyde. Even in the less attractive field to which our humble researches are limited, there are few parishes that have higher claims to distinction; and we doubt not that this paper will shew, that the churchyard of Largs does not yield in interest to any in the county.

* The mound, which is of an elliptical form, measures in length about 25 yards, is 9 in breadth, and between 4 and 5 in height. Its proximity to the church, and the circumstance of human bones having been found beneath a portion of it that was removed several years ago, afford testimony corresponding to that of the Norwegian chronicle, that Haco did bury, at least, some of his dead, at the church of Largs. The old church, of which a fragment of the south wall has been preserved, was a building of unknown antiquity and great strength, the portion remaining being 4 feet in thickness, and still of the most compact solidity. It is not, therefore, improbable that the recently demolished edifice was the original church of Largs, which appears, says Dillon, in his "Observations on the Norwegian Expedition against Scotland," from the Chartularies of Glasgow and Paisley, to have existed before 1263.

the architecture of the country at the period of its construction, is in the west side of the building. It is ornamented with a moulded architrave, and finished with an ogee arch, ensigned with a fleur-de-lis. Above the door, on a panel enclosed with mouldings, are very neatly sculptured, and but little injured by the weather, the quartered armorials of Montgomery and Eglinton, impaled with Douglas and Mar. The shield, in heraldic phrase, is timbred with helmet and mantlings, the former by mistake befitting the degree of an Esquire in place of that of a Baronet. For Crest, an anchor, and on an escroll is the motto:—"The Lord only is my support;" with the words, "Only to God. Be Lavd, and Gloir," on a compartment, along with the initials and date, S. R. M. 1636. D. M. D. The stone on which this interesting specimen of the "Noble Science" is insculp'd, has been skilfully selected for resisting the action of the weather, as all the lettering, though in small raised characters, as well as the equally delicate figures in the shield, have lost little of their original sharpness.

The aisle within is lofty, being nearly twenty feet in height, and its roof is embowed, or vaulted semi-circularly, with boarding. It is thrown, by painted gothic arches, mouldings and panels, into forty-one compartments of various forms and dimensions, each of which is adorned by the pencil with a religious, moral, emblematical, fanciful, or heraldic subject. The larger, if not the most masterly in design and colouring, of these compositions are four views depicting the seasons; a scene in which a female and a furious horse are the principal figures, intended it is said, to commemorate an accident which deprived a lady of the family of life;* figures emblematical of Justice and Fortitude; two biblical subjects; and pictorial representations of the twelve signs of the zodiac. Other lesser divisions are embellished with fanciful subjects combined with tasteful involutions of foliage. In the centre of the ceiling is a hexagonal panel, and right and left, at equal distances from it, along the central line, is one of a diamond form. The central panel is occupied with the emblazoned coats of Montgomery and Douglas, quartered, and impaled as over the door, and ornamented *secundum artem*, with all the exterior accompaniments of the shield. The family motto, "Gardez bien," is here resumed, and on a compartment is inscribed, in gilt characters, "Sir .

* The account of this fatal occurrence, as given in the old Statistical Account of Cumbræ, 1794, is as follows:—"About the beginning of the last century, according to the tradition of the island, there was a family of the name of Montgomery, who then possessed the greatest part of the land, now belonging to Lord Glasgow, and had a mansion-house at Billikellet. Among the last of that family was Dame Margaret Montgomery, joint patroness of the Kirk, who being on horseback at the green of the Largs, is said to have been thrown off amidst a crowd of people; but being a woman of a high spirit, she pursued the horse, and received a stroke of his foot, which proved instantly fatal." In the new Statistical Account of the parish of Cumbræ, it is said that the lady killed was Dame Margaret Montgomery, daughter of Sir Robert, though we know not on what authority the statement rests, as none of our family genealogists mention other issue of Sir Robert Montgomery than an only son, Robert, younger of Skelmorlie, who died in the lifetime of his father.

Robert . Montgomerie .; Dame . Margaret . Douglas." Appended to the achievement is a small cartouch, bearing the date 1638, and the French monosyllable *Ouy*, lettered in the reverse order of the date; neither of which could ever have been legible unless read within a few feet of the ceiling.* In one of the diamond panels above alluded to are four shields of arms, bearing, as is intimated in letters beneath them, the heraldic honors of "The House of Eglinton;" "The House of Drumlanrig;" "The House of Lochinvar;" "The House of Sempill." These symbols of family distinction are garnished with helmets, crests, and mantlings, but without their mottoes, and are placed opposite to each other in the order in which they are here written. The panel corresponding to the above contains only one shield, blank, or argent, but is ensigned with a baronet's helmet, and ornamented with mantlings. Among other decorated subdivisions of this singularly ornate ceiling, are twelve oblong tablets, placed within flat-arched compartments, along the lower extremity or spring of the vault. On each of the tablets is inscribed a "Holy Text," in gold characters, on an azure ground, and over all of them are limned in their natural tints, wreathes of foliage, garlands of flowers, corbels of fruit, birds, butterflies, &c., of varied designs. The greater portion of these are still "beautiful and bright," after an exposure of two hundred years to an atmosphere which has pulverised the surface of the incumbent ashlar walls. If tradition may be credited, each of the scriptural citations with which the tablets are charged, was, after the completion of the aisle, chosen by the clergyman of the parish as the subject of a discourse. Be that as it may, the selections from holy writ are so impressive, and withal illustrate so pleasingly the taste and piety of former times, that we gladly enrich our page by giving them at length. They follow in the order of the signs of the zodiac painted in compartments over them; that is, by commencing at the lower extremity of the left hand side of the apartment looking northward:—

"Blessed are they that movrn, for they shall be comforted." Mat. 5—4.

"But the day of the Lord will come as a thief in the night, in the which the heavens will pass away with a noise." 2 Peter—10.

"Ho that covereth his sins shall not prosper, but he that confesseth and forsaketh them shall have mercy." Prov. 18—14.

"Be thou faithful unto the Death, and I will give thee a crown of Life." Rev. 2—10.

"Trust in the Lord forever, for in the Lord God is strength forever more." Isaii 26—4.

"Blessed are the children that enlargeth the kingdom of Heaven, and cursed are the children that enlargeth the kingdom of Hell."

"The first man Adam was made a living Soule, and the last Adam was made a quickening Spirit." 1 Corinth. 15—45.

"Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his Saints." Psal. 116—15.

* This date occurs likewise on one of the larger divisions of the ceiling, accompanied with the words "Stal-ker Fecit."

"I am sure that my Redeemer liveth, and that he will stand the last on the earth." Job. 19—25.

"Take heed to thy feet when thou entrest into the house of God, and be more neere to hear than to give the sacrifice to foolles." Eccl. 4—17.

"Come unto mee all yea that are weary and laden, and I will give you rest." Matth. 11—28.

"I am God, walk thou before me and be thou upright." Gen. 17—1.

Besides the above, there are inscriptions in Latin, though somewhat faded, below the figurative representations of Justice and Fortitude, already alluded to. That beneath the former, as nearly as it could be made out, runs thus: "*Cum jvstio pensans libramine reddo silioque homine consilioque Devs*;" and the other, illustrative of Fortitude, is as follows: "*Fortis in ardis animosque pene gestans infractis animis ardua quoque*."

In so general a sketch as the present, we can scarcely advert to the minor ornamental features of the ceiling. A few of the details, however, are so elegant in design, and have been so carefully finished, as to have at least some claims to a passing notice. Among these are ten small escutcheons, limned on the faces of brackets, or consoles, placed along the margin of each side of the vault—the feigned supports of a series of arched compartments. As the ground, or field, of these miniature bearings are all argent, the charges, consisting of single figures in their natural colours, and as few or none of their prototypes are to be found in any book of Scottish heraldry, they seem more probably to be fancies of the artist, than regular armorial ensigns. Commencing in the order of the scriptural quotations given above, the 1st of the shields bears a pine tree; the 2d is concealed by the upper part of an old funeral escutcheon; the 3d bears a ship in sail; the 4th a cow statant; the 5th a fox passant; the 6th three bars undé, vert; the 7th, a dexter hand holding a two-edged sword in pale; the 8th, a book displayed; the 9th, a lion rampant; the 10th is concealed by the like cause as the 2d. In addition to these we shall only observe that the initials **S. D.** occur twice each, in gilt characters, **R.M. M.D.** on shields painted over the intersection of several of the mouldings, and that the following patriotic couplet is halved between opposite compartments, close to the south gable of the aisle:

Warre . or . worke . we . the . hande . shoud . arme .
That . to . defende . our . countrie . deare . from . harme .

The colouring of the ceiling, which we have thus attempted to describe, though partially faded, has in no part altogether given way, while portions of it appear still to retain much of their original brightness. Considering its long exposure to the influence of so fitful an atmosphere, the free admission of which through broken windows and crannied roof, has been for many years unopposed, it says much for the excellence of the materials employed, that they have so long successfully resisted the most active agents of decay. The embellishments, both in design and execution, it may well be supposed, are not of uniform merit throughout. The ornamented inscriptive tablets, and the various emblazonments, along with the figures of Justice and Fortitude, have been decidedly the

most happily conceived, and are the best executed parts of the design. Six landscapes, occupying the upper part of as many large gothic arches, four of which, representing the seasons, and two, apparently allegorical of Agriculture and Commerce, rank lowest in the scale of merit, being alike deficient in composition, perspective, and colouring. Some of these landscapes, it has been said, contain views of Skelmorlie House, and of the old church of Largs; but if such were the intention of the artist, he has signally failed in his efforts, both as regards the exterior mien of the buildings, and the natural features of their respective localities.* This ceiling, however, with all its defects, has well-grounded claims on the attention of the decorative artist, and the connoisseur in such matters: both of whom, we doubt not, will award it no slight measure of commendation. A century ago, when in the full lustre of its untarnished brilliancy, and when the stately monument, well worthy of such a canopy, rose unskathed, either by time or violence, the aisle must have presented a coup d'œil exquisite of its kind, and certainly unequalled for taste and magnificence, at least by any thing reared in Scotland since the era of

"That violent commotion, which o'erthrew,
In town, and city, and sequestered glen,
Altar and cross, and church of solemn roof,
And old religious house."

The Monument stands across the aisle to the left of the entrance. In length it is eleven feet and a half, in width five feet, and in height eighteen feet. It presents two fronts and profiles responding to each other in every respect, save that the elevation next to the entrance door is three feet ten inches (the depth of the lower stage of the basement) higher than its counterpart. Both elevations may, therefore, be described as a basement, sustaining an arcade between two intercolumniations with appropriate entablatures, surmounted by sculptured compartments, obelisks, and figures: the whole supported by eight Corinthian columns, four in each elevation, and ten pilasters of the same order, distributed between them. The columns stand on pedestals boldly projected, and compose, with the recessed divisions to which the latter are attached, the full basement of the north elevation, and the upper stage of its counterpart. The lower part of the latter has pilasters corresponding with the pedestals over them, but of a slighter relief, and support a congeries of mouldings, in the design of which, variety has been studied more than lightness and simplicity. To the right of the monument, a stair of seven steps conducts to a small area between the north elevation and the gable of the aisle. From this platform, the carved details of the monument may be advantageously examined, though its limited extent precludes the spectator from forming a correct idea of its full outline.

The monument is, indeed, not less remarkable for the taste, variety, and finish, exhibited in its ornamental details, than for the purity of its architectural profiles and general proportions, considering the period of its construction. We can, however, but simply advert to the more striking of its enrichments, aware not only that the descriptive

* Old Statistical Account, vol. xvii. p. 513.

language of ornamental sculpture is exhausted in a few words, but that, at the best, it is seldom effective unless when referring to common-place forms, or the simplest combinations. Among the carvings which stand in boldest relief are fifty-five flowers or roses of various patterns, cut in panels on the soffit of the arcade, and others similarly arranged, but larger, on the platfords of the intercolumniations; while the arabesques, with which the faces of the pilasters and pedestals are encrusted, present well-managed specimens of low relief. Two small pilasters standing over the columns of the arch, as well as the spandrils they enclose, and the friezes and soffits of the entablatures, are likewise distinguished by beautiful and delicately carved ornaments. The crowning compartments, along with the pyramidal finials and juvenile figures, are, however, the richest and most ingeniously devised of the sculptured compositions. Two of these extend along the entablatures of the elevation from the pilasters last mentioned, and a third surmounts that of the arcade. The two first are of course similar to each other, and somewhat resemble in outline the profile of a console. They are edged with bands of foliated scrolls, which are extended partially over the surface of the compartment in a few curvatures, and finish in spirited heads of nondescript animals with distended jaws. Combined with the scroll-work of each of the designs is a small trophy of martial weapons. Over the bounding columns of the elevation, and coinciding with the extremities of the compartments, are placed small half-draped juvenile figures. The figure above the right hand column is represented leaning with the left arm on an inverted flambeau resting on a skull: the other figure holds a spade in the right hand, and an apple in the left. These effigies, as well as the obelisks, to be shortly noticed hereafter, are about two feet in height. The former, unfortunately, have rather a grotesque appearance; the form of their heads, and the expression of their faces being considerably in advance of the undeveloped anatomy of their bodies. The outline of the central compartment is composed likewise of gentle curves ending in scrolls, the bands of which being partially foliated, and carried round the exterior lines, enclose the superficies with a sort of frame-work. The centre of the panel is occupied by a figure, of the form of which we can only say that it is composed of alternate round and hollow curves, and that the upper part of it rises above the outline of the compartment, and is finished with a plinth and ball. Within its limits are sculptured, the one surmounting the other, a mustachied mask, surrounded with rays, a winged sand-glass, and a female busto, ensigned, if the expression be admissible, with a crescent. A flaming vase, with torches in saltire over it, hangs from one of the scrolls on each side of these figures, from which is likewise suspended, but in another direction, a couple of violins. This ornate composition, (which it may not be amiss to repeat, is, as well as all the other parts just described, the same on both of the elevations,) is flanked by obelisks, or finials, but regarding which we have only to remark, that they are elegant in form, and elaborately carved. The crowning member of the monument, however, deserves to be more particu-

larly noticed. It is of a pyramidal form, surmounted by a ball, and, though upwards of two feet in height, yet, from its situation, the transverse diameter of the monument, it is difficult to command a satisfactory view of it. Its sides are insculped with an ingenious variety of ornaments. One is allotted to musical instruments; another to martial gear, including a helmet and coat of mail; a third to several kinds of native fruit suspended by drapery; and the fourth is decked with emblems of mortality. The subjects are arranged or grouped with considerable address, and the workmanship, as on every other part of the monument, is free, spirited, and carefully finished.

The sculptured heraldry, and the inscriptions on the monument, have yet to be noticed. The former, consisting of eight shields of arms, occupies the divisions between the pedestals of the intercolumniations, the central ones excepted, which have been assigned to the inscriptions. The shields are of an elegant form, and cut within panels encased with frame-work composed of scrolls, foliage, heads of animals, and drapery, the carving of which must have cost more labour than the armorials enclosed. Two of the shields to the right of the arcade, of which there are four, including two in the lateral elevation, bear Montmerie of Skelmorlie, another, the same impaled with Sempil; and one is effaced. Two, on the left of the arcade, similarly disposed as the first just mentioned, bear Douglas of Drumlanrig, while, from the like number, decay has totally expunged the charges. One-half of the intervening pedestals, of which there are eight in all, besides other ornaments, the initials, S. R. M., and the other half, D. M. D., in raised characters, each of which, moreover, are repeated six times on other parts of the monument, besides being twice interlaced or combined into ciphers.*

Should the initials of Sir Robert, and his lady, appear repeated to satiety, but very narrow limits, on the other hand, have been allotted for their respective epitaphs; the tablets destined to this purpose measuring only eighteen inches by six. These are ornamented in the same style as the panels enclosing the armorials. The lettering on the tablet of the principal elevation, if it ever bore any, has, time out of mind, been completely effaced; but that on the opposite basement remains entire. Until very recently, this, too, was for many years obliterated by a coating of white-wash—which doubtless saved an occasional curious visitor the trouble of attempting to decipher it; a task, from the smallness of the character in which it is cut, the contraction of the terminations, and the complication of the letters, along with the closeness of

* Each, likewise, of these initials occur twice on the ceiling, and once over the entrance door, besides being extended in full below the emblazonment in the hexagonal panel, as already given: making reference thus, in all eighteen times, to the name of Sir Robert, and as often to that of his lady. The use of initials of names as sculptured ornaments, appears to have been peculiar to what is called the Elizabethan style of architecture, with the enrichments of which their forms better assort than with any other. Like the most of novelties, it was occasionally carried to an extreme, though this was an error attributable with greater justice to the architects of the period, than, as is frequently asserted, to the vanity and bad taste of their employers.

the tablet to the pavement, demanding some little patience. The annexed copy of this inscription may lay claim to some degree of accuracy; it presents, at least, the results of repeated efforts to attain it:—

Bis deo bisq decem transegi virginis annos;
Ter duo ter decem consociata viro
Et bis opem Lucina tulit. Mas Paris imago;
Spesq domus superest: Femina idvsa mori.
Clara genvs generosa, anima speciosa, decore,
Chara Deo vivia; nunc mihi cuncta Deus.*

The family vault, as already stated, is situated below the monument. To its low-browed door, which is placed between the central pilasters of the basement, access is obtained by a descent of several steps. The apartment is somewhat stinted in height, and is but obscurely lighted by a narrow aperture in the north wall. A kind of stone bench runs along the side walls, on which, besides two large coffins, and another of smaller dimensions entire, there are placed two broken ones, the contents of which having been embalmed. Such portions of them as still remain, are in a sufficiently shrivelled and repulsive state of preservation, and along with various *disjecta membra* of both sexes, and rotten fragments of faithless coffins, heaped promiscuously together in a corner of the vault, emphatically illustrate, the "sorry pre-eminence of high descent above the baser born, to rot in state." The two largest coffins are covered with lead, and contain the relics of Sir Robert Montgomery, and those of his Lady. That of the latter bears on the ends her family armorials, and on the cover in raised characters: Dame . Margaret Douglas . Spouse . To . Sir Robert . Montgomery. The coffin of Sir Robert is ornamented in a similar style, but

* This inscription, of which a free translation is subjoined, presents a very good specimen of the turn of thought displayed in epitaphian compositions, on persons of rank, two hundred years ago. It is made to personate the deceased, and represent her as speaking from the tomb; more, however, we apprehend, in the tone of a defunct gentlewoman, than in that of a humble christian, experienced in the vanity of those affections which are confined to earthly objects. The translation is as follows:—

"Twice times two, and twice times ten years I lived a virgin life; twice times three, and thrice times ten, I cohabited with a husband. Twice I required the assistance of Lucina. My husband was the image of Paris: he still survives as the hope of his house. I, the female, was alone destined to die. My birth was noble, my mind was brilliant, my heart was generous, my beauty was splendid. I was dear to God when alive, and now God is all to me."

In several respects, this epitaph is unsatisfactory: it does not embody the name of the person it commemorates, nor the year of her death; neither does it acquaint us with any thing regarding one of her children, of whom no mention is made by family genealogists, but who, it has been supposed, predeceased her mother by having been killed, as previously noticed, by an accident on the green of Largs. As it is stated in Wood's Douglas' Peerage, that Dame Margaret Douglas died in 1624, it would appear from the inscription that Sir Robert Montgomery and she were married in 1584, the year in which his father and eldest brother were killed by Patrick Maxwell of Newark, in revenge for their having shot Alexander Cuninghame, Commandator of Kilwinning, a son of the Earl of Glencairn, in the great feud betwixt the Montgomeries and the Cuninghames. Sir Robert survived his lady twenty-seven years, and if their ages were equal, he must have attained, in 1651, the year of his death, the venerable age of eighty-seven.

on the cover, instead of his name, there is the following inscription in latin:—

"Ipse mihi præmortuus fui, fato funera
Præcipui, unicum, idque Cæsareum,
Exemplar, inter tot mortales secutus."

Signifying, "I was dead before myself; I anticipated my proper funeral: alone, of all mortals, following the example of Cæsar," i. e. Charles V., who it will be recollected, had his obsequies performed before he died. The explanation usually given of the strange conceits of the inscription, is, that Sir Robert was a very pious man, and used to descend into the vault at night to perform his devotions, there burying himself, as it were, alive.*

[To be continued.]

* The following short memoir of Sir Robert Montgomery, from Robertson's "Genealogical Account of the Principal families in Ayrshire," though meagre in facts illustrative of his character, may not, perhaps, prove unacceptable to such as have not that work, or Douglas' Peerage, from which it is chiefly taken, at command. To us, the laconic description of the monument is not the least curious portion of the extract. Neither this, however, nor the notice of the painted ceiling, is original, both being borrowed verbatim from the report of the parish, drawn up for the old Statistical Account of Scotland, a work that has long served as a common quarry to topographical compilers, though the materials extracted from it have not, on every occasion, been of the first rate quality. The memoir is as follows:—

"Sir Robert Montgomerie of Skelmorlie came to the estate at an eventful period in the great feud betwixt the two families of Eglinton and Glencairn. For, in the spirit of the times, he had not only the death of his father and brother to avenge, but that also of the chief of his house, Hugh, the fourth Earl of Eglinton, who, about the same time was murdered by the Cuninghames, on the 19th April, 1586, near to Stewarton. Sir Robert set no bounds to his wrath, but indulged in it with such eagerness, as to occasion very much bloodshed of his enemies. For this he was afterwards seized with remorse, and in expiation performed many acts of charity and mortification in his latter days. He was knighted by James the VI., and was afterwards, in 1628, created a Baronet by Charles I. He married Margaret, eldest daughter of Sir William Douglas of Dramlanrig, (maternally descended of the house of Eglinton,) by whom he had a son, Robert.

He erected an elegant monument and funeral vault, in an aisle of the old church of Largs; and which still remains entire, although the church itself has been removed. This monument forms an arch and two compartments, supported by eighteen pillars of the Corinthian order, surmounted with cherubims. Above the arch is a small pyramid, finished at the top with a globe. It is very richly carved, and is highly admired for the great taste displayed. It was built in 1636, and must have been erected at a very great expense, even in those days. On the roof of the aisle are painted the twelve signs of the zodiac, and several views of the house of Skelmorlie, with that of the premature death of a lady of the family, who was killed by the kick of a horse. It is likewise adorned with several texts of scripture, and various escutcheons of the different relatives of that ancient family. Under this is the vault, in which are two niches, where, in leaden coffins, are deposited the remains of Sir Robert himself, and his lady, who died in 1624." The inscription on the coffin of Sir Robert is then added.

"This plainly alludes," continues the Genealogist, "to the Emperor Charles V., who had his funeral obsequies performed before his death; for Sir Robert himself becoming seriously affected in the latter part of his life, among other acts of mortification repaired hither at night for devotional meditation; and thus, as it were, burying himself alive. He died in 1651, after enjoying the estate of Skelmorlie during a period of 67 years."

GLIMPSES OF THE PAST—WITCHCRAFT.

[Second Article.]

SEVERAL circumstances conspired to render the reign of James VI. a favourable period for the prosecution of witchcraft. The occurrence of "piping times of peace" in a country accustomed, as Scotland then was, to almost perpetual warfare, as it would produce a blank both in the mental and physical employment of great numbers of the community, so it would leave them exceedingly apt to catch up and carry to a mania any popular feeling that might be cast upon the public mind. Then there was the general superstition of the time, and the ignorance of medical science, which led almost all diseases, especially if they were strange or epidemical, to be ascribed to demoniacal influence; and, added to all these, there was the half-superstitious, half-metaphysical mind of the monarch himself, giving a cast and colour to the whole—producing the "Daemonologie," and arming the witch-finders with a royal commission, so that there is little wonder, as has been sarcastically remarked, that the extent of Satan's invisible kingdom was discovered to be so vast.

We shall return to the trials of the witches at Aberdeen for further illustrations of the practices of that "treasonabill cryme." Some charges against "Helene Frasser," while they denote the low state of morals at the time, serve also to illustrate a feeling common to the human race since Adam, when accused of eating the forbidden fruit, said, "The woman whom thou gavest to be with me, she gave me of the tree, and I did eat," viz., that of ascribing our sins to any or every thing rather than our own demerit. "Be witchcraft the said Helen abstractit and withdrew the luiff and affectione of vmquhill Andrew Lillidoff of Ranistoun, from his spous Issobell Cheyne, to Margerat Neilsoun, and sa mychtely bewitchit him, that he culd never be reconseillit with his wyif, or remove his effectioun fra the said harlote." And again: "Quhen Robert Merchand, in the Nevbrucht, had contractit mariadg, and haldin hous be the space of twa yeiris with vmquhill Christiane Quhyt, it happinit him to pas to the Murihill of Foverne, to saw corn to vmquhill Issobell Bruce, the relict of vmquhill Alexander Frasser, the said Helen Frasser beand familiar and actuall resident in the hous of the said Issobell, scho was thair at his cuming: Fra the quhilke tyme furthe the said Robert fand his affectione violentlie and extraordinarie drawin away from the said Christiane to the said Issobell, ane great luiff beand betuixt him and the said Christiane alwayis thairtofor, and na brak of luiff or discorde falling oute or intervenand vpon ather of thair partes: Quhilke thing the contre supposit, and spak to be brochte aboute be the vnlauchtfull travellis of the said Helen. *Testified be said Robert.*" Helen seems to have been quite a mistress of charms, although it would appear she did not believe much in their power, for she "publictly confessit in Foverne, eftir hir apprehensionne, that she was a commonde abvser of the peple; and that, farther, to sustene hir self and hir barnis, pretendit knowledge quhilke she had not, and vnderuik to do thingis quhilke she culd

nocht." The following are some of her charms: "The said Helen counsellit Christiane Hendersoune, *vulgo* callit mekil Cristane, to put hir ane hand to the crone of hir heid, and the other to the soill of hir fute, and so beteich quhatevir was between hir handis, to the Dewill, sche suld want nathing that sche wald wiss or desyr." "The said Christiane Hendersoune being Henwyiff in Foverne, the young foullis died thick; for remedie quhairof, the said Helen bade the said Christiane tak the hail cheikennis or young foullis, and draw tham throw the link of the cruik, and tak the heindnest and slay with ane fyrie stick, quhilke thing being practised, nane died thairafter that yeir." John Ramsay in Newburgh being "seik of a consuming disease," "Sche commandit the said Johne to arryiss wp airle in the morning, to eat sourakis aboute sounne rysing, quhill as the dew was wpone thame; sicklyke to eat valcars, and to mak cavrie kail and soupt. Mairower, to sit doune in ane dure, befor the fleing of the foullis to the roust, and oppin his breist, that quhen the foullis flaw to the roust ower him, he mycht resaeu the wind of thair wings aboute his harte, for that wes werrie profitable to lousse his harte pypis, quhilke wer closit. But befor his departure from hir, sche causit the said Johne sit doune, bear heidit, vpon ane stuill, and said ane orisounne thryiss vpon his heid, quhairin sche nominat the Devil." "The said Helen maid ane peccatioun with certane laxis fischearis of the Neubrucht, at the kirk of Foverne, in Mallie Skoynis hous, and promesit to causs thame fische weil, and to that effect resaut of thame ane peice salmoud to handle at hir pleassur for effectuating the mater. Wpone the morrow sche came to the Neubrucht, to the hous of umquhill Jone Fergusoune, a laxis fischear, and delyuerit unto him, in a cloute, four cuttis of salmond, with ane pennie; efter that sche callit him oute of his awin hous, fra the compaie that wes thair drinkand with him, and bad him put the samyn in the horne of his coble, and he sud have ane dosin of fische at the first schote; quhilke came to pas.

There seems to be no end to the forms in which "the Devill ther maister" appeared to his servants the witches. At one time we find him assuming "the liknes of a calf," at another the "liknes of a lamb;" sometimes "in liknes of ane fair angell, and clad in quhit claythis," and again "in the scheap of ane agit man, beirdit, with a quhyt gown and a thrummit hatt." Nor, in some cases, do the witches seem to have had much fear or respect for his Satanic majesty, for at the dance about the cross of Aberdeen, mentioned in our last article, Isobel Cockie is accused of being ring-leader at said dance, "nixt Thomas Leyis; and becaws the Dewill playit nocht so melodiouslie and weil as thou crewit, thou tuik his instrument out of his mouth, than tuik him on the chafis therwith, and plaid thi self theron to thi hail compaie."

It would appear that some epidemic disease was raging in and about Aberdeen in the years 1596-7, the common symptoms of which were, that the patient was "the ane half of the day rostin in his body as gif he had bene rostin in ane wne [ovin], with ane extreme birning and drwth, sua

that he could never be satisfied of drink, the vther half of the day melting away his body, with ane extraordinar cald sweitt; or, as it is sometimes stated, at one time "melting awa lyke ane quibite candel;" and, at another time, "als wak as ane pair of gluffis" [gloves], or "als cald as isse." This sickness, of course, was all ascribed to witchcraft, and it may create a smile to observe the expressions used to denote the thirst occasioned by this disease. Janet Leang seems, through the instrumentality of Meriorie Mutche, to have "contractit ane deidly seikness," and is described as being "the ane half day sueting, birning, and suelling with ane vnsatiable drowth, swa that albeit ane burne of watter war at hir head, it culd nocht satisfie hir drouthe." While Walter Cruickshank, having fallen under the ban of Jonat Leisk's wrath, "be the space of xxxiii hours befor he inlaikit, be vertow of her deuilische witchcraft laid vpon him sa many wayis, he drank mair than xxxiii gallowins of wyne, aill, and watter, and wissit at he haid abilitie to haue gane to ane cauld wall, that he micht haue gottin watter to haue quencit his birning heat."

One of the charges against Margrate Clark suggests an extremely ludicrous idea. "In the yeir of God fourscore fyveteine yeiris, about the monthe of Apryle or thairby, thow being send for be the wyif of Nicoll Ros, fier of Auchlossin, sche being than lyand in hir cheild bed lair, and cuming to hir, thow caist the hail dolouris, seiknes, and pannes, quhilkis sche suld haue sustenit, vpon Andro Harper, qha, during all the time of hir troweling, was excedinglie, and mervelouslie troblit, in ane furie and madnes as it war, and could nocht be hauldin; and quho sone as the said gentlewoman was delyver of hir birth, the pannes departit from the said [Andro.]" We can fancy we see poor Andro rolling and *graning*, while the *howdie* and *cummers* are congratulating the *guidwife* vpon her easy delivery. Ether and Cloriform are but improvements upon the charm of Margrate Clark for the removal of the primeval curse.

We are afraid we would become tedious were we to quote all the cases of witches stopping mills, depriving kine of their milk, stilling the hurricane by "hinging vpe of a beittill be ane string or threid," preventing a neighbour's ale from *working*, or causing it to *work* over the vats; or how

"They would travel a' night in the shape of a hare,
Or elf-shoot a quey, or lame a grey mare,
Or gar an' auld wife ca' in vain at her kirm,
Loose the loops o' her stocking or ravel her pira."

Neither can we mention all their distinguishing marks, such as devil's pinches under the left *pap*, which would not bleed when pricked with a pin; nor their simple stock of implements, "to witt, all sort of thrwnis and threidis cutit, of all cullouris, with ane peice of cruickit weir, lyke ane fische buk," or figures of lead or wax to represent their victims. But we cannot withhold the following extract from "The comptis of the dearnie of Gild of the brught of Abirdene," which furnishes evidence of the fate of several of the witches from whose indictments our excerpts have been made: "Followis the debursementis maid be the Comptar at comand, and be virtow of the ordinance of

the Pronest, Baileis, and Counsall, in the Birning and Sustentation of the Witches:

Imprimis, for eirding of Suppak, quha died in prisoun, vish. viiid.

Item, for trailling of Manteith throw the Streittis of the Town in ane Cart, quha hangit herself in Prisoun, and for Cart hyir and eirding of hir, xsb.

JANETT WISCHART AND ISSBELL COCKER.

Item, for tuentie leads of peattis to burne thame, xsh.

Item, for ane Boill of Coillis, xxiilsh.

Item, for four Tar barrellis, xxvish. viiid.

Item, for fyr and lme barrellis, xvish. viiid.

Item, for a staik and dressing of it, xvish.

Item, for four sadome of Towis, iiiiish.

Item, for careing the peittis, coillis, and barrellis to the Hill, xiiish. iiiiid.

Item, to John Justice for their execution, xiiish. iiiiid.

THOMAS LEIS.

Item, the xxiii of Februar, 1597, for peattis, tar barrellis, fir, and coillis, to burne the said Thomas, and to John Justice for his fie in executing him, iiii. xiiish. iiiiid.

Christen Mitchell, Bessie Thom, Issobell Barron, burnt ix March, 1597."

Such was the cruel fate of the victims of a puerile superstition, two hundred and fifty years ago. When another two hundred and fifty years shall have witnessed the grand marches of human progress, at which of our headlong prosecutions of pernicious fallacy will the stately men of the twenty-second century smile, as we now smile at the eager haste of our forefathers to convict a few old women of the impossible crime of witchcraft? Will our sanguinary criminal code meet their reprobation? or, living in perfect and universal harmony and peace themselves, will they wonder at our wars and bloodshed? Knit in one bond of universal brotherhood, will they marvel at our short-sighted international policies? Or, will they accuse us of our slavish worship of Mammon? Will they point out how we rear the arch and column in conspicuous places of our cities, until, to the superficial observer, they appear to be the sole components of the place; while, at the same time, in filthy courts and noisome alleys, poverty cowers over its dying embers in the wind-pierced, dilapidated hovel? And that, while in one street the tables groan with sumptuous feasts, and the glasses sparkle with costly wines; in the next, the starving wretches cannot obtain enough even of the coarsest fare to satisfy the gnawings of hunger; and the rude huzza of boisterous mirth, and the faint sighs of the famishing, rise together to the blue welkin!

Thank God! to redeem our memory in some measure, there are a few bright spirits among us, who give glorious premonition of the coming time. O! let us never denounce any one of these, even in his most tranced moment, as an idle visionary, or regard the warmest anticipation he ever gave as a foolish dream;

"But dream, or no dream, take it as it came:

It gave HIM hope,—it may give US the same.

And as bright hopes make the intention strong,

Take heart with him, and muse upon his song."

C.

LETTERS FROM A PILGRIM IN
SCOTLAND.

No. IV.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SCOTTISH JOURNAL.

SIR,—Fleein' Nancy [influenza], in revenge, I presume, for my 'revelations,' in the *Witch of Torwood*, has racketted me so that I have only now the pleasure of sending you No. IV. of my letters. I said I had a few 'curious things' regarding Falkirk. Leaving, therefore, the fairies and witches, I shall give you them.

I have secured a relic of 'long ago.' I cannot make out what it is, but shall endeavour to describe it. The relic is a piece of iron (I think) covered over with rude sculpture and inscriptions. I trace the following:—1. Various men and horses. 2. A noble looking rider kneeling to a rustic, the latter appearing surprised; the rider's horse behind. 3. Circle, with a young 'face' within the circle. 4. Figures—apparently rustics throwing other figures into a river: very curious implements of agriculture. 5. Trees. The inscriptions, (which I shall not venture to decipher,) surround the tableaux. This relic was entire at first, but now consists of three large, irregular pieces, weighing nearly 50lbs.

I shall be glad to show it to any readers of the *Journal* applying through you. The relic was found concealed under the floor of a mansion belonging to the Earl of Zetland, near Falkirk. The mansion, (Westfield), was repaired for a new tenant; and, in the 'gutting out,' this discovery was made. Many a legend clings to the mansion, which is very ancient. A man on a horse, without a head, rides 'round and round.' A remarkable thorn still fronts the road. There, agreeably to tradition, a wild boar met his fate from a 'gallant lance.' This thorn is protected by the 'leases' of centuries, and even in the present lease.

The relic may be sepulchral. I must add that various of the figures and the prominent knights wear 'kilches,' or kilts.

I was not a little grieved to find, on visiting the Avenue, i. e. the road, which leads from the Kerse to Grahamston, that the Yew planted on the exact spot where Sir John Graham, the 'right hand' of Wallace, fell, at the battle of Falkirk, was rooted out, so that no memento now exists of the hero. The yew was in the hedge of a garden attached to the cottage of Mr Peter Mungall, who holds it under Mr Robert Grosart farmer, Boddom.

I was told that the worthy farmer was compelled to 'root up' the yew. Mrs Mungall said to me that 'travellers cam frae a' airts, even i' the doid o' the nicht, an' cuttit bits o't, till naething but the stump stude, an' the laird wissed, since it wud a' gane ony way, to preserve it for his frien's. Stap oure the way, the laird's very kin, an' 'll gie ye as muckle as mak' a bicker.' I have a piece; but I deeply regret the necessity which removed this sacred yew. The 'Bairns o' Fa'kirk' would do well to raise a pillar, or some such memorial. Let it be remembered that the yew now destroyed occupied the very spot where Sir John Graham

fell—the very spot once wet with his blood. His tomb, peculiarly requiring the chisel of Old Mortality, is in the parish churchyard.

This leads me to call the attention of the antiquary to the figures now mouldering away in the parish churchyard of Falkirk. They represent two knights and their ladies, of the family of Livingstone. William, Lord Livingstone of Callendar, and Lady Livingstone, were the devoted followers of the peerless Mary.* The Livingstones of Callendar, and their ancestors, had a vault in the aisle of the "Auld Kirk." The figures belonged to their tomb. Alas! alas! the Crescent triumphs over the Cross here; for, what with the rain and the tear and wear of irreverent feet, these interesting statues are rapidly perishing. Two of the figures lay within, and two without the church, down till 1827-8. I know not who authorised their present degradation and ruin. The knights are (rather were) clad in the harness which prevailed during the thirteenth, and towards the middle of the fourteenth century: the hauberk is tight at the waist, ailettes on the shoulders, and poleyns, or greaves, on the knees and elbows. Their legs are cased in two half-cylinders, opening and shutting at the side, similar to the famous Blanchfront effigy, and fastened by overlapping straps. Their shoes are scaled; the helmet is knocked off, and the neck wants the tippet of mail. Their swords are cross-hilted, and the sword hilts filigreed over with peculiar signa, probably cabalistic charms for the prevention of witchcraft, for such was a 'freit' in the age of chivalry. The skirts of the hauberk reach no farther than the top of the thighs, where it is encircled by a broad belt, and the joints of the cuisses, or thigh-pieces, with sheaths for the legs, are covered by the greaves at the knees. The hauberk consisted of a solid metal plate, (gone now,) opening in front, like a modern coat, and is void of all ornament, although there are slight traces of carving on the greaves. The head of one of the ladies is separated from the body, and the four figures are all chipped and defaced. Otherwise, they would have afforded a specimen of ancient defensive armour which would have excited a Dr Rush Meyrick. The strap of each spur is secured by a buckle, and the feet of one of the knights rest on a lion couchant—those of his lady on a greyhound. The hair of the ladies is parted on the brow, and braided on each temple. Their heads are covered by turban-shaped caps. Their gowns are run into a series of grooves, similar to those in fluted columns, and a mantle is wrapped round each, clasping at the throat. The breasts are protected by plates of metal. The farthest out figures are cruelly mutilated. The female is remarkable for square shoulders and tight-drawn waist. The knight (companion to this figure) is in scale armour, here and there discernible. From this I refer it to the twelfth century—1107 to 1138, in the former of which years the first trace of scale armour is observable on a coin of William the Lion; and the mixture of plate and mail, or the tight hauberk, was worn at the battle of the Standard,

* See Robertson, and many a ballad and song. One of the Queen's four Maries' was 'Mary Livingstone.'

in 1138. The hands of all the figures are folded, palm to palm, on the breast, in the attitude of devotion.

I have said the tomb of Sir John Graham peculiarly requires the chisel of the 'haly' Covenantanter. I must not overlook that of Sir John Stewart. 'Tis a simple slab, with this epitaph—

Here Lies
a
Scottish Hero,
Sir John Stewart,
who was
killed at
the
Battle of
Falkirk
22d July 1298.



Being without protection, and on the very edge of the pathway towards the church—it also is wearing away. Who knows not the daring "deeds" of the leader of the archers of Selkirk? Hemingford assures us his enemies allowed him a "stalwart" arm. Let the "bairns o' Fa'kirk" stir their hearts with the following description of the camp previous to the battle:—

"Each soldier slept on the ground, using his shield for his pillow; each horseman had his horse beside him, and the horses themselves had nothing save cold iron, *champing the bridles*. Speir was held above speir, pynt on pynt, and the Scots like a castle stude."

Are the graves of the leaders of such heroes worthy of protection?

I am, Sir,
Your obedient Servant,
A. B. G.

71 Waterloo Street,
Glasgow, 22d Dec. 1847.

REV. ALEXANDER SMITH, BANISHED TO ORKNEY IN 1668.

In Mc Gavin's edition of the *Scots Worthies* some particulars are given, from *Murray's Literary History of Galloway*, of "Alexander Smith," one of the sufferers for "conscience sake," during the reign of Charles II. Nothing like a complete biography of him, however, is to be found. At the Restoration, in 1660, he was minister of Colvend, in the Presbytery of Dumfries. He was ejected from his charge by the well-known act of 1662: and, having retired to Leith, he was there in the practice of meeting a few friends for social worship in his own house. In 1664 he was summoned

before the High Commission Court, for keeping conventicles, and committed to prison. Having, according to Wodrow, given offence to Archbishop Sharp, by addressing him simply as *Sir*, he was treated with unrelenting severity. He was banished to the Shetland Isles, where he remained for four years. Having been ordered back to Leith, he arrived at Bruntisland on the 9th of July 1668, "from whence," says the work already mentioned, "he was taken by the magistrates of Edinburgh and committed to prison. What was his condition or deportment while here on this occasion, we are not informed, but in about a fortnight after we find that the place of his confinement was changed to North Ronaldshaw, one of the Orkney Islands."

The following extracts from the "Justices of His Maties. Peace Book of Records, No. 1," lately discovered in the Town Hall of Kirkwall, with which we have been kindly favoured, are interesting as illustrative of his second banishment. His letter to the Sheriff of Orkney is particularly so, and we should think extremely characteristic. It will be observed that the order of the Privy Council to the skipper of the ship, "*James of Bruntilland*," for the conveyance of Smith, is dated the 24th of July 1668, so that only fifteen days elapsed between his arrival at Bruntisland, on the 9th, and his reshipment.

"Edinburgh the 24th of July 1668.

The Lords of his Maties. Privy Council doe heerby give order and comand to David Richardson Skipper of the Shipp called the *James of Bruntilland* To Receaue the person of Mr Alexander Smith Prisoner in the Tolbuith of Bruntilland so soone as he shall be offred to the Magistrats thereof And ordaines him in his said Shipp to transport the said Mr Alexander Smith to Orknay, And to Delyuer him to Shirreff Blair who is hereby ordered to send him to the Island of Northronaldsay And ordaines and commands the said Mr Alexander Smith to confyne and Keep himself within the said Island, and not to remoue furth thereof without Licence, As he will be answerable. Extrat by me

(Signed) "AL. GIBSONE."

"Recead. the 7th August 1668 and Discharge geuin theron upon the Receipt of the foresaid Mr Alexander Smith, Prisoner."*

"I Patrick Blair of Littleblair Shirriff of Orknay Grant me by thir presents to haue receaued from David Richardson Skipper (of the Shipp called the *James of Bruntilland*) The person of Mr Alexander Smyth Prisoner, to be sent to the Island of Northronaldsay ther to be confind, conforme to aue Order from the Lords of his Maties. Privy Council to me for that effect. Subt. by me at Kirkwall the 7th August 1668.†

P. A. BLAIR."

* Thus marked on the margin—"Order from the Council of Scotland to Skipper Richardson for transporting of Mr Alexander Smith Prisoner to Orknay."

† Thus marked on the margin—Copy Ticket of Receipt of Mr Alexander Smith to David Richardson Skpr. in Brunt Island.

"Northronaldsay the 19th August 1668.

These are Testifieing and Declairing that Patrick Blair of Little Blair Sherriff of Orkney by virtue of ane Act of his Maties. Privy Council Did send the person of Mr Alexander Smith Prisoner to the Island of Northronaldsay, where he is Bond by ane Act of the said Privy Council to confyne and keep himself within the Limits of the said Island not haueing Liberty by the said Act to remoue furth thereof without Licence as he shall be answerable, As the same of the Date at Edinburgh the 24th July 1668 beares, Which Declaration forsaid I haue subtt. with my hand, Day month and year forsaid.

A. TAILYER.

Being Desired I subscribe
A. SMITH."

Here follows Letter addressed thus :

"These are for the much honoured Patrick Blair of Little Blair Sherriff Depute of Orkney."

North Ronald Shaw August 20
1668.

Much honoured,

According to my promise these are to certifie that by the good hand of my God I am safely arrived in this place, all that were with me did assert they never had a more favourable passage. The poor inhabitants so many as I have yett seen have received me wt. much joy (as I apprehend) I intend, if the Lord will to preach Christ to them the next Lord's day wtout the least mixture of any thing that may smell of sedition or rebellion. If I be further troubled for yt., I resolve to suffer further wt. meeknes and patience. Honoured Sir I am so sensible of your respect yt. if I had anything worthie I would easily part wt. it, but qt. I have I give The great governor go. sits in heaven hath given you authority in this place, and hath gifted you wt. a competency of prudence and gravitie, I obtest your hor. as you will be answerable to him go. is appointed to be judge of quick and dead, that you stretch your self to the utmost to bear downe sin as swearing drunkenness, Sabbath breaking, &c. and to advance pietie and godlines in the peace and life of it for a dead formality will not doe the turne, Sleep not till you be awaked wt. the trumpets of the time, for most of them gives either no sound, or yt. qlk is verie uncertaine, hearken to the voice of conscience, Imagine frequently and seriously yt. you hear the last trumpet calling for the dead to arise and come to judgement, this meditation I am pr.suaded (by the blessing of God) will sett you upon reformation of heart and life as to your personall walk, and will make your honors familie become a Church for Christ and will make you in your station endeavour the cutting off of all evil doers from the citie of the Lord Sir I desire that the rotten hearted old man gett not liberties to vex these poor people that are not pleased wt. his dead way God hath a people there whose prayers and teares and groanes will be his ruine, if by repentance hee prevent it not qlk I beg of the lord hee may. However I am hopefull and assuaded your hor. hath

frequently upon your heart—woe be to him yt. offends on of these little ones yt. believes in mee &c. There was never man a looser by befriending the seekers of God's face. But God's work and people in the world hath been a stutthie yt. hath broken many a hamer and it yett stands. Sir I crave pardon for this freedome. If there be any thing in it yt. gives just ground of offence, qlk. truly I intend not butt on the contrair, a sincere testimonie of love and respect. Sir though the certificat.ne of my sentence be such as may tempt mee to an escape, yett by the grace of God, it shall be seen yt. I have so much respect to the supreme and subordinate magistrate, as to obey their commands and to conforme myself wt.in this poor place except upon such occasions wherefore I may be answerable to God and the law of the land. I shall add no more but subscribe myself Sir

Your honours affectionate

Servant in gospell dueties

A. SMITH."

"Northronaldsay this 22th August 1668.

Right Honble.

After my humble servies presented Receive the Inclosed Declaration. Hoble. Sir, Know that this day by chance I lighted upon the Whiggs supplication, which ye shall expect with the first conveniency Withall being Desirous to Know, or Dywo in Mr Alexander Smith his Intention he making himself ready to preach next Sabbath and challenging the place where, He did very soberly answer that he was not Resolued to go to Church but only family Exercise, seing the Church was the King's house and he his Maties. Prisoner, Nor for any thing I perceave does offer to engadge any of the people to come to hear his Exercise, Only if they come its weel, if not he is Indifferent, which is all at present But with my Dwtyfull Respects presentit Resting and Continowing,

Honored Sr.

Your Obliged Servant to serve you
A. TAILYER."*

NOTES FROM THE RECORDS

OF THE

OLD TOLBOOTH,

The "Heart of Mid-Lothian."

[Continued from our last.]

1702. Marion Nicol, child-murder, scourged through the town, and sent to the Correction-house.

1702, May 11. Helen Watson, for child-murder.

— — 29. Pringle of Halzie, for the murder of — Nisbet, brother of Dirleton.

— June 22. Elspeth Johnston, child-murder.

1703. Janet Stevenson, for beating her husband, and riving his body-clothes, swearing she

* Marked on the margin of Record thus—"Andrew Taylour's Letter to the Sheriff of Orkney anent Mr Alexr. Smith Prisoner in Northronaldsay."

would cut his throat, and give him and all that belonged to him a cold wakening.

1704. Glengarrrie, designs against Government.

— James Innes, "A notour priest, until he be tried for a priest and a trafficking priest."

— Grizell Tullis, child-murder.

— Elizabeth Halliburton, child-murder.

— Isobel Adam, witchcraft, from Pitten-weem.

— John Stewart, tinker, for killing his mother. Liberated on his engaging to go as a soldier.

1705. "Four women" from Aberdeen, all for the murder of their children.

— John Graham, a poor, old, blind man, incest with his daughter, conform to his confession; and Mary Graham, for exposing a child, begotten upon her by her father.

1714, Feb. 27. Jean Baillie and Agnes M'Donald, for housebreaking in East Lothian. Both hanged in the "Grass mercate," 24 Nov. 1714.

— March 2. Anthony Orok, dancing master in Dundee, for carrying off Jean Graham, daughter to the Laird of Fintry, under trust. Liberated on 21st June, 1714.

— April 14. Charles Hutchison, house-breaking, hanged in "Grass mercate," 27 Augt. 1714.

— Margaret Brown, housebreaking in East Lothian, hanged betwixt Leith and Edinburgh, 25th Augt. 1714.

— June 18. Margaret Mudie, child-murder. Dyed 14th Sept. 1714. Corpse buried by Baillie Jaffray and James Seaton, notary-public, with witnesses present.

— — 24. Isable Morice, child-murder. Liberated by Letters of Liberation, 12th Feby. 1715, having lain eight months in prison without being brought to trial.

— July 2. Sir Archibald Sinclair, advocate, for non-payment of £42 Scots. (£3 10s. sterling). Liberated on 14th, by Act of the Lords.

— July 3. Elspeth Orrock, child-murder, on her own confession. On 9th March, 1715, (eight months afterwards), the said Elspeth Orrock taken out by the hangman, to be scourged through the town, and committed back to prison again.

— — 5. William Smith, blacksmith in Aberdeen, by Court of Justiciary, for "his presuming to whisper and prompt a witness adduced before their Lordships sitting in judgment."

— Sep. 25. Euphan Deans, again apprehended and imprisoned, she having made her escape from Gaol and fled to the Abbey.

[Was this Sir Walter's 'Effie'? Euphan appears to have been imprisoned for debt.]

1715, Jany. 15. Elizabeth Johnston, child-murder.

— — 18. William Brown, for theft, and "being a thief upon open bruit and common fame."

— Mar. 16. James Grierson, vending and selling counterfeit stamped paper.

— — 19. John Pollock, vending in Alloa forged sixpenny paper.

1715, Mar. 23. James Wallison, from Ayr, for the same crime.

1715, May 13. Mr Alexander Rule, late Professor of Hebrew, in the University of Edinburgh, for a debt of £12 10s. Scots.—Liberated 25th June following.

— May 16. William Baillie, housebreaking. Had broken out of Dumfries Gaol, where he had been confined as an Egyptian, along with one Brown. (On the margin, William Baillie taken to the East or West Indies, by warrant of Baillie Dundas.)

— Aug. 19. James Ochterlony, forgery. Hanged in the Grassmarket, 14th March, 1716. He was removed from the Canongate Tolbooth, having cut the grating of the windows.

— Sept. 6. Alexander Rule, Master of Arts, at the instance of Robert Gibson, "barber and periewigmaker," for non-payment of £8 Scots. Liberated on 8th Dec. following.

— Oct. 12. Henry Maule, Writer to the Signet, William Mercer and Alexander Tytler, writers in Edinburgh, suspect of seditious practices against Government. All liberated on the 19th of same month.

— Oct. 22. James Donaldson, guager, Leith. Corresponding with the rebels in Leith.

1716, Feb. 16. Patrick Hamilton of Green, for the murder of — Arkhue, innkeeper, Lanark. Beheaded in the "Grassmercat" on 5th Sep. 1716.

— Mar. 12. Alexander Burnet, Bailie of Burntisland, for levying cess and other moneys in the time of the late rebellion, for the use and service of the Pretender.

— — 14. Mr William Smith, Professor of Philosophy in the Marischal College of Aberdeen, as guilty of joining the Rebels in the late rebellion, and of several treasonable practices during the time thereof. Liberated on 22d August same year, having been five months in custody.

— April 14. William Forbes in the parish of Strathdon, David Moodie in Aberbrothick, Mr George Maule, factor to the Earl of Panmure, Robert Doal in Aberbrothick, and James Greig and William Graham, both in Dundee, for accession to the late rebellion and treasonable practices.

1716, April 21. John Kellie, corporal in the Earl of Stair's Regiment, for killing John Norton, sergeant in said regiment, in a duel near Stirling. Liberated at the Bar, 23d July, 1716.

— May 28. Thomas Ross, soldier, for murdering James Small, tenant in Easterguteside. Hanged in the Grassmarket, 16th Augt. 1716.

1717, Jany. 2. Thomas Inglis, chiuurgeon-barber, for a debt of £20 Scots.

— — Hermanus Vanartyne, sportsman, (mountebank?) in the Canongate, for a debt of £24 Scots.

— Feby. 23. Gremoch Gregorach, airt and part with Robt. Roy, alias Macgregor, in seizing of — Graham, younger of Killearn; robbing him and carrying him away, and detaining him a prisoner for several days. A party ordered to be sent by Brigadier Preston to guard him from Crieff Gaol to Edinburgh.

— March 7. Anna Crawford, murder of her own child, as confessed to the Bailies of Musselburgh and minister of Inveresk.

MINUTES OF IRVINE PRESBYTERY.

[Continued from the "Ayrshire News Letter."]

Our researches hitherto have been by no means so flattering to the clerical character and the enlightenment of the age as we could have wished. We have now to represent these in a more favourable aspect, and to display the zeal they evidenced in maintaining the rights of their order; in ascertaining the ground or groundlessness of calumny attaching to individuals of their body, and in prying, at the risk of whatever disgraceful exposures, into the crimes and failings of an erring brother.

"29th June, 1647.—Compeared Mr Alex. Dunlop, (late minister of Ardrossan,) desiring, because he was to go to Ireland, that he might have an extract of his deposition, and ane testimonial. The Presbytery, understanding that his request was altogether contrary to the acts of the kirk, does conclude, that till the said Mr Alex. Dunlop confess the fault wherefore he was deposed, and give evident signs of his repentance, that neither the extract of the act of deposition, nor yet the testimonial be granted to him."

"A visitation at Kilmaurs, 14th July, 1647.—The minister, Mr Wm. Cruiks, preached upon the 1st ch. Colossians, ver. 7, and had the directory upon the 19th Psalm, and was exorted to *stir up himself* that he might win nearer the case and condition of the people. The Session book being called for was produced by their clerk called Adam Simpson, and given to Mr Hugh M'Kaile to revise, who, after revising, reported that he had found two defects in it:—1st, That the whole process led against delinquents was not booked. 2d, That there was *no count of the collections* since the 43 year of God. The minister being removit the eldership was callit in, and the end of this day's meeting was signified unto them; as also public intimation was made to the whole parish, That if any of them had any thing to say either against the minister or the elders they must appear; after intimation three persons following gave in their grievances:—1st, James Cuninghame regretted that he as an elder had delated a gross scandal to the Session, and they would not take notice of it except he had produced 40s., and obliged himself to make it good. 2dly, He regretted that ane woman was enjoined to stand three several Sabbaths in the public place of repentance in her linens, notwithstanding whereof she was receivit on the third day in the body of the kirk, out of her own seat. 3dly, He regretted that persons over taken with drunkenness upon the Lord's-day were too easily passed by, no more requirit of them than their repentance in their own seat. Alex. Jamie regretted that drunkards upon the Sabbath day, and breaches of the same, were not condignly punished. Rob. Templeton made similar complaints, and that the minister did not visit the parish sufficiently, that the Sabbath was not sanctified as he could wish, and that the minister when he did visit the sick did it perfunctorously, &c. The rest of the elders being removit, the laird of Thornton was called upon, deponit as follows:—1st, He regretted that the minister came not nearer the people's cases. He declared that there was *no weeks preaching*—that there was no catechising except once in the year—that in his catechising he

is weak—that they could hardly get the communion celebrate once a year—that their Session is very thin and weak, and many members of the Session had withdrawn themselves, &c., &c., &c.,—that in his life *he is blameless and affable* in receiving those of his people that came to him. Thomas Thompson, Cuthbert Andrew, The Goodman of Hill, and Wm. Steel, gave similar testimony—the last that he ascribed a good deal of the minister's deficiency to the weakness of his body, and regretted that ane elder, James Gaut, declared in Session that ane of the parish, callit Wm. Biggart, called the minister *an atheist*, and all who heard him atheists likewise. James Gaut being called for declares himself satisfied with his minister in every point except in the visitation of families, whilk he could wish were more carefully done. James Gaut farther stated that Biggart had said that the minister had *preached a lie*, and that *the minister was an atheist*, and *all who heard him atheists*. The rest of the elders, being called in cumulo, in one voice regretted the minister's weakness, and desired ane helper. The minister being called in answered the different charges made against him, and regretted that some of his elders did not support him as they ought to do. The Presbytery very gravely rebuked both minister and elders. The minister made complaint against Wm. Biggart for the reasons above stated. Biggart ordered to appear before the Presbytery and answer for his conduct. The Laird of Craig, charged with complying with the enemy, having been too easily cleared by the minister, was called in and censured, that by his threatening and boasting he had abused the minister's simplicity, &c.,—both being removed, they were again called in and very stivly and sharplic rebukit, Craig for his unorderly way of *talking of himself*, whilk was very offensive both to the Presbytery and congregation; and Mr William was rebuked for his simplicity. Craig very ingenuously confessit before the Presbytery his complying with the enemy, that he had been at James Graham, his league at Ayr, and at Loudonhill, and was absolvit."

"15th Sept., 1647. The Presbytery, in terms of the Assembly's ordinance, ordains that a thanksgiving be solemnly kepted the last Lord's-day of this instant for yir causes: 1st, That the Lord hath been pleased to grant so glorious a victory to our army employed against the rebels in the hielands. 2dly, That in the time of England's confusions, and our fears from them, it has pleased the Lord to give us the benefit of a General Assembly, which, with great unanimity, has issued forth a public declaration againts the *errors in England*. 3dly, That the Lord hath been graciously pleased to keep the pestilence from spreading over the face of the land, &c., &c. Mr John Nevoy is *returned from the army*, and gave the brethren hearty thanks for their care in supplying his kirk in the time of his absence. Wm. Biggart in Kilmaurs, (after a number of witnesses had been examined to prove the charges against him which he denied,) being summoned to this diet to receive his censure, compeared, and offered to prove his whole allegation. Being posit what were the *lies* he affirmed the minister had preached, he answered that he had not made Joseph swearing by the life

of Pharoeh and iniquitie, being further posit how he could prove him to be an atheist, he answered that he did not keep family worship in his house ordinarily. (N.B.—This charge completely disproved by evidence of the minister's servants.) That he did not reprove vice in the town of Kilmaurs—that he goes not to *hear other ministers preach*, all which he conceived to be *points of atheism*. The Presbytery finding that what he alleged was frivolous and groundless, as was cleared at the visitation of Kilmaurs, orders, before censure be given him, sundry clergymen to deal with him to bring him to a sense of his scandalous and malicious railing upon the servant of God, &c., &c. Biggart, after giving a great deal more trouble, and disobeying the orders of the Presbytery at last, on 20th June, 1648, finds that the process was at the point of *excommunication*, delays procedure till next day. 22d August, the process is found formal and closed. 22d Sept., the pronouncement of the sentence of excommunication delayed against Biggart, and case continued, because of the present troubles and the fewness of the brethren who were at home. 17th Oct., the sentence of excommunication against Biggart ordered to be *pronounced against him* upon Sabbath come twenty-days, in case he do not humbly submit himself to the Presbytery, and that the minister of the place shall do so. 13th Feb., 1649, Biggart appeared before the Presbytery, and gave in a paper agreeing—1st, To submit to censure for his obstinacy; 2d, That he had wronged the Presbytery in standing out so long; 3dly, Admitted that he had wronged the minister in calling him an atheist. The Presbytery, considering the confession not full enough, delayed till next meeting. 20th Feb., Biggart appeared before the Presbytery, and acknowledged the charges against him; and that he had spoken unchristianly in calling his minister a preacher of lies, upon sic a feckless ground as he had done—ordered to humble himself before the Presbytery, which he did; and farther that he stand two Lord's days in the place of public repentance in his *ordinary habit*, and be absolved.

26th Oct., 1647.—Collections ordered for Largs, where the people were very destitute. Some individuals in the bounds of the Presbytery having gone into England and *got married*, contrary to the order of the kirk, the General Assembly to be applied to for instructions how the Presbytery are to proceed in censuring the said persons. Sums collected for Largs:—From New Mills, 152 pounds, 2s. 4d. From Irvine, 200 merks; Kilmaurs, 102 merks; Kilbirnie, 50 pounds. From Stewarton, 111 pounds; Kilwinning 100 pounds; Dreghorn, 43 pound 8s.; Dalry, 43 pound 20 merks; Ardrossan, 50 merks. From Perston, 40 pound viii merks. Three clergymen appointed to speak to the Erie of Eglinton anent the plantation of Perston."

24th Nov., 1647.—At a visitation of the kirk of Kilbride, Mr Geo. Crawford, the minister, exercised upon 14th cap. of Hosea, and preached on 4th of John, and being removit, the brethren declared themselves satisfied with *neither*. The elders, and also the whole parish, called on to say if they had any thing to say against their minister—an libel was given in against him."

18th Jan., 1648.—John Thomson being able to

speak the Irish tongue perfectly, the Presbytery agree to allow him 100 merks per annum, to sustain him at schools with this proviso, in case it shall please the Lord to bring him through, that he may be useful in the kirk of God—that he shall follow a call to the Highlands. When in the Lord's own time it shall be offered to him, whilk the said John assents to."

"At Kilbride, 26th Jan., 1648, to hear witnesses in the charges against Geo. Crawford, the minister. He offers to make certain confessions, viz:—1st, That he did administer the sacrament of baptism thrice without ordinary preaching—one time at a marriage, read only a piece of a chapter and expounded it—at another time did baptize two bairns, and did expound only a piece of a psalm—and a third time had nothing but prayer. 2dly, That he did read the Assembly's acts upon a forenoon, and made it serve for a preaching. 3dly, That he did not enjoin Alex. Cunninghame, younger, to make his repentance for fornication, but knew it not till long after he was married. 4th, He confesses that no worldly affairs should have drawn him so oft away from his charge. 5th, He confesses that sometimes in a passion he said in faith, and in conscience, but it was only in his own house. 6th, He confesses that he received money for making of testaments (wills). 7th, That he rode from Glasgow to Kilbarchan upon ane Sunday morning before sermon. 8th, That he desired the people of Newton, upon the Lord's-day, to come and till his glebe upon the Monday, but it was 12 or 13 years since at least. 9th, That upon ane Sabbath day, at ten hours of evening, he went to ane Cordoner and desired him to have his boots ready against the Monday morning early. The confessions being heard the Presbytery, according to the desire of the said Mr George, did condescend upon some more points of the libel to be proven, sic as his carriage towards his wife and family—his fearful cursing—his profaneing the Lord's-day, &c. The following witnesses deponed:—1st, A. Cunninghame, younger of Carlung, that the minister knew that he (Cunninghame) was guilty of fornication, and he had confessed it to him after marriage, and he did not call him to account for it. Farther, that the minister frequently made use of oaths, and that he is a common curser in sic words as devil take him, &c.—that he had sat in ane ale-house till seven pints were drunken—that one of the company made the rest merry with sundry oaths, and with some bauldie speeches, and the minister did not reprove him, but did laugh as fast as the rest—that the minister had drawn up a certain act at a meeting of the parish, which he denied having in his possession, although he was afterwards obliged to admit he had the document—that upon a Sabbath day he went from Kilbride to Hunterston about a marriage, and afterwards went to an ale-house, and there *drank healths till mid-night*—to the parties good luck—and albeit he received favor from the Cooper, yet the chamber floor where he lay could verfy *what had been his Sabbath night's carriage*. The article being read, and Alex. Cunninghame examined upon the same, he attests the whole except his vomiting, and this was about eleven years since. Farther, that about 10 years ago he paid the minister

his teinds upon Sabbath day after preaching, and got a discharge from him—that upon another Sabbath he and the bellman came to Carlung and prigged about some kyne, but did not buy any. Rob. Gray deponed that the minister reproved some of his people who followed ministers who were teachers of novelties and new doctrine and left the old way, and said that meikle preaching makes people worse, and that homeliness spoils courtesy; for to be over homely, says he, with God's word, makes people count the less of it. That the minister railed upon those who went from his preaching to others, calling them *brain-sick*, giddy-headed, and given to the *itch of the ear*; and also some other charges as to his homeliness in preaching—that he passed delinquents too easily—that he seldom uses any spiritual communication—and that he had flatly denied, with a protestation to God, having the document above referred to, but afterwards he did produce it. Hunterston, younger, a witness, (was objected to by the minister, that he, and also Cuninghame, younger, a witness, were contrivers of the charge against him, and had enmity against him, allowed to give evidence.) He confirms the statement of Gray as to his slackness in discipline. Farther, that the minister mixed the communion wine with water to the common people, and kept it unmixed to the gentry. Farther, that there was not a week almost in all the year but Mr George raged, and that his wife regretted to him how very heavily *her husband struck her*—that he heard Mr George say often *ex fide, bona fide*, and as I shall answer to God; and farther, he heard him say by the firmament and *coram deo*; farther that there was a man in an ale-house with him—that both curst and spake bauldie language, which Mr George did not reprove—that he (Mr George) denied, with a protestation to God, that there was such an act as the one referred to above, and that after he denied it he produced it, to the grief of sundry who beheld it—that he (the minister) came down to witnesses father's house on a Sabbath day, seeking his counsel about the fewing some rowmes in Monkton. Ann Stevenston depones that being his servant four years ago, she saw Mr George *strike his wife with his hands and his feet*, and that she had heard him swear. Isobel Fairie, a former servant, about three years ago, gave similar evidence to the last witness. Margaret Wilson, a former servant, also deponed that she heard about a year since Mr George (the minister) *swear horribly*—that she never heard aue swear like him, and that very often, and that she never served the like of him. Three other witnesses depone as to his applying to them on Sabbath days about tilling the ground, purchasing a horse, &c.—that some of the matters deponed to happened *seven years ago*. The Presbytery in the meantime find as much proven as to merit the censure of suspension, and accordingly do so during their pleasure."

"1st March, 1648. Mr Geo. Crawford appeared, and prayed that if the points already proven did not merit deposition, he earnestly desired they would surcease the suspension. He also admitted the truth of several of the minor charges against him. The Presbytery agreed to hear some farther points in debate."

"14th March, 1648. Mr George Crawford this day *deposed*."

THE LORDS OF PRIVY COUNCIL TO KING JAMES VI., AS TO SIR JAMES MACDONALD'S REMISSION.

[Sir James Macdonald was the chief of the Macdonalds in Isla. He was a restless person—continually in rebellion; and ultimately was apprehended, and condemned to loose his head, 12th May, 1609. But James pardoned him. He died in 1626. Strange to say, this unscrupulous chieftain was addicted to reading and book-collecting. He complains bitterly that Lord Athole had robbed him of "Parsons Three Conversions of England, Nicol Burnes Disputation, and the meikle old Cornikle in verse."]

Most Sacred Souerane,

HAVING by oure former lettre, of the last of Junij, presented vnto your maiestie, oure opinioun, concerning the tua remissionis signed be your maiestie, and desyrit to be exp'd be ws; the one in fauouris of Sir James M'Donald, and the other in fauouris of M'Rannald, with the ressonis moueing ws to supersede the passing of the same, till we sould understand forder of your maiesteis pleasour thairanent: We knowe, that the importance of your maiesteis more weyghtie affairis, hes not offerit the occasioun vnto your maiestie, to returne vnto ws your auswer thairanent; and now we vnderstand, that M'Rannald is come to this cuntrey, leaneing to a protection grantit be your maiestie to him, vnder your hand and signett, and without ony direction or warrand for taking ordour with him anent his futur obedience and quietnes; quhairin, althocht we will eschew to be curious, towcheing the particularis of your maiesteis purpois in that mater, yitt the truste that your maiestie hes reposed of your affairis in ws, obliesses ws. in dewtie and alledgeance, to present vnto your maiestie oure simple opinionis concerning that man, whose bipast lyffe and conuersation hes bene so lewde and violent in bloode, theft, reafe, and oppressioun, that to this hour he never randerit obedience, and he wes not only the contrivair and plottair of the said Sir James his eschapp and brek of warde, bot a principall actor in the rebelloun that followit thairupoun, the suppressing quhairof wes so chargeable vnto your maiestie, and troublesome to the cuntry; and we can expect no thing from him in tyme coming, bot a constant continewance in the villanyis, quhairin he hes bene brought vp, and hes spent the rest of his vnhappy lyffe. And whereas now the whole Ilis and Continent nixt adiacent, ar in a maner reducit to obedience and no publict dissobedience profest, bot be Allane M'Endny, fader in law to this manis eldest sone, your maiestie may consider, how far others lymmaris, wickedlie disposit, and not yitt fullie satled in obedience, may be encourageit, vpon the example of this man, and hoip of impynitie, to offend: and yf he, with the other lymmar M'Eandny, sall joyne togidder, according to thair wounted maner, as appeirandlie thay will do, numberis of insolent personis, who now lurkis, and ar quyet, will brek lowse and follow thair fortunis, quhair-

vpon griter disordour and vnquietnes will aryise
nor wilbe weele gettin satled. The consideratioun
quhairf, conjoynd with the example and conse-
quence depending thairon, hes enforced ws, oute
of that dewitie quhilk we owe vnto youre maiestie,
most humelie and submissiuelie, to shoue vnto
yours maiestie, quhat we apprehend concerning
this particular, quhairin we haif no other respect
nor consideratioun, but the peace and quietnes of
the cuntry. And yf youre maiestie salbe pleased
to send vnto ws ony directionis concerning this
man, we salbe cairful to see the same execute ac-
cordinglie: and so, praying the Almightie God to
watche over your sacred persone, and to blisse
your maiestie with mony lang and happie yeiris,
we rest

Your maiesteis most humble and obedient
subjectis and servitouris,

Al. Cancellarius,
Melros, Mar, George Hay.
Haloruid hous xxi of Marche 1622.

LORD CRICHTOUNE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SCOTTISH JOURNAL."

Sir,—The following is an attempt to narrate, in the style
of the old Scottish ballads, a tradition which has been long
current in the neighbourhood of New-Hall, near Penni-
cuik, in Mid-Lothian.—If the thing appears worthy of a
place in your Journal, it is respectfully at your service.
I may mention that there are other two versions of the
story, which represent the main incident as having hap-
pened accidentally; but I have chosen the third, which
represents it otherwise, as being more in keeping with the
"poetical justice" of the catastrophe.—I am, &c.

11 Hill Street, Anderston, W. G.
Glasgow, 16th December, 1847.

Lord Crichtoun, in his hunting gear,
Gaed fiercely through the Ha'; (1)
While dogs and vassals, crouching near,
Attend his lordly ca';

"Gae bring the little varlet forth!
Gae bring him forth wi' speed!
Though a' my kin were in his coat,
This day I gar him bleed!

Now, Willie was a little page—
A page of beauty rare;
Fu' ruddy, ruddy were his cheeks,
And yellow was his hair.

But Willie was a wanton chit,
And fu' o' mirth and glee:
And he has ta'en a hinney pear
Frae Crichtoun's marked tree.

Thus Crichtoun's brow is swol'n and red;
And he has aithed fu' hie—
By ash, and thorn, and haly-rood,
That little Will shall dee!

Upon the tree which he hath robb'd,
"The varlet brat shall hing!"
Out then bespak his mother dear,
Upon her knee louting—

"My Willie is my only joy,
Beside him, son, I've nane,
O, wha will cheer my widow'd heart
When Willie's dead and gane?

"When age and want bow down my head,
Wha then my help will be?
O, spare him for his mither's sake
Who ne'er did wrang to thee!

"His father fell on Flodden Field,
When England wan the day;
And a' to aave thy father's life—
Lord Crichtoun, let him gae!"

"Hae dune, hae dune, thou fule woman!
Why hinder ye the chase!
Haste, hing him up, good John o' the Rape,
Frae me he gets nae grace."

"O, haud me up my mither dear!
O, haud me by the knee!
O, haud me up, my mither dear,
I'm oure young yet to dee!"

Lord Crichtoun smiled a grisly smile,
That garred the hangman grue;
"I prithee hold, good John o' the Rape,
Thus far to her I rue;—

"If she shall bear his body up
Frae this, to set o' sun,
I gie his life in her ain haun,
That she may lose or win."

"O, wae betide you, Lord Crichtoun!
O, wae betide your kin!
How shall I bear his body up
Frae dawn to set o' sun?

"How shall I bear his body up
A lee-lang simmer day?
A cruel, cruel lord ye be—
And mony ye've made wae.

"But may nae coming race o' thine
Upo' this earth be born,
To trample sae God's holy laws,
And treat the poor wi' scorn.

"And be the high, insulted Heavens
Aye deaf to thine and thee;
And never mercy to ye shawn,
As ye hae nane for me!"

Lord Crichtoun heard the widow's curse,
But answer made he nane;
To chase the deer on Pentland hills
He dauringly has gane.

And lang the widow held her son—
Till langer it micht na be;
Till she lay dead upon the grun'
And he hung on the tree!

And now the deadly wrath o' Heaven,
That burns, and burns for aye,
Fa's heavy on the tyrant's head—
Lord Crichtoun, "he is fey!"

And fast he drinks the blood-red wine,
And fensies mirth and glee;
But the sparkle o' the blood-red wine
Nae mair lights up his e'e.

And now he weds a fair, fair dame,
In youth and beauty's pride;
A comelier pair might na man see,
When they ride side by side—

But, in their secret joys o' love,
A joyless pair they be;
The lady pines in her painted bower—
She sits wi' an empty knee!

And now he bows in haly kirk,
Wi' meikle dool and pine;
While mony a haly mass is said
In gude Sanct Mungo's shrine; (2)

And now he's gane to Italy,
Out owre the saut sen faem,
Frae a foreign lan' and the Pope's ain han',
To bring redemption hame;

But the deadly might o' the widow's blight
Nae priest or Pope could saine;—
Frae Eskdale bowers and New-Hall's towers
Lord Crichtoun's race is gane!

(1) New-Hall House is situated on the south-western con-
fine of Edinburghshire, about nine Scots or twelve Eng-
lish miles from the metropolis. It stands at the head of
the valley of Mid-Lothian, near the foot of the Pentland
Hills, with the North Roke (there a small stream) running

behind it in a deep glen of great picturesque beauty. The present mansion is comparatively modern, but includes within its walls a portion of what was, in the beginning of the sixteenth century, a baronial castle, belonging to a family of the name of Crichtoun, ancestors, maternally, of the Earls of Dumfries. The tradition refers to the last Lord Crichtoun. After his death the lands appear to have become the property of the Church, and the Castle to have been converted into a religious house, or hospital. At the Reformation the property was again secularized, and it is supposed then to have received its present designation of "New Hall." It was long in the possession of the Pennicuiks, representatives of the Pennicuiks of that Ilk, (viz. of the adjoining estate) till in 1703 it was purchased by Sir David Forbes, uncle to the celebrated President Forbes of Culloden. Sir David afterwards became the friend and patron of Allan Ramsay, and New-Hall was thenceforward fated to become classic ground, by affording materials for the plot, characters and scenery of Ramsay's admired Scottish pastoral, "The Gentle Shepherd."

(2.) In the life of Sir John Clerk of Pennicuik, in the 'Scots Magazine' for June 1802, it is mentioned that "the former name of the parish of Pennicuik was that of St Kentigern or Mungo, the same to whom the Cathedral Church of Glasgow was dedicated. A religious house, or hospital, near the site of the present New-Hall, endowed with considerable landed property, is supposed to have held most of the surrounding district."

Varieties.

PERILOUS SITUATION.—In September last, (October 27, 1764,) the Princess Caroline custom-house-yacht, Capt. John Read, sailed from Leith for Lerwick in Shetland, with two customhouse-officers on board, to be stationed there. The ship being old and crazy, they sprung a leak, and were obliged to put in at Peterhead to refit. On the afternoon of the day they sailed from thence, either by the pilot's mistake, or by the haziness of the weather, they found themselves among the breakers on the main land of Shetland; and to avoid immediate destruction, pushed into a small bay, surrounded on all sides with rocks of a stupendous height. Here they luckily struck on a sand-bank. In the midst of their consternation, a faithful negro, whom Capt. Read had brought from the South seas, swam off with a rope in quest of dry ground. This he found; though by the sea-mark on the rocks, it was evident that it was many feet under water at full tide. By the assistance of the rope, they all left the ship, except one of the officers before mentioned, who being old and corpulent, chose rather to stay on board: they had lost their boat before. They then endeavoured in vain to climb the rock, and the advance of the tide redoubled their terror. At last the negro discovered a cleft, by which they might ascend the rock above high-water mark. This cleft terminated in a hollow or grotto, where they all took up their night's abode. Next morning at ebb they descended to reconnoitre their situation; and found that the rocks were inaccessible; nor could they any ways get round, as the rocks forming a semicircle extended on both sides far into the sea. They then in despair returned to their ship; where they found the officer they left on board, upon the main shrouds; from whence he had scarcely been ten minutes, before the mast came by the board, and was followed by the foremast. And now the hull worked so that they all resolved to leave her again; which they did with much difficulty; and had not been long on shore before she went to pieces. Thus they were to all appearance reduced to the alternative of starving or drowning; which carried them to a more minute examination of the rocks; when one of the sailors found a place which seemed to offer the bare possibility of ascent at the hazard of his neck: which however, in their circumstances, was no hazard at all. He mounted, carrying a rope with him, and fastened it to the top, by which the rest got up after him. Thus being contrary to all hopes delivered, half naked and almost perished, they sought and found a hut, where they reposed themselves, and after procured a conveyance to Lerwick. —This, though a seemingly romantic relation, is in every circumstance strictly true.—'Scots Magazine,' 1764.

QUEEN MARY'S DOMESTIC LIFE.—The queen took up her residence at Hampton Court permanently, for the summer, in the commencement of July. The manner of life led there by her and her spouse is dimly remembered by tradition. When the king used to walk with her across the halls and courts of that antique place he never gave the queen his arm, but hung on hers, and the difference of their size and stature almost provoked risibility. The king every day seemed to grow smaller and leaner beneath the pressure of the cares which his three crowns had brought him; while Mary, luxuriating in her native air, and the pleasures of her English palaces, seemed to increase in bulk every hour. She took a great deal of exercise, but did not try abstinence as a means of reducing her tendency to obesity. She used to promenade, at a great pace, up and down the long straight walk, under the wall of Hampton Court, nearly opposite to the Toy. As her majesty was attended by her Dutch maids of honour, or English ladies naturalised in Holland, the common people who gazed on their foreign garb and mein named this promenade "Frow" walk: it is now deeply shadowed with enormous elms and chesnuts, the frogs from the neighbouring Thames, to which it slants, occasionally choosing to recreate themselves there; and the name of Frow-walk is now lost in that of Frog-walk. The pleasures of the Dutch monarch were not of a sociable kind; he neither loved the English nor English manners, but preferred Dutch smoking parties, with closed doors, guarded from all approach by foreign soldiers, with pipes in their mouths, and partisans grasped in their hands. The daily routine of the life of William and Mary is only preserved in squibs and lampoons; among these manuscripts, detestable as they are in construction and metre, some lost traits are found.

HAMPTON-COURT LIFE IN 1689.

Man and wife are all one, in flesh and in bone
From hence you may guess what they mean:
The queen drinks chocolat, to make the king fat;
The king hunts, to make the queen lean.

Mr Dean says the grace, with a reverend face,
"Make room!" cries Sir Thomas Duppá:
Then Bentinck up-locks his king in a box,
And you see him no more until supper.

The regal dinner-hour was half-past one, or two at the latest, and breakfast was at an hour virtuously early. Queen Mary, like every one descended from Lord Chancellor Clarendon, with the exception, perhaps, of her uncle, Henry, Earl of Clarendon, indulged in eating rather more than did her good; her enemies accused her of liking strong potatoes. The elegance of her figure was injured by a tendency to rapid increase, on which the satires and lampoons of her political opponents did not fail to dwell; she was scarcely twenty-eight years of age when she became Queen of England, but her nymph-like beauty of face and form was amplified into the comeliness of a tall, stout woman. Among the valuable collections of Colonel Braddyll, at Conishead Priory, Lancashire, was preserved a very fine miniature of William III. delicately executed in pen and ink etching. It is a small oval, laid on a back ground of white satin, surrounded with a wreath of laurel embroidered in outline tracery in his royal consort's hair, surmounted with the crown-royal. The frame is of wood, curiously carved and gilded, and at the foot is a circular medallion, radiated and enclosed in the ribbon of the garter, containing also, under a fair crystal, Queen Mary's hair, which is of a pale brown colour, and of an extremely fine and silky texture. At the back of the picture, Queen Mary has inscribed, on a slip of vellum, with her own hand—"My haire, cut off March y 5th, 1688." Under the royal autograph is written, "Queen Mary's hair and writing."—"Lives of the Queens of England."

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THE TANISTRY AND BREHON LAWS OF IRELAND.

THE expedition of Strongbow, in 1162, was undertaken at the instance of an Irish chief, or petty king, who fled the country to elude the punishment due to his crimes. This criminal had the address to prevail on the king of England, to allow his vassals to assist him in the recovery of his district, or province, on condition that all the lands that might thus be acquired by the allies, should be held by them as the vassals and liege subjects of England.

When Macmurragh and his allies landed in Ireland, their ostensible object being the adjustment of a feud between two Irish septs, or clans, the other clans could not interfere without violating "the Celtic principle of disunited independence."* Nor had the patriarchal constitution foreseen or provided a remedy for such a contingency—for the authority of the king, or pendragon, only came into action when the *whole* nation was menaced, and found it necessary to take the field. In this consisted the weakness of the clan system, which was essentially a system of equity and peace.

Had the king of England proclaimed war against Ireland, and entered the country at the head of his embattled nation, as became his station and his power, the result in all probability would have been better for both nations. In this case, the Irish would have been afforded an opportunity of fighting for their freedom, as a united nation; and, in the event of their fall, the conqueror would have had the title as well as the power to impose his own laws effectually on a subdued and conquered people. But, unhappily for both nations, the king of England seems to have known the strong as well as the weak points of the clan system, and adopted the short-sighted and unworthy policy of working his ends by taking advantage of the latter. He accordingly stood aloof until Macmurragh and Strongbow formed the foundation of the Pale: and from that day until the reign of James the VI. the policy to which the first expedition owed its success seems, with little variation, to have been persevered in, for gradually drawing the whole country, district after district, and clan after clan, under its influence.

From Spenser's account of the Tanistry and Brehon laws of Ireland, it would appear that when Edward Bruce landed in Ireland, the Pale had, by these means, been so extended as to include the whole country "from Dunluce, and beyond, to Dublin, having, in the midst of her, Knockfergus, Belfast, Armagh, and Carlinford."

"Edward le Bruce," as he is called by Spenser, with his "Scots and red shanks," soon changed the face of affairs; and had he only been as cautious as he was brave and skilful, the Irish might then, in all probability, have recovered the Pale. Spenser's work was published in 1596. "The said Edward le Bruce," continues Spenser, "spoiled and burnt all the old Pale inhabitants; and sacked and razed all corporate towns and cities." He wasted Belfast, Greencastle, Killis, Baltarbet, Castletown, Newtown, and many other good towns and strongholds. He rooted out the noble families of the Audlies, Talbots, Tuchets, Chamberlains, Maundvilles, and the Savages out of the Ardes." In short, such was the blow given to the Pale by Edward Bruce, that she had not recovered anything like her former power even at the time at which Spenser wrote—nearly three hundred years afterwards—for her utmost boundary at that time reached only "to Dundalk." Pity it is that the brief and bright career of Edward Bruce, in Ireland, has not met with a suitable historian.

Spenser informs us that, "In a parliament holden in the time of Anthony Saint Leger, Lord Deputy, all the Irish Lords and principle men came in; and being by *fair means* moved thereunto, acknowledged King Henry" (VIII.) "for their sovereign Lord, reserving (as some say) unto themselves their own former privileges and seignories inviolate." This fact shows that Ireland had not at this date been conquered by England.

Both parties seem to have misunderstood one another as to the extent and effect of this submission. The English statesmen appear to have conceived that the chiefs and chieftains of Ireland had the same despotic power over the clans which the lords and barons had over their vassals and serfs; and they accordingly concluded that, when they obtained their consent to the sovereignty of the king of England, the whole nation was at once reduced to subjection. The Irish, on the other hand, meant that the sovereignty of the king of England, in Ireland, should be limited within the bounds prescribed by the *cleachda*. This is to be inferred from the reservations under which they

* Chalmers' Caledonia.

agreed to the sovereignty, as above described. Indeed, the chiefs and chieftains, as we have shown in former communications, had no power beyond that conferred on them by the *cleachda*. The chiefs and chieftains, accordingly, agreed to the sovereignty of the king of England in the Celtic sense of the word; and consequently under the reservation of "their own former privileges and seigniories inviolate."

Had English statesmen, at the above period, understood the character and institutions of the Irish, they would, perhaps, have advised the king to be contented with the limited sovereignty tendered to him by the chiefs and chieftains of the people, who, in that case, would, no doubt, have got him elected sovereign of Ireland in a convocation of the nation—for it could not, according to their laws, be done by any section of the people.

That they were entirely ignorant of the laws and institutions of Ireland, and of the resolute adhesion of the people to them, is evidenced by the work of Spenser, from which we quote the following extracts, in the form of a dialogue between *Eudot* and *Iren*. *Eudot*, in reference to the above submission, or treaty, observes—"By acceptance of this sovereignty, they also accepted of his laws. Why then should any other laws be now used amongst them?" To this *Iren* very complacently replies, "True it is, that thereby they bound themselves to his laws and obedience. *Eudot*. Do they not still acknowledge the submission? *Iren*. No, they do not: for now the heirs and posterity of them which yielded the same, are (as they say) either ignorant thereof, or do wilfully deny or stedfastly disavow it." "They say their ancestors had no estate in any of their lands, seigniories or heridaments longer than during their lives," "for all the Irish held their lands by Tanistry."

Eudot is, of course, greatly astonished at this answer, and exclaims,—"What is that which you call Tanisht and Tanistry? They be names and terms never before heard of or known to us. *Iren*. It is a custom among the Irish that, immediately after the death of any of their chief lords or captains, they do assemble themselves unto a place generally appointed and known unto them, to choose another in his stead, where they do nominate and elect, for the most part, not the eldest son, nor any of the children of the deceased, but the next to him of blood, that is the eldest and the worthiest, as commonly the next brother unto him, if he have any, or the next cousin, or so forth, as any is elder in that *kin* or *sept*. And then, next to him, do they choose the Tanisht, who shall next succeed him in the captaincy, if he live thereunto."

It will be seen by the above, that the Irish, like the Highland clans, kept the offices of chief and Tanister separate and distinct, the one from the other—the former being the military commander, and the latter, the trustee of the civil rights or tenures of the clan. Hence, in the Highlands, the chief, at the inauguration, received a sword, and the Tanister a wand, as the symbols of their office. Spenser, in a subsequent quotation, says,—the chief, in Ireland, received a wand; but we suspect this must be a mistake, or that the elec-

tive ceremony he describes was that of the Tanister—as the patriarchal laws of all nations, being derived from the same source, were in all probability everywhere the same. The Tanister, as above observed, held the lands in trust for the clan and their posterity, to whom they belonged in common. Thus the chief represented the clan in their military, and the Tanister in their civil capacity—as is indicated in the previous answer, where it is stated, that "their ancestors had no estate in any of their lands, seigniories or heridaments," which they held "by Tanistry"—that is, the Tanister held, by virtue of his office, the whole lands in trust for them and their posterity.

Spenser gives the following description of the forms attended to in the election of a chief or Tanister. "They use to place him that shall be their captain upon a stone always reserved for the purpose, and placed commonly on a hill. In some of which I have seen, formed and engraven, a foot, whereon he, standing, received an oath to preserve all the ancient former customs of the country inviolable; and to deliver up the succession peacefully to his Tanisht; and then hath delivered unto him a wand, by some whose office that is; after which, he, descending, turneth himself round and boweth thrice forward and thrice backward." "I have heard," continues Spenser, "that the beginning and cause of this ordinance was specially for the defence and maintainance of the lands in their posterity, and for excluding all innovation or alienation thereof to strangers." "Hence they say, as erst I told you, that they reserved their titles,* tenures and seigniories whole and sound to themselves."

There is sufficient evidence here that the aboriginal inhabitants of Ireland had, by their patriarchal laws, entailed their lands on their whole posterity, by forms the most clear, public and solemn, so as to render the misrepresentation or misapprehension of the nature of heritable tenures in that country impossible. Our Celtic ancestors are represented by parties (who seem to have taken extremely little pains to satisfy themselves as to the truth of their statements) as barbarians; but we greatly question whether their patriarchal.

* A gentleman who, about twenty years ago, employed a great many Irishmen in agricultural improvements, had among the number the lineal descendant of an Irish chief. So high were the feelings and manners under the clan system, that, even to this day, the politeness of many among the labouring classes in Ireland and the Highlands has more than once been remarked upon by intelligent travellers. The person referred to was not an exception in this respect; and, his influence over his countrymen being found useful in the management of the party, he and his employer frequently had confidential conversations on the ancient laws and institutions of Ireland, as well as the innovations introduced by the Kings of England into Ireland—especially on the subject of their assumption of a right to the soil. On one of these occasions, he told him, that the Irish never would be reconciled to the justice of that assumption: and that, accordingly, books were kept secretly, not only in Ireland, but also in Great Britain, in which the districts belonging to the respective clans continue to be registered, with the names of their present proprietors, and of the chiefs and Tanisters of "the rightful owners of the soil." Such is the enduring effect of the ancient laws and institutions of Ireland on the character and principles of the people of that country.

Brehon and succession laws are not entitled to rank them for civilization far above the legislators of the feudal and criminal code and law of primogeniture of England, in the eyes of the philosopher of the present day.

"The Brehon law," says Spenser, "is a rule of right unwritten, but delivered by tradition from one generation to another, in which, often times, there appeareth great shew of equity, in determining the right between party and party, but in many things repugning quite both to God's law and man's. As for example, in the case of murder, the Brehon, that is their judge, will compound between the murderer and the friends of the party murdered, which prosecute the action, that the malefactor shall give unto them (for) the child or wife of him that is slain, a recompence, which they call *erich*. By which vile law of theirs many murders among them are made up or smothered."

The word "compound," as used above, is apt to mislead the general reader. The Brehon had no more power to compound the crime, by the law of *eric* (a word derived, probably, from *ad-heric*—the *dh* being quiescent—horns, the compensation being always paid in cattle) than our Lords of Justiciary have to compound the crimes tried before them. The duty of the Brehon was to receive the evidence, and to fix and determine the degree or class of the crime—the amount of compensation payable therefor being, under the Brehon law, unalterably specified and determined. The Brehon having decided the class of the crime, and the amount of the compensation fixed by the law, his declaration, at the *mod* or *moat*, to the effect that it had been duly compensated, according to the *cleachda*, was tantamount to a verdict of acquittal.

It sometimes happened that the means of the criminal fell short of the compensation required; but in all such cases, where the crime was committed within the bounds of the clan, the "kith and kin" of the criminal charged themselves with the deficiency, and could not thereafter be reproached with the crime of their kinsman. In like manner, when the crime was committed against or within the bounds of another clan, the whole clan of the criminal charged themselves with the deficiency, and thus preserved the honour of their clan from being reproached with the crime of any individual of their number—for so close was the unity, that the clan was liable for the individual, and the individual for the clan, until the *eric* was paid.

On the other hand, should the crime be considered infamous, either in itself or from the circumstances connected with the perpetration of it, the criminal forfeited his name and privileges; and was banished forth the bounds of the clan. This was a severe sentence, but it saved the honour of the clan from being stained by any unworthy member. The compensation purged the disgrace, when the criminal was disowned and banished, but not otherwise. The criminal was sometimes received, under his assumed name, by some clan resident at a distance from his own, and probably not cognisant of the nature of the crime. The descendants of many persons, who had thus been received

by other clans, have assumed the names of their ancestors only since the fall of the clan system. Where the banished man was not thus fortunate, he became what is called, *cearnach coille*, i. e., a warrior of the wood, or outlaw. The depredations of persons of this description are commemorated in many traditions; but it would seem as if the people had some feeling of compassion for their state—for we scarcely hear of any rising of a clan, or district, for the purpose of putting them down, so long as they confined themselves to the taking of a sheep from the fold, or a cow from the glen, to supply their natural wants.

On receiving the above description of the Brehon law, *Eudot* continues:—"I trust it is not now used in Ireland, since the king of England had the *absolute* dominion, and established his own laws there. *Iren*. Yes, truly: for there be many *wide counties* in Ireland the laws of England never were established in, nor any *acknowledgment* of subjection made; and even in these that are subdued, or *seem* to acknowledge subjection, the same law is practised among themselves."

The statesmen of England, having reasoned themselves into a belief of the unchristian character of the Brehon law, the *absolute* dominion of the king of England in Ireland, and his consequent right to establish his own laws there—although many *wide counties* there had not, at that time, made any acknowledgment of subjection, and although those that were subdued only acknowledged a *seeming* subjection—immediately applied themselves to the enactment of other laws, in substitution thereof. They accordingly enacted that Irishmen "should not use gilt bridles or petronels," "or wear saffron shirts or smocks," "or baird on the upper lips," "and none under their chins;" and, that "Irishmen, *conversing* among Englishmen, should be taken as spies, and so punished," &c. &c. All this, and more, is attested by Spenser; and the curious in legislation can have no difficulty in naming many other enactments, conceived in the same wise and conciliating spirit, from the same enlightened code!

There can be little doubt that in their ignorance or disregard of the ancient rights and privileges of the people of Ireland, and the enduring effect of these on the national mind, is to be found the great cause of the mislegislation and misgovernment of English statesmen in Ireland.

D. C.

LARGS.

[Concluded from our last.]

On quitting this mansion of the dead, "where Night and Desolation ever frown," the first objects apt to catch the eye of the visitant, are two wasted funeral escutcheons, affixed to the side walls of the aisle. As having reference to several occupants of the vault, it may not be out of place here briefly to notice the "tattered coats of arms" which they still bear, and the names of the representatives of this distinguished family, whose deaths were thus commemorated.

The escutcheon attached to the west wall, though the oldest, is the least decayed of these proofs of noble ancestry. It was put up in 1694, on the demise of Sir James Montgomery, the third

baronet of Skelmorlie—a political character of considerable distinction in very wavering and perilous times. The upper quarterings of this escutcheon are still entire, but of the lower ones, and of the central achievement, nothing but a few shreds remain. The proofs of descent in the dexter quarter are, 1st, Montgomery of Skelmorlie; 2nd, Duke of Argyle; 3rd, Duke of Queensbury; 4th, Earl of Morton; and those in the sinister quarter, or by the female line, are, 1st, Scott of Rossie; 2nd, Willoughby of Paran; 3rd, Lord Lindores; 4th, Slingsby of Redhouse. A baronet's helmet, surmounted by the torse or wreath, hangs over the escutcheon, while on each side of it, along the margin of the ceiling, are arranged eight small funeral banners of sheet iron, but from both sides of which the armorials have been long since obliterated by damp and corrosion.

The escutcheon on the opposite wall is commemorative of Sir Robert Montgomery, eldest son of Sir James, above mentioned. He was governor of a garrison in Ireland, and died in 1731. This escutcheon has exhibited in each quarter only two proofs of descent, the upper ones of which alone remain. These are the father, and father's mother, on the right side, and on the other, the mother, and mother's mother, being respectively, Montgomerie as before, and Scott of Rossie; the Marquis of Annandale, and the Duke of Queensbury. Though now in the last stages of decay, any one may yet perceive that the escutcheons when, entire, must have contributed not a little to the heraldic interest and solemn splendour of the aisle. In their time-worn state, however, they are in perfect keeping with the present condition of those "they were meant to honour," as well as with the blighted adornments of the ceiling, and the mouldering sculptures and broken profiles of the monument. Verily, as we view these things we feel most forcibly the saying of the preacher, "One generation passeth away, and another generation cometh: but all is Vanity."

Before closing this essay towards a description of the aisle, we may add, in reference, that drawings of the monument, which we conceive to be the purest specimen in Scotland of monumental architecture, in the Italian style, at the period of its construction, were taken, in 1818, by Mr Lizars of Edinburgh, (whose name is a sufficient guarantee for their excellence,) by order of Hugh late Earl of Eglinton, a nobleman alike distinguished for his public spirit and his patronage of the arts, and who, it seems, at an advanced period of his life, had conceived the intention of thus preserving this monument of the taste and piety of his distinguished ancestor. His lordship died, we believe, before the drawings were completed, and so recently as the spring of 1838 we were told they were still in the artist's possession. It is to be hoped they may yet be engraved, or that some expert draughtsman may, before many years elapse, find patronage so liberal among the admirers of art, and the lovers of antiquities, as will enable him, by means of the pencil and burin, to arrest, in some measure, the hand of time, and its attendant decay, and for the future, at least, place this magnificent memorial far beyond the reach of the destroyer.

We shall now proceed to scan the other monuments and inscriptions, which have been placed over those who rest in the common fold of the departed.

West of the Skelmorlie aisle, stands the funeral vault of the ancient family of Brisbane of Brisbane. It is constructed entirely of stone, and its only chiseled adornments are two shields of arms, built in the gable over its well secured portal. The shield on the right bears two mullets in fesse, between three cups covered, for Shaw, impaling three fleurs de lis, and parted per fess, three annulets, for Montgomery. On the upper part of the shield are cut the letters P. S., and in the flanks I. M., with the date 1634, below. The other shield bears only Shaw, as above, and the initials I. S. It would appear, from these armorials, that the vault was built by Shaw of Kelsoland, or his heirs, considerably prior to that property becoming part of the estate of Brisbane, in which its name was subsequently merged. The letters on the right-hand shield are the initials of Patrick Shaw, second son of John Shaw of Greenock, and those of his wife, Jean, daughter of Adam Montgomerie of Broadstone, and sister to Hugh, Lord Viscount Airds, in Ireland. Nisbet's Heraldry, vol. II., Appendix, p. 103. The family indicated by the initials I. S., on the other shield, we have been unable to ascertain.

The most ancient monument, in the burying-ground, is one attached to the fragment of the south wall of the old church, already noticed, and which was preserved on this account. It denotes the place of interment of many generations of the Boyles of Kelburn, though nothing but the initials of the name of the individual it commemorated can now with certainty be known; "Decay's effacing fingers" having long since obliterated the lapidary record. The monument is composed of two Ionic columns with pedestals, five feet and a half apart, which sustains a heavy Tuscan cornice, without the intervention of a frieze, above which rises a central compartment formed by columns and a cornice of small dimensions, but otherwise copies of those below. Within the compartment, which is flanked by curvilinear panels, containing sprawling emblems of mortality, are carved a skull and cross bones, suspended by drapery, and over it formerly stood an escutcheon, the crowning member of the composition, but which, along with part of the cornice, has fallen down. It bears three harts' horns, two and one, and the initials I. B. The principal cornice is returned over the columns, above each of which stands a small pyramid, curved in the profiles, and resting on balls. Other features, particularly the capitals of the columns, which are equally tasteless in design and faulty in execution, we pass over as unworthy of notice. This monument must have been erected at a period when there were no standard models in this country, in the style of which it is a spurious imitation, to refer to. It is not improbable that it may have been raised in memory of John Boyle of Kelburn, an adherent to the party of Queen Mary, who died in 1610; although, according to Bloxam, few monuments were affixed to the exterior walls of churches in England in the early part of this century, and that it was not until after

the Restoration that they became at all common. *

Of monumental stones of one kind and another, there are within this field of graves, about one hundred and seventy. With a single exception, however, none of the forms of these memorials demand especial notice, being such, in this respect, as are to be met with in every country churchyard. The one thus alluded to is of white Italian marble, and was erected in 1832. It is of an insulated form, and consists of a handsome sarcophagus standing on a pedestal, slightly elevated by three steps, or gradini. In all it is about five feet in height, and is admirably proportioned. The different mouldings are likewise in good taste, and a male and female hand joined together within a sunk panel, on the east side of the sarcophagus, are sculptured in a style meriting high commendation. Altogether this is a chaste and beautiful monument, and truly an honourable testimonial "of filial affection and piety." We are afraid, however, that the material of which it is composed is not calculated to withstand uninjured the vicissitudes of this fretful climate through many years.

The oldest dated monumental stone is 1618, and between that period and the close of the century, there are only other five. With one exception, none of the dates on these are accompanied with any lettering, save the initials of the departed. The most ancient inscription, meriting the designation of epitaph, is that on the tombstone of the Rev. William Smith. He died of the plague in 1647, caught while visiting his parishioners, and in compliance with his wishes, (such is one version of the tradition,) was buried in a narrow little valley, between two holly bushes, situated two miles north of Largs, and about a quarter of a mile from the farm-house of Middleton, the scene of his death. What are believed to have been the hollies, indicated by Mr Smith as marking his last resting-place, still grow hard by his grave. It is a deeply sequestered spot, and well adapted for solitary musing, the little area being screened on every side by hollies, ashes, and pines, except to the north-west, in which direction there is seen, at a short distance, a portion of the banks of the impetuous Noddle, beyond which rise swelling arable fields, overlooked by the quiet, bright green summit of the Knock Hill.

The tombstone is of the tabular form, and bears the following inscription, the English part of which is cut around the margin of the stone.

"Here . layeth . Willm. . Smithe . Minister . of . Largs . a . faithfull . Minister . of . the . Gospell . removed . by . the . Pestilence . 1644 . Renewed . by . James . Smith . his . nephew . in . the . year . 1710 . Renewed 1760 .

Conditus . in . tu :
mulo . hoc . jaceo
juvenis que,
senex que . Nempe
annis , juvenis
sed . pietate
senex . Divino
eloquio . coelis :

tia . Dogmata
vidi . abstersi
tenebras . min :
tibus . ore Tonans
attonito que .
hæsit . animo .
pervera malo :
rum . colluvies
verbis . improba
facta . meis ."

* The following remarks on this epitaph, with its translation into English, as well as the translation of the foregoing inscriptions, have been furnished by my learned and ingenious friend, Dr Andrew Crawford of Lochwinnoch, a gentleman rich in antiquarian lore, and most obliging in communicating information. To him, indeed,

"Nor rough, nor barren, are the winding ways
Of hoar antiquity, but strawed with flowers."

Mr William Smith, Minister of Largs, was carried off by the pest, or plague, in the beginning of the year 1647; the date 1644, on his monument, is a mistake, as is testified by the Record of the Presbytery of Irvine. It is said that when the pestilence was laying waste the village, the people, yet free of sickness, fled from it to the Outerwards, situated in the muirs to the north of Largs, where they raised huts for their accommodation. They buried their own clergyman (who died as above stated, of the epidemic,) in the Kelso glen; the kirk-yard having become contagious of this deadly disease. They placed a throchstone over his remains, with the after-mentioned inscription, and planted hollies round his lonely tomb. Some of them afterwards invented a prophecy which they ascribed to Mr Smith, when on his death-bed, to the effect that the plague would not revisit the parish so long as the hollies were prevented from meeting over his grave. The prediction took so well that the bushes have been repeatedly curtailed of their ominous tendencies. The last of these croppings took place some thirty or forty years ago, and was so effectively gone about, that the direful consequences of the hollies "embracing each other," seem to be for ever averted.

The following is an accurate copy of the latin part of the inscription on the gravestone, with the difference only of the arrangement of the words being according to the hexameter and pentameter verse; an order which the sculptor had neglected:—

"Conditus in tumultu hoc jaceo, juvenisque senesque;
Nempe annis juvenis, sed pietate senex,
Divino eloquio celestia dogmata vidi,
Abstersi tenebras mentibus, ore tonans,
Attonitoque hæsit animo perversa malorum
Colluvies verbis improba facta meis."

Some school boy, or collegian in his novitiate, must have written this precious balderdash, put, as it were, into the mouth of the defunct, having obviously searched his Gradus in quest of words for quantity, not for their true meaning. The consequence has been an incoherent string or jumble of queer terms, altogether misapplied: the rules of syntax can scarcely connect such jargon.

The Rev. William Smith appears to have been a thundering preacher, (or a great gun, as the common phrase is; in other words a roaring and popular haranguer,) one who fulminated the terrors of the law instead of dispensing the joys, blessings, and mild precepts of the Christian faith: as such, at least, he is represented by his epitaph-writer.

A literal translation of the inscription would prove arrant nonsense. The following is an approach to the sense of it, affording at least a faint glimmering of what seems to have been the writer's obscure and murky meaning:—

"I lie buried in this tomb, both a young and an old man, that is a youth in years, but an old man in piety. I enforced the doctrine of revelation by divine eloquence. I dispelled the darkness from men's minds, thundering with my voice; and the odiousness of sin, in sooth, which clung to the terror-struck conscience of the wicked, being thus exposed, was rendered hateful by my discourses."

* A glimpse at the Monumental Architecture, &c., of Great Britain, p. 261. Lond. 1834.

The grave has been immemorially a place of occasional resort to the inhabitants of Largs, and is one of the *sights* to which the attention of strangers is generally directed. There are several walks in the vicinity of this beautifully situated town, of a more lively and amusing description, but none of them presents a terminus so peculiarly impressive as the one just described, with its bosky dingle and its lonely grave.

The following epitaphs are arranged according to their dates, and except in a few particular instances, it has been considered unnecessary to specify the forms of the memorials on which they are engraved, or the quarter of the churchyard in which they are situated. The selection, which comprises about a fourth of the entire inscriptions, will be found to include every epitaph in any way remarkable on account of its composition, or other circumstances; besides several that are briefly commemorative of individuals, whose living worth entitled them, certainly, to a more liberal measure of remembrance on their tombstones, than the bare record of "their name and years:"—

1. On an oblong stone, resting on pedestals, is the following marginal inscription, in raised characters:—

"Heir . l . y . s . David . B . y . r . b . o . n . who . d . i . e . d . Dec . 1696 .
Also . Archibald . B . y . r . b . o . n . His . l . son . and . H . i . s . b . a . n . d .
to . Agnes . C . r . a . v . f . r . d . Lady . of . Thirdpart . He . d . i . e . d .
Feb . 2 . 1705 . " On the upper part of the stone are cut the following letters and date, in large characters, which are arranged in three lines:—D . B . A . B . A . C . 1707 .

2. On another memorial, similar in form and dimensions to the above, and standing close by it, there is carved the semblance of a shield, bearing what probably was meant to represent a fess ermine. Above the fess is cut the date 1663, and in base is a spur revel or mullet and a rose, with the characters I C A C , A C V 27, but the marginal inscription, if there ever was any, has been altogether deleted by the weather. The family commemorated by these monuments, has been long extinct, nor can anything now be learned from tradition regarding it in the parish.

3. Here . are . buried . the . corps . of . the Revd . Mr . John . Wilson . Minister . of . the . Gospel . at . Largs . who . d . e . c . e . a . s . e . d . the . 15th . November . Anno . Dom . 1699 . aged . 46 . years .

The above and the three following epitaphs, are all engraved on the same stone.

4. Here . lies . the . body . of . the . reverend . Mr . John . Cumine . Minister . of . the . Gospel . in . Largs . Born . Anno . Dom . 1674 . Died . Anno . 1743 .

5. Here lies the body of the reverend Mr Andrew Cumine, Minister of the Gospel in Largs. Born Anno. Dom. 1674. Died Anno. 1762, in the 61st year of his ministry.

6. Also here lies the revd. Mr Gilbert Lang, Minister of Largs, who died 30th Decemr. 1791, in the 65th year of his age, and the 36th year of his ministry.

7. This . is . the . burial . place . of . Theophilus . Rankine . his . wife . and . children . 1724 .

T. R. I. O.

Of all mechanicks we have renown,
Above the hammer we wear the crown.

8. Erected by Hugh Tyre in memory of Jean Hair, his spouse, who departed this life the 10th August, 1799, aged 25 years.

Death doth prove,

What dust we doat on, when we woman love.

9. Here lies the body of John Ewing, Merchant in Fairlie, who departed this life Octr. 3, 1763, aged 65 years.

O Passenger as thou goest by upon this
Stone, think, listen, aye, and think on death

While life is lent to thee, for God himself,
Commands it so to be.

10. Erected in memory of Mary M'Naught, daughter to James M'Naught, who died at Kelburn, Oct. 26th, 1774, aged 20 years.

Here in this grave a woman lys
Who was cut off in youth;
A warning given to all mankind
To live in faith and truth.
For death may come in various shapes,
When we may least expect;
O that all youth in time may be
Prepared for such a step."

Here is interred the remains of Robert M'Naught, Inkeeper in Fairlie, who died on the 17th July, 1827, aged 73 years.

11. Mementi Mori.—This monument is erected in memory of Mr John Anderson, lawful son and heir to the deceased John Anderson, Portioner of Braidley in Dunlop, and late Surgeon in Glasgow, who died on board a vessel in Fairlie Roads, upon the 12th Febr., 1775, in his passage to Jamaica, whether he was going for recovery of health, and was interred here by the Capt. of said vessel, without the knowledge or consent of his friends. Aged 30 years.

12. Largs, Febr. 1, 1792. Interred here Elisabeth Hunter, relict of John Hyndman, aged 83. She was an affectionate mother, and always zealous for the welfare of her children, three of which is buried here who died in infancy.

13. Here ly interred the remains of John Ninian, late Feur in Largs, who died 14th of January 1793, aged 60 years. Also, Margaret Ninian, his spouse, died 7th of February, 1787, aged 41 years. This stone is inscribed to their memory by their son, Quintin Ninian, Anno Domini MDCCXCIII.

Away our friends, wife, drown your tears
For we must part till Christ appears:
The flesh rests here till Jesus come
And claim the treasure from the tomb.

14. Here lys William Paton, who desired this stone to be erected: died 28th August, 1795, aged 18 years. Also, his father, John Paton, Portioner of Noddsdale, who died 21 Nov., 1812, aged 88 years.

Reader, if I do it of the crave,
When thou does me go by,
Think of the dark and silent grave,
Where soon thou here must ly.
All you my scholars that were,
Remember you must die;
And in the days of youth prepare,
For long eternity.

15. This stone was erected by James Glen, Farmer in Gallowgate of Largs, in memory of his wife and Heirs. Here lys the body of Mary Boyd, his spouse, who departed this life, the 13 March, 1796, aged 81 years.

Remember man as thou goes by;
As thou art now once was I;
As I am now so must thou be;
Prepare in time to follow me. *

16. This is the burial place of John and Hugh Craford, 1793.

Boreas blasts and Neptunes waves,
Have toss'd me to and fro;
In spite of both by God's decree,
I harbour here below.
While at an anchor we do ride
With many of our fleet,
Again we will set sail
And Christ our General meet.

* These lines are very old and very common, being met with in more of our churchyards than any other monitory rhymes. The substance of them, however trite it may appear, forms the introduction to the epitaph on Edward the Black Prince, 1376—on his superb monument in Canterbury Cathedral.

Tiel come tu es autiel fu,
Tu seras tiel comme Je su.

These misquoted verses have been much longer on this stone than is implied by the date 1796. In a volume of epitaphs, entitled "*Sepulchrorum Inscriptiones*," published in 1727, there is a correct version, if not the original itself, of the lines, which are inscribed to the memory of a "Capt. John Dunch, 1686," and in a note to which it is said "The same epitaph is upon a tomb-stone in the Churchyard of Largs, in the shire of Air, in Scotland"—thus satisfactorily proving these rhymes to have been here considerably above a century. The epitaphian verses in question are to be met with in the churchyards of several maritime towns, both in England and Scotland, but scarcely ever in a correct form. Since the disappearance of the monument of "John Arthur, Shipmaster," churchyard of Alloa, from which the lines were transcribed by Monteath into his *Theater of Mortality*, 1713, the above are probably the oldest, though not the most correct, set of them now to be found in Scotland.

17. Here lies Susan Mure, spouse to John Paton of Noddsale, who died 6th of Janry., 1797, aged 49 years.

Death is an awful messenger.

Many die in fears,
both great and small.
All ye that's young in years,
imbrace the Gospel call;
And when ye walk alone,
distant from Companie,
Think often then upon
Death and long Eternity.

18. Erected by Robert Tweed in Fairley, in memory of his daughter, Elizabeth, who was born 19th Augt. 1793, and departed this life the 12th July, 1811, aged 7 years, also of his daughter Mary, who departed this life the 10th Decr. 1797, aged 5 months.

The flesh shall slumber in the ground,
Till the last Trumpet's awful sound,
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise
And in her Saviour's image rise.

19. Here lies the remains of James Craford, Farmer in Whitburn, who died 16th Novr. 1799, aged 82 years. Erected to his memory by his Sons.

Thy mighty hand can sink us low,
Or raise us up on high;
This moment gives the breath we draw,
And in the next we die.

20. Erected by William Ross, Vintner, Largs, in memory of his son William, who died 22d Sept., 1800, aged 7 years and 9 months.

Here youth's gay bloom & beauty's pride
must fall a loathsome Prey,
And there the fairest loveliest form,
must moulder and decay.

21. Erected by John Hendry, Farmer in Towergill, in memory of his brother Archibald, late Farmer there, who departed this life the 21st Janry., 1801, aged 43 years.

How lov'd how valued once avails not me,
For now I Lodge in this dark destiny;
Remember man in youthful prime,
That thou must die, and lodge with me:
Time was like thee I life possessed,
And time shall be when thou must rest.

22. The burying-ground of John Morris and Jean M'Fie, his wife, now the property of their son, Hugh Morris, Merchant in Glasgow, by whom this stone is erected in memory of his beloved daughter, Elizabeth Morris, who died at Largs on the 19 Sept., 1805, aged 19 years.

She ne'er knew joy
But friendship might divide
Or gave her Father grief
But when she died.*

23. Erected by Hugh Boag, Largs, in memory of his wife, Marian Boyd, who died June 25th, 1808, aged 67 years. Hugh Boag died 33 August, 1815, aged 72 years.

How lov'd, how valued once avails thee not,
To whom related or by whom begot,
A heap of dust alone remains of thee,
'Tis all thou art and all the proud shall be.*

24. Sacred to the memory of Mrs Agnes M'Jerrrow, relict of the Revd. John M'Dermitt, Fergushill, Minister of the Gospel in Straiton, who died 20th June, 1812, in the 81st year of his age.

25. Erected to the memory of John Hill, late Factor to the Earl of Glasgow, who died 13th June, 1815, aged 73. Also to his wife, Margt. Muir, who died 10th March, 1807, aged 66.

26. Sacred to the memory of Allan Pollock, late Merchant in Glasgow, who departed this life on Wednesday, the 20th March, 1818, aged 74 years, and of Janet Morris, his spouse, who departed this life on Tuesday, the 23 July, 1816, aged 72 years.

In their characters they combined, in an eminent degree, Intelligence, Industry, and Integrity; and pious and devout, with universal and active benevolence, they were a pattern of conjugal confidence and felicity for forty-two years, and reared a large family.

27. Erected to the memory of William Wilson of Haily, who died 22d March, 1821, aged 73 years. And of Jean Wilson, his spouse, who died 29th Febr., 1816, aged 71 years.

Hic in tumulo pars quiescit pars in coelo.

28. Donald McLean late of the 42d. Regt. died July 3d., 1819, aged 51 years.

29. Margaret Fyfe died 16th Sept. 1819, aged 27 years.

Pure in sentiment, gentle in manners,
Of strict integrity, and ardent piety,
She lived an eminent example
Of female and domestic excellence;
Having endured a long and exhausting illness,
With calm yet unshaken fortitude,
She Died

In the firm assurance of
A blessed Immortality.

Here also are buried, John, and Margaret,
Her infant Children.

This stone is erected, by her husband,
John Campbell, Surgeon in Largs.

30. Sacred to the memory of Bertha Leech, spouse of the Revd. John Leech, Pastor of the U. A. Congregation, Largs, who died 11th April, 1821, aged 46 years.

31. Mary, second daughter of the late John Cairnie, Esq., Carron Vale, Denny, died 19th June, 1826, aged 18 years.

Margaret, the third daughter, died 19th March, 1827, aged 17 years.

32. Erected in memory of John Hill, who died on the 4th of Febr. 1811, aged 59 years. Also his son, John Hill, Painter, who died the 29th of July, 1825, aged 35 years.

33. Sacred to the beloved memory of George Gordon Macdougall, Esq., of the Danish island of St Croix, who was drowned at Largs on the morning of the 26th of October, 1835, in the 37th year of his age.

Possessed of brilliant talents, and many amiable qualities, he was thus cut off in the midst of his days, while at a distance from his home and family.

Watch, therefore, for ye know not what hour your
Lord may come.†

Though beyond the pale of our assigned limits, we shall not, we believe, be accused of a very wide deviation from the professed object of this paper, by closing it with two monumental inscriptions to be met with in more cheerful situations in the parish, than within the confines of the last resting-place of its population. One of these inscriptions is on a monument situated in the pleasure grounds

* Two lines, with variations, of Pope's Epitaph on the Hon. Simon Harcourt.

† Pope's Elegy to the memory of an unfortunate Lady.
† Matth. XXIV.—42.

of Kelburn, and the other is affixed to a slab of granite, built in the garden-wall of the villa of Curling Hall, the residence of the late John Cairnie, Esq. *

The monument at Kelburn stands on a small terrace or platform, situated on the margin of a romantic dell, adown which, after heavy rains, bounds along with "torrent rapture," a mountain rivulet, though in settled good weather, its voice, in accordance with its diminished energy, instead of awakening the echoes, rises not louder than "a singan din," or lulling murmur. The spot, from the natural inequalities of the ground, and from being embowered amidst lofty trees, though not above a furlong distant from the venerable family mansion, is nearly as sequestered as if situated "far in a wild, unknown to public view." In almost all moods of the atmosphere, the visitor of taste will be delighted with the walks, and "woods and waterfalls," of this picturesque glen, and should he pause for a little in the vicinity of the beautiful monument, when the moaning of the woodlands mingles with the sound of the water, the melodious lines of Spenser, may, perchance, be recalled to his mind:—

"The water's fall with difference discreet,
Now soft, now loud, unto the wind did call;
The gentle, warbling wind, low answered to all."

The monument consists of a handsome female figure, placed in a niche, formed in a piece of ashlar work resembling the section of a stunted obelisk. The niche is finished with doric columns, sustaining a pediment, and in a circular panel of white marble, in the upper part of the obelisk, are neatly carved the armorials of the noble family. The statue, which is of the same material, is gracefully proportioned, and exquisitely sculptured. It represents, says the writer of the Old Statistical Account of the parish, "Virtue lamenting the loss of one of her favourite sons." The figure, which is four feet in height, is in a gently reclined position: the right arm leans on an elegant urn, resting on a tripod, in which hand she holds a chaplet of laurel, and in the other, which is slightly elevated, a portion of the flowing tangles of her hair. The expression of the visage, the form and position of the figure, and the style of the drapery, have been all most happily conceived, and as admirably executed. On the basement supporting the columns is engraved the inscription, which is as follows:—

Sacred to the Memory of
JOHN, EARL OF GLASGOW,
Whose exalted piety and liberal sentiments of religion,

* The following notice, in very questionable taste, of the demise of this generous and public-spirited gentleman, appeared in the Ayr Advertiser of the 3d of November, 1842, and afterwards in several other Newspapers:—At Curling Hall, Largs, on the 27th ult., John Cairnie, Esq., Surgeon, H. E. I. C. S., aged 73. He was a man who has gone to his last account with the love and esteem of the entire community of that sweet marine retreat, where, after a life of activity and usefulness, he had pitched his tent. By every Curlier his memory will be held in veneration; for, full of manly enthusiasm himself, he did more to elevate and excite the popular feeling in favour of the "roaring play," than any man of his times; and "Cairnie's rinks" are familiar as household words to every knight of the broom and channel-stone."

unfettered by systems, and joined with universal benevolence, were as singular as that candour and modesty which cast a pleasing veil over his distinguished abilities. His loyalty and courage he exerted in the service of his country, in whose cause he repeatedly suffered with fortitude and magnanimity. At the battle of Fontenoy, early in life, he lost his hand and his health. His manly spirit not to be subdued: at Lafeld he received two wounds in one attack. To perpetuate the remembrance of a character so universally beloved and admired, and to animate his children to the imitation of his estimable qualities, this humble monument is erected by his disconsolate widow. *

The other memorial presents a strong contrast to that just described, being, as already stated, an unchiseled slab of granite about ten feet in height. It is reported by immemorial tradition (and there is no reason why in this case tradition should not be considered an echo of the truth) to have marked the grave of Haco of Stenie, a Norwegian chief, who fell at the battle of Largs, which was fought on the surrounding narrow plain. On enclosing his garden, within the bounds of which it lay, Dr. Cairnie caused the stone to be built into the wall, which may be the means of preserving it for a longer period than can be well conceived, and that, too, happily, at the distance of only a few feet from the spot it had commemorated nearly six hundred years ago. The following verses, by an eminent scholar, Mr William Fraser, teacher for a short time at Largs, are engraved on a plate of copper, and firmly affixed to the stone:—

Substitit Hic Gothi Furor
Conditur hic Haco Stenienensis, et undique circum
Norvegios fidos terra tegit Socios:—
Huc regnum venere petentes; Scotia Victor
Hostibus hic tumulos, præmia justa, dedit.
Quarto ante nonas Octobris, A. D., 1263.

LARGIS,

Ipsis Calendis Junii, A. D., 1823.
Me posuit, jussitque Joannes Carnius illam
Rem memorare tibi.—Tu memores alius.

[This account of the Church and Churchyard of Largs is from "The Parish Churches and Burying-Grounds of Ayrshire." By William Dobie, Esq., Grangevale, Beith. Privately printed, 4to. Glasgow, 1847.]

NOTES FROM THE RECORDS

OF THE

OLD TOLBOOTH,

The "Heart of Mid-Lothian."

[Concluded from our last.]

1717, March 17. James Lord Dalmenie, for a debt of £20, 17s. 6d. sterling.

— March 27. The said James, Lord Dalmenie, for "the sume of ten guineas in gold," extending in Scots money to one hundred and twenty nine pounds, with fourteen pounds Scots of expenses of plea.

— April 13. Mr — Adam and Mr Walter Ruddiman, printers, for printing and publishing a seditious pamphlet called "Mercy Now or Never," being thereby guilty of leasing-making, and of en-

† John, third Earl of Glasgow, died in 1775, in the 69th year of his age.

deavouring to engender discord between his majesty and his people.

1717, June 12. On warrant by the Lord Advocate, "John Purdie, younger of Heartburnhead, accused of the unnatural crime of cursing of James Purdie, elder, his own father and parent; and also attacking Thomas Purdie, tenant in Westforth, with a drawn sword, and threatening to burn said Thomas Purdie, his wife and family."

— Sept. 24. Alexander Johnston, "warded until he be brought to the West Kirk of Edinburgh, on Sabbath next, and pay ten pounds Scots of fyne for his calumniating and scandalizing John Rannie, Miller."

— Oct. 27. Helen Currie, child-murder, died in gaol.

1718, March 19. Mr James Stewart, preacher of the gospel, on warrant of the Lord Justice Clerk, for using false testimonials before the Presbytery of Hamilton.

— April 10. Margaret Crooks, child-murder.

— April 30. Peter Cumming, wig-maker, at the instance of the Incorporation of Chirurgeons, till he pays forty pounds Scots, one-half to the Incorporation, and one-half to the Fiscal, and discharged for exercising the "Barber-trade" in the city, without being licensed by the Incorporation of Chirurgeons.

— July 16. John Macfarlane in Glenbane, for cutting the throats of twenty-one sheep.

— Aug. 21. Margaret Bennet, and Isobel Mitchell, her mother, for murder of "ane child."

1719, June 2. Nicolaus Conley, murdering Barbara Reid, his spouse.

— June 18. James. Lord Dalmeny, at the instance of Thomas Little, soldier in the City Guard, for non-payment of ten merks.

— June 18. Isobel, Lady Ennergally, for a debt of seventy-three pounds Scots.

1719, July 19. William Cobb, "Sclaiter in Kilsyth," for murder and theft, (On margin—20th February, 1720, made his escape in disguise.)

— July 19. David Menzies, and Marion Rodding, his mother, "false coyning."

— July 21. Alexander M'Gregor, alias Campbell, "for being in arms with the Rebels at Glenshiel, with Rob Roy's company." Liberated in September, 1720, after being fourteen months in custody.

— July 21. Angus M'Kay, as guilty of being one of Rob Roy's associates. Liberated at the same time with the preceding prisoner.

— Dec. 22. Helen Marshall, servatrix, child-murder.

1720, Jan. 26. David Barclay, "Tyde-waiter at Fort Glasgow," warded by warrant of the Lord Justice Clerk, as guilty of "drinking the Pretender's health, and cursing his Majestie King George."

— Feb. 23. Alexander Hamilton, "Deacon of Taylors, and Deacon Convener of Linlithgow," by warrant of Lord Justice Clerk, for being concerned in the late mob there.

— April 20. Anna Brown, relict of John Davidson, and William Reid, servant to the said Anna Brown, as "suspect guilty to the accession of the murder of ane child."

1724, June 19. Margaret Dickson, child-murder, hanged 2d Sept. 1724.

[This woman was resuscitated after execution. She went by the name of "Half-hangit-Maggy," and *cried salt* through the streets of Edinburgh for years afterwards.]

1725, Dec. 17. Alexander Napier, and Ralph Burnet, murdering William Johnston, postmaster at Haddington, and his wife, and robbing their house. Napier hanged at Haddington.

1726, Jan. 9. Mr John Wilson, "professor of mathematicks, and others, for a riot." Liberated 22d of the same month.

— Jan. 28. James, Earl of Rosebery, "not compearing and answering the Justiciary Court, for Deforcement, Ryot and Spulzie." Liberated on the 10th March following.

[This nobleman was a very eccentric and absurd person. His extravagancies caused a general belief of his insanity. There occurs in the public journals, (1739), a most singular advertisement of this ornament of the Scottish Peerage, relative to the elopement of one Polly Rich, who had been engaged as a servant by his Lordship for one year. She is said to have been about eighteen, five feet six inches high, "fine shap'd, blue ey'd, and black hair, or nut-brown." All her linnen and cambrick bears "the Earl's mark," viz. a large R. and an Earl's coronet above. Two guineas reward were offered to any one who would return her "to her right owner," either at John's Coffee-house, "or the Earl of Roseberrie, at Denheim's land, Bristow, and no questions will be asked. She is a London girl, and what they call a cockney." There are a great many arguments and inducements used by my Lord to tempt the fair one to return; and the whole is wound up by the following lines, which entitle the Earl to a high place in the catalogue of royal and noble authors:—

"My Lord desires Polly Rich,
To mind on Lord Roseberrie's dear little Fish."]

— Feb. 3. Alexander Stevenson, "fencing and dancing master," bigamy.

— June 1. William Davidson, soldier in the Earl of Deloraine's regiment, for the murder of Peter Hutchison, also a soldier. Hanged 24th August.

— June 23. David Marshall and John Pinkerton hanged, and their wives sent to the Correction-house.

— Aug. 10. David Stewart, Collector of Excise, Inverness, imprisoned at the instance of the Commissioners. Liberated on 30th May, 1727.

— Aug. 26. Two persons for false certificates and appropriation of arms, delivered up to the Collector of Excise. Liberated on 16th August 1728, having been two years in prison.

— Oct. 25. John Gibson, forging a declaration, 18th January, 1727. His "lug nailed to the Tron," and dismissed.

1751, March 18. Helen Torrance, and Jean Waldie, were executed this day for stealing a child eight or nine years of age, and afterwards selling its body to the surgeons for dissection. Alive on Tuesday, when carried off, and dead on Friday,

with an incision in the belly upwards, but sewed up again.

1756, May 4. Sir William Dalrymple of Cousland, for shooting at Capt. How Dalrymple of Fordell, with a loaded pistol, at the Cross of Edinburgh. Liberated on the 14th May, on bail, for 6000 merks, to answer any complaint.

1752, Jan. 10. Norman Ross hanged and hung in chains, between Leith and Edinburgh, for assassinating Lady Bailie, sister to Home of Wedderburn.

[In 1838 was published "Memoirs of an Aristocrat;" but this work, written by a brother to the claimant of the Earldom of Marchmont, was immediately suppressed, in consequence of a libellous attack upon a very amiable lady, the second wife of Admiral Milne, which led to an action of damages, terminating in favour, as may be supposed, of the injured fair one. The book is consequently scarce, and but for the unjust attack in this, and one or two other instances, might be popular, as it is written with much spirit, possesses great interest, and many of the sketches of particular individuals very felicitous. In this book occurs the following notice in relation to the murder of the Lady Wedderburn. She had married one Ninian Home, a dominie, but by failure of her brothers eventually became heiress. Her husband died before her. Norman was her footman, and "secreted himself in her bed-room, with the intention of carrying off a sum of money, which she had in her drawers, after she fell asleep. But the noise of opening her desk having awoke her, he, for fear of detection, seized a knife, which by accident had been left on the drawers-head, and mangled her throat so dreadfully that she died next day. He then leaped from the window of the second story, but fractured one of his legs so much in the fall, that he was unable to walk, and sustained himself several days, eating pease and turnips, until his hiding place was discovered. He afterwards graced a gibbet in Leith Walk, where his body hung many a long year." The present Lairds of Wedderburn and Paxton are sons of a common working mason, with whom one of the daughters of the family had eloped. But the representative of the very ancient family of Wedderburn, in the male line, is the claimant to the Earldom of Marchmont.]

1757, Feb. 4. James Rose, Excise Officer at Muthil, banished to America, for "forging receipts for arrears."

- The following refers to Lord Warriston, the entry of whose execution occurs in the "Notes," at page 232. It appears he had pretended madness, with the view of evading punishment.

Extract from "Letter from Patrick Blair Sheriff of Orkney Commissr. to the Parliament from the Shire of Orkney to the Gentry and Heretors of the Country of Orkney dated Edinburgh 9th July 1663."

"Yesterday Waristoun was condemned to be hanged at the Croce the 22 of this instant his head to be sett on the Nether bow. He still faines madnes and it is thought his friends will ryde (er that time) for a pardon at Least to have

the sentence changed into perpetuall imprisonment."

MINUTES OF IRVINE PRESBYTERY.

[Continued from our last.]

In our last number we noticed the deposition of two ministers of the Presbytery, namely, Dunlop of Ardrossan and Crawford of West Kilbride. Soon afterwards (7th May, 1650,) the Presbytery deposed another minister, namely, Lindsay of Dreghorn, being the third in about as many years. Lindsay appears to have been a silly tipping body, having a termagant wife, and a neer-dowee family, much fonder of his tumbler and a hand at cards, than of studying his bible. He was accused of being often drunk, of playing cards all night, and on one occasion on a Sunday, of applying for his stipend upon Sundays, and of other desecrations of the Sabbath. That his wife, family, and servants, were in the practice of swearing and blaspheming, and were not reproved by him, &c. &c. The greater part of the offences, however, appear to have taken place from five to fifteen, and in one instance *twenty years* previously. But the principal offence seems to have been his having given countenance to parties concerned in the "unlawful engagement," as (singularly enough) at all the previous meetings for censure he had "*good testimony and report*;" and as a short time before the charges were made against him, a woman, one of his parishioners, complained to the Presbytery that "he had refused her a testimonial to the communion." He being asked the reason, said "she had put a foul reproach upon him in saying that upon a Saturday at Irvine he had been so drunk as to be unable to preach on the Sabbath." She being questioned, answered "that she did not positively affirm that it was he, *but one like him*. Both parties being removed, the Presbytery went to an examination of the said business, and after examination, *not finding much in it, only a mistake*, both parties were called upon, and the said Mr William was very gravely exhorted to beware that he did not grieve any of his people; and the woman entreated likewise to tender the credit of her minister, and to beware to speak anything but upon just grounds, and that both of them should *entertain peace and love hereafter*." The following is part of the evidence given against Mr Lindsay on his trial before the Presbytery. Different witnesses deponed that his son had been outreiked (outrigged or outfitted?) at the time of the unlawful engagement, but knew not whether the father had done so or not, but that it was *thought* he had done it. That Mrs Lindsay, his wife, had a protection from the enemy—that she took in some of Alister M'Donald's men, and gave them meat and drink—that some Liddesdale gentlemen were in his house, and that he had said on that occasion, "sorrow tak the man that has his horse to shoe when his friends have to do—fiends tak that man." That on another occasion Lord Cochran and Gartland came to Dreghorn church upon the Sabbath; that after they came into the church the minister spake nothing against malignants, *that he bowed twice to them*, and after sermon he embraced and welcomed them home, and that he

prayed for the bringing down of sectaries and those who adhered to them, but not of malignants. It appears that Lord Cochrane and Gartland had just returned from Ireland, where they had gone to bring over George Munro and his army to join in the unlawful engagement. Other witnesses deposed as to applications having been made to them on the part of Lords Eglinton and Glencairn, to dissuade them from giving evidence against Mr Lindsay. One witness, a Marion Crooks of Kilmarnock, remembering the old adage, that ale-sellers should not be tale-tellers, "answered that he was in her house at the time stated *blythe and merry*, but she thought him not drunk." Other parties more exalted in society don't appear to have shown as much good feeling, as they deposed to various circumstances which took place in their *own houses*, which it would have shewn more delicacy if they had said nothing about. Another witness, Janet Smith, deposed that "she heard Mrs Lindsay, bairns, and servants, curse, ban, and swear, and that she (Mrs Lindsay) was an *ordinary plaspheer*. Another witness deposed that she was an *extraordinary one*. The charges against Dunlop of Ardrossan don't appear in the minutes to which we have had access; but those against Crawford and Lindsay do not give us a very favourable view of the morals of the clergy at that period. It appears very strange that, while they were so ready to take up charges against their people and opponents, and that often upon very slight grounds, offences such as these two clergymen were found guilty of, should have for years been allowed to pass with impunity. We shall now give the procedure of the Presbytery at two separate visitations of the parish of Stewarton, by which it will appear that some of the clergy did not come up in spiritual matters to the standard of some of their elders.

"At a visitation at Stewarton, 23d March, 1648, after removal of the ministers the elders were desired to declare upon their oath of fidelity what they knew was lacking or scandalous in their minister. The rest being removit, the Laird of Lainshaw is satisfied both in the exposition of the chapter and in preaching, &c., &c. Lainshaw being removed, Corsehill was called in, expressed himself generally satisfied, but wished they were more particular in reproving vice and speaking more home to the conscience, especially Mr Wm. Castellaw. Farther, he declares he knows nothing anent their life and conversation but honesty, only it is his desire that Mr Wm. Castellaw, when he was in company, might be exhorted to be a *little more in spiritual matters*. Lainshaw, younger, and Wm. Dunlop of Block, don't appear so very fastidious as Corsehill, and declare themselves well satisfied with their ministers in every point; so does Allan Brown and Wm. Hobrowne. The other elders being called in in cumulo, and desired to speak their minds freely, the most part affirmed that they were well pleased with their ministers, except John Steel, who wished that Mr Wm. Castellaw were more on the point of application, and came nearer to *folks' spiritual condition*. In other things declares himself satisfied. The elders being removed, the ministers were called in, and gave their elders good characters; and the Pres-

bytery expressed themselves highly pleased, giving Mr Wm. Castellaw a gentle hint to be *more spiritual*.

NOTE.—The Presbytery about this period appear to have been very active on the subject of church extension, proposing to divide Largs and other parishes; and in several parishes there were two clergymen placed. At this meeting they proceeded with the necessary steps to procure a manse and glebe for the second minister of Stewarton, in which there appeared to be some *slackness* on the part of the heritors, although they appear to have been great judges of doctrine, and very zealous in otherwise promoting the *spiritual interest* of the parish.

"At a visitation of the kirk of Stewarton, 10th August, 1649, Corsehill urged the propriety of Mr Wm. Castellaw 'being stirred up to greater diligence,' &c., 'and that both ministers should be more frequent and particular in informing the people concerning the condition of the times, and in stirring up the people to suitable affections and duties answerable to the times, and withal, desired that he might be *more spiritual*,' &c. Other elders agreed with Corsehill, and 'withal, wished that they would be more *authoritative in the session*—that it may be kept as the judicature of Christ; and so much the more they desired this, because there was some disorder and unchristian carriage seen among some of them in *high words and drawing of whingers*.' Other elders agreed in this, and added their desire 'that both of them (the ministers) might shew greater authority in the session, in rebuking disorders and making the *gentlemen stand more in awe of them*.' The ministers being called upon 'were approved in their doctrines, and according to the elders' testimony, as they had grounds, the Presbytery partly *encourage them* and partly *admonish them*. Concerning the elders, the ministers did desire that they might be exhorted to greater diligence, and that they might be rebuked concerning their *slowness in contributing* when times were appointed to that effect, which was accordingly done."

"14th August, 1649, compeared the two bailies of Irvine, and did represent to the Presbytery the great skaith and damage that the town had sustained through fire, and did desire a contribution from the several parishes for re-edifying of the houses that were burnt. The Presbytery having heard their desires do unanimously condescend thereunto, and that the contributions should be gathered with the first conveniency and brought in.

"The judgment of the commissioners of the kirk is to be enquired anent ane Alex. Henry in Largs, for saying that he would prove that the kirk of Scotland was as guilty of the king's blood as Cromwell was.

"Mr Geo. Crawford, late minister of Kilbride, having applied for church privileges, and made a full confession of his guiltiness with tears, he is to go to Kilbride, and there satisfy the first Lord's-day. At next meeting it was reported that Mr G. Crawford had done as directed; it was agreed that he be admitted to church fellowship without any relation to the *opening of his mouth* towards the ministry. Alexander, Erle of Eglinton, ap-

pointed ruling elder to go to the General Assembly."

"2d Jan., 1649, on a report that some persons in the family of Lady Semple, then residing at Southanan, *did absent themselves from church*, enquiry directed, that in case Lady Semple remain there some course be taken with that family."

"13th Feb., 1649.—It is appointed that Elizabeth Bruntfield and Bessie Duel, two of my Lady Semple, her servants, for the present at Southanan, for their *absenting themselves* from the public ordinances, shall be cited before the session of Largs."

"8th May, 1649.—Elizabeth Bruntfield and Bessie Duel, my Lady Semple, her two servants, are gone out of the country."

"20th Nov., 1649.—Thos. Cumming having been required to sign the covenant, 'he gave in a paper, declaring that, notwithstanding all the pains the brethren had taken upon him, *he could not do it without sin*.' The Presbytery finding him *obstinate*, and unwilling to receive information, does appoint that, *without further delay*, he renew the solemn league and covenant upon Sabbath come-fortnight, *publicly*, in the kirk of Kilmaurs; and that before renewing the same, he acknowledge that he has given *scandal and offence to the people of God*, and that Mr Wm. Guthrey preach that day, and tender the covenant to him; and in case *he do refuse* that Mr Wm. Crooks make report, that the Presbytery may go on in process against him."

15th Dec., 1649, compeared Thomas Cumming, who offered to take the covenant *privately* before the Presbytery, that rather than take it *publicly*, would venture upon excommunication, imprisonment and a scaffold; because to do it publicly was to make him suffer as an evil-doer, &c., &c. The Presbytery think it altogether *unjust and ridiculous*, and therefore directed that he receive the covenant on the first Lord's-day. Poor Thomas' courage evaporated: and on 1st Jan. it was reported that he had taken the covenant *as enjoined*."

"N.B.—The Episcopal clergy, and the government of the country, were, a few years afterwards, most justly reprobated, and held up as persecutors, for fining and otherwise punishing people for not attending *their churches*, &c. We must, however, confess that we cannot discover any material difference between their proceedings and those in the cases of Cumming and of Lady Semple's servants above quoted."

"2d Feb., 1650.—The Presbytery having heard of the miscarriage of some of Mr Wm. Guthrey, his parishoners, towards the men of Stirling, who came to give him a call, does appoint the said Mr Wm. Guthrey, publicly, to preach against the same."

"19th March, 1650.—Mr Wm. Guthrey does report that he had rebuked those of his parish publicly that did *injure the commissioners* that came from Stirling to give a call to the said Mr William to Stirling. And for farther censure to be inflicted upon them, the Presbytery takes it into consideration till the next day."

NOTE.—The people must have been sadly changed from June 1647, when Mr William gave them such "a very sweet testimony."

THE DEIL OF ARDROSSAN.

A legend of the "Devil of Ardrossan" will be found at page 110 of the *Journal*. It would appear, however, from the following tradition, that there were more than one devil localised at Ardrossan. The correspondent, A. C., to whom we are indebted for it, observes, that "there is a remarkable similitude" between it and a story related by Sir Walter Scott in the notes to his "Lay of the Last Minstrel;" but he traces back the legend to the authority of Robert Montgomerie of Braidlie, in the parish of Dalry. Montgomerie was born in 1729, and was early engaged in a sea-faring life, sailing from the port of Saltcoats—so that he may be supposed to have been well-versed in the "long yarns" connected with Ardrossan, which is adjacent to Saltcoats. Our correspondent thus proves, beyond doubt, that the legend, as applicable to Ardrossan, existed before Sir Walter Scott was born. A. C. then relates the "tale of superstition" thus:

"The people of the west of Scotland, or rather the folk of Cuninghame and Renfrewshire, have a great many legends of the 'Deil of Ardrossan,' or 'Michael Scott.' A merchant of Dumbarton sailed in his ship from that port. After being several days at sea, they met with a great storm, and were ship-wrecked on the coast of a desert island. All the crew were drowned except himself. He, wandering about, found a cave on the shore, and he took up his abode in it. A mermaid found him there; and, as she exhibited a fondness for him, they afterwards lived together in the cave. The mermaid went every day to her own element, and brought provisions; but, after a whole year's residence, and his mermaid spouse being from home, he saw a ship, and he hailed her. The ship's crew sent a boat ashore, and they entered into conversation with this forlorn merchant, who related the tale of his captivity: and how that the mermaid 'brought rowth of food, and gowd, and sillar, and gews (or jewels), and wine, &c., to him; so much, that he kentna what to do wi' them. Being outward bound they requested him to induce the mermaid to gather all the stores she possibly could, and they promised to come again, after a year and a day, and take him, with the valuable 'spuilzie,' or bootie. They came at the time appointed, and, the mermaid being absent, they made quick despatch to get all the stores on board before she returned. Then, they sailed away. When the mermaid came home she found the cave desolate and 'herried.' She pursued and overtook the ship, and demanded her husband and her stores. The skipper cast off a bundle of hoops, and promised the mermaid her husband after she had counted them. This done she renewed her request; but the skipper gave her another bundle, again and again, till they reached Gourrock and Laurence Bay."

"The Dumbarton trafficker, being on dry land, refused to go with the mermaid again. But she told him that he must meet her at the cave where they spent 'sae monie happie days, a year and a day hence;' and she committed to him the 'bairn' (or mongrel, half-fish, half-man,)

which she bore to him, telling him to nurse it and give it 'meikle lair,' as he had plenty of 'sillar belangin' to her.' She also gave him a book, which he was not to let the child see, till it was able to read it. By the directions in this book—when he came to understand them—he could, it would appear, do what he liked, the 'Foul Thief' being at his command. The mermaid's 'bairn' took up his abode in the auld castle of Ardrossan. He went under the name of *Michael Scott*.

"At that time the people of Scotland were oppressed with *Pow Sillar*.* *Michael Scott* had a wonderful horse, which was the real Devil. He went to Rome on this horse, and visited the Pope, for the purpose of getting the poll-cess taken off. He mounted his mysterious horse at the top of Ardrossan Castle, where the print of the foot of the horse, or the Devil, is to be seen to this day. He said, '*Munt and Flee*;' and they flew through the lift to Rome. On their journey, the horse inquired at Michael, slyly, how the 'auld wyves of Scotland prayed when they slept into their beds?' The Devil had a design to entrap Michael to use the name of the Supreme Being, which holy name broke all enchantments; but Michael, seeing the drift of Satan, replied, '*Neir mind, munt and Aee*.' At Rome, he desired that the people of Scotland should be relieved of the *Pow Sillar*, threatening, if refused, that his horse should give three 'nichers!' The horse 'gied ae sneer, and made the haill city shake;' and on the second, 'the lum pigs cam down.' But the Pope would not permit a third 'nicher,' so he agreed to relieve the people of Scotland of the *Pow Sillar*. Home then came Michael and his horse triumphing.

"One day *Michael Scott* ordered the *Deil* to 'thraw rapes' of the sea-shore sand. His *Clootie-ship* could not make them unless he was allowed 'beer caff.' The present worm-like appearances on the shore were popularly believed to be the remains of this arduous task.

"Michael was desirous to have a road through a moss, or a marshy piece of country, called *Cuninghamehead Moss*, betwixt *Knockmaid* and *Dalry*. He ordered the Devil to make the road. Vestiges of it are seen to this day.

Michael Scott once made a paction with his Satanic Majesty, whom he over-reached. Michael Scott set his bonnet, without a crown, or a large hole in it, over the mouth of a coal-heugh. The

Deil, according to his bargain, poured 'gowd' into it; but his Satanship could not fill the heugh. Michael offered to sell his soul finally to the *Deil* if he wad 'fill his bonnet wi' gowd;' but *Clootie* being tricked once, thanks to the coal-heugh, it may be supposed he declined the purchase on the terms proposed.

The warlock, one day, set the *Deil* to erect a bridge from the Island of *Cumbra* to the Mainland at *Hunterstoun Point*. When this stupendous work was almost finished, a luckless stranger, or landlowner, not knowing who was the *vaar*, or mason, thus expressed his surprise at the greatness and magnificence of the undertaking—'*Gude be heir and Rowntree*.' Immediately Satan vanished in a flash of fire, overwhelming the bridge, which fell into the sea, leaving the landstools or foundations of it, one of them on *Cumbra*, and the other near *Kilbride*. The *Cumbra* landstool is called the '*Deil's Dyke*' to this day. It is a vein of whinstone, rising from sandstone."

REMONSTRANCE AGAINST THE IMPORTATION OF FRENCH WORDS, IN 1758.

It is with infinite concern that we behold an inundation of French words pouring in upon us, and this at a time, too, when there is some sort of merit in detesting every thing that is French. In regard to ourselves, we are daily insulted, by some of the finest lips in the world, with the opprobrious term of 'canaille.' We cannot resent the insult from them, as they are too sacred for our unhallowed hands. Besides, they are sufficiently punished, by the mirth they afford to their '*Mademoiselles*,' when they attempt to pronounce the uncouth word; for 'canaille,' from English lips, sounds 'canal.' But as most things are pardonable to the pride of the creation, we should readily excuse them, if the infection had not spread among the officers of our army: and as we chiefly compose the numerous squadrons that are to guard the liberties of Britain, we cannot conceive that we ought to have any more to do with their language, than we have with their religion. All our business is to beat them, and that we can do in plain English. If our officers order us to form a line, we can do it; but if they call that line a 'cordon,' we must be obliged to apply to the chaplain for a 'denouement' of the mysterious word.—'Coup de main,' and 'manoeuvre,' might be excusable in Marshal Saxe, as he was in the service of France, and perfectly acquainted with both; but we cannot see what apology can be made for our officers lugging them in by head and shoulders, without the least necessity; as 'a sudden stroke' might have done for one, and 'a proper motion' for the other.—'Reconnoitre' is another favourite word in the military way; and as we cannot find out that it is much more significant than 'take a view,' we beg leave it may be sent home again. We should not have troubled the public with this address, if we had not received a fresh insult by the papers of Saturday last, in a supposed letter from Germany, where the ingenious author tells us, speaking of the intended operations of war, that the General's intention

* POLL-MONEY.—Capitatio was a tax ordained by Act of Parliament, 18 Car. 2, cap. 1, and 19 Car. 2, cap. 6. By the first of which every subject in this kingdom (England) was assessed by the Head or POLL, according to his degree, viz.—every

Duke, 100 lib.
Marquis, 80 lib., &c.
Baronets, 30 lib.
Knight, 20 lib.

Esquire, 10 lib., and every single person, 12d., &c.

And that this is no new Tax, appears by former Acts of Parliament, where Quilibet tam conjugatus, quam solutus utrinque sextus pro capite suo solvere cogebatur, Parliam. anno 1380. Walsingham Ypod. 534.

There was anciently (says Camden in his Notes upon Coins) a personal tribute called Capitatio (Poll-Silver) imposed upon the POLL or person of every one—of women from the twelfth, of men from the fourteenth year of their age.—COWEL'S LAW DICTIONARY.

remains 'perdu;' which we are informed, signifies 'lost.' In what sense we are to understand this gentleman, we cannot say. His meaning indeed seems 'perdu.' He may perhaps give us to understand, by printing the word in Italics, that the army and treasury sent to Germany is all 'perdu.' The word then wants a little 'epaulement' to support it; or rather a little 'eclaircissement;' for, in the present application of it, it is dark and mysterious.

We must beg the gentlemen of the army pardon, if, next to them, we should take the liberty of mentioning the barbers; a set of gentlemen very useful in their station, but under no absolute necessity of hanging out false French upon their signs. It may indeed become a French 'friseur' to acquaint the public, that he makes a 'tete de mouton,' or simply a 'tete;' but we are a little offended, when an English tonsor, under the sign of a thing which in some countries might be called a periwig, shall write, 'Ladies taites,' or 'tates,' or 'taets,' or 'taites,' or 'taites's,' made here; it looks as if they meant a reflection upon the ladies of Great Britain, by acquainting the public, that their heads were made in barbers' shops, and to be had either in Middlerow or Ragfair. Now, their intended purpose of serving the community would certainly be better answered, if they would suffer their signs to speak plain English, and inform the world, that SHEEPS' HEADS (which we are told is the meaning of the three French words above) were sold there; as, by that means, they would bid fair to serve gentlemen, as well as ladies, who were not already provided.

'Je-ne-sais-quoi,' though of French extraction, we shall not presume to find fault with; because it has been naturalized and productive of infinite good in England. It has helped many an unfortunate girl to a husband; it has indeed sometimes parted man and wife, but has soon brought them together again; seldom fails of healing up the breaches it had made between friends; has fitted out fleets and armies, and brought them home again; has been a theme for orators in velvet and in crape, and has furnished matter for many volumes.

'Chicano,' we dare not meddle with, as we are told the lawyers have taken it under their immediate protection: but as quirks and tricks are as foreign to their profession, as ambition and avarice to that of a more venerable order, we suppose the charge is without foundation.

'Bagatelle,' or 'trifle,' we shall leave to the smarts; as it would be a pity to rob them of the chief object of their study.

'Pet-en-l'air,' may suit very well with French 'effronterie;' for if the ladies of that country make no scruple of watering their 'ruelles' before the gentlemen who attend their 'levees,' I see no reason why they should be ashamed of [a crack of air]; but we could wish they had found a name of a little more delicacy for this garment.

We therefore humbly pray, that French words, as well as French dress, and French manners, may be laid aside, at least during the continuance of the present war; for we are apprehensive, should their language and customs descend to us, we should be taught, by their example, on the day of battle, to 'f—te le camp.'

For these reasons we pray as above: and shall, as in duty bound, hold them in everlasting abhorrence.—*Scots Mag.*

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SCOTTISH JOURNAL."

SIR,—In the 18th Number of the Scottish Journal, (top of right hand column, page 275) there occurs in the article on the Dunrod family, this sentence. "Yet it is bot four rumeys, and ilk tour twyss wantit, satoye kirk ye first place and buriall." May I presume to offer an explanation of what is said to be unintelligible. It appears there were two towers, and fourteen houses, consequently there were seven in each tower. Now, in each tower there are "bot four rumeys, and ilk tour twyss wantit," that is, so arranged that two rooms were on one side and two on the other. "Sa ye kirk ye first place, and buriall." So also in the church the proprietor, who it appears was also the patron, had a right to the principal seat, or place, in the church; and also to the most honourable place of sepulture in the same, which was sometimes in the porchway, but usually in the chancel, at the foot of the spot where formerly stood the altar—as may be instanced in the Earl of Strathearn in Dunblane Cathedral.—Yours with much esteem,

D. W.

January 5, 1848.

["D. W." has made a good effort to explain the passage referred to, still it does not seem clear. It was not the *houses* but the *place* which consisted of four rooms. Although the place was "two touris and forteine housis", yet it was "bot four rumeys." *Rumeys* meaning, probably, as the word usually signifies, distinct possessions. We have never seen the word "wantit" applied in the sense understood by "D. W."]

HENRY SCOUGAL—ANE SONGE OF CONSTANCIE.

In the fine antique Chapel of King's College, Old Aberdeen—fine notwithstanding the ravages of the infuriate Reformers—may be seen a black marble tablet, with suitable inscription, which marks the grave of the amiable Henry Scougal. Henry was the second son of Patrick Scougal, Bishop of Aberdeen, and was born in the year 1650. From his earliest years he was of a sweet, studious disposition; and so great were his acquirements, that at the age of nineteen he was promoted to the Regency connected with the Professorship of Philosophy at King's College, where he was educated. After holding this situation for four years, by the advice of his friends, and for the improvement of his delicate health, he resigned his chair, and accepted the pastoral charge of the parish of Auchterless.(2) In 1674, Henry Scougal, now in his twenty-fourth year, was called to fill the chair of Divinity in King's College. This charge he was not destined long to enjoy. At an early period he is said to have suffered the

pangs of disappointed love, and he at length fell a victim to the effects of this or a subsequent unrequited affection. (3) There seems to be some indirect allusions to this passion in his beautiful treatise, "The Life of God in Soul of Man." The "highest and most ravishing pleasures; (he says) the most solid and substantial delights, that human nature is capable of, are those which arise from the endearments of a well-placed and successful affection. That which embitters love, and makes it ordinarily a very troublesome and hurtful passion, is, the placing it on those who have not worth enough to deserve it, or affection and gratitude to requite it, *or whose absence may deprive us of the pleasure of their converse*, or their miseries occasion our trouble. . . . No wonder lovers do so hardly suffer any rival, and do not desire that others should approve their passion by imitating it. They know the scantiness and narrowness of the good which they love—that it cannot suffice two, being, in effect, too little for one. Hence love, *which is strong as death, occasioneth jealousy, which is cruel as the grave*, the coals whereof are coals of fire which hath a most violent flame. . . . Love is the most valuable thing we can bestow; and by giving it, we do in effect give all that we have; and therefore it must needs be affecting to find so great a gift despised—that the present which one hath made of his whole heart cannot prevail to obtain any return. Perfect love is a kind of self-dereliction, a wandering out of ourselves; is a kind of voluntary death, wherein the lover dies to himself and all his own interest; not thinking of them, nor caring for them, any more, and minding nothing but how he may please and gratify the party whom he loves. Thus he is quite undone unless he meets with reciprocal affection. He neglects himself, and the other hath no regard to him. But if he be beloved, he is revived, as it were, and liveth in the soul and care of the person whom he loves; and now he begins to mind his own concerns, not so much because they are his as, because the beloved is pleased to own an interest in them. He becomes dear unto himself—because he is so unto the other." (4)

We have not been able to discover the special cause that prevented the course of Scougal's true love from running smooth, whether

"It was different in blood,
Or else misgrafted, in respect of years;
Or else it stood upon the choice of friends:
Or, if there were a sympathy in choice,
War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it."

But we conceive that in his cell, in the steeple of St Machar Church, whither he retired from the world to end his days, and where he died at the early age of twenty-eight,

"Thus could, or would, or should have sung"
The gentle Henry Scougal.

ANE SANGE OF CONSTANCIE.

The sunn bade farewell to the wynterie day,
And the myste of the evenyng were wanderinge grey,
And hung in wreaths on the hyll and the wood—
Lyke angels of hyen gairdyng the good:
And the tingleyng rill, slow wympleyng along,
Seemt to wander and think whaur its waters wad gang;
Now stopinge ane while—then gurgleyng agen,
With ane mournfull saich throw the mystie glen.

Ane lonelle tree stood by the side of the burn,
With ane head that droopit lyke them that mourn,
And the wynter wind, in its frantic glee,
Had left but ae leaf on that lonlie tree;
And as I watcht the wympleyng rill,
And listit its sang on the echoinge hyll,
The lanelle tree o'er its banks that hang,
Like the deeyng close of ane mournfull sang,
Flung its hyndmost leaf on the waters free
And bade it join in their minstrelsie;
Yet tears in its branches seemt to hang
To part with the leaf it had fostered sae lang,
And it listit, and leant to the burnie its play,
As it bore its best luv on its waters awa.

The earth was so quiet, and the hyen was so still,
That I heard ilka sound on the wood and the hyll;
The hameless bnrd sang with ane dolefull moan
That the deep-wood boweris o' summer were gone,
And I thought on myself—and I mix'd with ane sigh
The mournfull murmur of echo's reply;
But I grat when I thought on the lanelle tree
That flung its last leaf on the wateris free—
For I thought it was lykest my true-luv and me!

For it wasnae to view the myst on the hyll,
It wasnae to listen the tinklyng rill,
Nor see the sunn synk 'mang the clouds of green
That I wander'd out on the wynteris even;
But it was to list with the ear of luv,
If the wynd that saich'd over the leafless grove,
Bore ane sound on its wing—to me how dread!—
Lyke ane rattleyng car, or lyke horses their tread.
For my true-luv was forcit frae me to sever,
It boot to be lang, and it might be for ever;
And it was forbidden that I should see
Ane blink of hope in her bonnie blue e'e;
And it was forbidden that I should view
The trickleyng tear of her hindmost adue;—
But they couldnae ystop the ear of luv,
And I listen'd the wynd that saich'd over the grove.
And I thought on the future, and thought on the past,
And thought on the tyme quhen we parted last,
And thought how my heart was amaist at my mou'
When my feeble tongue falter'd my hindmost adue;
And I ponder'd upon the deep, deep sigh
That strove with her heart as it wander'd bye—
The sigh was sae deep and the heart was sae high—
As scho said, quhill the mikle tears fell lyke rain,
"I dinna ken quhen I may see you agen."
And my hand yet thrill'd with her hindmost press,
And my lips yet glow'd with her hindmost kiss!

Eftsoons the douff bell frae the auld grey tour
With ane doleful clang told the partyng hour,
And I heard the tout of the trumpet borne
On the breeze of the evenyng sadly borne,
And I heard the dyrrl of the car and a'
That was bearyng my true-luv far awa,
And I listen'd and lean'd till the sound was lain
In the still of the evenyng breeze agen;
And O! it seem'd on mine ear to fail,
Sae pain'd with our mutual luv and bale,
Lyke the saddest sound, like the saddest sigh
That ever was breath'd in the evenyng sky—
Lyke the synkyng strain of ane angel of luv
That is bearing ane soul to the mansions above—
Lyke the flutteryng fall of ane scriph's wing
With the blessings of hyen wanderinge—
Lyke the dyinge peal of ane wave of the sea
It mylted away to eternitie!
But had I had the wingis of ane dove to flee
They hadnae parted my Marie and me.

I kisst with ane sigh the ringlet fair
That I shred from my Marie's golden hair,
And I thought I never would see her mair.
But when I tryt to rest on my bed,
The visions of night surrounded my head;
Methought of ane land that was fair to see
With many ane streamlet and blossomyng tree,
And many ane luvly and fragerent bowir,
And many ane bonnie and simple flouir,
Quhare the bnrd sang sweet in the brichte blue sky,
And hylls of sunny clouds made reply:

Quhare the shepherds were leaning beneath the trees,
And tuneyage their reeds in the whisperyng breeze
That was danceyng amang the floweris with glee—
And in that sweet land was Marie and me.

And I thought in the depths of the lovely bowers
We found all the joys of our fondest hours;
And I thought I claspeth her in mine arms,
Quhile my soul was enraptur'd with her charms,
And I kist her lips of the rosey hue,
And watchet the blink of her e'en of blue,
As scho bent her looks of luv upon me
And patted my cheeks as scho'd want to dee.(5)

And I thought as I look'd o'er the luvellie land,
That seemit fresh from the Creator's hand,
Quhare the snaw never fell on the brichte green hylls,
Nor winter had chaint the tynkleing rylls,
Nor blighted ane flower, nor blasted ane bud,
Quhare nocht but the zephyr sigh'd through the wud,
Quhare naething was felt save the breath of the Spring,
With rapture methought I began to sing.

SONGE.

Come, Marie, come o'er the flowerie earth,
The hylls blush with bewtie, the winds ring with mirth,
The brichte clouds are danceyng along the skie,
And the sunn looks blythe on their harmonie.
I will lead yon 'mong hylls quhare the fountains swell,
And the hyvens look luv to the meek heath-bell;
And the soundyng shells by the heavyng sea
Will teach our bosoms constancie,
As they ever sing the songe of the waves
That revellit first in their native caves,
And kist the sweets of their virgen dies
Ere their bewties had feasted human eyes,
Quhen their snowie breasts pillowed the Mermald's cheeks,
And stole from her blushes their crimson streiks,
As their lullaby sooth'd her to balmie sleep,
And to dreams of her luv of the mightie deep.
We will stray by the shores of the mountain tarn
Beneath the beam of the evenyng starn,
And view the brichte sunn in the glimmering west
Wrap his purple plaid round his gowden breast,
And gadder the dewie floweris of even
To make him a bed mong the hylls of hyven.
We will stray quhare the roses blush through the dew
And the violets drynke of the hyven's deep blue,
Quhare the birds sing—quhare the honie-bees roam—
Quhare the lammis are playenge them, come, Marie, come!

The scene was chang'd. Quhen my songe was deen
I thought I was standyng my leafu-lane
By the lanelle tree and the burnie agen:
And the sound of the car that bore Marie away
Was sinkyng awa in the evening day,
And the burnie was singin its songe of grief,
And the tree was flingin its hyndmost leaf
To join in the burnie its minstrelsie—
And I was lykin'g to Marie and me.

But the dreams of the night nae langer were mine:
The beams of the morninge beginning to shine
Bore me frae the land of visions away,
And plung'd me agen in the world of wae!

Since that sad time how monie ane Spring
Have I seen flutter its flowerie wing
But never ane leaf has its balmie glee
E'er budit or blown on that lanelle tree;
And the mournful strains of my songe declare
I havenae yet met with my Marie fair,
And the thought shoots up with ane sting of pain
That I never, never will see her again!

But, hark! the sound of the vesper chyme
Cries fie on my feckless waste of time,
And tells of ane Being quo dwells abave,
Quho is wortlie the depth of ane Serephis luv,
Quho meets the longings of loftiest soul,
That ever yet panted for hyvenlie goal,
With luv for luv, in ane boundless degree—
May my luv and my longings be centered on Thee!

(1.) "The church and great tower or steeple both builded of ashler: all the church windows of old were of paynted glass; and ther remainys as yet a pairt of that ancient braverye. In this church Wm. Elphingstounne lyes buried, his tombe stone of black towch stone; the upper pairt upheld of old by thretheine statues of brasse; his statue of brasse lying betwixt the two stones: all this robbed and sold long agoe." Description of bothe Towns of Aberdeene, 1661.

(2.) This circumstance might be brought forward to support Henry Scougal's high character, did it require any straining to do so, for it is a saying in Aberdeenshire that clergymen are always found willing to remove to *Aughtermair*, but never to *Aughterness*.

(3.) Pinkerton has a more severe version of this story, "It is said that, being of an amorous complexion, he sometimes loved God, and sometimes loved women; and that, having unfortunately become enamoured of a married lady at Aberdeene, he died in the struggles of virtue and passion."

(4.) "Life of God in the Soul of Man;" cited in Bruce's "Eminent Men of Aberdeene."

(5.) We have ventured to put several Aberdonianisms into the mouth of Henry Scougal, as almost every one is aware of the peculiar Teutonic accent of the district from the well-known satire upon it, "There's as gweel beets and sheen in the aul' town o' Aberdeene as there is in a' braid Scotland."

C.

Varieties.

THE LORD PROVOST OF GLASGOW IN PERIL.—On Saturday last, (May 1835,) our worthy Lord Provost was seen near the Royal Exchange, talking to a man, who, from his outward appearance, seemed to be a chimney-sweep. The Provost and the sweep appeared to be deeply engaged on some interesting subject, and were seen describing with the point of an old nail the inclinations and curvatures of certain vents or flues which might be swept by means of the newly invented machine which is to supersede the use of "climbing boys." A crowd very soon collected around the Provost and the sweep, wondering no doubt what business his Lordship had to do in such company. But so intent was he on the subject under discussion, that he seemed to be quite unconscious of any person being present save the man with whom he was talking, until an official, "drest in a little brief authority," came forward, and in the true Celtic twang abruptly ordered his Lordship to "dismiss." "What!" said the Provost, "do you know to whom you speak?" "No—she'll did not, neither did she care; her orders was not to let peoples stood upon ta planetane cansey, causing a crowd, and if she wadna gang awa, she wad put ta offish upon her." "Do you know that you are talking to the Lord Provost?" said a gentleman present; "you should pay more respect to his Lordship." "Let her pe ta Lord Provish, or ta Lord Jhustice Pence Court, she did not care one pinch of snish! but if she will not "dismiss," her order will pe ta put the offish upon her shust in a minut." It is needless to say that his Lordship good-naturedly yielded to an authority of his own sanctioning, and walked off, glad, no doubt, to find that the Police Establishment was filled with such faithful servants.—LIBERATOR.

RISE IN THE VALUE OF LAND.—Baldoon was bought by Lord Galloway from Lord Selkirk for £150,000: but under the condition that if it should turn out to be worth more in nineteen years than £7000 per annum, at which Lord Selkirk took a lease of it for nineteen years, Lord Galloway should pay the estimated advertised value. It is now subset at £10,000 per annum, and of course Lord Galloway will have to pay upwards of £100,000 more.—MEMORANDUM BOOK, 1805.

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SCARCITY OF MONEY IN 1764.



WE are at the present day, apparently, as ignorant of the principles of a sound currency as our great-grandfathers were a hundred years ago. The monetary crisis of 1764 was, in many respects, similar to the present; and its effects were felt, at least in Scotland, for several years afterwards. We were shortly before engaged in a foreign war, which no doubt had drained the country of a considerable amount of specie. "The present scarcity of money, universally complained of," says a paper of the time, "however strange it may appear to short-sighted people, is what every man of common forecast, not intoxicated with the extraordinary success of our arms, must have expected at the time we were sending millions to support a war in Germany; when all the money that could be spared by the landed man out of his rents, and by the merchant and manufacturer out of his trade, was invested in the several loans to the Government." *

In our own day railway speculation is blamed, by a certain class of politicians, as the chief cause of the existing calamity, though not a shilling has, on that account, been sent to Germany, or any other foreign country.

The writer of the article we have quoted was no bullionist: "That paper credit must be continued," he observes, "no man, acquainted with the state of this country, can deny; that the trade of this nation cannot be carried on without it, is well known to every man who has given any attention to the subject."—The Bank of England was then blamed, as it has been at every crisis since, of narrowing its credit, hence the writer justly remarks—"If the directors of the Bank, at this time, when every sinew of industry ought to be exerted, for enriching the country, and thereby providing for future want, should withhold the usual credit from the merchants and tradesmen, putting it out of their power to make their payments, till their effects are remitted them from abroad, must not this curtail our trade and lessen our manufactures?" No matter what might move the directors to this course—whether ignorance, arrogance, or self-interest; the writer seriously questioned the propriety of continuing such power in the hands of a

few individuals. The same opinion, as to the injurious tendency of the Bank of England charter, has since been repeatedly urged, and several ameliorations of its restrictive clauses have from time to time been effected—still the main evil remains.

But it is with the scarcity of money, as felt in Scotland, that we have, in this article, chiefly to do.

Until about the middle of last century there were no private banks in Scotland. Down till 1746, when the British Linen Company was incorporated, there were only two banks, the *old* and *new*, as they were called—i. e., the Bank of Scotland, instituted in 1695, and the Royal Bank, instituted in 1727. A public journalist, writing in 1752, says "within these few years, banks have been set on foot by some private companies in Scotland. The first at Aberdeen." Two were afterwards established at Glasgow, whose notes were for some time in circulation in Edinburgh.

Very opposite opinions prevailed as to the cause of the scarcity of money in Scotland, and the various statements which appeared in the public journals of the day, though in many instances fallacious, throw considerable light on the state of affairs at the time. They show the grievous struggle in which the trade and commerce of Scotland was involved for many a long year after the Union—that union from which instant wealth was to flow over the barren wilds of Scotland.

The scarcity of gold and silver, in 1764, was, extreme—so much so, that it was with the utmost difficulty change could be procured for a five-shilling note! "The canny English," says one writer, in the columns of the *Edinburgh Advertiser*, "taking advantage of our scarcity of silver, and distance from the mint, draw from us hundreds of pounds for what they call *Birmingham buttons*, which are not worth half a farthing. But we are glad of anything that is round." The same writer blamed the increase of banks for this state of things, and exclaims, "How vexing it must be to every honest man who has the smallest regard for his country, to see the whole profits of all the commodities in the kingdom, both natural and artificial, swallowed up by a set of men, who, instead of having any merits are public nuisances!" These nuisances were the private banks. The writer concludes by recommending, amongst other parliamentary enactments, that "no bank-notes under ten pounds, or five pounds at lowest," should be issued, being an anticipator of Sir Robert Peel in this respect; but how decidedly did the *practical*

* Address to the public concerning the Bank of England, handed about the coffee-houses and Royal Exchange, London, January 27, 1764.

opinion of the country outgrows such a notion, when, in 1826, it produced a *Malachi Malagrowth*!

The views of the writer in the *Advertiser* seem to have been pretty widely entertained. The country gentlemen held public meetings, and resolutions were very generally come to, not to accept of any notes save those of the chartered banks. The county of Renfrew, however, was more liberal. It agreed that "the distress into which the country was thrown, was not owing to the multiplicity of banks, but to the optional clause in notes."* The gentlemen of Aberdeen followed in attributing to the same cause "the great and daily increase, and boundless extent of paper money, the scarcity of gold and silver coin, the high exchange between England and Scotland," &c.

A writer in the *Caledonian Mercury* notices these county resolutions as absurd. "For my part," he says, "I cannot conceive how a thing so evidently calculated to keep the specie among us, should have met with such general dislike at present. I think it is pretty plain, that the more obstacles lie in the way of getting specie for notes at the bank, the less specie will be carried out of the country; and, on the other hand, if the banks pay always readily in gold, or without taking the benefit of the option, the more specie will be carried away to England; for I will venture to affirm that nine-tenths of all the specie given out at the banks, goes to the country of England. If the specie given out at the banks were to circulate in Scotland, and go from hand to hand amongst traders and manufacturers, things would soon wear a new face. Let us suppose that the banks were to send £500 or £1000 in specie to every little trading town in Scotland; would it circulate a fortnight among them before it was in the hands of the English? Is there at present in Scotland a dealer in English goods (and how few dealers are there in any thing else?) that is not daily taking every opportunity of seizing all the specie he can get, to send to pay his English merchant? Those indeed that send riders to this country to receive their money, their riders accept of bank-notes from their customers, and they again demand the specie of the banks: so that in both cases the loss falls upon the banks. If any one will take the trouble to look into the Newcastle waggon going from Edinburgh, or any of the Leith trading ships going for London, they will see such vast sums of specie going up as must surprise the most inattentive, and give every lover of his country reason to dread the inevitable consequences of such a perpetual drain of our specie from amongst us."

Believing that the cause of the national distress must be sought for in something else than the increase of paper money and the optional clause, the writer goes on to state certain facts:

"At the commencement of the late war, and for long before, specie was very plenty in Scotland; we had no banks but those established by authority, except Glasgow. The exchange betwixt Scotland and England was from thirty to

sixty days par: and the Royal Bank always drew on London at one, sometimes at one-half, per cent. sight. Specie was then so plenty, that people chose rather to keep bank-notes by them, than be troubled with it, and threw all their specie into the banks. At this time there was a vast quantity of English money in Scotland at four per cent., as the English could not get such interest in their own country, or in the stocks at that time. This money was lodged mostly on heritable security, or in the bankers or exchange-dealers' hands; and, while it staid among us, had a very good effect to keep the exchange low.

"But no sooner had the war broke out, and the government begun to give high premiums for money, than the English withdrew all their money out of Scotland. This affected the exchange immediately. However, it was still pretty moderate, from one to one-and-a-half per cent. sight. The banks, regardless of the growing ill, dealt about large credits to every person who could find proper security, and enlarged the credits of the bankers. They thought they could never go too great lengths in launching out, and the more they lent, the greater advantage it would be to the banks. What was the effect of all this? Some people, collecting all the money that could be raised in this country, took a trip to London to meet Mons. Bussy, who every body imagined was to conclude the peace, expecting no doubt to raise immense fortunes in one day; and left us to lament our own foolishness, while they laugh at our misfortunes. Their example was followed by some of the richest and most considerable men in Scotland; and from that very day we may date our three, four, and five per cent. premium of exchange on London bills.

"We now severely feel the balance of trade against us. Before Scotsmen became stockjobbers, we had a deal of English money in Scotland; but now we must have hundreds of thousands of our money in England in the stocks. Formerly the merchant and trader could remit to his correspondent in England at a very easy rate; bills were cheap, and cash was plenty; but now his trade will not afford to give three and four per cent. sight, and his English merchant will not accept of bills at four months (which is the par) when the money is already due by the merchant here. Cash is to be had nowhere but in the banks, and they must pay specie for every bit of English goods sent to Scotland; nay, so assiduous have dealers in English commodities and the English riders been to send and take away the very silver, that it is rare to find five or ten shillings of silver in any house in the country. Ask change of a twenty-shilling note to pay your bill in any tavern in the country, and you shall get five shilling notes as far as they will go. This I take to be the rise of the several five and ten-shilling banks that have lately set up. Merchants, mechanics, and manufacturers, found they could not carry on their business without silver money; and as that was gone, several of them took it in their heads to issue five and ten-shilling notes for their own use: they found a demand for them; and the country people, finding they could not want them, gave Edinburgh notes in exchange for

* At this time the banks possessed an "optional clause," by which their notes were not convertible, if they chose, till six months after date.

them, as these were too big to be of any service to them: and it is believed, that if the banks at Edinburgh had issued five and ten-shilling notes when the silver began to grow scarce, none of these little banks would ever have been heard of.

"Another great drain of our specie is, a great many of the nobility and gentry residing at London, they must have their rents remitted to them yearly: not to mention the vast sums sent up by the excise and customs, which are all paid in London, except what goes for payment of the civil establishment, and charge of management here."

The banks had been labouring under this drain for a number of years, and tried several plans to provide a remedy, but without any permanent effect—which, indeed, was impossible, so long as the exchange continued so much against Scotland. There was another annoyance to which the banks were subjected—which is thus stated by the writer in the *Caledonian Mercury*:—

"A number of persons, void of all sense of shame, and of all love to their country, abandoned to every vicious principle, and blind to everything but their own interest, though not worth sixpence in the world, have for many years distressed the banks for specie, when they had not probably one sixpence of debt to pay in England; and the struggle for several years has been, whether the banks shall bring it down or they shall carry it up to London fastest. By this means, many of them have enriched themselves, entirely at the expense of the banks; as thus: The person here has an agent in London, who is worth nothing, that will accept any bills he shall draw upon him; and the gentleman here, I shall suppose, draws upon him for £1000 at thirty days date; which bill he sells to a banker, who gives him three per cent. for it, and pays him in bank-notes, the bill and exchange £1030. The gentleman comes immediately to the bank; demands cash for his £1000; goes directly to the waggon with it; they carry it in twenty days to London for twelve shillings per cent., which is £6; his correspondent receives it, and with it retires his friend's draught for said sum. The transaction is finished, and these two pocket £24 by the bargain; which they may renew every day, nay, every hour of the day, if they can find people to purchase their bills."

The writer concludes his article as follows:

"But how is the exchange to be made lower? One measure is only necessary for that end: We cannot get the noblemen and gentlemen of Scotland hindered from staying in England; we cannot altogether at once hinder the merchants (without ruining the half of them, by calling in their credits) from paying the goods they have already got from the English: but I should think we were very well able, and entitled, to oblige the gentlemen in the stocks to draw back the money we lent them into the country again. The directors of the banks alone have it in their power to set us to rights. Call in the credits of those people who are suspected for stock-jobbers; and not only their own credits, but those of their supporters and abettors, who are well known. Till that is done, all schemes will be to no purpose for bringing down the exchange; when that is done, all will be well; and if that is not done with

spirit, ruin, beggary, and bankruptcy, wait upon poor Scotland."

As the adoption of this advice would have marred the usefulness of the banks, and narrowed their incomes, it was not, of course, attended to.

Another writer, in reviewing the causes which, in his opinion, had led to the scarcity of money, enumerates several particulars not mentioned by any of those we have noticed. After adverting to the increase of the "balance due to England," he observes,—“Had Scotland been brought into this unhappy situation by a general extravagance of the people, preferring foreign manufacture to our own, the scarcity now felt might appear the natural and deserved consequence of our folly; but there seems to be little room for so severe a reflection upon the character of the people. These wants will be found to arise chiefly from the nature of a growing commerce, infant manufactures, new buildings, and the improvement of the lands: for each of these efforts of art and industry require many foreign and home materials, that are to be purchased with money alone, and without which none of these works can be successfully undertaken.

"While this general taste for improvements, of the utmost importance, visible in every town and county, rendered the command of money most necessary, particular occurrences nearly deprived us of the whole.

"A cold wet summer in the year 1756 destroyed the crop; no grain was exported, as usual, from the northern counties; on the contrary, a sum exceeding £200,000 sterling was remitted to England and foreign parts, to purchase grain for the support of the people. The late war had then commenced; 70,000 useful hands, whose labours served to enrich and ornament their country, and to hold the balance of trade with other nations in its favour, were, during the course of it, carried off, and few ever returned to Scotland. The public taxes annually increased. The regiments that lay and spent their pay amongst us, were mostly ordered abroad. And, to crown our difficulties, loans, thought to have amounted to £500,000 sterling, sent hither, mostly by the English, soon after the peace 1748, were recalled, owing to the fall of the public funds. All these concurring circumstances falling out within the compass of a few years, threw the balance with England greatly against us, and produced the effects we now feel."

The same writer takes a sensible view of the course which ought to be followed under the circumstances. "Peace," he says, "is now completely restored; no man in Scotland can propose any advantage by lifting his money, and lending it at London; exchange with England is little above par; the crop just reaped affords a prospect of plenty; and our manufactures, in general, are in the highest request abroad. But as we have little cash circulating at home, and not much credit abroad, there appears to be no other quarter from whence relief can come, but banking established on undoubted security. For, without the benefit of paper-currency, the present want of cash must almost reduce us to a state of barter: and it requires little explanation to show, that such a state

would produce the utmost confusion and distress. . . . The reduction of the balance due to England, therefore, could be affected only by the increase of commerce, and of manufactures fit for exportation; and by the extension of every branch whereby we might rival our neighbours in those articles with which they had hitherto supplied us."

This was sound advice, as the respectable position which Scotland now occupies, abundantly testifies.

Before the drain occasioned by the war, it would appear, from the statements of the various writers, that money was comparatively plentiful in Scotland—the interest given by the banks having brought large deposits across the border. This, however, was not a healthy state of affairs—the interest paid upon these loans being a national loss, while the balance continued so unfavourable. Scotland was thus under the necessity of adopting that system of paper-currency—as a substitute for gold and silver—by means of which she has succeeded so well, and which her bankers have brought to such perfection. It was not to be expected, however, that the details of machinery requiring such nice regulation, could be all at once satisfactorily adjusted. Hence, for several years, difficulties were experienced, by the mismanagement of some of the banks—chiefly in locking up their funds, like the *Douglas and Heron Bank*, in permanent loans—and paper-money laboured under no small discredit for many years. In 1767, for instance, the heritors of the county of Haddington resolved at a public meeting not to accept the notes of any bank except those "established by authority"—unless at "a discount of one penny in the pound." Similar resolutions were passed by other districts.

It is certainly very creditable to Scotland that, with the *balance of trade so much against her*, her distance from the seat of government, and a non-resident gentry, she has made such progress in all the elements of wealth and national improvement. It cannot be hidden, however, that we still feel the effect of these disadvantages. Our ability to sustain an *adverse balance* with England—which always must exist between kingdoms similarly situated in reference to the governing powers—alone arises from the manner in which we have followed up the course recommended by the writer in the *Caledonian Mercury* of 1764: "by the increase of commerce, and of manufactures fit for exportation." We have not been able to arrest the drain towards England, in consequence of our political position, but we have acquired, by our traffic with foreign countries, the means of supplying it. A writer, in 1772, was enabled to say,—"Since the year 1745, the improvements of this country in agriculture, in foreign and domestic trade, have been astonishing. History, perhaps, does not furnish an example of improvements equally rapid." What would have been the exclamation of the writer had he lived another half century!

CHARMS AND SPELLS OF THE WITCHES.

In matters pertaining to superstition the credulity of the human mind has often formed an interest-

ing and instructive topic for grave remark and elaborate disquisition. It is perfectly humiliating to contemplate the absurd length to which rational men would go in a belief of the existence of "Satan's Invisible World," and all the classic fraternity of

"Black spirits and white,
Red spirits and grey."

The influence which these singular fantasies exercised over the public mind is quaintly but graphically depicted by Reginald Scot, in the following passage of his famous work—

"And they have so fraid us with bull-beggars, spirits, witches, urchins, elves, hags, fairies, satyrs, pans, faunes, syrens, kit with the can'-sticke, tritons, centaurs, dwarfes, gigantes, impes, calcars, conjurors, nymphes, changelings, incubus, Robin-good-fellow, the spoorne, the mare, the man in the oke, the hell-waire, the fier drake, the puckle, Tom Thombe, hobgoblins, Tom Tumbler, boneless, and such other bugs, that we were afraid of our own shadows."—(*Discoverie of Witchcraft*).

It is our present intention to devote a page or two to a cursory sketch of some of the spells, charms, and "canttrips" of the Witches, for the purpose of showing the curious means by which those "black and midnight hags" conducted their enchantments, and the gullibility of our forefathers, who could swallow such nonsense as "undoubted verity."

1. RAISING STORMS.

In 1590, it was discovered that a number of Witches had conspired to destroy the ship which contained James VI. and the Princess Anne of Denmark, while on its way to Scotland, by raising fearful storms in the sea. The rare tract entitled "*News from Scotland, Declaring the Damnable Life of Doctor Fian*," &c., gives the following particulars regarding the Incantations. The Witches having procured a *Cat*, it was "baptisat in ane wobster's hoose, in the following manner:—First, twa of them held one finger in the ane side of the chimney cruik, and another held another finger in the other side, the twa nebbis of the fingers meeting togidder. Then they put the cat thryce throw the links of the cruik, and passit it thryce under the chimney. Thereafter they knit to the four feet of the cat four joints of men; whilk being done, the said Janet Campbell fetchit it to Leith, and about midnicht she and twa wyfeis callet Stobies, and twa Linkehop, cam to the pier-head, and saying these words:—'See that there be nae desait amang us,' they cuist the cat in the sea, as far as they might: whilk dunc, there did arise such a tempest in the sea, as a greater hath not been seen; which tempest was the cause of the perishing of a boat coming over from the toun of Brunt Island to the toun of Leith, wherein was sundrie jewelles and rich giftes, which should have been presented to the newe Queene of Scotland, on her majesty's coming to Leith."*

In the "Second Confession of Isobell Gowdie," emitted "att Aulderne, the third day of May, 1662 yeiris, about the howris of two or three in the afternoone, or thereby," this unhappy woman

* Pitcairn's Criminal Trials, vol. 3. p. 606.

is made to say:—"Quhen we rease the wind, we tak a rag of cloth, and weitts it in the water; and we tak a beetle* and knokis the rage on a stone, and we say thryse ower,

'I knok this ragg wpon this stane,
To raise the wind in THE DIVELLIS name;
It sall not lye vntill I please againe!'

When we wold lay the wind, we dry the ragg, and say (thryse ower,)

'We lay the Wind in THE DIVELLIS name,
It sall not ryse quhill we (or I) lyk to rease it again.'

And if the wind will not lye instantlie after we say this, we call wpon owr Spirit, and say to him,

'THIEFFE! THIEFFE! conjure the wind, and caws it to lye.'

We have no power of rain, bot we will rease the wind quhen ve pleas."

The famous Dr Fian (alias Cunningham) is reported to have raised "a mist at the King's (James VI.) return from Denmark, by getting Satan to cast a thing like a foot-ball (it appearing to John like a wisp) into the sea; which made a reek to rise, whereby the King's majesty might be cast upon the coast of England."† Truly the reign of the sapient "Scottish Solomon" was more troubled with plots than that of any other monarch: for, what with the Gowrie Conspiracy, the Gunpowder Plot, and the Witches' plots, the poor King must have had a sore life of it. But we must reflect that, as Agnes Simpson confessed, "the King" was "the greatest enemy" the devil had "in the world."

A much more fanciful and romantic charm for raising a storm, for the purpose of wrecking a vessel at sea, was the following:—The witch repaired to a spring well, far in a lonely waste, and placing a wooden "cawp," or bowel, in the water (representing the doomed ship) proceeded to mutter incantations, and perform various magical rites, in the course of which the water in the well would become agitated and boil up, causing the "cawp" to be tossed to and fro, until (in the quaint language of the period) the "cawp" would be "whim-mild," or upset. The destruction of the particular ship, against which the malice of the witch was directed, would of course speedily ensue!

So much for the old methods of "raising the wind." We suspect that the tricks of the modern practitioners of that art far out-do their predecessors' in originality and dexterity. With many people now-a-days, "raising the wind" has become one of the most important duties of life.

2. HEALING CHARMS.

This may be reckoned as the least objectionable feature in Witchcraft. The character of the *White Witch* (one who used spells only for the somewhat benevolent purpose of curing diseases), carries with it a redeeming quality, notwithstanding which the prejudices of the day ran in as strong a current against a *White Witch* as a *Black* one, and both were visited with the self-same vengeance. Regarding the charms used, Mr Pitcairn very judiciously remarks, (vol. 3, p. 609), that

* A piece of flatted wood used by washerwomen.—PITCAIRN.

† Satan's Invisible World Discovered. Edition 1780, p. 18.

they "are usually fragments of ancient Monkish rhymes; and most of them were such as many good Roman Catholics of the lower orders, even in these times, would not scruple to use, for the supposed cure of their bodily ailments."

Agnes Simpson, the "wise woman of Keith," who was tried and burnt in 1591, had a "prayer and conjuration for hailing of seik folkis," of the following tenor:—

"All kindis of illis that ewir may be,
In Crystis name, I coniure ye;
I coniure ye, baith mair and les,
With all ye vertewis of ye mess,
And rycht sa, be ye naillis sa,
That naillit Jesus, and na ma:
And rycht sa, be ye samin blude,
That reikit owre ye ruithfull rwid;
Farth of ye flesch and of ye bane,
And in ye eird and in ye stane.
I CONIURE YE, IN GOD'S NAME."

It seems she was "fylit" with this charge:—

"Item, that sche had foir knowledge be hir Witchcraft of diseasit persounes, gif they wald leue or nocht; or, quha was witchit persounes. To wit, That gif sche stopit anis in hir prayer, the seik persoun was bewichit: and gif the prayer stopit twyis, the diseasit persoun wald die."

A notorious Warlock, named Thomas Grieve, was, on the first of August 1623,* "Dilaitit of dyuerse poyntis of Sorcerie and Witchcraft;" and among the rest, are the following, which may serve as very good specimens of *Healing Charms*, almost without adducing more:—

"ITEM, for cureing be sorcerie and witchcraft of James Mwde, with his wyfe and childrene, of the fever; and namelie, in cureing of his wyfe, be causing ane grit fyre to be put on, and ane hoill to be maid in the north side of the hous, and ane quik (live) hen to be put furth thairat, at three severall times, and tane in at the hous-dur wid-derschynores (backwards); and thaireafter taking the hen and puting it under the seik womanis okstar or airme, and thairfra cayreing it to the fyre, quhair it was haldin down, and burnt quik (alive) thairin; and be that devillisch manner practysit be him curet hir of hir seiknes."

"ITEM, for cureing, be Sorcerie and Witchcraft, and making of certaine croces and singes (crosses and signs) off David Chalmer in Leithame, and be causeing wasche his sark in ane South-rynnand watter, and thairefter putting it vpon him; quhairby he ressaut his helthe."

"ITEM, for cureing of ane woman in Ingrie, besyde Leslie, of ane grevous seikness, be taking the seiknes af hir, and putting it vpon ane kow; quhilk kow thaireafter ran woid (mad) and deit."

"ITEM, for practizeing of dyuerse poyntis of Sorcerie vpon William Beveridge, in Drumkippie, in Salen, and cureing him thairby of ane grevous seiknes, be causeing him pas throw ane hesp of yairne thre seuerall tymes; and thaireftir burning the said hesp of yairne in ane grit flyr, quhilk burnt haillilie blew."

Bartie Paterson, who was tried for Witchcraft in 1607, had a charm for cattle in this form:—

"I charme thee for arrow schot, for dor-schot, for wondo-schot, for lever-schot, for lung-schot,

* See Pitcairn's Trials, vol. 3, p. 555.

for hert-schot, all the maist in the name of the Father, the Sone, and the Haly Ghaist, amen."*

3. MISCELLANEOUS CHARMS.

These are so varied and numerous, that we are only able to give the slightest gleaning of the vintage. But there is such a puerility in them all, that we are lost in wonder at the credulity of men of sense and education, who could gravely listen to the recital of such gross absurdities, and believe in them besides. Yet we must bear in mind that they had a very high precedent in so doing, and this, too, in no less a personage than King James himself, "who, in respect of the strangeness of these matters, took great delight to be present at" the "examinations" of those accused.

A very old charm for bewitching persons was to make a figure or image of wax, and gradually melt it before the fire. Professor Sinclair informs us that Duff, King of Scotland, was bewitched in this manner. He says:—"The design of this horrid act was, that as the wax, by little and little, did melt away, so the King's body, by a continual sweating, might at last totally decay. The waxen image being found and broken, and these old haggis being punished by death, the King did in that same moment recover." (P. 68).

It seems that a spell of this kind was employed against James VI. in 1590; but in this instance the "Devill" had promised to furnish the waxen image to the "haggis." Upon the night of Halloween, in that year, a great meeting of Witches was held in their famous tabernacle, the Kirk of North Berwick, the principal object of the meeting being to get the image which the fiend had promised; but in this case the "father of lies" was a defaulter, he having failed to produce the "pictour" which he had promised to bring with him. "Robert Grierson," it appears "fand grit fault with the Dewill, and cryit oot, that all quhilks wer besyd mycht heir, becaus his hienes pictour wes nocht gewin yame, as wes promesit; the said Effie McCalzan remembrand and bidand ye said Robert Grierson to speir for ye pictour, meaning his Maiesteis pictour, quhilke sould haif bene roistit. Robert Grierson said thir wordis, "Quhair is the thing ye promesit?" meaning ye pictour of walx, dewysit for roisting and vndoing his hines persoune, quhilke Agnes Sampsonne gaif to him; and Robert cryit to "haif ye turne done;" yit his hienes name wes nocht nameit, quhill thay that wer women nameit him; craifand in playne termes his hienes pictour. But he (that is, Satan) ansuerit "It sould be gottin ye nixt meitting, and he wald hald ye nixt assemble for yat caus the soner. It was nocht reddie at yat time." Robert Griersonne ansuerit, "ye promesit twyis and begylit ws,"—and foure honest-like womene wer very ernist and instant to haif itt."† Comment upon a scene like this is needless.

* There is another form of this charm as follows:—

"I charm thee for arrow shot,
For doom shot,
For womb shot,
For eye shot, for tongue shot,
For liver shot, for lung shot."

† Pitcairn's Trial, vol. 2, p. 246.

There is a curious charm recorded by Professor Sinclair. "The said Peter Morton afterward, being indisposed, coming by the door, saw a small vessel full of water, and a coal of fire slockened in the water; so perceiving an alteration in his health, and remembering Beattie Laing's threatening, he presently suspects devilry in the matter, and quarrels the thing. Thereafter finding his indisposition growing worse and worse, being tormented and pricked as with bodkins and pins, he openly lays the blame upon witchcraft, and accuses Beattie Laing. He continued to be tormented, and she was, by warrant, apprehended with others in Pittenweem."

One of the "dittays" charged against Doctor Fian in 1590, was "the using, be way of witchcraft, of modewart feet (mole's feet), upone him in his purse, given him be Sathan for this cause, that sae lang as he had them upone him, he suld never want sillar."

Isobell Gowdie confessed that "when we völd goe in the liknes of an cat, we say thryse ower,

'I sall goe in till ane cat,
With sorrow, and sych, and a black shot!
And I sall goe in the DIVELLIS name
Ay quhill I com home again!'

And if we völd goe in ane craw, then we say thryse ower:—

'I sall goe intill a craw,
With sorrow and sych, and a black thraw!
And I sall goe in the Divellis name,
Ay quhill I com home again!'

And quhen we völd be owt of thes shapes, we say,

'Catt, catt, (or craw, craw,) God send the a black shott:
(or a balck thraw!)

I was a catt (or crow) just now,
Bot I salbe in a woman's liknes even now.

Catt, catt, (or craw, craw,) God send the a black shott:
(or a black thraw!)

Giff we, in the shape of an catt, an craw, an haire, or any vther liknes, &c. go to any of our neighbouris howssis, being Witches, we will say,

'I (or we) conjure the goe with us (or me)'

And presently they becom as we ar, either cats, hearis, crows, &c., and goe with ws whither we wold. Quhen we wold ryd, we tak windle-strawes, or been-stakes, and put them betwixt our feet, and say thryse,

'Horse and hattok, horse and goe,
Horse and pellattis, ho! ho!'

And immediatlie we flie away whaireuir we wold; and least our husbandis sould miss vs owt of our beddis, we put in a boosom, or a thrie leggit stoole besyde thame, and say thryce ower,

'I lay down this boosom (or stooil,) in the DIVELLIS name,
Let it not stir quhill I com again!'

And immediatlie it seimis a voman besyd owt husbandis."

"In winter 1660," continues Isobell, "quhen Mr Harie Forbes, Minister at Aulderne,* wes seik, we maid an bagg, of the gallis, flesh, and guttis of toadis, pickles of bear, pairings of the

* "Mr Harie" was present at these confessions.

naillis of fingeris and toes, the liewer of ane hair, and bitts of clowtis. We steipit this all together, all night among watter, all haked throwther. And when we did put it among the water, SATAN wes with ws, and learned ws the wordis following, to say thryse ower. They ar thus,

'He is lying in his bed,—he is lying seik and sair;
Let him lye in till his bed two monethis and three dayes mair!

2lj. Let him lye intill his bed,—let him lye intill it seik and sore;

Let him lye intill his bed, monthis two and three dayes mor!

3lj. He sall lye intill his bed, he sall lye in it seik and sore;

He sall lye intill his bed two monethis and three dayes mor!"

Quhen we haid learned all thes wordis from the DIVELL, as said is, we fell all down wpon ovr kneis, with ovr hear down ower ovr shoulderis and eyes, and ovr handis lifted up, and our eyes steifastlie fixed wpon THE DIVELL, and said the forsaidis wordis thryse ower to THE DIVELL, striktlie, against Maister Harie Forbes, his recowering from the said seiknes. In the night tym we cam in to Mr Harie Forbes Chalmer, quhair he lay, with ovr handis all smeared out of the bagg to swing it wpon Mr Harie, quhair he wes seik in his bed; and in the day tyme ane of ovr nwmbur quho wes most familiar and intimat with him, to wring or swing the bagg wpon the said Mr Harie, as we could not prevaill in the night tym against him; quhilk wes accordinglie done."

This may suffice, and we must stop here, although there is yet a great deal of curious matter remaining untouched. Our object, as announced in the beginning, was merely to notice a few of the Spells practised by the professors of the forbidden art of Witchcraft. But we cannot conclude without expressing the most heart-felt gratitude to that wise and over-ruling Providence, by whose benignant fiat the sun of reason and revelation hath dispelled those thick mists of ignorance and degrading superstition which for so long a period enshrouded our country, and obscured the perceptions of the most acute minds.

Crossheads. A. W. E.

Note.—It may be added that a favourite dance among the Witches was called *Gillatrypes*, and that the favourite tune which Satan played at the Witches' conventicles, bore the name of "The silly bit chicken, gar cast it a pickle, and it will grow meikle."

EEDIN'S HALL.

On Lammermoor hills there is a certain piece of antiquity, which is very singular for its form, and manner of building. The name of the place is 'Eedin's Hall,' about a mile below the Abbey St Bathans, four miles north from Dunse, on the banks of White-Water.

The manner of building resembles that of 'Arthur's Oven,' which was demolished in our times: That is to say. It has no cement nor mortar of any kind. The stones, however, lie very close and compact, the interstices being exactly filled up with small stones. Among the mass of ruins, almost every stone has some irregular figure cut

out upon it, and not one of these figures resembles another. I believe, for my part, that the upper part of every stone has been cut to receive the convexities and ragged surface of its fellow; and that this is the whole mystery of the figures.

The form of it is three concentric circles, six or seven feet distant one from another; and the diameter of the innermost is about twenty feet. In the heart of the walls, there are several square holes, which seem to go perpendicular downwards: but what purpose they could serve, I cannot form the least conjecture.

On the south of this circular building there are three very deep and wide trenches; and on the head of the outermost trench, the vestiges of a stone wall, which runs fifty or sixty yards to the west, and then turns northward, following the sweep of the hill, down to the river.

It has two entries, one on the south, another on the south-west, at no great distance from one another, which run over the trenches.

On the east of the circular building are a great number of square apartments, and a few round ones; the most spacious is that one which is next to the circular building. All these areas are formed of loose stones, gathered on the moors; and, when entire, would resemble our dry-stone dykes.

To the east of 'Eedin's Hall,' you see the vestiges of several camps, the trenches and areas being all very perceptible. These different camps are so well chosen, that they command the south of Scotland, from the borders of England to the frith of Forth, and have been apparently formed to defend the frontiers.

Some will have 'Eedin's Hall' to be a temple of the god 'Terminus:' but the form and manner of building is an invincible argument of the contrary. Besides, the camps will no way answer the description of a Roman one.—Others will have it to be a temple for Druid worship: but they ought to reflect, that the Druids, as well as the Magi, had no temples.

It seems to me very probable, that the Scots kept constantly an army of observation on the Lammermoor hills, to be ready to defend the borders, if they were invaded from England by land, or by a foreign fleet from the frith of Forth. As soon as the signals were lighted up along Tweed-side, or along the Forth, this army would march down to their relief.

The circular building, then, in my opinion, has been a magazine of provision for the chain of camps around. I suppose the Scots kept in this station from the spring to the autumn; that is, as long as they were in any danger of an invasion.

[This description of "Eedin's Hall" is addressed to the Editor of the *Scots Magazine*, 1764.]

LETTERS FROM A PILGRIM IN SCOTLAND.

No. V.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SCOTTISH JOURNAL.

SIR,—Looking over a mass of books, magazines, and MSS., the other day, I found the following

very curious *jeu d'esprit* against the antiquary, a *la* Oldbuck, and as the story anticipates the scene at the Cairn of Kinprunes, in *The Antiquary*, I presume I need not apologize for presenting it to your readers:—

A few years ago (1772-3) at L——n, a village in Northumberland, a stone with a rude inscription was dug up on a desolate heath, which naturally fell to the squire of the parish; but as he was not versed in the more mysterious parts of ancient erudition, the parson was called in to his assistance; he, too, was incapable of decyphering the characters. In this dilemma, the divine took a copy of the inscription, and forwarded it to the Society of Antiquaries, and all possible secrecy was observed lest such an inestimable curiosity should by any means be conveyed away. A meeting of the members of the learned Society was summoned on this occasion; but it was impossible to form an absolute determination, at first view, to what the relique referred. Their opinions at that time amounted merely to conjecture; however, after several months spent in abstracted contemplation, the following were the explanations of some of the more gifted members; which, with an exact draught of the stone and its inscriptions, are inserted for the reader. The original, with the debates at large upon it, may be seen in the Journal of the venerable Society:—



This is the first opinion:

"On the first examination of the stone, I was unable to interpret the inscription; but as the identity of the place where it was found ought to be materially considered, I wrote to the gentleman at L——n for particulars. If there were any *vestigia* of antiquity, as camps, fortifications, &c., in the vicinity. In answer to which inquiry, I was informed that there were nothing of the kind which he knew off, except the ruins of a priory about a mile distant. This is, indeed, *sufficient* for our purpose, and *clears up the matter* at once. 'Clemens pontifex hic jacet, sanctus servus Dei.' The second letter being *evidently* an L, and the I. D. E. a transposition of *Dei*, from the ignorance of the sculptor; a stone erected to the memory of one Clemens, a dignified brother in the Convent. Nothing can be more *plain* and *easy* than this.

"Signed X."

So much for X.; now for No. 2.

"I never was so much astonished as at the perusal of Mr X.'s solution of the inscription in question. What a *forced* construction! what a ridiculous idea! I will allow that K is often found on monuments of antiquity in the place of C;

but how, in the name of wonder, could he imagine the two following letters to be LE, which are *plainly* Æ. But the cream of the jest is I. D. E., a transposition of *Dei*. *Risum teneatis!* Why, I could have helped him to a better exposition myself, if nothing but a monkish origin would content him—S. S. I. D. E. *sanctissimus in Deo*. But this inscription is undoubtedly more ancient than the days of Popery. I grant that the *vestigia* of antiquity near ought always to have weight in determinations of this kind: but, if my researches into its locality had not been carried further than Mr X.'s, the world would have been still at a loss in a point where history is peculiarly concerned. On a personal survey of the place, I discovered that the stone was found near an old Roman military road, close by the side of which a large morass extends some miles eastward, and seems, by the situation of the country, to have covered as much westward. Here, indeed, we have a light thrown on the subject, which will clear up all manner of difficulty. K. often found in inscriptions for C, and C for *Cælius*—E, *ædilis*, an officer, whose business it was to see the roads kept in proper order—P. O. N. T. *pontem*—H, *Hadriani*, the same who built the wall to prevent the inroads of the Picts, thence called *Hadrian's Wall*—I. S. S. I. *jussu*; the first U and the former part of the latter U being obliterated. D. E. *Demolisit*—'Cælius ædilis Hadriani jussu, pontem demolisit,' when, by draining the morass the bridge became unnecessary.

Signed Y."

N.B.—The priory Mr X. talks of, seems to have some stones of the old bridge about its foundation.

We have seen the positive and the comparative, proceed we to the superlative degree.

"I am perfectly of Mr Y.'s opinion with regard to Mr X.'s explanation of this invaluable inscription, in thinking it the most ridiculous idea that ever entered into the head of an antiquary. Y.'s conjectures are ingenious; but all the light he boasts of, will no more lead us to the truth, than a Will-o'-Wisp will conduct the traveller safe homewards.

"Fumus ex fulgore: non ex fumo dare lucem
Cogitat—"

And I am sorry to inform him that he has betrayed egregious ignorance of the Roman state, and a want of being versed in the *monumenta veterum*.

"Every man knows that the office of *ædile* was confined to Rome and its environs; and then the most elegant of their inscriptions are couched in initials. Where he says history is peculiarly concerned in researches of this nature, I heartily agree with him; and indeed it is the only point where the learned gentleman and myself concur. What would a Camden and a Holinshed have given to trace the footsteps of Augustus Cæsar so far as the northernmost parts of the Brigantes; or see him introducing the Roman Temple into Britain! I have taken the most obvious and generally received meaning of the initials, and find the solution to stand thus,—'Cæsar's ex edicto per orbem nuntiatur templum hic instauratum sacrum sibi ipsi dicatum esse.' We find him here, after having, like Hercules, finished the greatest of his labours; after having extended his conquests over

the *seros et indomitos Brittanos*; erecting a temple on the limits of his ambition, and, flushed with conquest, assuming the honours of a god. This is the most easy and natural construction, and perfectly in consonance with the laconic terms in which their inscriptions were generally couched. We need no other proof to convince us of the certainty of the fact; but, as a corroboration, see *Horace*, lib. iv. ode 5, where Augustus is pleased with the new assumed title of a deity, after finishing the most glorious of all his victories—a passage which evidently refers to this very circumstance,

—PRÆSENS DIVUS habebitur
Augustus, adjectis Brittanis
Imperio.

“Signed Z.”

N.B.—The stones which Mr Y. mentions in the Priory, have a much greater resemblance to the remains of a temple, than the trifling ruins of a bridge, especially one which has the uncouth figure of a sword on it.

We must not omit one circumstance. Mr Z. was not a Member of the Society when he wrote this; but immediately on the appearance of this exposition, he was unanimously elected by the whole body, concluding that, from such a striking specimen of genius, he would soon do honour to the chair.

Thus was the “treasure” restored to the antiquary—sacred because of the “rust” of ages. History had snatched her pen, and was prepared to record the great event; but alas! *vanitas vanitatum omnia vanitas*! how was this aerial structure, raised by the united learning of the venerable Society of Antiquaries, rocked to its base-ment by the oral tradition of a silver-haired Wanderer of the Village, whose memory unluckily informed him, that this invaluable inscription was neither more nor less than

KEEP ON THIS SIDE—

an instance of the benevolence of a pious cottager, to warn the traveller of the danger of the morass, and prevent his riding into it; all the jostling of the letters, owing to the uncouth surface of the stone, and all the inelegance of the sculpture to the eccentricity of the tutorless hand which held the mallet and the chisel.

Now for a second string of “curious things” regarding Falkirk.

We have all listened to Blue-Beard, and the murders in his hall. However exaggerated, this tale of the nursery, so far as the ineffaceable “stains” of the key are concerned, is not without parallel. Tradition affirms that “ye blude of ye Covenanters, wha wer putten to deathe at ye Castle of Midhope, ye seate of ye Yorl of Linlithgow, is still in ye stair,” and no exertion shall ever remove it. Again, when I used to visit Torwood “long ago,” I was shown the “bluidy clover.” This “bluidy clover” is still to be met with near the ruins. The sybils of the village assure the stranger, that the Lady of the Castle, during the “awfu’ persecution,” ordered some of the “gude folk” to be executed there. Their heads “trittled” over the court, and sprinkled the grass with blood. This is the “bluidy clover.”—History has a bright

page for the deeds of Wallace, and Graham, and Stewart, at the battle of Falkirk. “I haif brocht you to the ring, hap gif you can,”* said Wallace. They did “hap,” as Bigod and the Bishop of Durham found. But treachery—the treachery of Cumming—ruined all. Stewart, Macduff, Graham—fell. Still Wallace maintained order, and not till the “sair straiks,” Langtoft so touchingly speaks of, had been again and again exchanged, was the retreat sounded. The retreat was made—and with skill. Now, agreeably to the Minstrel, Wallace met Bruce, and “taunt on taunt” followed. Now, too, Wallace “claive to ye chine” Brian le Jay, Prior of the Preceptory of the Knights of St John, Torphichen. Brian le Jay’s grave was long distinguished by the name of Brian’s Ford, i. e. the place where Brian le Jay crossed the Carron to beard the “wight Wallace.” “Brian’s Ford” has been transferred to, or usurped by the village of Bains-ford. So say the various accounts of Falkirk and the vicinage. I have a very different version of Bains-ford. Pray, reader, for once spell it thus, *Banes*-ford. Bains-ford, near Falkirk, is a modern village. Not thrice “three score years and ten” since there was only a house here and a house there. My present oracle informs me that her great-grandmother occupied the first “croft,” (house and garden). She it was who told her mother this *origin*. Their house was erected, and their garden laid out. They had then a well to dig. Her husband and a neighbour were engaged with the well, and she distinctly remembered being called “frae a washing” (she naively remarked, “the greath was a’ gane when I cam back, an’ sae a hantle o’ guid saip was waisted) in a “wonnerfu’ hurry.” This was to see a parcel of bones her “gudeman” had “yerkit oot wi’ the spade. The discovery went to the “town o’ Fa’kirk,” and the Nailers o’ Camelon. Murder was attached to the bones by the “hale kintra side.” The minister and “two elders” called and took the “banes awa.” Agreeably to use and wont, they were put in a bag, and hung in the porch of the church. Grannie Gilmour, for the first time these “thretty years,” is preparing to go to the church. Her “soo-backit mutch is on her heid, an’ her red-cloak roun’ about her shoulders, an’ her Bible is faulded atween her spottit napkin.” She is “muvit” to go—she knows not why. Many were the “queer leuks” turned at Grannie Gilmour as she “slippit” up the kirk-yard. Was that a shriek? Yes, just as Grannie Gilmour entered the porch, there was a “wacfu’ sough through a’ the kirk.” The bag, containing the “banes,” swung hither and thither.” Grannie Gilmour looked at the bag. A drap o’ bluid fell frae the dry banes upon her face! Horrible! She is dead. She was the murderer of her husband. The “banes” being discovered near the first house “there about,” the village, as it increased, was called BANES-FORD. Where the well was dug, a clear rivulet ran, and this accounts for the ford—Bains-Ford. I am, Sir,

Your obedient Servant,

71, Waterloo Street,
Glasgow, 5th Jan. 1848.

A. B. G.

* Dalrymple’s Annals, vol. i. p. 283-4.

MINUTES OF IRVINE PRESBYTERY.

[Continued from our last.]

In continuing our excerpts from these records, we now give some of their proceedings in opposition to the Scottish Privy Council and Parliament, at the period of the unfortunate expedition to England, under the Duke of Hamilton, styled by the High Church party the "*Unlawful Engagement*;" that is, unlawful as having been gone into contrary to the wishes and orders of the kirk; and also the subsequent proceedings against those noblemen and others, who had dared to disobey the injunctions of the kirk, and comply with the orders of parliament. These minutes give a very distinct idea of what the clergy then considered their privileges. What may be the modern ideas in some quarters on these points we do not know, but we at least are very thankful that in the present day their talons have been considerably pared.

"16th May, 1648.—The Presbytery having read and examined a letter from the commission of the kirk, dated at Edinburgh, 28th April, 1648, to the end that there may be some testimony and evidence extant of the zeal and faithfulness of the commissioners of the kirk in the *cause of God*, does ordain the special heads and clauses of the said letter should be inserted and registered as follows:—The first head bears a narrative of the commissioners' proceeding towards the present parliament, which had gone on and concluded an engagement in war against England before satisfactory answer was given to the desire of the kirk, relating withal, that they did conceive the liberty of the kirk much prejudiced by the parliament proceeding to determine in these things, which so nearly and highly concerned religion, without the advice and consent of the kirk, whereupon the commissioners of the kirk does find themselves pressed for the preservation of the liberties of the kirk according to the word of God. Second clause—Because there was just fear of over-turning the whole word of God in three dominions. They require that a solemn fast may be kept the last Sabbath of May, for entreating the Lord for the means of help in the day of this our great need. A third clause bears an exhortation to the brethren of the Presbytery, that they not only withdraw themselves from giving any assistance and concurrence to the parliament in the matter of the engagement between the two nations, but also be ready to give a testimony of their affection to the cause as they shall see need, and to give timely warning unto all against the snares and temptations of the times—exhorting likewise that the brethren may labour to be of one mind in the Lord, that by his means the boasting of the adversary may be put to silence. The fourth clause is anent the reading of a short information relating to the parliament declaration which is to be made known to the people, and they exhorted to get copies of the same, to the end that they may not be ensared by specious pretences. The several heads of the letter aforesaid being read over again in the Presbytery's audience, were unanimously approved, the information to the people appointed to be read the first

Lord's-day, the fast agreed unto to be kept upon the day above mentioned, and that Mr Hew M'Kaile, Mr John Boll, and Mr John Nevoy, shall draw up the causes of the fast out of the commissioners' letter to be given to every brother that they might be publicly read upon the day of the intimation.

"The Presbytery also agree to a supplication to be made to parliament, embracing the foresaid matters.

"The Presbytery agree to an arrangement by which Mr Wm. Hutchison, minister of Stewarton, is to build a manse for himself. The heritors giving him £500 (Scotch ?) and also to send the stones, on condition there should be a present falling to work."

"20th June, 1648.—Five of the brethren absent from meeting of Presbytery excused, some by reason of sickness, others of them by reason of their necessary distractions, and others by reason that the prime contrivers and carriers on of the unlawful engagement were seeking to apprehend them, and had given out summons against them to appear before them for no other cause but because they were faithful, zealous, and courageous, for the cause of God, and had given testimony against the unlawfulness of the said engagement against England.

"The act of the commission of the kirk, dated 5th June, 1648, being read, recommends to Presbyteries to see that the brethren do their duty; and if any neglect to bear testimony against the unlawful engagement, they be referred to next General Assembly. All the brethren present reported they had done as they been desired. The absent brethren to be inquired at next day." They afterwards reported they had all done so.

"3d July, 1648.—Another fast ordered by the General Assembly for the causes above stated; and also, 3dly, we are to bewail the small proficiency under the preaching of the gospel in many—the great contempt thereof in others, &c., &c. 7thly. We are to entreat the Lord in behalf of the king, that he may be convinced of the errors of his former ways. 8thly. That the purposes of the sectaries' malignant and prelatial party may be disappointed, and that the hands of the people of God may be strengthened in all the three kingdoms, and that the Lord may give a blessing to the ensuing General Assembly."

"25th July, 1648.—Some of the brethren cited before the Committee of Estates for being at Mauchline moor, although they had persuaded the people who were there present to disband and go home to their houses."

"8th August, 1648.—The Presbytery reprove the Session of Largs for their neglect, and the desolate condition of the parish, and recommend to the gentlemen and heritors of the parish to have their eye upon some man by the blessing of God fit to be their minister."

"22d August, 1648.—Wm. Hamilton, younger of Mains, and Grezel Moore, daughter of R. Moore in Thornton, allowed to be married on being twice proclaimed, urgent business calling him to go to Ireland."

"26th Sept., 1648.—Several of the brethren absent, as they were furth with the people in the expedition.

"The brethren reported that they had read the papers and ordinance of the Assembly against the act of parliament and Committee of Estates—against all new oaths or bonds in the common cause without the consent of the church."

"15th Dec., 1648.—The Presbytery gave various directions regarding those who had been out in the late unlawful engagement, directed *inter alia*. 11th, Those who were active in quartering of sojures in the unlawful engagement, or being employed to quarter those who rose up for the good cause, did either declare themselves unwilling or absented themselves. They are to make a personal acknowledgment, and to be sadly and gravely rebuked. Further, it is agreed upon and concluded that all who are to make a personal acknowledgment, if they be elders, are to be suspended from the exercise of the eldership for a day or two."

"13th Feb., 1649.—The Presbytery taking into consideration the diverse combats that have been fought, and the challenges to duels within the bounds of the Presbytery, &c., do appoint the Assembly's act, 12th Aug., 1648, to be publicly intimated by every brother in the congregation, that none may pretend ignorance."

"At a visitation at Kilmarnock, 19th June, 1649, anent an superstitious image that was upon my Lord Boyd his tomb, it was the Presbytery's mind that his Lordship should be written to that he would be pleased to demolish and ding it down, and that if he did not, then the Presbytery was to take a farther course."

"22d May, 1649.—At trials of Mr Wm. Rodger, in relation to a call to the ministry of Kilbirnie, 'The Presbytery having considered what common head was most fit and useful to be handled in reference to the times, does condescend upon that *De jure magistratus circa sacra*, quihik is prescribed to the said William to be handled when the Presbytery should appoint a diet."

NOTE.—There is little doubt but that Mr William would handle the subject properly, and prove to the entire satisfaction of the Presbytery that the civil magistrate had no power or authority, but in subordination to the kirk.

"16th Aug., 1649.—A fast appointed by General Assembly to mourn for the continuance and increase of sin. 1st, Especially for the abominable sin of witchcraft, which abounds in the land, as appears from the many and frequent discourses thereof in all the corners of this country. 2d, We are to mourn for the said interruption of the Lord's work, both in England and Ireland, and for the sore oppression of such as are stedfast in his cause in these kingdoms, by the sectaries prevailing in the one kingdom and malignants in the other. 3d, We are to mourn that our king hath not granted as yet the just and necessary desires of this kirk and kingdom for securing of religion, and that he hath made peace with the Irish rebels, who hath shed so much blood of the Lord's people, and hath granted them the full liberty of popery. 4th, That we are to entreat the Lord to deliver the king from the snare of malignant counsel, &c."

A number of individuals were brought before the Presbytery at different times charged with malignancy, and being concerned in the unlawful engagement. Among others the Earl of Glencairn,

Lords Montgomerie and Boyd, the lairds of Robertland, Knock, Baidland, Cambskeith, &c., and the sons of Lainslaw and Magbiehill; all these parties appear either to have given satisfaction to the kirk, or evaded it by keeping out of their jurisdiction, in which cases the Presbytery applied to their brethren, in the part of the country to which the culprits had gone, to follow up the proceedings against them. The following are a few of the cases mentioned:—Janet Cunninghame in Kilmaurs, for cursing of all those who went out in the public cause, (*i. e.*, those who went out to oppose parties employed in the unlawful engagement,) ordered to be cited. Adam Simpson cited for malignancy, viz: drinking to the confusion of all that were contrary to the engagement, calling the ministers deceivers of the people. That he did curse the people of God—that he called Mr Robert Aird an ass and fool, because he said the parliament ought only to be obeyed in the Lord. Simpson asked who were his accusers. The Presbytery answered "That *fama clamosa* was enough for the Presbytery to own it, albeit there was none to accuse him."

NOTE.—It is almost unnecessary to notice that when the people of God are mentioned, it refers to the supporters of the kirk; and that obedience to the Lord means obedience to the clergy.

"28th Nov., 1648.—The Presbytery took into consideration as to offenders to be kept from the covenant, which appears to comprise all those who had given any assistance or countenance to those engaged in the unlawful engagement; and among others 'railers at those who were at Mauchline,' were appointed to be cited before the Presbytery, and that because it was alleged an expectant (a licentiate of the church?) had done so. 'Those who sought charge in the unlawful engagement but could not get it, and who did ride east with Lord Montgomerie when the country was up in arms against the engagement.' 'Likewise that the coming away of those who had given their oath to stay with the late army, that rose up for opposing of the unlawful engagement before they got papers, and were lawfully dismissed, be remembered, as one of the causes of the fast upon the Thursday before renewing the covenant.'

NOTE.—It will be observed, on referring to minute of 25th July, that the clergy alleged that they had persuaded the people to disband at Mauchline.

Aug. and Sept., 1649.—Lord Montgomerie, and others, applied to be allowed to confess their sin in joining the unlawful engagement, which appears to have been granted after having sufficiently humbled themselves and submitted to the kirk. The ladies did not escape. "Concerning the Lady Robertland, Mr Andrew Hutchison is appointed to try what was her carriage in the time of the unlawful engagement."

"April, 1650.—Process against the Laird of Knock continued notwithstanding of his removal to Ireland." They had, since 1647, hunted this unfortunate Laird all over Scotland, and he appears at last to have taken refuge in Ireland.

"7th May, 1650.—The Laird of Robertland appeared, but said he was not yet convinced of the unlawful engagement. The Presbytery being 'desirous to go about all lawful means for the gaining of the gentlemen,' appointed Mr Pat. Col-

ville and Mr Wm. Guthrie, to go and labour with him to convince him."

NOTE.—They did not take so much pains with poor Thos. Cumming; but then he was not a gentleman.

"Anent the supplication renewed by Wm. Cunningham in Kilmaurs, desiring that the intended process towards excommunication against him may cease, the case continued till next day, and that he should bring a testimony from the session of Kilmaurs of positive signs of amendment, sik as his praying in private, dishaunting malignant company, abstaining from drinking and profanity, uttering of such discourses as smell of piety and of ane inward change, frequenting the public ordinances. The Presbytery will take the supplication to their serious consideration."

NOTE.—No doubt he would be a good boy for some time at least, and give some outward signs of a change, and smell very savoury; but how they could ascertain his praying in private does not appear very evident, unless they listened at the door, like the minister of Kilwinning, when he overheard the tete-a-tete between poor Bessie Graham and the devil.

"28th May, 1650.—Compeared Wm. Cunningham, and after hearing the session, appoints that, for his fighting of duels, and for abusing his minister at the time of the unlawful engagement, he go to the public place of repentance the two next Lord's days; and as he shall give satisfaction the Presbytery take the rest into consideration."

"12th June, 1650.—The minister reported that Wm. Cunningham had stood two several days, and had given outward signs of repentance, with which the people were well pleased, appoint him to stand other two days, and if he gives signs of repentance to be absolved.

THE GAME OF BALL AS PLAYED IN DUNSE ON FASTERN'S EVE.*

By MR THOMAS BROWN.

As one object of this Club is to examine the antiquities of Berwickshire, a brief notice of the above game may not be unacceptable. Though still kept up, the interest taken in it has greatly decreased, and it may not, improbably, disappear ere long. It is not so much, therefore, from its present state that a complete description is to be drawn, as from the recollections of the oldest inhabitants. I have only to regret that the details here presented are not more complete.

Fastern's Eve, or, as it is here called, Fastern's E'en, was once almost, if not altogether, a holiday to the inhabitants of Dunse. As in many other parishes, cock-fighting was the principal amusement during the forenoon, and, at one period, it seems, to have been in high estimation. The parish school, which was set apart for it, is described as having been sometimes crowded to the door, and the fees collected on the occasion formed a perquisite of some value. It is certainly to the honour of the present generation that this practice has disappeared.

The amusements of the afternoon are both more

* From the Transactions of the Berwickshire Naturalists' Club.

peculiar and inviting. The game is ball, played in a manner which, if not peculiar to Dunse, is at least not common. Preparations for it used to begin nearly a week before. Three young men were chosen to conduct them, and were called "ba'-men." They met on the Wednesday of the preceding week, to hold, along with their friends, the shaping of the ball, when they paraded the town, accompanied by a drum and fiddle, playing the tune,—

"Never let the gree gang doon
For the gude o' our toon."

In this style they called at the houses of the more respectable inhabitants, danced with the servants, and received contributions.

Till the day itself arrived, their only duties were to collect these contributions and prepare the balls. Three are required for the game, but four are always prepared. The family at Dunse Castle have so liberally supported the practice, that it has been customary to leave there one of the balls, which it is said are preserved. Of those played with, the first is gilt, and called the "golden ball," the second, from its colour, is called the "silver ball," the third is spotted.

About eleven o'clock in the forenoon the honour of throwing off the ball was at one time exposed to auction, in the churchyard, over one of the tombstones. The arrangement of the working classes in Dunse, under the different trades, was at that time much more complete than at present; and it was a subject of considerable competition among them who should have the honour of throwing up the ball. My informant states it as a very early recollection, that the whip-men (carters) bought it for fifteen shillings,—a sum which, making allowance for the difference of the value of money, shews the estimation in which it was held. The children of the Drummelzier family, or of the more respectable families in Dunse itself, have of late enjoyed the honour, but it has not unfrequently been left to the ball-men themselves.

It was from the top of a small building that stood close to the old Town-house, that the ball was usually thrown. Since that was taken down, it is simply from the street. About one o'clock the shops are shut—the golden ball is thrown off, and the game begins.

The opposing parties are the married and unmarried men. Their object is not to kick the ball, but to snatch it up and carry it off. This, however, is exceedingly difficult. It is thrown into the middle of the crowd, and whoever happens to gain it, is sure that hundreds will rush on him from every point. The scenes to which this leads are, as may be supposed, exceedingly varied and amusing. At one time the crowd is rolled together in a mass, every individual in which is making the greatest exertions to gain or retain the ball. And should the possessor of it be able to escape, or to throw it to any distance, the rush which is made, and the eager pursuit, exhibit a very animated sight. The game of the married men is to carry the ball into the church, the doors of which are set open on the occasion. The unmarried men endeavour to reach any mill in the parish, and put the ball into the hopper.

The contests, though conducted in good humour,

are usually very determined, and when the game was in higher estimation than at present, it is said that accidents sometimes happened from the pressure of the crowd.

Though the unmarried men might carry the ball to any mill in the parish, they generally endeavour to reach Clock-mill, about half a mile to the west of Dunse. It was once customary, therefore, for a party of their opponents to be stationed before it, and many a hard contest took place there. The parties, however, scarcely met on equal terms. The young men spent with previous exertion, were no match for these fresh opponents: and it not unfrequently ended in their being plunged in the mill-lead. If, however, in spite of all opposition, the mill-hopper was fairly reached, the game was won. And then came their honours. The miller entertained them with pork and *dumplings*; and, what was of far more importance, dusted them, especially their hats, with flour. Like the laurel wreaths of other regions, this marked them out for the gaze of their fellow-townsmen.

In this way the three balls are played for successively. The person who succeeds in *kirking* or in *milling*—such are the phrases—the first or golden ball, receives from the ball-men a reward of 1s. 6d., for the second 1s., and for the third 6d.

I have no means of ascertaining the antiquity of this practice. The oldest inhabitants tell us that, ever since they recollect, it has been falling off. It seems indeed at one time to have been engaged in with much greater spirit. Whoever did not play was marked, and the inhabitants not unusually assembled next day to inflict punishment. They dragged him forth—carried him down to the cross, and, as is said, knocked him against it. When one thinks of the population, leaving for one day their laborious occupations, and entering with spirit into the excitements of this game, he would be a stern moralist who would forbid them the enjoyment. But every picture has its darker shades. The evening was generally spent in dancing and drinking. It was remarked too, that if any private quarrels had arisen, they were one way or other settled and set at rest on Fastern's E'en.

CROMWELL AT JOHN O'GROATS.

From some entries in the session records of the parish of Canisbay, it would appear that Cromwell or some of his officers had paid a visit to the famed locality of John O'Groat's House in their day. We give the extract *verbatim* from the record as it appears in the last Statistical Account:—"March 29th, 1652. No session holden, by reason the Inglishie being quartered in the bounds, the congregation was few in number, and ther was not a sederunt of elders, nather was ther any delinquents charged." Again, May 2, 1662, "Ther not being a sederunt, by reason of a partie of Inglishie horsemen being in our feilds, whilk made the congregation fewer in number, and severall of the elders to be absent." And again, December 30, 1656, "Adam Seaton convict of drinking on the Sabbath, and having masking plays in his house for the Inglishemen, he was

ordained to mak publick confession of his fault the next Sabbath."

This old register contains some other curious entries, of which the following are a few:

—"December 27, 1652. Ordained yt for mending ye people, ye better to keepe the kirk, a roll of ye names of the families be taken up, and Sabbathlie, yt they be called upon by name, and who bees notted absent sall pay 40d *toties quoties*." Again same day and date, "Item, Ordained yt if ane elder or other paroshiner be fund drinking in ane ail-house on the Sabbath day, or extraordinarily on the week day, who bees notted to fail sall pay 40d for the first falt, and mak publick confession before the congregation, with certification if any be fund to fall therein againe, they sall undergooe higher censure, especially an elder." Again, "March 4, 1654. For mending the people of Stroma to keepe the kirk better, it was ordained yt no passenger coming over to the kirk, sall pay any fraught, and if any yt heve boats stay away they sall pay 3d 4d and others 40d." This is a most salutary regulation, and, we are sorry to say, as necessary now, if it could be carried into effect, as it was nearly 200 years ago. We shall only add one other extract. It is regarding the appointment of a schoolmaster in this parish in the year 1660, and furnishes a remarkable contrast even with the present very inadequate remuneration of parochial teachers: "Oct. 28, 1660. So few elders remaining as no session could be holden, yet the minister with them yt were present havinge the consent of the rest, condescended and agreed with Donald Reid Skinner to be schoolmaster at Canisbay, for teaching the young children that suld be sent to him, and for his paines 5 bolls victuall was promised him in the yeir, whilk he thinkin too little yet accepted to undertaake the charge, and to enter with all convenient dilligence provinge the said 5 bolls of victuall be duly payed, and that he may have furniture of peats to supplie his present need."—*Caithness Chronicle*.

THE OCHIL HILLS.

TRADITION OF THE "KING'S SEAT," &c.

THE Ochils, a range of hills, varying from 900 to 2000 feet in height, originate in the parish of Dumblane, and running in a north-easterly direction, terminate near the Frith of Tay. The pasturage along the whole chain is excellent, and well adapted for rearing sheep, of which many hundreds are annually sold at the great *trysts*, or fairs, of Doune and Falkirk. The hills rise, in general, very abruptly, and form a good protection to the vale below against the cold blasts of winter. Valuable mineral ores are to be found in them. A mine of silver was wrought for some time in a hill behind Alva, and another in the Cairnglen, about a mile and a-half north of Castle Campbell. This latter mine was discovered by a gentleman from London, who, on a visit to Scotland, took up his residence in the small but picturesque village of Dollar. In one of his many wanderings, his attention was drawn to a yellow stripe, called *spar*, (a sure indication of metals), in the bed of a small burn which flows down the glen. Being sufficiently skilled in mineralogy to know that ore was

to be found there, he made application to the proprietor, the Duke of Argyle, who generously gave him free permission to begin his operations. The gentleman immediately engaged between forty and fifty hands, and an entrance, close to the stream, was soon effected. Ore was found in great abundance, and at the end of two years, the time allowed by the Duke, the gentleman had realized a large fortune. Copper, the most productive ore, being at that time in great request for coppering vessels. This happened nearly fifty years ago. The mouth of the mine is now blocked up with stones and loose soil. Pebbles of great size and beauty are to be found on a hill called the "White Wisp."

Centuries ago, these hills were covered to their very summits with trees, consisting of pine, birch, hazel, but principally oak. Several trunks of this durable wood, black and hard as ebony, have been discovered deeply imbedded in the peat mosses which abound there. Wolves, boars, and other wild animals, were the inhabitants of this forest. Sometimes large troops of them, urged by hunger, left their haunts, and descending to the low grounds, spread devastation and dismay on every hand. Tradition tells of a boar, of huge size, which committed so many depredations, that the people complained to their king (Malcolm Canmore), who appointed a day for a grand hunting match, to destroy the boar. The King, with a few attendants, took up a position on the top of a hill, still called the "King's Seat," there to await the issue of the hunt, while different parties beat the haunts of the animal. They were about giving up the search as fruitless, when the boar was discovered. Away through the forest dashed pursuers and pursued. A youth, armed with a bow and quiver, and a short sword, outstripped the rest of the hunters. Three arrows from his hand had already pierced the bristly sides of the boar; but before another could be drawn, it turned upon its pursuer, and rushing towards him, bore him to the ground, inflicting a severe wound upon his breast. It was about to attack him again, when the huntsman drew his sword, and sheathed it in the body of the monster. The thrust was mortal, and it fell. After cutting off the head of the boar, the youth, all bleeding, made his way to where the King sat—threw the grisly trophy at his feet, and immediately afterwards expired. But, as regards this,

"I cannot tell how the truth may be,
I say the tale as 'twas said to me."

Bencleuch, the highest of the Ochil hills, unlike its brother Demyat, which terminates in a gentle upland, shoots up into a tall rocky point, called *Craigleith*, famous, long ago, for its production of falcons, which were prized even by royalty itself. In a hollow, near the summit of Bencleuch, the snow lies until the summer is far advanced, and the common people have given this speck of snow the elegant designation of "Lady Alva's Web," from its resemblance to the pieces of linen which that noble dame was in the custom of bleaching.

J. C.

13, Dalrymple Place,
Edinburgh.

EXPENSE OF A MARRIAGE A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

[From MS. Memorandum-Book, by JAMES DOOK, continued by JOHN DICKIE of Loans, in Donaldson parish, Ayrshire.]

1744. John Dickie portioner in Loans and Janet Dook was married on the 10 Feb. 1744.

The Count that was waird out at her mounting and Wading:

17 yards of Silk to be a gown at 7s. 6d.	
a ell	£63 0 0
7 — of whyt riban at 5s. a yard	1 15 0
Half a yard of Cambrick	0 18 0
9 ell of Edging at 2s. 4d. a ell	12 12 0
2 yard of fyne Cambrick at 2s.	9 12 0
4 yd. Holland at 4s.	9 12 0
1 yd. of Cambrick at 5s. 6d.	3 6 0
6 yds. of Edgeing	3 12 0
2½ yd. Cambrick at 3s.	4 1 0
13½ yd. Trimming at ten penie	6 7 6
A pair of Stockings	1 16 0
1½ yd. Riban at 3 and 2 a yard	2 17 0
3½ yd. Riban at 2s.	0 18 0
1½ yd. Black Riban at 9s. a yd.	0 13 6
Capoes at 5s.	0 5 0
3 1-6th yd. Cambrick at 3s. 6d.	1 11 6
5 yard of Silk Tartan for a Plaid	18 0 0
2 Hanks of Silk Thread	0 10 0
3½ yd. of — Riban	0 18 0
A Paper of Preins	0 5 0

£143 12 6

To her Sister Grisil Dook }
12 yd. of Silk at 3s. 8d. } 26 8 0

The Count of Meat and Drink
Wairt at the ——— by James
Dook

4 Dealls	£12 13 0
3 Stone of Irish Beef	6 12 0
3 Pyes and Bread and a Currand	
Scone	9 0 0
Cheese	2 8 0
3 Pynts of Aquavitee and 1 pynt	
Brandie	3 12 0
One Bow of Meill in Girdill Bread	4 12 0
One bol and 1 firloft malt	7 10 0
24 pair of Gluives	6 12 0
To the Woman that the malt	2 8 0
20 Hens	5 0 0
2 lib of big candill	1 12 0
Minst and oylie	0 12 0
To the Bell-man	0 12 0

£62 3 0

PITT'S WAR.

A NEW POLITICAL BALLAD.

To the tune of "Chevy-chase."

[We know not whether this ballad—referring to a well-known period in our history—was ever in print. We take it from a manuscript of the period, which, we believe, was at one time in the possession of the late General Campbell of Lochnell. It seems worthy of preservation, as a specimen of the style of political ballad-writing at the close of last century.]

GOD prosper long our noble King;
And save our sinking State!
A woeful warfare has been waged
By 'kings' and 'queens,' of late!

Our stout and stubborn Minister
A solemn oath had sworn,
That 'He' to democratic 'France'
Would 'monarchy' restore.

The Democrats of France replied:
"Your threats we nowise fear:
You nor your master, never shall
Replace a monarch here."

"By heaven! we shall, said Master Pitt;
A monarch ye must have—
Or, else, for monarchs it is time
To dig one common grave!

"Your fascinating 'Rights of man,'
If not extinguish'd quite,
Will, as the sun obscures a star,
Eclipse all other 'Right';"

"For so says Burke, since Burke was ours,
And ceased a Whig to be—
Is there a Tory, in the realm,
Will not with Burke agree?"

He said—and, straight, the martial trump
Was sounded through the land;
And Britain's sons rush'd forth to war,
At Master Pitt's command.

A league, a holy league, is form'd
With potentates abroad,
To 'venge the 'sacred' rights of kings,
To 'venge the cause of God!

Blasphemous elves!—as if the cause
Of God, and God's affairs,
Were blended with the cause of kings,
Or trusted to their cares!

The cause of God! Is God's right arm
Less strong, or shorter grown,
That it must need the puny aid
Of any earthly throne?

If God concern himself at all
With contests here below,
He seems not much to be 'our' friend—
He seems to be 'our' foe:

And we may Lucan's verse adopt,
His words so patly fit:

"The cause victorious, pleas'd the Gods;
The vanquish'd, Master Pitt!"

For five long years, war has been waged
With democratic France:

Three times the plan of war been changed—
But always with mischance.

In vain did 'Sheridan' and 'Fox'
Their eloquence display,

To show the 'Boy' was in the wrong—
The 'Boy' would have his way.

Meanwhile, the best of British blood
And treasures of the land

Are lavished wantonly away,
By his unthrifty hand.

Prince, after prince, deserts the cause
We brib'd them to maintain,

And France acquires increase of pow'r
In every new campaign!

Yet, still, our 'heav'n-born' Minister,
With more than 'hell-born' rage,

A war with thrice victorious France
Will obstinately wage!

Are 'Britons,' then, asleep or blind?
And see they not these ills?

They see—but ah! their mouths are gagg'd
By dire Convention-Bills!

Year after year, some new device
Is found, their Rights to fritter:

And each new pill, forced down their throats,
Is than the last more bitter.

Yet must the 'people's' voice at length,
Invade the royal ear:

And royal ears, if kings be wise,
The People's voice must hear.

So loud their voice was lately heard,
From Dover to Dunbar,
That Pitt himself was fain to say
That 'he' was tired of war!

On this, a diplomatic wight
To Paris was ysent,
To treat with France about a peace—
But that was all a fient.

"Are you come here," said De la Croix,
"As England's 'Plenipo?'"
Gravely replied the British peer:
Indeed—I do not know."

"Go back, go back," said De la Croix,
"And bring more ample pow'r:"
Our diplomatic wight return'd;
And, so, the farce was o'er:

A sullen silence, through the land,
On this event, took place:
And desperation seem'd to stare
In ev'ry honest face.

Pitt saw the storm about to break;
He saw, and trembling said:
"Egad! Dundas! a second farce
Must now at Lisle be play'd."

To Lisle the self-same actor goes,
Who, erst, at Paris acted:
And ev'ry Briton thought that, now,
A peace would be contracted.

But Peace was never the design
Of our Administration:
They only wish'd to blear our eyes;
And gull a credulous nation.

After a lapse of many days,
Their diplomatic hack
Leaves Lisle, as he had Paris left,
And gallops quickly back!

Thus, all our specious hopes of peace
Are in a moment fled:
And copious floods of human gore
Must yet, alas! be shed!

For whom? for what?—Not for our King—
Nor for our Country: no;
Britain must bleed at ev'ry vein
For Portland, Pitt, and Co!

And now, to veil our eyes, comes forth
A sneaking 'Declaration,'
Devoid of argument, or proof—
Vague, idle declamation.

At last, they make the royal lips
Repeat a sounding speech;
For which the framers should be —
If 'Justice' could them reach:

But 'Justice' has been long asleep:
Stern 'Law' supplies her place:
And 'stead of 'scales,' holds in his hand
An heavy iron mace:

To awe the Lieges into dread,
And fill them with mistrust
Of one another—and to grind
Their liberties to dust.

Britons! the bitter cup of gall,
Prepared for you to drink,
Is filling fast by cruel hands—
Fast filling—to the brink!

But thanks to 'Duncan, Jervis, Howe,'
That we are still a Nation:
To 'them,' and not to 'Pitt,' we owe
Our hitherto salvation.

God prosper long our noble King;
God prosper long our 'Fleet,'
And may our Ministers, ere long,
Their due deservings meet.

Amen.

Varieties.

SIEGE OF WATERFORD.—In 1495, Perkin Warbeck, with six hundred men, had made an attempt on the coast of England, which was defeated, with the loss of 160 of his followers. From thence he repaired once more to Cork, where he was cordially received by his old friends, and speedily joined by the Earl of Desmond and Lord Bury, at the head of a well appointed force of two thousand four hundred men. The first object of the confederates was to take vengeance on the refractory city of Waterford, whether they marched to invest it by land, while a fleet of eleven ships was directed to proceed to the little port of Passage, to attack it from the river. The citizens, apprized of their approach, resolved to maintain the loyal character which they had gained; and, besides various other means of defence, they raised a mound of earth to stop the course of the river, which filled the ponds of Kilbarry, an extensive marsh that protected the city on the south. A party having landed from the ships near Lombard's Marsh, they were speedily repulsed by the garrison, with considerable loss; and, during the eleven days of the siege, several successful sorties were made, in which many of the enemy fell; and to such a pitch of cruel enthusiasm did the citizens carry their loyalty, that every unfortunate prisoner who fell into their hands had his head chopped off in the market place, and fastened on a stake in sight of the enemy. A cannon, placed on Reginald's Tower, having, by a lucky shot, struck one of the ships, by which all the crew perished, Perkin and his friends became at length convinced of the futility of the enterprise, and abandoning the siege, returned to Cork, while the victorious Waterfordians, commanded by Butlar, their mayor, pursued the rebel fleet, with four gallant ships, to the mouth of that harbour.—*Stories of Ireland.*

PUNISHMENT OF THE REGICIDES.—The circumstances of the murder of James I. of Scotland must be familiar to most readers. Not so the following account, by Abercrombie, of the execution of the Regicides:—"I am sorry that I cannot inform my readers by whom the Earl of Athol himself, and the rest of the murderers, were apprehended; but we are sure that so much diligence was used, that within less than forty days all the conspirators were brought to Edinburgh, arraigned, condemned, and executed. The meaner sort of them, such as Christopher Claw, or Cahorn, were hanged on gibbets; but the Earl himself, his grandchild, Robert Stuart, and cousin Graham, were proceeded against with unprecedented severity, being justly adjudged to exquisite torments, and new kinds of deaths. Some part of three days was spent in the execution of Athol: on the first he was stripped naked to his shirt, set in a moving cart, where, a crane being fixed, his body was often lifted up by a pulley to a great height, and shewed to the spectators for some time, then suddenly let fall almost to the ground; by which means his members were miserably disjointed, and his life preserved for more shame, and no less pain; for on the second day he was placed on a pillar in the view of the people, and a crown of hot iron set on his head, with this inscription: 'Here stands the King of Traitors.' Thus was his oracle accomplished. [It had been predicted that he would one day wear a crown.] On the third, being placed on a hurdle, he was dragged by horses through the high street, to the place of execution, where, being laid on a plank, first his bowels, then his heart, was pulled out, and thrown into a fire. Lastly, his head being cut off, was fixed on a pole in the most eminent place of the city, and his body sent in quarters to the four chief towns in the kingdom. Robert Stuart being but a young man, and therefore the more easily seduced by the influence of a grandfather, was used more mildly; yet though he was so nearly related to the Royal family, had not the honour of being beheaded, like a person of quality, but as one of the meanest of the people, was hanged and quartered. His quarters were also set up in different towns, as spectacles for the people to gaze at. Robert Graham, the grand executioner, though not the chief contriver, of the whole villany, was used as his crime deserved; and I am heartily sorry that any one of that surname, to whose loyalty and prowess this nation is, upon so many other accounts, very much indebted, should have deserved so

rigorous treatment. He was first dragged through the streets in a cart backwards; then his hands (those sacrilegious hands which he had lifted up against his Royal master the Lord's anointed) being fastened in iron hooks, and fixed in a gibbet in the same cart, the most fleshy parts of his naked body, particularly those that are most remote from the vitals or springs of life, as the legs, thighs, and shoulders, were seared by three executioners with burning pincers, and leisurely burnt to the very bones. This done, his body was cut in quarters, and disposed of as those of his accomplices. Such was the natural boldness or ferocity of this perverse man, that being asked how he durst offer to kill his sovereign, he made answer, even when he was under the extremity of pain, and very near breathing out his last, 'That he durst leap out of heaven and all its joys into the torturing flames of hell; yet he is by others said to have made his excuse for himself, that being outlawed and banished by the King, he ceased to be his subject; as if the punishment of former crimes would make after-ones lawful, or the ceasing to be a good subject entitled one to be a sovereign; or rather, as if rebellion gave right to commit murder, parricide, sacrilege, &c. Such a villanous excuse was so far from taking with the people, that the following rhime, designed to express their abhorrence of the fact, became a proverb among them:

Robert Graham,
That slew our king,
God give him shamen.

Æneas Sylvius, the Pope's Nuncio in Scotland at that time, and who himself was made Pope some years after, saw those dreadful executions with some horror, but more admiration; and said, 'That he was at a loss to determine whether the crime committed by the regicides, or the punishment inflicted upon them by the justice of the nation, was the greatest.' And this, I take it, is a convincing proof that the nation was very free from the least imputation of guilt."

HANDFISTING.—In the upper part of Eskdale, the singular custom of handfisting has not been disused more than a century: the young people of both sexes assembling at an annual fair, held at the conflux of the White and Black Esk, retired in pairs, cohabited until the next fair, and then, if they approved of their choice, the priest, called "Book-in-bosom," from his carrying a book always for baptizing and marrying, united them together for life: if one repented, the produce of their commerce was adjudged to him, or her, and each was at liberty to go to "handfisting" again, but the children of those that married were legitimated.

"MAKING THE TOUR" DURING LAST CENTURY.—The following notice of a satirical pamphlet, entitled "The Bear-Leaders; or, Modern Travelling stated in a Proper Light," published in 1768, appeared in a periodical of that period: "The author of this piece says, that an English youth and an English tutor on their travels are usually distinguished by the name of the 'bear' and the 'bear-leader'; a disgrace which we have incurred by the ridiculous custom of sending our youth to travel before they are properly qualified, and putting them under the directions of persons in every respect unfit to accompany them. The young squire is often a kind of male hoyden, without taste, knowledge, or manners; and the tutor a needy scholar, a Scotsman or a Swiss, who knows no more of life than his pupil, and who, when he has put on his bag-wig and sword, is one of the most awkward and ridiculous figures that can be imagined. While these grotesque characters are in a foreign country, they are the dupes and the laughing-stocks of all that deal with them, or see them; and when they return out of it, they have generally picked up a sufficient number of exotic follies to be equally ridiculous at home. To remedy these evils, it is proposed, that every tutor should not only be well acquainted with books, but with the world."

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SOME PARTICULARS REGARDING THE FAMILY OF INVERNAHYLE.

COPIED FROM A MANUSCRIPT IN THE POSSESSION OF
DR THOMSON, LATE OF APPIN, BY JOSEPH TRAIN.

ALEXANDER, the first Invernahyle, was son to Allan Stewart, third Laird of Appin. He married Margaret Macdonald, daughter of Donald Macdonald of Moidart, commonly called *Donul an Lochan*.* He had only one child, Donald, who succeeded him. Alexander, it would appear, lived in Island Stalker. He rose early on a summer morning, and stepped over to the *Nan Gall*,† which lies contiguous. He had in his hand a Lochaber axe, which at that period was frequently used instead of the sword. He reclined upon a verdant spot of the isle, with his Lochaber axe laid carelessly by him. A deadly feud existed at that time between his family and that of Dunstaffnage. A brother of Dunstaffnage, called *Cailen Uaine*,‡ arrived at the island with his barge, and a number of men to assist him in executing his bloody purpose. He landed unperceived by Alexander. Upon being observed, he assumed the mask of friendship, and was about to salute him; but, seeing Alexander defenceless, he cast his eye on the axe, which still lay upon the ground, and eager to be possessed of that which, if in the hands of the other, might make him pay dear for his expedition, he hastily grasped it, expressing himself thus—"Sma an tua so Alasdair na on bioda leor sauch innte."§ Alexander quickly replied—"Bheil duil agad nach eil sin innte,"|| and also laid hold of the axe, being fully sensible of the spirit of Colin's remark. During the struggle, Colin's men surrounded Alexander, and basely murdered him. Donald, his infant son, was suckled by Morag, a woman from Moidart, and wife to *Rab a Pheti*, the smith of that district. Colin, foreseeing that the black deed he had committed might not pass unrevenged, was very anxious to destroy the child. In this, however, he was disappointed by the prudence and activity of the faithful nurse, who, with a

strength of attachment truly valuable, understanding what had happened, regardless of her own safety, fled away with the child to her own country. Having informed her husband of the circumstances, they agreed to bring up the child as if he was their own, and to keep the secret of his parentage concealed from the world, even from himself, till a proper time arrived for disclosing it.

Donald was accordingly educated in the family of *Rab a Pheti*, the blacksmith. When he acquired some strength, he was often called to assist his supposed father in carrying on his trade. Being of a strong, athletic make, he performed every task proposed to him with ease, little thinking he had any right to be otherwise employed. One day, when about eighteen years of age, it being his turn to work in the smithy, he took hold of a large hammer, which required the strength of any ordinary man to wield with both hands, and, of course, deemed too unweildy for a stripling of his age, yet he found so little difficulty in managing it, that he wrought it with one hand; and not satisfied with this exertion, he took another hammer of the same size in his other hand, and beat away with both alternately, without much apparent exertion. His supposed father, *Rab a Pheti*, seeing this, gave up his work and went to the faithful nurse to tell what he had seen. This honest couple, who had as much affection for Donald as though he had been their own child, came to the resolution of disclosing to him the secret they had so long kept of his birth and parentage. Donald was called, and the mournful tale of his father's death, and the risk he ran of sharing the same fate, was circumstantially laid before him. If we can judge by his future actions, we may conclude that he listened to the mournful story with strong emotions. The smith took him in his arms and embraced him. "Your education," he said, "has been necessarily obscure, but I trust the blood that runs in your veins, and the spirit of your fathers, will ever inspire your conduct and direct your steps." The smith then presented him with a sword, tempered with all the art of his trade, praying it might be the means of clearing his way through difficulties, and extricating him from every danger. Donald received it as a valuable token of love. Nor did he allow it long to remain peaceful in its scabbard. Previous to his setting out for Appin, he, by the advice of his foster-mother, Morag, waited on his mother's brother, Macdonald of Moidart, who gave him a very warm and hearty reception, and offered freely

* Donald of the Lakes.

† *Ellen-nan-Gall*, an island contiguous to Island Stalker.

‡ Green Colin.

§ This is a good axe, Alexander, if you could whittle well with it.

|| Do you think but I can do so.

to support him with his interest and influence in recovering his paternal property, which had been taken back to the family, on the supposition of his death when a child.*

* The following is another version of the manner in which Donald was transferred to the protection of the smith. It is not, however, so consistent with the previous part of the narrative as the first:

Donald, the only son of Alexander, being an infant, was, at the death of his father, carried away to Lochshiel side, in Moidart, to a smith's family, commonly known by the name of 'An Gothan Muidartsich.' The smith was a descendant of the Clanronald family, and had a tack of both sides of Lochshiel, which, together with his trade, supported his family. His work principally consisted in the making of arms, hence the bye-word, when a warrior met with a sword that pleased him, 'N'ua claimbh Muidairtach than seodh.' The smith, notwithstanding his mechanical employment, was considered a person in good circumstances; and it being customary at that age for the Highland chiefs to send their male family, in disguise, to farmers to rear them in hardihood and fatigue, a number of the neighbouring gentry sent their sons, 'Air mhachaladh,' to the smith to bring them up till the age of maturity. The smith would have none except the heirs of property. The peculiar family circumstances under which Donald was left to his protection, his life being in danger, rendered the smith more careful of him. The kindness thus shown by his supposed father, drew the attachment of the child towards him. The smith at last got fonder of him than any of his own family, and frequently brought him to the smithy to assist him in making swords, axes, and such other warlike instruments as were used in those times. As Donald grew up, his strength and intrepidity increased with his years. He was reckoned a good swimmer, and by diving, several times caught salmon in 'Linidh Bhla-thain,' a pool immediately below the smith's house, in the water of Shiel. On one occasion, he came up with one in each hand, and one in his teeth. One day, the smith having a piece of work to execute, and no other assistance being at hand, called upon Donald to aid him. The article he was engaged with required a man to hold it on the study, and two men, with hammers used by both hands, to beat it down. Donald seized one of these large hammers in each hand, and beat it down with great ease. The smith, admiring his strength and activity, could no longer contain himself: and after consulting his wife, sent for 'Mhac Mhic Allen,' the uncle of Donald, to reveal the secret. On the arrival of the uncle, the smith told him he wanted to show him what one of his sons, who was only eighteen years of age, could do. They went to the smithy, and Donald, in order to please his supposed chief, exerted himself in beating on the study with the two large hammers. They afterwards proceeded to the pool, the smith at the same time taking a sword with him, and telling Donald that he need not come ashore unless he brought a salmon in each hand. Donald dived into the water, and staying an unusual time, the smith drew nearer 'Mhac Mhic Allen,' and, unsheathing his sword in a great fury, the young man came out with a salmon in each hand. "What," says 'Mhac Mhic Allen,' "are you going to kill me." The smith replied, that unless the young man had come out of the water, he certainly would have been a dead man. Upon which 'Mhac Mhic Allen' said, he would rather than a 'ceud mharc Ferin,' a hundred marks of land, he had a son that could do the same thing. The smith, elevated with the young man's safety, and the exploit before his chief and relation, revealed the secret of his birth, upon which 'Mhac Mhic Allen' embraced the young man—telling him he was his uncle. Donald was rather in a dilemma about the loss of his supposed father, whom he so dearly loved, and who so fondly cherished him; but when he recovered himself, he showed symptoms of indignation against the murderer of his father, and craved the assistance of his uncle to redeem his lawful possessions. His uncle considered him too young; but Donald said he was determined, even single-handed, to attempt the attainment of his rights. Upon which his uncle and the smith went

Donald, upon coming to Appin, and his history being made public, got the name of *Donul nan Ord*,* by which he was known ever after. Nature was very kind to Donald. He had ready wit, a quick invention, an excellent address, an uncommon degree of firmness of mind, strength of body, and activity. Those qualities rendered him a fit leader of a chosen band in those restless and warlike times. He soon became a terror to the enemies of his clan and of his friends. His first step was to kill *Cailen Uaine*,† the murderer of his father. Nor did he stop till he had destroyed nine other gentlemen of the family of Dunstaffnage. This cost Donald several skirmishes; but his attacks were so bold, and so well managed, that he was always successful. Argyle soon came to be interested in the distress that Donald was bringing on his clan, and employed several parties to cut him off, but in vain. Donald seeing Argyle's intention, instead of being intimidated, penetrated with his chosen band into the heart of Argyle's country, spoiled his tenants, carrying away a considerable booty from the sides of Lochow, which at that time gave a title to the chief of the clan.

There is still handed down a little roundlet, which narrates this transaction—

"Donal nan Ord, dalt a gothain
Allegan nan luarach leabhair,
Thog thu creach o' thaogh Locho,
Nach dean Mhac Callen a thoghadh,
Na Mhac, na Earo na Otha."‡

Argyle, much enraged at the affront offered him by Donald, began to think of serious revenge, by raising his whole clan and followers to destroy him; but wisely seeing that this could not be done without some noise, and aware that Donald

to the smithy, made a sword, tempered it well, and presenting it to him, told him not to sheath it till he had redeemed his rights, and be revenged on his father's enemies. The smith likewise sent his own sons to assist him, along with a party of select men from his uncle's country, who were greatly attached to him, he having been brought up among them. Donald soon gained his rights, and returned to the smith to take farewell, and thank him for his kindness and protection. The smith gave him a bull and twelve cows, which Donald regarded as a high affront, knowing that he gave twenty and a bull to each of the other heirs of property that he reared. He asked the smith what was the reason, upon which the latter replied, that he was now getting old, and intended to divide his property between his own sons; but that he had as great a regard for him as any of the other young men, notwithstanding that he only gave him this number. Donald went to the fold and made out the twenty, that it might not be said that he got less than the rest; but, upon further consideration, returned them all, saying to the smith, he had taught him to be a warrior, and he would find sufficient cattle among the Campbells, his father's enemies.

* Donald the Hammerer.

† Cailen Uaine was killed at the water of Lion, swimming over after having been defeated by 'Donul nan Ord,' by one of Donald's men. One of Colin's men who got safe to the other side said, that that was clean blood he gave to the salmon of Lion, seeing the arrow quivering in his breast. Upon which one of Donald's men remarked, that he gave cleaner blood to the crabs of Island Stalker, without a cause.

‡ Donald the Hammerer, the smith's step-son. The durling of the mail coats. You lifted a hership from Lechow side that Argyle cannot redeem, nor his son, nor his grandson, nor his great-grandson.

might be supported by his mother's powerful friends, and also by the Camerons, set on foot a negotiation with the Laird of Appin, to get Donald to make restitution and be peaceful. The result was, that Appin, and his other friends, insisted with Donald that he should come to terms with Argyle, threatening, if he did not comply, to leave him to his fate. Donald, unwilling to split with his friends, and thinking that he had done enough in revenging his father's death, complied, and actually went to Inverary with a single attendant, to hold a conference with Argyle, at his own place, and among his numerous friends. Argyle, who was a man of the world, conceived that, from Donald's rusticity, he could easily, by persuasion, get him into a scrape that might prove fatal to him. But Donald, though he agreed all at once to the terms proposed, got himself easily extricated. Upon Donald's reaching Inverary, he met Argyle in the fields, and is said to have accosted him thus—

"A Mhic Callen griomach ghlais,
Is beag an hachd a thagad dhìom,
Is nar a Phillis mi air mais
Mas a mo a thaghain dhìot."*

In the course of conversation, it would appear that Donald not unfrequently indulged in a loud hoarse laugh—a habit which some of his descendants were noted for, as far down as the eighth generation. To rally Donald a little upon this, Argyle desired him to look at a rock in a hill above Ard-klinglass, then in their view, which resembles a man's face reclined backwards, the mouth being considerably expanded. He asked if he knew the name that rock went by. Donald answered in the negative. Argyle then told him it was *Gaire Granda*.† Donald perceiving the allusion, and, with his other qualifications, being no mean poet, replied off hand—

"Gaire Granda as ainm don Chreig,
Is fanaidh i mar sin a ghna;
Gheabh a leitheid agad fein,
Nan sealadh tu nan eadan do mhna."‡

When at length they came to talk of business, the terms upon which Argyle offered peace were, that Donald should raise a hership in Moidart, and another in Athole, thinking probably that he would be cut off in these attempts; or if successful against such powerful people, that his disgrace would be less in what was done to his own lands. Donald readily agreed to the terms. He set out openly for Moidart, discovered to his uncle the engagement he had come under, and asked his advice. His uncle told him that the people of certain farms in that neighbourhood having offended him, to go and spoil them; that he, to save appearance, when it came to his knowledge, should pursue him to retake the spoil; but should not be in such haste that Donald ran any risk of being overtaken. Donald did so; carried off his spoil; set fire to two or three farms, and got safe off. The affair made a great noise, and reached

Argyle's ears, who was astonished at Donald's rashness. He went next to Athole, and played the same card with equal success; came back to Argyle, and a peace was concluded, though not with much cordiality upon either side.

There is a well-known anecdote, which we cannot pass over in silence. Donald was, on a time, returning from an expedition into Stirlingshire, and, passing through Monteith, called at a tenant's house, where they were preparing a wedding dinner. The Earl of Monteith was at the marriage, and was to partake of the dinner. Donald and his men were hungry, and asked for a supply of meat, which being refused, they were so unpolite as step in and eat up the whole dinner. Upon the Earl's arrival with the marriage people, they were enraged at the affront put upon them. They pursued Donald, and soon came up with him. They called to him to halt, which he did, and one of the Earl's men cried out ironically to Donald and his men, alluding, no doubt, to the quantity of broth they had consumed—

"Stuartiedh bhuidh nan tapan,
A bheiradh glag air a chal."*

One of Donald's men, with great coolness, drawing an arrow out of his quiver, replies—

"Ma tha'n tapan again mar dhuchas,
Is du dhuin gun tarin sin tarsid."†

And with this took his aim at the Monteith man, and shot him through the heart. An engagement ensued betwixt the parties, in which the Earl was killed, and a number of his followers.

Donald was twice married; first to M. Stewart, daughter of John Stewart of Bun Rannock, *alias* Jan MacRoibeart. By her he had four sons, 1. Alexander, who had the misfortune at an early period to be afflicted with the stone. Breadalbane took a particular concern in the young man. He carried him to Taymouth, and got the most able medical assistance for him. The operation of lithotomy was performed upon him, but he did not long survive it. 2. Duncan, who succeeded him. 3. Allan, of whom the present Laird of Ballechelish. 4. John, commonly called John Du MacDhonuill. He had the lands of Litter-shuna. He had a daughter, who was married to Archibald Campbell, *alias* Gillesbuegdie, of whom the present Achaladair is descended. Donald married, secondly, — Campbell, second daughter of John Gorm of Lochnell, and widow of James nan Gleann. By her, he had a daughter who was married to Macdonnell of Achatriachatan, of whom the present Laird of Achatriachatan is descended. During Donald's life the feud that subsisted between him and the family of Dunstaffnage did not entirely subside. It gave much trouble and uneasiness to the friends of both parties. It was very prudently concluded, in order to put a final end to it, that Duncan should pay his addresses to a daughter of Dunstaffnage, which he did with success. This was carried on unknown to Donald, and when the marriage took place, he was in very bad blood with his son. It

* Grey, withered Argyle, you care little about me, and when I return, as little I'll care about you.

† Dirty Laugh.

‡ Dirty laugh they call the rock, and always that way remains; you will the same get with yourself, if your wife's face you would compare.

* Yellow Stewarts of the locks, that would seize on the kail.

† If we have the locks from ancestry, we have what will draw an arrow.

cost the friends a great deal of work to get him reconciled to him. It was brought about so far, that he gave him the farm of Inverfolla to live in with his wife. Duncan had the misfortune soon afterwards to incur his father's displeasure, by what *Donald nan Ord* looked upon as a greater crime than even marrying Miss Campbell. It was this: Duncan being a good, honest, domestic man, and the world around him being in peace and quietness, thought fit to amuse himself with husbandry, which accorded not with the warlike spirit of Donald. He thought it much beneath the dignity of a gentleman, and frequently expressed his disgust. One day as he was walking upon the green of Invernahyle, he looked across the river, and saw a number of his followers with spades preparing a piece of ground for sowing seed. He thought to himself that he was wont to give a different sort of employment to his adherents, and that Duncan had, no spirit. Meanwhile, Duncan came up to his men—took a spade in his hand, and began to work along with them. This was too much for the old gentleman to bear, and he marched in wrath across to Inverfolla. Though many years had impaired his strength, yet rage gave vigour to his steps. He was observed approaching. The fury of his looks struck terror around him. Duncan was advised to fly from the impending storm. The incensed hero looked for his degenerate son. Where is he? He is gone towards the house. Towards the house marched Donald, inquired and searched, but could not find the object of his wrath. At length he thought he found him under the bed-clothes, in his own bed. He could contain himself no longer. He drew his hanger, and made a deadly stroke at the supposed Duncan. Though the arm was old, it had not wholly lost its strength. He cut through all the bed-clothes, and made a large gash—in the bolster! His rage by degrees abated, and he returned home in calmness.

Donald's mother was left a widow when young. She married Maclean of Inverscadale, of whom the present Inverscadale.

DUNCAN, the third Invernahyle, married — Campbell, daughter of Campbell of Dunstaffnage, by whom he had three sons: 1. Alexander, who succeeded him; 2. Dugald; 3. Allan.

ALEXANDER, the fourth Invernahyle, married — Stewart, only daughter of Duncan Stewart, fifth Laird of Appin, and had issue twelve sons, who all came to the age of men, and went all one Sabbath to the church, along with their father, in kilts and armed. Their names, so far as can be recollected, were in the following order: Donald, James, John Dhu, John More, George, Dugald, William, Alexander, Duncan and Allan.

DONALD, the fifth Invernahyle, was married to Margaret Campbell, daughter to the Laird of Lochnell, and had issue four sons and two daughters: 1. Alexander, who succeeded him; 2. Duncan, of whom Strathgarry; 3. Donald, married to Margaret Stewart, daughter to Alexander Stewart of Acharn, issue, sons; 4. Allan, married to Margaret Campbell, daughter to John Campbell of Acharan, issue, sons. His oldest daughter, Margaret, married Donald Campbell of Greenyards, Secretary to the Bank of Scotland. The

second daughter, Anne, married Macalman of Arivian, and had issue.

ALEXANDER, the sixth Invernahyle, married Mary Macdonnell, daughter to Macdonnell of Fersid, by whom he had issue, Duncan, who succeeded him, and a daughter, Catharine, who was married to James Stewart in Ardnamurchan. But Alexander was first married to Isabel Campbell, daughter of John Campbell of Kirktown, in Mucharn, by whom he had two daughters: 1. Anne, married to Dugald Stewart of Achnac, of whom the present Achnac; 2. Margaret, married to Duncan Stewart, son to Innischaorach.

DUNCAN, the seventh Invernahyle, was bred to the law in Edinburgh, where he had an opportunity of cultivating a fine natural taste for music, to the enjoyment of which he very much devoted himself in his latter days. He married, when young, Mary Campbell, daughter of Alexander Campbell of Barcaldine, and by her had a numerous offspring, of whom there came to maturity—1. Alexander, the present Invernahyle, who is married to Catharine Stewart, daughter to Robert Stewart of Appin, and has issue; 2. John, who died while at his education, and was buried at the church of Kilmadock, in Perthshire; 3. Dugald was bred to the Church, but preferred going abroad, to push his fortune, and after being successful for some time in Jamaica was robbed by a partner. He went to America, and died there; 4. Robert, who was bred a wine merchant in Leith, died abroad; 5. Allan, who has all along followed the army, is now on half-pay, a Lieut.-Colonel; 6. James, who was educated for the Church, and also as a physician, made choice of the occupation of a farmer and merchant. He is married to Robina Edmondstounne, daughter to John Edmondstounne of Cambus-Wallace, and has issue: 1. Margaret, married to Campbell of Acharan, issue, sons; 2. Mary, married to Macneil of Sonoch, and has issue; 3. Anne, married to the Rev. John Connochar, and has issue.

DESCENDANTS OF INVERNAHYLE.

Ballechelish.

Allan, the first Ballechelish, third son to Donald nan Ord, married — Macdonnell, daughter to Macdonnell of Coilliekonid, by whom he had issue: 1. Alexander, who succeeded him; 2. Donald; 3. Allan.

Alexander, the second Ballechelish, married his cousin, a daughter of John du MacDhonnail, and had issue; 1. John, who succeeded; 2. Alexander, *alias* Alisdair More, who was wadsetter of Achalader, and married a daughter of Campbell of Barcaldine, by whom he had issue.

John, the third Ballechelish, married a daughter of Stewart of Ardsheils, and had issue. He was succeeded by his nephew, Alexander, son to Alisdair More.

Alexander, the fourth Ballechelish, was first married to a daughter of Stewart of Ardsheils, issue, sons. He married after her, Isabel Stewart, daughter to Alexander Stewart of Annat, in Perthshire, and had issue: 1. John, the present Ballechelish; 2. Alexander, who was killed at Falkirk in 1746; and one daughter, Isabel, married to Donald Stewart, nephew to Alexander

Stewart, fourth Ballechelish, and son to Donald Mac Alisdair Mhoir.

Littershuna.

John du MacDhonnill, fourth son to Donald nan Ord. He married a daughter of James Stewart of Glens, commonly called *Ni Mhic Sheumais*. By her he had one son and seven daughters. His son, along with another youth, a son of Sir Donald Campbell of Ardnamurchan, during the rage for suppressing Popery, went to Craig, a place sacred to Saint Curulames, carried away the images, and burnt them in the castle of Island Stalker, offering impious scoffs and insults to the images as they were burning. They both died when young. One of the daughters was married to Stewart of Ardsheil; another to Cameron of Collard; another to Stewart of Fasnacloich; another to Campbell of Clannamacrie, of whom Combie and Edorline; another to Campbell of Stonefield, of whom the present Lord Stonefield, and of whom is also descended the present Earl of Breadalbane; another was married to Macdougall, Baron Dunach, and another to Stewart of Ballechelish.

Innishchaorach.

Dugald, second son to Duncan the third Invernahyle, purchased from Campbell of Lawers the lands of Innishchaorach, Duairachan, and Innishdaih, in Glenloch, Breadalbane. He married and had issue: 1. Allan, who succeeded; 2. Neil, who married a daughter of Stewart of Drumcharrie, in Perthshire, and had issue.

Allan, second Innishchaorach, married — Burdin, daughter of Burdin of Fidals, and had issue; 1. James, who succeeded; 2. Duncan, who married a daughter of Invernahyle; 3. Dugald, married to a daughter of Alexander Stewart of Acharon; 4. Alexander, who married — Macgregor, daughter of Alexander Macgregor, *alias* Alisdair Scailach, and had issue; 5. John, married — Farquharson.

James, the third Innishchaorach, married — Stewart, daughter to Stewart of Annat, and had issue, Alexander and Neil, who died unmarried.

Neil, second son of Dugald, the first Innishchaorach, was the male heir to Innishchaorach. He was wadsetter to Ledcharrie and Edarramhionich, in Glendochart, and had issue, John, Charles, and Neil. Charles succeeded to the wadset, which was paid up to him, and with the money he bought the lands of Bohalic, in Athole, of which he died possessed. He left them to his daughter, having no male issue.

James, second son to Alexander, the fourth Invernahyle, was wadsetter of Inverkinglass, in Glenkinglass. He was married, and had a son, Allan, who settled in Ardnamurchan. Allan married a daughter of Mr Maccalman, minister of Appin, by whom he had four sons—James, John, Allan and Dugald. Dugald had an estate in Jamaica, called Mounstewart. It was sold and divided among his relations. Allan had a son called Andrew, who settled in Perth, and left a son, a glover. Andrew has two sons, Peter, a glover, and Thomas, a shipmaster and an heritor.

Strathgarry.

Duncan, second son to Donald the fifth Inver-

nahyle, was bred a clergyman, and settled first at Kilmun, in Cowal; but, upon the abolition of Prelacy, removed to Blair, in Athole, where he continued to preach as an Episcopal clergyman all his days. He first purchased the lands of Strathgarry, and afterwards those of Inverchaddan. Mr Duncan married, first, — Maclean, daughter of Angus Maclean, who was son to Bishop Maclean of the Isles. By her he had issue: 1. Alexander, who succeeded as Strathgarry; 2. Donald, who married — Stewart, daughter of Urchalbeg, and had issue, three daughters: 1. Joan, who was married to Donald Maccalman, son of the Minister of Appin; 2. Margaret, who was married to a brother of Urchalbeg; 3. Mary, married to Alexander Robertson, had no issue; and again to a brother of Glenlyon, and had issue. Mr Duncan married, secondly, Janet Maccalman, by whom he had issue: 1. John, who died unmarried; 2. Allan, to whom he gave the lands of Inverchaddan; 1. Margaret, married to Stewart of Dunbealach; 2. —, married to Alexander Campbell, second son to Glenlyon; 3. Elizabeth, married to Donald MacLaren of Invernenty; 4. Robina, married to Rab a Pheti.

Alexander, second Strathgarry, married — Robertson, daughter of Robertson of Kinraig. He had two sons, Alexander, who succeeded him, and lived in Rahip, a purchase by his father, and Allan, minister of Killependy, and several daughters.

Alexander, third Strathgarry, was minister of Blair, in Athole. He married Isabel Robertson, daughter of Mr Patrick Robertson, brother of Lude, and left issue, the present Strathgarry, Mr Duncan Stewart, minister of Balquhider, Mr Alexander, minister of Mullien, and three daughters.

Inverchaddan.

Allan, first son by the second marriage of Mr Duncan Stewart, son to Donald, the fifth Invernahyle. He married Christian Macnab, daughter to the Laird of Macnab, and left two sons, Duncan, the present Inverchaddan, and Allan.

The sword, made by the smith, and given to Donald nan Ord, is still in the possession of Captain Dugald Stewart, the present heir of Invernahyle, together with his steel-cap and *luireach*, or coat of mail; also the hammers used by him when in the smith's family.

[We are indebted for the foregoing interesting paper to Mr Train, Castle Douglas, who copied it from a manuscript in the possession of Dr Thomson of Appin. Part of the MS. was communicated by Mr Train to the late Sir Walter Scott, who supplied from it the story of "Donald the Hammerer," printed in the Introduction to Jamieson's edition of Burt's "Letters from a Gentleman in the North of Scotland to his Friend in London," published in 1822. Sir Walter made various alterations on the MS. in the narrative as well as in the style; but, the object of our *Journal* being the

preservation of what is original, rare, or curious, rather than the cultivation of fine writing, we have preferred adhering to the copy, which is more complete than when in the hands of the *Author of Waverley*, several additions having been made to it by Mr Stewart, Excise Officer, Kirkcudbright, who claims kindred with the Stewarts of Appin. It will be interesting to the reader to compare our pages with the story as related by the "Great Magician."]

HOLY ISLAND PRIORY.

BY HENRY CLARKE, M.D.*

I HAVE been induced to draw up the following sketch of the Priory of Holy Island, from its being the most beautiful fragment of antiquity in the district to which our researches are confined, as well as from its presenting one of the most remarkable architectural remains of the period to which it belongs in the kingdom.

It need scarcely be mentioned that, in the earlier periods of Christian history, the choice of so unattractive a site was in obedience to the idea which indicated the remote and scarcely accessible island, and the lone and unfrequented desert, as spots peculiarly fitted for that contemplative life, and withdrawal from the world, in which the perfection of religion was supposed to consist.

When the monastic system was introduced into the West, this was its leading and characteristic feature, and the same spirit which had selected the inhospitable island of Iona, induced the monk who issued thence for the conversion of Northumberland, to prefer the bleak sands of Lindesfarne to the present valleys of the adjacent continent.

It would be needless also to dwell upon the advantages derived from monastic establishments during the darker periods of history—their preservation of literature and religion—the solace they afforded to the way-farer and the pilgrim—the asylum they furnished to the poor, the sick, the impotent, and the aged—the influence which they exerted in alleviating, where they could not prevent, the various evils incident to a barbarous age—the peaceful arts which they cultivated, and especially that which enabled them to raise those august and sumptuous edifices, which still remain the grandest examples of architectural skill, and defy all approaches of the moderns to a parity of excellence.

The exercise of these and kindred virtues ought to redeem the monastic institution, when reviewed in a candid and equitable spirit, from the unmeasured obloquy and censure which the license and misrule of some of its branches in later times have drawn down upon it.

There is no doubt, however, that the very virtues, which originally inspired awe and attracted esteem, tended, by a natural process, frequently renewed, and always with similar results, to the gradual corruption and final overthrow of the monastic system.

Long before the Reformation the elements of discontent had been at work, and the clamour against the monasteries had been gradually acquiring force and fixedness, when in the person of

"the majestic lord
Who broke the bonds of Rome,"

was found a fitting instrument for the expression of the popular will.

In the year 1536, the lesser monasteries were doomed to destruction by the execrable tyrant who wielded the sceptre of England, and the Priory of Holy Island was included in the general wreck.

From that hour it dates its gradual decay and present state of irretrievable ruin. Sir Walter Scott has thus described it in "*Marmion*."

"In Saxon strength that abbey frown'd,
With massive arches broad and round
That rose alternate row on row,
On ponderous columns short and low,
Built ere the art was known,
By pointed aisle and shafted stalk,
The arcades of an alley'd walk,
To emulate in stone."

The latter part of the stanza is a complimentary allusion to the fanciful theory of Sir James Hall concerning the origin of the pointed arch. The application of the term *Saxon*, it would be impossible to verify or substantiate.

There are no buildings in this country with the characteristic forms of this church, or the distribution into nave and aisles, that belong to so early a period. A few rude structures there certainly are which may have been erected by Saxon architects, one of which occurs in our own district—the tower of Whittingham Church, Northumberland—characterised by a peculiar sort of quoining—consisting of long and short stones, placed alternately over each other—small round-headed apertures divided by a rude balastre, and the absence of buttresses. The term Norman may be safely used, if it be understood simply to designate a style which appeared in this country at the conquest, and prevailed for 125 years, during the Norman rule; but it is in reality Roman, and was derived from the imperial city by the architects who diffused it over Europe, with the religion to which these structures were consecrated. It flourished during the first thousand years of the Christian era, with long interruptions during the dark ages, but its rudiments may be discerned at this day in the Temple of Peace at Rome, erected during the first century, and in the Halls of the Baths—those colossal structures in which the grandeur of thought and magnificent aims of the Roman people are most conspicuously combined. In these edifices we perceive the general arrangement of our Norman and Gothic churches—a wide central space arched over at top, with the vaults resting on pillars corresponding to our nave; between these pillars lofty arches open into as many vaulted apartments on either side intercommunicating by similar archways and constituting side-aisles. The roof of the side-aisles being considerably lower than that of the central vault, admits the insertion of lights in the main wall looking into the cave, which correspond with our clerestory windows.

* Transactions of the Berwickshire Naturalists' Club.

The general character of Holy Island Priory is Norman, or to speak more correctly, Romanesque. The West front is almost perfect—remarkably so when we consider that, in buildings of that period, this part has generally undergone a change, by the insertion of windows of a later style, leaving only the Norman door below to point to the real date of the structure. Here, we have a door of great depth and richness of effect from the number and boldness of the ornaments. On either side are plain semicircular blank arches—but not intersecting—and the whole were flanked by towers, one of which still exists. Of the nave, the southern portion as well as the south aisle, is entirely gone, but that on the north is tolerably complete. The piers, with their capitals, which bore up the arches, are of various patterns, channelled, lozenge-shaped, shafted, and shewing in their sculptured surfaces, and the various fretwork of the arches, that is, in the only decoration which the style admitted—the germ of that inexhaustible variety and multiplicity of ornament which was in the sequel to characterize the Gothic.

The nave, as well as aisles, has been vaulted in stone, as is evidenced from the vaulting shafts, and commencing springers still seen at the junction of the nave and transepts, and from the curve of the vault itself, yet traceable at the west end, but denuded of its ribs. This is a remarkable and almost singular instance of the centre aisle of a Norman building receiving a vault of stone. Both in England and on the Continent, the nave was covered simply by a flat boarded roof, to which were in a great degree owing the frequent and destructive fires of our early churches.

There are six arches in the nave, but the last is of smaller dimensions than the rest. This peculiarity is not unfrequent in Norman and Gothic churches, as if the architect had not previously calculated the space to be occupied by his arcade. The effect here has been to produce a horse-shoe instead of a semicircular arch, from its being of the same height, but lesser span, than the others. This arch is very rare, even in Norman buildings.

Above the pier-arches there has existed a triforium, of which the only remains are a single shaft at either end of the nave, the beginning and termination of the arcade. The Norman triforium is in England simply a row of openings or pannels in the wall, to fill up, ornamentally, what would otherwise have been a blank space. In Germany it is a real gallery, and appropriated to the young men, and called the Männer-chor.

Of the vaulting of the north aisle one arch still remains, but flattened at top, and only retained in its position by the wedge-form of the stones which compose it. This will soon fall, and yet might be easily preserved. The vaulting was quadripartite—the piers, with their cushioned capitals, and transverse ribs, are yet seen. In one or two places, the vaulting from pier to pier yet remains, though the ribs which would have appeared to support it are gone. This is a proof that the ribs used in vaulting were introduced merely to satisfy the mind by *appearing* to support the arches above, and that the eye, which had been accustomed to strong lines in every other part of

the building, should not here rest in a blank surface.

We now reach the intersection of the nave and transepts. Here in the strong and massive piers, we have slender circular shafts set in square recesses—a style of transition from the short and heavy Norman to the loftiness and exility of the Gothic, by which the weights above being distributed to different and independent props, an air of lightness and grace is produced without any diminution of security or strength.

Above, arose the tower which crowned the whole structure, but of its existence the only remaining evidence is the most singular and beautiful feature of the ruin. It is the great cross rib traversing the vault diagonally from N.W. to S.E., and spanning the mid-air free and unconnected with the building but at its spring. Had this been a pointed arch, it would have fallen with its superstructure, but the pressure of the round arch being only at the sides, it is likely to endure as long as the parts which buttress it up.

The chancel beyond the transepts had originally a semicircular termination, as is still discernible on the floor—a feature retained in all the Norman churches abroad. In this part of the edifice, it is to be regretted, is a departure from the unity of style which pervades the rest of the fabric—the circular apse has given place to a rectangular, lighted by pointed windows, in compliance with the fashion of the day, and in violation of the grave simplicity of the rest of the structure.

Buttresses of slight projection run all round the building. They were scarcely needed by the Norman architects, from the enormous thickness of their walls, and their inferior height; but in them we may trace the rudiments of what became, in the hands of the Gothic builders, so beautiful and necessary a member, shooting up into airy pinnacles and spires, and impressing a lofty and majestic character upon the whole.

Of the conventual buildings the traces are few and indistinct. The most important to their comforts—the vast kitchen chimney yet remains in all its original strength and completeness. The large walled space adjoining was probably the Refectory, with which the kitchen would communicate by the buttery-hatch.

The building is now secured from violence and wanton dilapidation, and as it has only to contend against the silent erosion of lichen and wallflower, we may hope that it will long continue to adorn our district—a monument of a far distant age and far different state of society, and a beautiful and affecting link between the past and the present.

CENTENARY OF THE "ABERDEEN JOURNAL."

On Wednesday evening, January 5, 1848, the gentlemen connected with the city and county of Aberdeen gave a splendid entertainment to Mr David Chalmers, the present proprietor of the "Aberdeen Journal," in celebration of the centenary of that newspaper, it being exactly one hundred years that day since its first number was published.

The art of printing was introduced into Aber-

dean in the year 1622, by Edward Raban, the "Laird of Letters," as he styled himself, who printed the first Aberdeen Almanack, "long the only work of its kind in Scotland, and, as such, acquiring a sort of proverbial celebrity. The passage of pious Mr Turnbull, in the novel of *Red Gauntlet*—a plague on all Aberdeen Almanacks—will readily occur to the reader."

Raban commenced business in Aberdeen under the auspices of the magistracy and University, and one of his successors in trade and patronage was Mr James Chalmers, son of the then Professor of Divinity in Marischal College, the projector of the "Aberdeen Journal," and grandfather of its present proprietor. "Early in life," said Mr David Chalmers, at the centenary celebration above alluded to, "my grandfather commenced business, as Printer to the City of Aberdeen, and was but a young man when our country became convulsed by the bold and chivalrous attempt of the last of the Stuarts to regain the throne of his ancestors. My grandfather, himself a Protestant, warmly embraced the cause of the House of Hanover; and through his press and his pen, gave wide circulation to principles of attachment to the reigning sovereign. This made him rather a marked man; so that his life was sometimes in danger; and he had on one occasion to fly from his own house, and seek refuge in that of a friend in Old Aberdeen, a Professor in King's College. In the memorable spring of '46, the town of Aberdeen had a visit from the royal army, on its way to the field of Culloden. My grandfather joined the king's standard, and took part in this battle, which forever crushed the hopes of Prince Charles and his gallant and devoted followers. The services of my ancestors were for a time rewarded by an official appointment, namely, that of receivers of the rents of some of the forfeited estates in this county; but these were soon after restored; and are now happily in the hands of their rightful owners. At this period, there were in Edinburgh but two papers, the 'Evening Courant' and the 'Caledonian Mercury'; and one in Glasgow, which has long ceased to exist. It is known that, at this period, the Government of the day had much to do in order to efface the painful recollections, and to appease the angry feelings of the people, justly irritated and incensed by the needless cruelties which followed that fatal fight. They, therefore, felt anxious to see the principles of loyalty and good order widely diffused among the population of the North. My grandfather, impressed with the same views, engaged in the undertaking which has given birth to the present meeting. During the progress of, and subsequent to, the rebellion of '45, he had published occasional reports, or what would be now called bulletins, of the state of public affairs; but it was not until the beginning of 1748 that the 'Aberdeen Journal' took the form of a regular newspaper. From that period, it was published by him, with varying success, until the year 1764, when he died, and was succeeded by my venerated and respected father, who conducted it until his death, in 1810. It then fell into my unworthy hands; but with this consoling reflection, that during the last twelve years of his life, I had had the privilege and the happiness of aiding

and assisting him in the laborious duties and distracting cares of an Editor. Such has been the birth and parentage of the 'Aberdeen Journal,' whose life now presents the somewhat singular feature of having reached its hundredth year during the lives of three successive generations of the same family.

The few following extracts from No. I. of the 'Journal' will give some idea of newspaper writing one hundred years ago, and also indicate the state of public feeling at that day towards our Gallic neighbours:

"As the publick may be alarmed with the report that ran so currently yesterday upon the Exchange, that a contract is negotiating for the delivery of 400,000 quarters of wheat to our mortal enemy the French, we hope every Englishman will judge so tenderly of his neighbour, as not to believe it possible any merchant can entertain so pernicious a thought, or be such a traitor to his country, at a time when our allies the Dutch have totally prohibited all commerce with that perfidious nation under the severest penalties."

"However the report yesterday might arise, of a particular contract for sending 400,000 quarters of wheat to France, it is certain that an article from Bourdeaux, in a late Dutch Mail, mentions that a large number of English ships, laden with corn, had put in there, and caused a sudden plenty in the midst of scarcity; adding, that these ships had sailed under a pretence of being bound for the Mediterranean. If these were private traders only, who ventured thus to risk their fortunes, in contempt of their duty and allegiance, the affair deserves to be particularly enquired into, that the delinquents, if taken, may be punished. But if their voyage was in virtue of a contract, that is a job; the business is the more iniquitous, as it must be a transaction among persons of no small distinction. We shall not pretend to guess who the jobbers may be; but it was very imprudent of the French who were to be essentially served, to blab a secret that may prevent their friends here from making a little more profit of our present plenty."

"We hear that it having been affirmed, in a certain H— Assembly, that a practice of sin—g would never have arisen to its late pitch but for the encouragement of some R— H— persons, one, who seemed to be severely wrung, exclaimed loudly on the occasion, and affected to clear himself and friends, by calling for such proof as he knew it was impossible at that time to adduce."

While the initials and dashes in the last quotation form a striking contrast to the out-spoken manner of the press now-a-days, the following *jeu d'esprit* denotes the unchangeable and everlasting grumble against taxation:

"NO MORE GAMBOLS."

'Twas merry at Christmas, when money was plenty,
And taxes took off not above five in twenty:
But how is it possible mirth should arise?
Now all that can make it is under Excise.
When light is not free in the worst of dull weather;
Wheels pay, if we ride; if we foot it, shoe-leather."

Such was the "Aberdeen's Journal" a hundred years ago. Its first number contained 39,560 se-

parate pieces of type; its 5217th No. extends to above 750,000, or in other words 3 of the 48 columns of the present paper contains an entire reprint of the first No.

CHARTER,

Granted in the Reign of Malcolm the III., King of Scotch, at Fordie,* 5th October 1061, to the Masons in Glasgow.

MALCOLM the III., by the Grace of God, King of Scots, wishes health and safety to the Bishops, Princes, Earls, Barons, Ministers, and Administrators of our Law, and all good men of the nation, both Clergy, Laicks, or Common people, and to all whom these presents shall come, greeting. Whereas our trusty and well-beloved friends, the Operative Masons in the City of Glasgow, Hath, by their Petition, humbly represented to us, that the inhabitants of this City has been imposed upon by a number of unskilled and unsufficient workmen, that has come to work at our Cathedral, and other parts of the City; and, also, has erected lodges, contrary to the rules of Masonry: And being desirous of putting a stop to such unskilled and irregular Brothers, most humbly prays us to grant them our Royal Licence and protection for stopping such irregular disorders: And we being willing to give all due encouragement to so reasonable a Petition, are graciously pleased to condescend to their request: And we do, by these presents, ordain and grant to our Petitioners to Incorporate themselves together in an Incorporation: And we strictly discharge any Mason within the foresaid City, to work in it until he serve his time as an apprentice, for the space of Seven years, or be married to a freeman's daughter: And he or they shall be Examined anent their Skill and Knowledge of the Mason Craft by three of the Ablest of the Mason trade; and if he or they be found of cunning and knowledge to be received into the Incorporation, each shall pay Twenty Pounds Scots to the common funds, and three pounds to the Altar, and clerk's and officer's dues, which the foresaid Incorporation shall always be allowed to be judges of that and other laws made for the behoof of the foresaid Incorporation. *Item*, that the free Incorporate Masons of Glasgow shall have a lodge forever at the City of Glasgow; none in my dominions shall erect a lodge until they make application to the St John's Lodge, Glasgow: And they considering their Petition, and examining their character and behaviour, grant them a charter conform to their regulations. *Item*, that all the members of said Incorporation shall have liberty to quarry stone, lime, sand, and other materials from the ground of persons, for paying the damages of what they occupy, or damage, for building of the foresaid Cathedral. But if the owners of the said Lands and the foresaid workmen do not agree, each party is to chuse an honest man to value the expence of the foresaid damages. *Item*, and that any having power from me, maintain my peace

* This document was produced in a process depending before the Sheriff of Glasgow, as a 'genuine' copy of an 'original' charter!

firm and stable against all other pretenders and usurpers, who encroach on me or my subjects to disturb our peace. *Item*, and that you and all my subjects in this obey the Magistrates in all things relating to my peace and the good of the City. *Item*, and that you instruct and teach apprentices; and that none take, or employ, any man's apprentice when their time of apprenticeship is not completed, under the pain of paying Twenty Pounds, the one-half to the Incorporation, one-fourth to the Lodge, and one-fourth to Saint Thomas's Altar, to say mass to their Soul. *Item*, and I strictly charge and command, that none take in hand any way to disturb the free operative masons from being incorporated freemen, or to have a free lodge, to take away their good name or possession, or harass or do any injury to my free masons and Petitioners, under the peril of my highest displeasure. And we order that notice be taken, that due obedience may be rendered to our pleasure herein declared: Given at our Court at Fordie, the 5th day of October 1061* years, before these Witnesses, Earl David, my Brother, Earl Duncan, Earl Gilbert of Monteith,† Sir Robert of Velen, Adam of Stenhouse, and Andrew Hamilton,‡ Bishop of Glasgow.§

Extracted from the Records.¶

ORIGIN OF THE GUIDE-BOOKS OF SCOTLAND.

THE following letter to the Editor of the *Weekly Magazine*, in 1772, may be regarded as originating the idea of the *Guide-Books* to Scottish Scenery, now so numerous. It is interesting to look back upon the writer's notions of "A New Tour," as he calls the contemplated work, and his implied admiration of the Highlands. Sir Walter Scott had not then imparted that charm which his genius has now thrown around so many localities of his native land, still, as the writer informs us, it had become, even then, "fashionable among the English to make a tour into Scotland."

* According to Balfour, Malcolm the Third, surnamed Canmore, the successful opponent of Macbeth, "was crowned at Scone" in anno 1057. This present important document shows that, whether crowned or uncrowned, he was King of Scots in 1061.

† This illustrious Earl is not mentioned in any of our peerage writings, and was unknown until this interesting historical document turned up. Hitherto, the first known Earl of Monteith was Murdoch, who flourished in the reign of David I.

‡ Andrew Hamilton, Bishop of Glasgow in the reign of Malcolm the Third, has been brought to light by means of this charter. No doubt he 'must' have been of the family subsequently enobled, and now holding the premier Dukedom of Scotland. The Hamiltons may therefore be supposed to have preceded Queen Margaret, who brought so many English "Pock-puddings," as Andre' Fairservice styles them, into Scotland, and to have comfortably placed one of their name in the Episcopal chair nineteen years before the espousals of their Majesties.

§ Mr Innes, in his edition of the 'Chartulary of Glasgow,' founding upon what he supposed an "authentic instrument," dated in 1116, fixes the revival, or rather erection, of the Bishoprick in the reign of King David I. This grant to the masons, however, shows decisively that the learned antiquary was quite wrong.

¶ What Records!

Jan. 27, 1772.

Sir—It is now become fashionable among the English to make a tour into Scotland for some few weeks or months; and there is a moral certainty of the fashion increasing, as the foolish prejudices against the country and its inhabitants daily decrease. But it is to be regretted, that an intelligent curious traveller from England has no proper helps to assist him; so that it often happens, that many return without having seen one third of what is most curious in the country, although, perhaps, they have passed within some few hours ride, or rather some few yards, of such articles of importance; owing to the want of proper information, or too great hurry in making the survey.

To remedy this, it is proposed, that a new tour through Scotland be published, in two pocket-volumes, divided into a number of little circuits of some few days ride, which may be laid down from the map. This work, if properly executed, will be useful to the country in general, to the traveller in particular, and advantageous to its author.

Nothing sets off a work of this kind more than proper plates. As they take time to contract and engrave, these may be going on, while a ride is performing in May from Edinburgh to Berwick, up to Kelso, Melrose, Jedburgh, Hawick, Langholm, Moffat; back to Edinburgh. At Moffat, that grand fall of water, the *Gray Mare's Tail*, and the curious loch it issues from, are worth notice. The latter is called *Loch-Skeen*, and is of a pretty large extent; in the midst of which is an island, where a pair of eagles nestle every year. This loch is clear on one side, where trouts, beautifully speckled, are to be had, and muddy on the other, where black trouts take up their abode.

Then a ride in the end of June, or beginning of July, to Dumfries, Drumlanrig, Kirkcudbright, Air, Saltcoats, Irvine, Greenock, Paisley, Glasgow, Hamilton, Linlithgow; back to Edinburgh.

In the end of August, or beginning of September, to Hopeton, Borrowstounness, Falkirk, Caron, the Canal, Stirling, Alloa, Dunfermline, Inverkeithing, Dunybristle, Kinghorn; back to Edinburgh.

Next year, in May, to Kinghorn, coast-side to St Andrew's, Cupar, Falkland, Abernethie, Perth, Secon, Carse of Gowrie, Dundee, coast-side to Inverness, making little excursions from the coast into the country, to remark what is curious, as Forfar, Glamis, Brechin, &c.

Then let the curious traveller take a proper time to journey into Rosshire, Sutherland, and Caithness, to John o' Groat's House. If he thinks fit to stretch his tour into Orkney and Zetland, he will find many particulars worthy of observation. In returning, let him visit the Weem, Blair of Athol, Dunkeld, Taymouth, Inverary, Loch-Lomond, &c.

The traveller will find his curiosity particularly gratified in traversing the Highlands of Scotland. Icolmkill, though visited by many, and though there are some accounts of it, with drawings, both in manuscript and in print, ought not to be omitted.—Roslin and Hawthornden should by no means be overlooked.

Plates may be copied from Sletzer's *Theatrum*

Scotiz, Gordon's *Itinerarium Septentrionale*, and the Master of Elphinstone's plates of Edinburgh. Keith's Map of the Frith of Forth, and Bryce's Map of the north coast of Britain, from Row Stoir of Assynt to Wick in Caithness, &c., may prove very useful; as may Straloch's Maps, though not easily to be had.

But there are many noble fine landscapes, which I have not seen any draught of, as from Drummond Castle, the top of the hill of Myat, one of the *Montes Ocelli*, from Stirling-castle, from Arthur-seat, Hopeton-house, Inveresk, &c. If the author has a knowledge in drawing, these may be easily done.

A map of Scotland prefixed to this work, with a preliminary discourse, giving a concise, geographical description of the country, of its monarchy, the changes made, first, by the union of the two crowns, usurpation of Cromwell, then by the restoration, revolution, and union of the two kingdoms, could not fail to be acceptable to the inquisitive and candid reader.

But the greatest care should be taken to stand clear of all party-work, either in religion or politics, because such peculiarities will disgust some readers, and thereby effectually condemn the work, be its merit otherwise ever so great.

Many helps may be had to compile such an useful and entertaining performance: such as Maitland's History of Scotland; his History of Edinburgh; Guthrie's History of Scotland; Gordon's *Itinerarium Septentrionale*; Chamberlain's Present State; The Tour through Britain, vol. 4; Martin's History of the Isles; Macaulay's ditto of St Kilda; Sacheverell's Voyage to Icolmkill; History of Orkney, now to be published by Coke; Sibbald's History of Fife; Sir John Dalrymple's Late Memoirs; Moyes's Tour; Pennant's Tour, &c.

One that has made some trips into the Highlands of Scotland, depicts them in the following manner:

"Let others think and rove as they please; for my own part, I look upon the Highlands of Scotland as the most delightful country in the world during the summer-season: where one cannot fail to be seized with a kind of religious veneration, when viewing, with an heedful eye, the high hills and lofty mountains, whose summits are in the clouds, and their sides covered over with the verdant grass, the flowery heath in its purple glow, or the tall trees, particularly the towering firs, waving their tops in the heavens; the awful rocks hanging over the heads of the travellers, and threatening, as it were, to tumble down upon them; the fine natural falls of water here and there, cascading with a mighty, noisy, and resounding rush; the large extended lakes, enriched with innumerable finny tribes of different kinds, and their grassy banks forming beautifully-spangled lawns; and sometimes the curling waves, or the roaring billows, of the majestic and far sounding-ocean.

"What a delightful jaunt is it to move, for some miles together, through a wood of the fragrant birch, bending down its leaves to regale the nose of the traveller. The beauties of a country-seat, wood and water, are here in the greatest abundance. But if we pass from the inanimate to the

animate part of the creation, exhibited here in a luxuriant valley, the sylvan scene is completed.

"The gentleman can beat up all kinds of game; the deer and the roe bounding up and down; the partridge, the tarmachan, the muir-fowl, the wood-cock, the black-cock, and the heath-hen, and many others I cannot name, whirling through the air, or whidding up and down upon the ground; the wild-goose, gagling, and the wild-duck quack-quacking, in their watery regions, or in their soaring flights.

"The feathered choir vie with one another to regale the ear of the listening traveller, hopping from leafy spray to trembling twig, swelling their throats, and warbling out their lays in a wild variety of harmonious notes.

"The primitive simplicity and the open hospitality of the natives, are past all description, though set off, either in the flowers of the orator, or in the flash of the poet, enough to make the citizen, the court-bred gentleman, and the delicate lady, stand amazed, and even to furnish them with a new lesson in life. Common decency and natural good manners are daily to be seen amongst the vulgar in the Highlands of Scotland; and their conduct is marked with a penetrating sagacity. Their apparent devotion at public worship is extremely remarkable and affecting, so as to draw tears of joy and admiration from the eyes of a stranger!"

THE REVEREND PATRICK GALLOWAY TO KING JAMES VI.

7th APRIL, 1607.

Pleas your Gracious Maiestye,

This present is to give your maiestye most hartelye thanks for all your maiestyes fauours towards me, specialye for the constant continuance of your maiestyes loue with me, as it was vount, assuring your maiestye you haue the man who neuer was nor shall, Godwilling, be found alterable in his duetifull affection to serue your maiestye, as becomes him. If it fall out that I suspend my judgment in somethingis proponed to me affhand, till I got fuller resolution both to speak and to stand honestlye to that whiche I speak assuredlye, it arryses of no vnsound and altered affection toward your maiestyes seruice, bot onely off laik of foreinforming, whiche geues light and curage to men to doe; and for the clearing of this point I referre my self to my Lord of Dunbars testification, who can and will giue iust information to your maiestye of it. I heare that your maiestye is ressolued to haue the ministree of Edinburgh plained, the estate whereof is more miserable and desolat nor ony toun or kirk in Scotland; and, whiche is vorse, the pulpittis ar sometymes possessed with yong people and perones vnmeete for that place, whiche bringis the Gosple and ministree into a contempt and will ouerturne all in end if it be not remeadit. The planting of it will doe great good to all the countrey, and help to amend many thinges amisse, and procure great forderance of your maiestyes seruice and quyat of this kirk, provyding the perones be good teachers, peaceably disposed, and weyll affected. I heare also that your maiestye is somewhat moued to haue me placed there; bot, Ser,

beleefe me, in truth I am not for it, in respect of mony thinges in thame, and more in me whiche can not concurre weyll to make vp so good mariage betuix vs. I need not to vse mony vordes with your maiestye who knoues vs both alsueyll as our selfis.doe. I mynd, Godwilling, to teache euery Sabbath, where euer I be, so long as I may, and to be readye in most duetifull maner to concurre in your maiestyes seruice, as I salbe employed, bot to take on the charge of a particular flock, and such ane flock, my heart cannot yeeld, and I hope your maiestye sall not burden me with it. The bearer hereof, Mr Peter Heuat,* is ane honest man, and your maiestye may reioice in the planting of him, being ane of your maiestyes owne plantation there, and ansuring to your maiestyes expectation of him in all pointis, and can truly and sufficiently informe your maiestye of all particulars here; bot he is not, as he deserues, and as your maiestye appointed for his encouragement, ansured of his small pension assigned to him, whiche is pitie, and wald be helped to put difference betuix those that are your maiesties oune men and others. If Mr Jhone Hall,† ane honest man, and ane of your maiestyes owne planting also, and he war remoned, I wat not vhat suld become of Edinburgh, your maiestyes cheefe toun her. Bot leafig those particulars, appardone me, Ser, to speak one word of the common cause. Ser, at Lighquho, my Lord of Dunbar did good seruice to your maiestye, and by God blissing his vyse and canny forme of doing, he prevailed so as I neuer sawe ane more peaceable and ordourlye assembly in my tyme, bothe in the progress and end, as it was, and therefore was admired and praised in all the publike sermones and privat speeches. The hope of taking order with Papists and quyating of distraction among ourselves be constant moderation led all menn joyfullie to your maiestys vay, and if that course selected there be prosecute your maiestey may assure yourself of peace here during our dayes, that is, if Papists can be kept under be your maiestys auctorite soundly used here, and the kirk censures be suffered to haue their awne place against thame, our pace will grow, ill tongues wilbe silenced, and all things will go calmly to your maiestys contentment. Your maiestys glory hath bene, and is the professing

* Author of a treatise entitled "Three excellent Points of Christian Doctrine." Edinburgh, 1621. He demitted the ministry about the year 1615.

† Mr John Hall continued in the ministry until 1619, when he craved to be "dismissed with the King's favour, in respect of his age and infirmities of bodie, which he granted; yet he was not infirm but he might have continued teaching; for there was no sensible decay found in his gifts. The truth is, he would not offend the King by not conforming for fear of loosing of his pension; and, on the other side, would have the Godly believe that he was averse from the latest inovation. But they interpreted this forsaking of his station, after he had helped to set the house on fire, to proceed only from love of ease, lasiness, and fear to lose some part of his reputation, when his gifts should begin to fall. So he left his ministry of Edinburgh without the people's consent, resting only upon the King's demission." Calderwood, 1678, folio, p. 723. These reasons, coming from an opponent, are not entitled to much weight. The plea of age is overlooked, and infirmity partially admitted. There certainly were sufficient reasons for Mr Hall's relinquishing his clerical duties.

and manteaning of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and all the world sees your maiestys multiplied preferments and preservations to aryse of the presence of Jesus, the Lord of the Gosple with you, and to tend to the preservatioun and advancement of it by your maiestys preservation and advancement, tuo thinges inseparably united sence your maiesty hade being. Lat thame therefor be computed your enemyes that will not conforme thame selfis to it, and God sall continue his blessing with your maiesty, and croune you with an incorruptible croune of Glory in the end. So, most humblye taking my leefe I commend your maiestys persone, familye, kingdome and affaris to the blessing of God. From Edinburgh this 7 of Aprle 1607.

Your maiestys awn & most humble
& affectionate Servitour

MR P. GALLOWEY.

[The Rev. Patrick Galloway died one of the ministers of Edinburgh in 1624. He wrote a history of his own times, the MS. of which was in possession of Dr Urquhart of Aberdeen in the beginning of last century. It unfortunately cannot now be traced. He was father of the first Lord Dunkeld.]

MINUTES OF IRVINE PRESBYTERY.

[Concluded from our last.]

A visitation of the kirk of Kilmaurs, 24th Aug., 1649.—The Laird of Craig an elder complains that they had not gotten the communion 3 years bygone, and generally complains of the inefficiency of their minister, Mr Wm. Crooks—other elders agree as to this, and Mr William offers to allow the Presbytery “to disposit in the matter of stipend” in order to obtain a colleague. The Elders approve of this, and it is recommended to proceed therewith. A Presbyterial visitation of Cumbræes ordered, the minister being often absent from meetings, and no references from that island, and that it should take place as soon as the men came home from the fishing.

24th Sep., 1649.—The Presbytery propose that so long as Mr Jas. Clandenine remained at Largs, he shall receive 1,000 merks per annum, and a person appointed to uplift the stipend for that purpose. The Presbytery refer the case to the Synod for their judgement, viz., what should be done with those that make a mock of their repentance daily and never amend.

19th Oct., 1649.—Mr James Ferguson did produce a letter from the committee of estates, wherein it was earnestly recommended to the Presbytery that they would put in execution with all possible diligence the act of Parliament concerning the poor, and restraining of vagabonds and sturdy beggars within the bounds of the Presbytery; because many of the bretheren are absent it is referred to next meeting.

1st Nov., 1649.—The Presbytery direct a list of the poor in every parish to be lifted. That all sturdy beggars and vagrants remove to their own parishes and particular places where they were born, betwixt and the 15th Nov., and if they fall they will be put into the hands of the civil magistrate, and the resettlers to pay 5 Lib toties quoties.

The Presbytery approve of the overture of setting up of manufactories within the burghs of the shyre, and does recommend it to Mr Alex. Nisbet and Mr Wm. Caldwell to speak to the town of Irvine for setting up ane among them.—The Presbytery likewise approves the overture of said Committee of keeping the poor of every parish within themselves, untill the time that the way of their maintenance be agreed upon according to the act of Parliament.

10th Nov., 1649.—Compeared Craig, younger, a Bailie of the town of Irvine, and Robert Brown, clerk to the town, shews they are willing to nominate Mr Alex. Nisbet to the stipend that Mr Hew M'Kale had, in so far as concerned the titular. The Presbytery having enquired of them whether or no they had a purpose to detract any thing off the 900 merks that were in use of payment to give to the colleague, and of the four score pounds that Mr Hugh M'Kalle had by and attour the six chaldre victual and ane half. They answered that they could not answer the Presbytery in these particulars, whereupon they were appointed to bring a peremptory answer next day with the particulars. It is further appointed that the overture agreed upon by the Presbytery shall be offered to my Lord Eglinton, and to my Lord Montgomerie, concerning change and alteration to be made in these parishes, that they have interest in, that if they do assent thereto they give in their answer this day fifteen days, and if they dissent that they give reasons thereof, that the Presbytery may cognosce upon them, and after the hearing of the reasons, the Presbytery will go on to conclude and determine as they think equitable and fit.

18th Dec., 1649.—Lord Eglinton and other heritors of parishes proposed to be disjoined, objected to it on various grounds, but Lord Eglinton “agreed to annex Perston to Irvine, because as his Lordship did allege it was annexed of old.” Lord Eglinton does further dissent, That any of his lands within the barony of Eglinton, for the present in Kilwinning, be annexed to Irvine, because they did not pay tythes in the time of popery.

25th Dec., 1649.—The report of the bretheren who were appointed to speak to the several titulars and heritors for competence. Lord Eglinton had answered, He “had gotten no other answer except this:—These kirks are already in a tolerable condition for maintenance, and that he had bought his tythes dear, and so could not be bound to give any more.

Compeared the Provost and Bailie of Irvine, who promised, if Dreghorn was annexed to Irvine, they would do their utmost for a competence to the colleague, &c. Lord Eglinton declared, That if the Presbytery would condescend to the annexation of Perston to Irvine, he would be content to give the 24 bolls of victual that now he pays to Perston to make up the competence to Irvine, and if this was not agreed to, he would make no offer at all.

PROCEEDINGS IN THE CASE OF ORDINARY DELINQUENTS.

9th Dec., 1646.—John Armour, suspect of adultery, having got his first admonition for his contumacy, having compeared, the Presbytery having dealt with him a long time to bring him to re-

merse and confession, stood still to his denial that he ever had carnal dealings with Isobel Auld, who fathered her child upon him. The Presbytery finding that he was hardening his heart, did, notwithstanding his denial, ordain for these reasons: 1st, Because he had carried himself scandalously with the said Isobel Auld, after they had been inhibited by the session of Dregghorn. 2dly, Because of his insolence to the session. 3dly, Because of his disobedience to the Presbytery: That he should stand the three following Lord's days in sackcloth, and in case he were disobedient to go on with the public admonition.

7th April, 1647.—Charles Hall in Newmills, suspect of adultery with ane Isobel Moore, the scandal being pregnant and flagrant through the whole parish, &c., which he denied, ordains that the said Charles should purge himself solemnly by oath before the congregation.

15th June, 1647.—The brethren of the Presbytery having heard the relation of Mr Wm. Russell, that ane of his parishioners, called John Bryden, that he had confessed in the session that he had called his minister's doctrine dust and grey mould, appoints him to be brought before the Presbytery next day.

29th June, 1647.—Mr James Ferguson being asked anent the satisfaction of Isobel Allen, he answered that she continues still in her wickedness, and that they were dealing with the Erle of Eglinton to banish her the parish.

John Bryden in Kilbirnie, being summoned for calling his minister's doctrine dust and grey mould appeared, and ingeniously confessed his fault. The Presbytery considering how prejudicial such speeches were to the whole ministry, after mature deliberation, does ordain that first upon his knees he make a confession of his fault before the Presbytery, and after he go to his own congregation, and there in the public place of repentance make an acknowledgment of his fault likewise, and Mr Hugh McKaile to go to Kilbirnie and receive him.

29th June, 1647.—James Wallace in the parish of the new kirk, for over nights drinking, is appointed to be cited *pro secundo*.

27th July, 1647.—Thomas Stevenstone in Dunlop; for making ane promise of marriage to ane Marion Moore, as she alleged, being summoned denied that ever he made any promise of marriage to the said Marion, and because the said Thomas was upon terms of marriage with another, he is ordained to purge himself by oath upon the day of his marriage.

17th August, 1647.—Robert Fulton and Margt. Storie, in Kilwinning, upon apparent grounds and presumption of adultery sic as this (among many others) confessed by themselves in the session of Kilwinning, that he and she would be in his barn together themselves alone, and the door being closed on them, being summoned, compeared the said Robert. Being accused of adultery, he granted his scandalous carriage with the said Margaret. Being required further to confess, after long dealing of some of the brethren that were sent out to confer with him, he would neither grant nor deny. The Presbytery seeing that his conscience was stirring within him, they threaten to take his oath. The said Robert being unwilling to give his oath,

he desired time to advise and think upon it, and withal desired the Presbytery to pray for him that he might get mastery over his corruption, and in the meantime appoints Mr James Ferguson to deal with him.

7th Dec., 1647.—Katherine Miller and David Logan, Stevenston, charged with adultery, ordered to satisfy, and because they could not be kept from each other's company, Cuninghamehead to be spoken to that he may separat them, and remove them out of the parish.

The Presbytery taking to their consideration the condition of John Armour in Dregghorn, who remains still obstinate in the denial of the fact of adultery, notwithstanding that the woman had fathered the child upon him, does find that it was to no purpose to deal any longer with him, and therefore it is appointed that the said John Armour, partly for his disobedience to the Presbytery, and partly for his scandalous carriage which he acknowledged, should stand three Lord's days in sackcloth, and that upon the last day he purge himself solemnly before the congregation.

28th Dec., 1647.—Mr John Bell reports that Cuninghamehead has undertaken to banish David Logan the parish, in case he does not abstain from the woman's company with whom he has fallen.

23d March, 1648.—The Laird of Shewalton appeared before the Presbytery charged with adultery, which he denied—remitted to the session of Irvine to whom he had formerly been disobedient, and had offered violence to the kirk officer.

2d May, 1648.—Euphemia Maxwell in Dalry, having brought forth a child to a trooper, whose name as she affirmed she knew not—

Note—"One of a troop of dragoons was my dadday,
No wonder I'm fond of a soger ladday"

the Presbytery conceiving that it was but a subterfuge to cloak the sin of adultery, does refer the said Euphemia to her own session, to try to the utmost that business, and whether there was any scandal between her and any other man.

3d July, 1648.—The Presbytery hearing that the Laird of Shewalton had received some wounds in a fight, upon this ground has delayed the going on with his process till his wounds be cured.

25th July, 1648.—The confession of Marion Miller, that she had broken the Lords' day by flyting and washing a piece of cloth, being produced, if she heartily submit to the session of Kilmaurs, they would accept, if she gave signs of repentance.

9th March, 1650.—Compeared Thomas Blair in Kilwinning, who was at the point of excommunication and in sackcloth, upon his knees did confess double adultery with ane Bessie Moore in Kilwinning, another with Euphemia Maxwell in Dalry. The Presbytery having heard his confession, and considering the atrocity of his crimes, does recommend to the Provost of Irvine to apprehend him, and put him in ward till he be sent to the Justice General, the other parishes to bear burden with the town of Irvine in paying the expense.

7th May, 1650.—Compeared Isobel Miller in Kilmaurs, and charged with having sought a drink to destroy a birth in the womb. She denied it. The Presbytery finding that there were some

grounds and probability of the same, appoints the said Isobel to appear in the public place of repentance, in the kirk of Kilmaurs in sackcloth till next Presbytery day, and then the minister to charge her with the presumption, and to specify to the people the cause of her appearing there, and in the meantime she is to appear before the Presbytery next day, that she may hear more of the Presbytery's mind.

2d July, 1650.—Thomas Blair in Kilwinning having broken ward when he was to be sent to the Justice General for his double adultery, and now fugitive, appointed to have ane public admonition before he be excommunicated.

N. B.—The last minute of Presbytery in the volume from which the above extracts are taken, is the above. The following volumes are lost till the one commencing 17th August, 1687.

THE EARL OF SUFFOLK TO JOHN MURRAY, AFTERWARDS EARL OF ANNANDALE.

SIR,—I have bene with my lord Chaunceler even now to confer with hym concerning the kyngs maiesties busynes in hande. The Aturney was ther, whereby speach yt fell into conseration what company of Lords and counsellors wolde be ther. My Lord Admirall desyers to be excused; my Lord Touch wyll not be heer; my Lord Stanhop dare not this weather be so long in so cold a place; Mr Secretary Harbert can not, for the Stranguery afflycts hym so; my Lord of Shrewsbury hath bene so yll both of goute and sharpnes of water, as he hath never yet come to this end of the toune; and in truth my lord Chancelor hym selfe is in no case to be at such a busines on fryday. The last day of the tearme my happily geve more health to some of thes. My lord Chaunceler wyll not have the stay to be for hym yf he dye foryt; therefore I thought fytt to sygnifyethusmuch. The Lords that are able are all apoynted to assemble at my Lord Chauncelors house to morrowe, wher no dowbt the day wylbe put of vntyll the end of the team at the soonest; therefore, Mr Murray, I pray you acqaynt his maiestie with thus much, to the end that my Lords who are apoynted to come away from thence to morrow may stay vntyll the next advertysment, which shalbe presently after ther meeting to morrow at my Lord Chauncelors, wher the dyspatch shalbe made. In hast, from Northampton Howse, Twesday the 1 of February,

Your loving frend,
T. SUFFOLK.

LETTER FROM JAMES VI. TO SIR THOMAS HAMILTON, HIS ADVOCATE,

AFTERWARDS LORD BING AND EARL OF HADDINGTON,
Containing his Majesty's Opinions on a curious point of Criminal Law.

ADUCATE housoon the assyse is admittid remem-ber to exhorte and admonishe thame according to my former information writtin with my auin hande and adde thair to hou farre it is against all

lau to admitt a mannis denyall againis his auin preceeding confession in sa farr as he deponis contra suum caput allanerlie speciallie his deposition being freelie geuin without torture and not to the exemaris onlie bot being uillinglie repetit be him self to the erl of marr and sindrie other noble gentlemen be uaye of discourse besydis his causing aprehand and with his auin mouth accusing the deid doer and his brekking uarde thair-etter and that ioined uith ane other murther and uillfull remaining at the horne sensyne and of lait his offers be the bishop of brichen and sindrie others to my self of tua thousande cronis to me and tenn thousande markis to the pairtie and to be baneist the cuntrey during the pairteis will and last nou quhat he hes confest sen his apre-hension baith to the bailleis and ministeris of this toune lett thaime selfis beare recorde according to thaire consciences as to my earnestness in this turne as godd sall iudge me it is onlie in respect of the odiousnes of the deid and the infamie that uill redounde to oure haill nation thairthrough gif sa abominabill a cryme be not als notoriouslie punished.*

JAMES R.

His Maties. direction xi Martij
writtin with his maiesties
awin hand.

Indorsed by Lord Binning.

TAM GIFFEN.

About the middle of the last century, Thomas, or as he was popularly called, "Tam Giffen," resided, or I may rather say wandered, in the parishes of Kilbirnie, Beith, and Dunlop, as a mendicant. He is reported to have been a stout-built man, of something more than middle age, of a sourish turn of mind; and was in the habit of giving laconic, mysterious answers to those who dared to ask him questions. Much superstition abounded in the country at that time; and "Tam's" aspect, which was remarkably forbidding, together with his strange disposition, soon attracted the awe-stricken attention of the simple peasantry, who went so far as to call him a *Warlock*. Tam, with the shrewdness of a crafty mind, made use of this folly and superstitious fear for his own aggrandisement; and few, after a time, dared refuse him an alms, from his "uncanny" notoriety. Of the many strange and unaccountable stories still related of him, I will narrate the following:—

"One day when the water of Lugton, which separates the parishes of Beith and Dunlop, was rolling "from bank to brae," and the holms were in a flooded state, Tam was observed on the opposite bank by some people. Happening to lose sight of him for a few minutes, what was their astonishment to find Tam standing beside them, high and dry! The water, which was full and over-flowing, was more than thirty feet in width, and no bridge nearer than two miles. To the hurried question, how he got across, he quickly replied—"Hoo, I didna come across ata, I was in a hurry, and just came through below it."

At another time, a remarkably pious man, in

* Haddington Papers.

the parish of Dunlop, during a high gale of wind, ascended to the roof of his house, which, according to the custom of the time, was of thatch; laid a number of stones and sticks on the roof, to prevent the wind from blowing the thatch away; and while on the roof, according to his own account, a tremendous whirlwind swept round and nearly overthrew him. He mentally ejaculated, "God save me," and held on by the rigging. His bonnet and wig were blown away—where, he could not tell. Next day, after the storm was abated, he went again on the roof of the house, to mend the damage which had been done. Looking down, he perceived "Tam" standing at the foot of the ladder, and surveying him with a most sinister gaze. "Ye held on weel yesterday," exclaimed Tam; "gin ye hadna whispered 'God save me,' we wud ha blawn ye down, but we took awa your wig and bonnet: gae awa doun tae the well in the meadow, and ye'll get them lying there, aside the sauch bush." The man accordingly went, and, in the exact spot, found his wig and bonnet.

An honest blacksmith, one evening, going to weld two pieces of iron together, called on his apprentice, who was reported to be a heedless youth, to come and assist him in beating the iron. After calling once or twice, and receiving no answer, he angrily exclaimed, "I may just as weel cry on Tam Giffen." "What do ye want," whispered a voice behind him, which was no other than Tam's: "I was just fleeing through the air wi' a wheen o' them that's gaun awa to dance in Kilbride kirk-yard the nicht, and I thoct I wad come in an' see what ye wanted wi' me." "Did ye come in at the door," exclaimed the astonished blacksmith. "No, I just drapped doun the lum—but I maun awa', or they'll miss me:" so saying, he instantly disappeared.

At last "Tam" was discovered lying dead on the banks of the Garnock water, near Garrit Linn, in a wild and solitary glen, in the parish of Kilbirnie. According to tradition, he was murdered by the fairies for disclosing some of their secrets. He was buried in Kilbirnie churchyard; and his grave is still pointed out to the curious.

TAM GIFFEN.

Aul' grannie sat carding her woo by the fire
On a caul winter eve; and, as midnight drew nigher,
The bairns gathered round' her and quitted their glee
To list to a tale: roun' aul' tales had she
O' brownies, an' spunkies, and wee merry men,
That dance in green jackets a' nicht in the glen,
O' ghosts an' wild spectres, in aul' castles grey,
That haud their wild revelries till break o' day.

In a circle aroun her the wee bairnies drew,
An' eerie they leuked at the fire burning blue,
Nae whispering was heard when aul' grannie began
Tae tell o' "Tam Giffen," the wild warlock man:
Lang, lang in the world wou'd warlock Tam,
Nae aye could tell frae what kintra he cam,
He seemed like a stranger on earth left forlorn,
And some said he ne'er in the world was born.

He wandered the kintra, east, north, south, and west,
And gaed aye to ca' on them wha used him best!
Alane in some glen he at morn nicht be seen,
But nae aye kent whar he might be or 'twas e'en:
Pale, pale was his lank cheek, but dark lowered his brow,
An' his black e'e seemed glancing wi' unearthly lowe,

He lauched at the sorrows that made ithers weep,
An' never was he kent to slumber or sleep.

In through the key hole, or doun through the lum,
When the doors were a' barred, he at midnight wad come—

Or afar in some glen wi' the bogles wad be,
A' the dead o' the nicht, haudin' unholy glee—
Or dancing wi' fairies far ben in the wud,
Or sailing in cockle-shells far o'er the fuid,
Or fleeing wi' witches awa' through the air,
Or doing dark deeds that I daurna declare.

Wi' a sly noiseless step butt the house he wud come,
And set himsel' doun by the side o' the lum,
An' mutter dark words wi' a strange eldritch soun',
An' leuk as if something was steerin' aroun'
Whilk naeboddy ever could see but himsel'—
An' then to the folk he wud strange stories tell
O' witches and spectres, and grim goblins near,
That, fitting in corners, to him did appear.

When a tempest was brewing afar in the sky,
There aye was a wildness in Tam Giffen's eye,
An' awa' out o' sight he wad soon disappear,
Crying wark's to be dune and I daurna bide here;
An' aften wad gude folk in terror declare
He rade in the black storm on high in the air,
Leading whirlwinds onward o'er valley an' hill,
Working mischief an' ruin to gude and to ill.

When Tam saw a priest he grew wild as a stirk,
And never wad enter the door o' a kirk:
If ony aye near him attempted to pray,
In a moment Tam Giffen wad vanish away;
If ony by chance ever mentioned his name,
Soon, soon to their terror and wonder he came,
An' speired what they wanted by calling him there,
When he had got business to do in the air.

As nicht when a revel o' goblins had been,
Far doun in the glen on the mune-lighted green,
Tam shared in their glee, and next morning telt a'
The wonderful things that he heard and he saw;
Then the fairies an' goblins an' witches did meet
By Garrit's deep linn—a wild, lonely, retreat—
An' wallings were heard on the dread midnight air,
An' Tam Giffen, next morning, was found lifeless there.

GOOD COUNSEL.

[The following "Good Counsel" by Chaucer, freely modernised, is said to have been composed in his last agonies. In a MS. in the Cotton Library the verses are entitled, "a Ballade made by Giffrey Chaucyer upon his dethe bedde, lying in grete anguyase."]

Fly from the crowd, and be to virtue true,
Content with what thou hast, though it be small;
To hoard brings hate; nor lofty things pursue;
He who climbs high endangers many a fall.
Envy's a shade that ever waits on fame,
And oft the sun that raises it will hide:
Trace not in life a vast expensive scheme,
But be thy wishes to thy state ally'd.
Be mild to others, to thyself severe,
So truth shall shield thee or from hurt or fear.

Think not of binding all things to thy will,
Nor vainly hope that fortune shall befriend;
Inconstant she, but be thou constant still,
Whate'er betide, into an honest end.
Yet needless dangers never madly brave;
Kick not thy naked foot against a nail;
Or from experience the solution crave,
If wall and pitcher strive which shall prevail.
Be in thy cause, as in thy neighbour's, clear,
So truth shall shield thee or from hurt or fear.

Whatever happens, happy in thy mind
Be thou, nor at thy lot in life repine;
He 'scapes all ill whose bosom is resign'd;
Nor way, nor weather will be always fine:

Besides, thy home's not here—a journey this,
A pilgrim thou—then hie thee on thy way;
Look up to God—intent on heavenly bliss.

Take what the road affords and praises pay:
Shun brutal lusts, and seek thy soul's high sphere,
So truth shall shield thee or from hurt or fear.

Varieties.

Man to the plough,
Wife to the sow,
Son to the flail,
Daughter to the pail,
And your rents will be netted;
But, man tally ho,
Daughter piano,
Son Greek and Latin,
Wife silk and satin,
And you'll soon be gazetted.

A SCENE IN A SCOTCH COURT OF JUSTICE IN 1757.—The Dean of Faculty at that time was Mr Lockhart, afterwards Lord Covington, a man of learning, but of a demeanour harsh and overbearing. It had ever been considered the duty of the chief of the body of advocates, freely elected to preside over them, to be particularly kind and protecting to beginners; but Lockhart treated all who came in contact with him in a manner equally offensive, although he had been engaged in a personal altercation with a gentleman out of court, who threatened to inflict personal chastisement upon him; and there were some circumstances in his domestic life supposed to render his reputation vulnerable. At last, four junior advocates, of whom Wedderburn, afterwards Lord Chancellor Loughborough, was one, entered into a mutual engagement that he among them who first had the opportunity should resent the arrogance of the Dean, and publicly insult him. It was by mere accident that the opportunity occurred to Wedderburn, who certainly made a good use of it. In the very end of July, or beginning of August, 1757, (the exact day I have not been able to ascertain), Wedderburn was opposed in the Inner House as counsel to Lockhart, and was called by him "a presumptuous boy," experiencing from him even more than his wonted rudeness and superciliousness. When the presumptuous boy came to reply, he delivered such a personal invective as never was before or since heard at the Scottish bar. A lively impression still remains of its character; but newspaper reporting was then unknown in Edinburgh, and oral tradition has preserved only one sentence of that which probably was the meditated part of the harangue:—"The learned Dean has confined himself on this occasion to vituperation; I do not say that he is capable of reasoning, but if tears would have answered his purpose, I am sure tears would not have been wanting." Lockhart here started up and threatened him with vengeance. Wedderburn—"I care little, my Lords, for what may be said or done by a man who has been disgraced in his person and dishonoured in his bed." Lord President Craigie, being afterwards asked why he had not sooner interfered, answered, "because Wedderburn made all the flesh creep on my bones." But at last his Lordship declared in a firm tone, that "this was language unbecoming an advocate, and unbecoming a gentleman." Wedderburn, now in a state of such excitement as to have lost all sense of decorum and propriety, exclaimed that "his Lordship had said as a judge what he could not justify as a gentleman." The President appealed to his brethren as to what was fit to be done, who unanimously resolved that Mr Wedderburn should retract his words and make an humble apology, on pain of deprivation. All of a sudden Wedderburn seemed to have subdued his passion, and put on an air of deliberate coolness; when, instead of the expected retraction and apology, he stripped off his gown, and holding it in his hands before the Judge, he said, "My Lords, I neither retract nor apologise, but I will save you the trouble of deprivation; there is my gown, and I will never wear it more; virtue me involvo." He then coolly laid his gown upon the bar, made a low bow to the Judges, and before they had recovered from their amazement he left the court, which he never again entered. That very night he set off to London. I know not whether he had any apprehension

of the steps which the Judges might have taken to vindicate their dignity, or whether he was ashamed to meet his friends of the Parliament House, but he had formed a resolution, which he faithfully kept, to abandon his native country, and never more to revisit it.—Lord Campbell's Lives of the Chancellors.

ANTQUITY OF THE INFLUENZA.—Of this now universally prevailing malady we have (says the 'Glasgow Constitutional') the following account, in a letter from Randolph, the English Ambassador at the Court of Mary, Queen of Scots, to Cecil (afterwards Lord Burghley,) dated Edinburgh, 30th November, 1562. "May it please your Honour. Immediately upon the Queen's arrival here she fell acquainted with a new disease that is common in this town, called the 'New Acquaintance,' which passed also through her whole Court, neither sparing lord, lady, nor damsel, nor so much as French or English. It is a pain in their head that have it, and a soreness in their stomachs, with a great cough; it remaineth with some longer, with others shorter time, as it findeth apt bodies for the nature of the disease. The Queen kept her bed six days; there was no appearance of danger, nor many that die of the disease except some old folks. My Lord of Murray is now presently in it, and I am ashamed to say that I have been free of it, seeing it seeketh acquaintance at all men's hands." The letter is printed pp. 105-7 of the "Selections from Unpublished Manuscripts Illustrating the reign of Mary Queen of Scotland," presented to the Maitland Club, in 1837, by the late Mr Kirkman Finlay, of Castle Toward. The last freak of the distemper, according to the 'Edinburgh Register,' was the seizure of the master of the Duddington Mills, and at the same time all his millers, and the mill stood still. To complete the adage that misfortunes never come single, the millers' wives were almost all ill, and unable to nurse their husbands.

AIR, Oct. 3, 1772.—On the 23d ult. we had one of the most solemn processions of free masons in this place, that I presume ever was made in Scotland. The occasion of it was laying the foundation-stone of the works for improving the harbour. The Earl of Dumfries, Grand Master for Scotland, and upwards of 500 of the brethren, were present. They assembled at the King's-arms between ten and eleven o'clock forenoon. From thence they went in procession to the church, attended by the Rev. Mess. Dalrymple and M'Gill, ministers in this place, decently habited in their gowns, with their aprons under them, their hats below their arms as the rest of the company, carrying the Bible open in their hands; violins, and a variety of other music, playing before them. An elegant sermon was there delivered them from Psal. civ. 15. The stone was then presented, when his Lordship applied to it the plumb-rule and the square, and gave it three strokes with the mallet. After that ceremony was performed, it was handed over the quay with ropes, and his Lordship solemnly poured upon it a handful of corn, and a cupful of wine and oil; devoutly lifting up his hands and eyes to heaven, and addressing the Great Architect of heaven and earth, that the place might abound in these articles. This gave occasion to three cheerful huzzas. Then the Rev. Mr M'Gill, having addressed himself to the brethren, which likewise was followed with three cheers as before, he devoutly prayed; and the whole ceremony was concluded with singing the masons' anthem.—'Weekly Magazine.'

JAMES VI. WHEN A BOY.—The celebrated Andrew Melville and his nephew, James, were introduced to the King at Stirling Castle, previous to his entering his ninth year. The following is James Melville's account of him: "He was the sweetest sight in Europe that day, for strange and extraordinary gifts of ingyne, judgment, memorie, and language. I heard him discourse walking up and down in the said Lady Marr's hand, of knowledge and ignorance to my great marvel and astonishment."

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BORDER PILGRIMAGES.

No. I.

BILLY CASTLE.

BILLY'S wa's are cold and damp,
Billy's wa's are mouldering down;
There no more will nobles tramp
While the weary world goes roun'.
Red and auld, wat and cauld,
Are thae wa's ance strong and bauld
To repel the martial fray;

Green and mossy is its brae;
And the knowes that round it lie
Smiling in the summer sky.
By the springs the rashes wave
O'er the ancient warrior's grave;
Deep and marshy is the moat,
Soft and lone its streamlets flow,
By its banks primroses blow,
Where the banners once did float
O'er this green and lonesome spot;
Here erst the lords o' earth were gay,
Now silent is the scene alway;
But for cawing rooks and daws
And houlets in the auld wa's,
Lone and eerie is the place—
And shadows, only shadows chase,
And of worldly glory short's the race.

SCHOOL-BOY RAMBLES, in MS., 'penes me.'

In early boyhood, it was our lot to pass daily the ruins of this Border stronghold; and although we then knew nothing of its history, yet many a time and oft we roamed around its shattered towers, with a strange and undefined curiosity, musing on the times and men of old, endeavouring to recall its ancient glories, and half afraid lest some stalwart warrior should start from behind the mouldering walls, armed to the teeth in coat of mail, with helmet and plume, and habergeon on, and confront us with sword in hand for intruding upon his domain! We never passed that place alone, especially in the twilight, without horror and dismay; and often we dreamed of encountering troops of old heroes upon the green mounds which skirt this fallen strength! How often have we plucked the lady's-smock, pilewort, and primrose by the rush-bordered rills, the mossy mounds, and crystal fountains, in life's early morn, around the lonely ruins of Billy! And we well remember, though at the distance of more than thirty years, plucking the vernal flowers on these mossy banks, and listening with delight to the voice of the cuckoo, re-echoing through the venerable trees that enclose its decaying walls; and it was there we first felt the truth, and beauty, and freshness of those lines of Michael Bruce, addressed to the "Messenger of Spring:"—

"The school-boy, wandering through the wood
To pull the primrose gay,
Starts thy curious voice to hear,
And imitates thy lay."

From that day to the present, we have felt a strong and increasing desire to visit ancient castles, churches, monuments, and battle-fields, and a delight in prying into their origin and history, although it may be only fragments that we can at any time pick up. There is a great charm in visiting any place that has a history—though it may be but an obscure tradition which is told concerning it. With what intense interest we should visit these Border fortalices, could their whole history, since their erection, be unfolded to us! Could we trace the sieges they have undergone, the forays they have repelled—the sally, the rescue, and the combat which have passed under their walls—could we learn what captives have pined in their dungeons—what processions, and triumphs, and funeral trains once passed through their gates—and see the stern old warriors marching forth over their draw-bridges to the field of battle, or returning victorious, or haply, wounded and weary from the conflict—the mossy stones, rush-grown trenches, and nettle-skirted ruins, would be invested with an air and hue of romance and enchantment, doubly attractive to both poet and historian; but little it is that we know of these strong-holds of our martial ancestors. It is well, however, to collect what remain of the relics of by-gone time, and preserve them for the perusal of future generations. It will be the object, therefore, of these trivial sketches, to transmit to posterity historical and traditional notices of the old castles, churches, mansions, &c., along our Eastern Border, as far as can be ascertained, and which have been personally visited by the writer.

Being detained for several hours at the old "witch-haunted" village of Auchencrow, one day in September last, we took the opportunity of visiting the ruins of Billy, for the one-thousandth time at least. These ruins lie fully half a mile to the south of the village just mentioned, and about 11 miles west by north from Berwick-upon-Tweed, and 7 miles east from Dunse. The situation is lonely and unfrequented, on the banks of a small stream which discharges itself into Billy Mire. It is surrounded by a plantation of old ash, beech, and sycamore trees, which apparently have stood the blasts of two hundred years.

The fosse which surrounded the castle can still

be easily traced. It enclosed an oblong space of nearly three acres in extent. On its northern side, a stream, with its banks, formed a natural and no mean defence. The north bank of this stream slopes down gradually, and is very marshy, and partly covered with elder trees. The castle seems to have consisted chiefly of a strong quadrangular keep, about 50 feet by 40. Deducting 7 or 8 feet for the thickness of the walls, the interior area would consequently be about 42 by 32 feet in extent. The building probably consisted of three stories, the upper ones being reached by a narrow stone stair in the north-west angle, some steps of which were visible about thirty years ago. Two rounded towers stood at the two southernmost angles of the keep; the remains of one of these we recollect of seeing, thirty-seven years since, with an arrow-slit in its shattered wall. Part of the north wall of the castle, about 12 or 15 feet in height, and a few detached fragments, surrounded with rubbish, is all that now remains of this venerable ruin; it has been built with large squared red sand-stones, very hard and durable, and the weather has made very little impression upon the portion which stands entire, although it has probably been in existence for six or seven centuries. The castle was surrounded by an outer wall, the foundations of which may still be traced. This was also defended by a deep ditch or fosse, and flanked by towers; there seems also to have been several outworks on the eastern side, some relics of which still remain. The principal approach to the castle seems to have been from the south-east, where there are still traces of a path skirting the ferny banks of the rivulet, which glides away towards the Mere.

The castle of Billy, or Billie, was erected at an early period, probably about 1230, to protect the possessions of the potent house of Dunbar—Billy having been before that time decided to belong to Patrick Earl of Dunbar, who died in 1232. We find a mandate of Robert III. to the Deputy Warden of the Eastern Marches, enjoining him, without delay, to seize the castle of Billie and Coldbrandspath, and to transport the cheese, other provisions, and wine he might find there, to Coldingham, for the use of the monks, on account of the rebellion of George Earl of March. The forfeiture of the Earl of Dunbar, in 1435, made way for Billie becoming a possession of a family scarcely less powerful and august—that of Angus, which not long before had become proprietors of the adjacent lands and castle of Buncle, and which was destined to rise upon the ruin of the Dunbars.

It appears that Billy had been, at one time, in the possession of *John de Grahame*, knight of *Abercorn*, as David II. granted a charter of confirmation of a charter of the said knight, in favour of "*John de Raynton* (Renton), burgess of Berwick, of the lands, &c., of Billy, in the barony of Bonkyle, with the shereffdom of Berwick, in fee and heritage, paying therefore yearly a *Rose*, at the feast of St James the Apostle, and to the lord of Bonkyle 8 shillings for the wurd of the castle," dated at Edinburgh, *anno regni* 17 mo. (1346-7). Again, there is a discharge granted by Thomas Stuart, Earl of Angus, narrating, that the heirs of *Sir Henry de Sancto Claro* were obliged to do

homage to the Earl for the lands of Billy, which *John de Raynton* then held: and therefore at the prayer and request of his son-in-law and kinsman, *William de Sancto Claro* of *Roslyn*, the Earl abolished the said homage to *William* and heirs, and wills and grants to *John de Raynton* and his heirs the lands of Billy, to be held of the Earl *in capite*, by doing homage to him; dated at *Roslyn* 22 Aug. 1344. This, of course, was before Billy became the sole possession of the Angus family.

The sixth Earl of Angus, son of Archibald "Bell the Cat," and husband of the Queen, mother of James V., lodged here in 1528, during the siege of his stronghold of *Tantalon* Castle. He had now lost his influence over the person and councils of the young monarch, and at last rebelled against his authority. He then shut himself up in *Tantalon*, and defied, for a time, the whole hostile force of the kingdom. The King went in person to reduce it, in September 1528, and borrowed from the castle of *Dunbar*, to aid him in his operations, two great cannons, called "*Thrawn-mouth'd Mow* and her *Marrow*," also two *bosards* and two *moyan*, two double falcons, and four quarter falcons, for the safe delivery of which to their owner, the Duke of Albany, "*three lords were impignorated at Dunbar*." During the siege, Angus found means to go to Billy, his seat in the *Merse*, not willing to be enclosed within stone walls, having ever in his mouth, says *Godscroft*, this maxim of his ancestors, that "it was better to hear the lark sing than the mouse cheip." Yet, in spite of his great preparations and formidable efforts, James was compelled to raise the siege; and he afterwards obtained possession of it only by Angus fleeing into England, and by a compromise being made with *Simon Panango*, the governor.

While the Earl of Angus remained at Billy, *Argyle* was sent with an army to drive him out of the *Merse*; but hearing that the royal forces were marching southward, the recusant Earl left his nest, and backed by his allies, the *Homes*, he disputed their progress successfully at *Aldcambuspeth*, putting the whole to the rout, and returning to his hold in triumph. Angus, with his partizans, does not appear to have remained inactive during his abode at Billy, since it was found necessary to send "a daily company," under *Colin Campbell*, to *Coldingham*, to protect the husbandmen in the neighbourhood from his spoliatory excursions. A few years before this, in 1515, the castles of *Billy*, *Buncle*, *Wedderburn*, *Home* and *Fastcastle*, were forced to surrender to the Regent Albany, and the fortalices of *Renton* and *Blackadder* were razed to the ground. In 1519, these fortresses were again put into a state of defence, in order to maintain the influence of the *Homes* on the Border, in opposition to the Regent.

The lands of *Bonkel* and *Preston*, in which barony Billy was situated, were annexed to the Crown, with all the other lands pertaining to Archibald Earl of Angus, by an Act of Parliament, at Edinburgh, 10th December, 1540. After James V.'s death, the Earl obtained leave to return from his exile; and in 1542, he was restored to his possessions, and began to make *Tantalon* stronger than before; and here, about 1557, he

terminated his career. In 1544, the Earl of Hertford took, burnt, and despoiled *Billy*, with Renton, Butterdean, Quixwood, and Blackburn.

The family of Angus now no longer possessed Billy; for, on the 6th of March, 1557, it became the property of *David Renton*, of *Lamberton*. There exists a feu-charter, executed by the Nuns of *Abbey St Bothans*, which is dated 6th March, 1557, and is granted by Dame *Elizabeth Lamb*, Prioress of St Bothans, with consent of *Margaret Chyrnside*, *Janet Crow*, and *Margaret Young*, conventual sisters, in favour of John, son and apparent heir to David Renton of Billie, to whom it conveys the lands of *Nunmeadow*, *Nunbutts*, and *Nunfat*, being the lands in Billie belonging to the priory.* The seal of the charter seems to represent the Virgin and Child. As neither the prioress, nor any of the nuns, could write without assistance, their hands were, in signing the instrument, led by a notary-public, as stated in an addition to the subscription. There is a piece of fine flat land, of about 40 acres in extent, lying on the north of Billy Mire, on the farm of Billy Mains, still called "the Nunmeadow," and which is at present being intersected by the Dunse branch of the North British Railway.

In 1567, August 23, John Renton of Billy, and others in the Merse, were summoned by the Regent, Earl of Murray, to attend himself and Council, to give their advice about the administering of justice and keeping of peace within the bounds of the Eastern March. In the summer of 1591, Renton of Billy, with other gentlemen on the Eastern March, subscribed a bond at Edinburgh, in which they promised faithfully to serve the King against Bothwell and Home. The other gentlemen were, Wedderburn (Home), Hutton Hall (Home), Ayton, younger, (Home), James Broomfield, for the surname of Broomfield, John Redpath (of Redpath), Patrick Dickson (Belchester?), Pranderquest (Home), Blackadder, younger, (Home), East Nesbitt (Chyrnside), and Swinton. Agnes, daughter of Renton of Billy, was the first wife of *Alexander Lesly*, first Earl of Leven, who commanded the Covenanting army at Dunse Law, in May, 1639. She died at *Inch Martin*, 26th June, 1651, leaving to the Earl two sons and five daughters.† In 1675, there was a *James Renton* of Billy; and not long after that period, the estate, with the castle, came into the possession of *Mr Ninian Home*, minister of Preston and Buncle.

The Laird of Billie, and his mother, as notified to the Presbytery, (June, 1690), approved of the appointment of *Mr Ninian Home* to Buncle; but whether this laird and his mother were Rentons or Homes, we have not been able to ascertain. Tradition avers that the Rev. Ninian

Home married the *heirress* of Billy; but on this point tradition is an uncertain guide. Mr Home seems to have been the first and only Presbyterian minister of Preston, after the Revolution. Boston says he was "a person of great parts, but not proportionable tenderness," and he was at last deposed, by the Presbytery, in 1718, for his "untender" conduct. His lineage, we believe, has never been exactly ascertained. It is said that he was not related to the family of Wedderburn, or any other of the Homes on the eastern border. His son, Ninian Home of Billy, was married to Margaret, a daughter of Sir George Home of Wedderburn, by his wife, Margaret, who was the eldest daughter of Sir Patrick Home of *Lumsden*. This lady was the mother of the late Patrick Home of Wedderburne, M.P. for Berwickshire, and other children, who, we believe, all died without issue. So that, as far as we know, the Rev. Ninian Home has no living descendant. The Mrs Margaret Home just mentioned, was barbarously murdered by her confidential servant, *Norman Ross*, at *Linthill*, near Eyemouth, August 12, 1751.* When Mr Ninian Home came into the possession of Billy, the Castle was in such a dilapidated condition that he could not reside in it, but he dwelt in the neighbouring farm-house of Ashfield. He then removed to the farm-house of Meikle Whitfield, near Cairncross, in the parish of Coldingham, from which place he was driven out, it is said, by a horde of the common newt, called in Scotland the *aask*, which bred abundantly in some foul stagnant pools, near the spot, and made daily eruptions into the house, to the great annoyance and discomfort of the family. He then went to live in the mansion-house of Linthill, which is beautifully situated on the Eye, about a mile above the fishing village of Eyemouth; and here he probably ended his days, but we have been unable to ascertain the date of his decease. Mr Ninian Home seems to have been very ambitious of acquiring property, and it is traditionally remembered that, in his latter days, he was often heard to say that if he lived a few years longer he could purchase the whole of the Merse.

The lands of Billy comprise 920 acres, the greater portion of which is of a fine fertile soil, bearing large crops of all descriptions. The present proprietor is W. F. Home, Esq. of Paxton.

About thirty-eight years ago, there was a splendid rookery in the trees surrounding the ruin of Billy. A person of the name of Durno, still living in Auchencrow, was employed, with some others, to pull down the nests for two or three successive years; and from that day to the present not a single crow has built its "procreating cradle" there.

Several of the places around Billy are enumerated in the following rhyme, which, in years departed, oft delighted our boyish ears; and as all of the places mentioned in it, except the two printed in small capitals, exist now only in name, we are the more anxious to preserve it:

"Little Billy, Billy Mill,
BILLY MAINS, and Billy Hill,

* Some notice of this bloody deed occurs at page 314.

* In the Chartulary of Coldingham, there is a letter to the monks of St Bothans, desiring them to pay 12d., or one pound of pepper, "pro decemis feni ejusdem prati in Byll." This was about the middle of the 13th century. Instead of the 'tithes' of the hay produced by the meadow of Billy, which the nuns of St Bothans had acquired at so cheap a rate from the monks of Coldingham, it appears that they had afterwards obtained the sole proprietary of those parcels of land mentioned above.

† Douglas' Peer. ii. 116.

Ashfield, and AUCHENCRAW,
Bullerhead and Pefferlaw—
There's bonny lasses in them a'."

About a mile to the south of Billy Castle stands, on the most elevated point of the ground, between the two streams of Buncle and Drædan burn, an ancient *cromlech*, or Druid Altar. A little to the west of this, thirty-five years ago, existed a large cairn, surrounded, except on the south-east side, by a circle of huge masses of granite. When this cairn was broken up and demolished, a grave, enclosed on all sides with flag stones, was found in its centre, containing the dust and decayed bones of some ancient hero, who at a remote era had fallen in battle near the spot. The *cromlech* just mentioned was sometimes called by the neighbouring peasantry, "The Altar," or "The Pech Stone;" and the following rhyme concerning it was picked up in our boyhood from the lips of an old superstitious carle, who was an overflowing magazine of such things, and who was perfectly skilled in all the freits and charms and diablerie which enthralled our fathers:

"By the Cairn and Pech Stane
Grisly Drædan sat alane;
Billy wi' a kent sae stout,
Cries 'I'll turn grisly Drædan out'—
Drædan leuch, and stalk'd awa',
And vanish'd in a babanqua."

This no doubt has a mysterious reference to some revolution in the country, consequent on the change of the national religious faith; but it is dark and obscure, and must remain so.

Chirnside.

G. H.

ALEXANDER MONTGOMERY,

AUTHOR OF "THE CHERRIE AND THE SLAE."

MONTGOMERY is one of the most justly famed of our early Scottish poets. Of his life, unfortunately, few particulars have been preserved. Though he enjoyed a high degree of reputation in his own day, and though his poetry must have contributed greatly to the refinement of the age in which he lived, no contemporary pen, so far as we are aware, has recorded a single biographical incident in his eventful career. All that is known of him has been gleaned from casual documents. His identity was even doubted, and tradition has assigned more than one locality as the scene of his musings. The fact of his being an off-shoot of the noble family of Eglinton, however, may be regarded as beyond cavil. In *Timothy Pont's* "Topography of Cunninghamham"—written early in the seventeenth century—the place of his birth is thus clearly indicated:—"Hasilheid Castle, a strong old building, environed with large ditches, seated on a loche, veil planted and commodiously beautified: the heritage of Robert Montgomery, laird thereof. *Faumes* it is for ye birth of yat renomiet poet *Alexander Montgomery*." Testimony is also borne to his identity by his nephew, Sir William Mure of Rowallan, whose mother, Elizabeth, was a sister of the Poet. In an Address to Charles I., then Prince of Wales, Sir William says—

"Matchless Montgomery, in his native tongue,
In former times to thy great sire hath sung;

And often ravish'd his harmonious ear,
With strains fit only for a Prince to hear.
My Muse, which nought doth challenge worthy fame,
SAVE FROM MONTGOMERY SHE HER BIRTH DOTH

CLAIM—
(Although his Phoenix ashes have sent forth
Pan for Apollo, if compared in worth)—
Pretendeth little to supply his place,
By RIGHT HEREDITAR to serve thy grace."

Here we have the most satisfactory evidence of the Poet's relationship. His father, Hugh Montgomery of Hazlehead, parish of Beith—one of those lesser Barons of Ayrshire mentioned in *Keith's History* as having subscribed the famous Band, in 1562, for the support of the Reformed religion—was the fourth in direct descent from Alexander, "Master of Eglintoun." The Poet was the second son. His elder brother, Robert, inherited the property, to which he succeeded in 1602. He had another brother, Ezekiel, who became possessed of Weitlands, in the parish of Kilbarchan, which he purchased from his relative Lord Sempill—besides two sisters, Margaret and Elizabeth, the latter of whom married Sir William Mure of Rowallan, father of the Sir William Mure already alluded to. The year of Montgomery's birth is not precisely known. He has himself, however, recorded the day on which he first saw the light—

"Quhy wes my mother blyth when I wes borne?
Quhy heght the weirds my weifair to advance?
Quhy wes my BIRTH ON EISTER DAY AT MORNE?
Quhy did Apollo then appeir to dance?
Quhy gair he me good morow with a glance?
Quhy leugh in his golden chair and lap,
Since that the Hevins are hinderers of my hap?

From collateral circumstances, however, it may be inferred that he was born about the year 1546. Of the early habits and education of Montgomery the world is equally ignorant. It has been supposed that he was brought up, or had spent at least a portion of his youth in Argyleshire. Hume of Polwart, in one of the *flyting* epistles which ensued between them, alludes to the Poet's having passed

"Into Argyle some lair to leir;"

and Dempster, apparently corroborative of the fact, remarks that he was usually designated *eques Montanus*—a phrase synonymous with "Highland trooper." Dr Crawford of Lochwinnoch lately discovered, amongst the Craighends papers, a document which throws some light on the Poet's sojourn in the Highlands. This is a contract of marriage betwixt James Crawford of Auchinames and Elizabeth, "dochter of William Erle of Glencairn"—dated Sept. 1579—in which reservation is made "to Geillis Cunnyngghame, relict of umql. Johnne Crawford of Auchinames, hir lyfrent and hir Terce," &c., "and siclyke reservand to Dame *Marioun Montgomerye, Lady of the Skipinmage*, hir lyfrent of 27 bolls victuall, togiddir with thrie dussane of capownes and heins, quihlk scha hes, in Terce, furth of the saidis 21 Merkland of Corsbie," &c. This *Marioun Crawford, Lady Skipness*, or *Skipinmage*, was one of the Hasilheid family, and very likely aunt of the Poet, with whom he probably passed some of his earlier years. Hume also alludes to his having been in Dumbarton—

"From Semples dytements of an horse, did die,
Of Porterfelde, that dwelt into Dumbartane," &c.
Sempill of Fullwood, Renfrewshire, had some property in Dumbartonshire, and the family lived in the town of Dumbarton for several generations. Montgomery must have been many times in that town on his way to Skipness, in Cowal.

Of the personal appearance of Montgomery, all that we know is from his own pen. Reasoning with his "maistres," he says—

"Howbeit zour beuty far and breid be blame,
I thank my God, I shame not of my shap;
If ze be guid, the better is zour auin,
And he that getis zou, hes the better hap."

Again—

"Zit I am not so covetous of kynd,
Bot I prefer my pleusur in a pairt;
Though I be LAICH, I beir a michtie mynd;
I count me rich, can I content my hairt."

That the Poet had been in the military service of his country at some period or other, is presumable from the prefix of *Captain* being generally associated with his name. He is well known, at all events, to have been attached to the Court both during the Regency of Morton, and for some time after the assumption of power by James VI. A pension of five hundred marks,* payable from the rents of the Archbishopric of Glasgow, was granted to him in 1583; and in 1586 he set out on a tour of the continent, having obtained the royal license of absence for a period of five years. No memorials of his travels remain, farther than it appears from an entry in the Register of the Privy Seal, that while abroad his pension had been surreptitiously withheld, and he was thrown into prison, "to his great hurt, hinder, and prejudice." The grant, in consequence of a memorial from the Poet, was renewed and confirmed in 1589; but it seems to have occasioned a protracted law-suit to enforce payment of the sums due to him. Of this his "Sonnets," preserved by Drummond of Hawthornden, afford abundant evidence; and he hesitates not to accuse the Lords of Session of a perversion of justice. Like most courtiers Montgomery had experienced the fickleness of fortune, at best capricious, but proverbially so when dependent on the smiles of royalty; and he thus pathetically gives vent to his feelings:—

"Help, Prince, to whom, on whom not I complene,
Bot on, not to fals fortun, ay my fo;
Quha but, not by a resone, reft me fro;
Quha did, not does, zit suld myself sustene.
Of crymis, not cairis, since I half kept me clene,
I thole, not thanks thame, Sir, who serv'd me so;
Quha heght, not held to me, and mony mo.
To help, not hurt, bot hes not byding bene:
Sen will not, to lait vhillk I lament,
Of sicht, not service, shed me from zour grace,
With, not without zour warrant, zit I went;
In wryt, not words; the papers are in place;
Sen chance, not change, hes put me to this pane,
Let richt, not reif, my pensoun bring agane.

"If lose of guidis, if grittest grudge or grief,
If povertie, imprisonment, or pane,
If for guid will ingratitude again,
If languishing in langour but relief,
If det, if dolour, and to become deif,
If travell tint, and labour lost in vane,
Do properly to Poets appertane—
Of all that craft my chance is to be chief.

* About £27, 15s. sterling.

With August, Virgill wauntit his reward,
And Ovid's lote, als lukless as the lave;
Quhill Homer liv'd, his hap was very hard,
Zit when he died, sevin cities for him strave:
Thought I am not lyk one of thame in arte,
I pingle thame all perflytie in that parte.

"If I must begge, it sall be far fra hame:
If I must want, it is agains my will;
I haif a stomok, thought I hold me still,
To suffer smart, but not to suffer shame.
In spyt of fortun, I shall fle with fame;
She may my corps, but not my courage kill:
My hope is high, howbeit my hap be ill,
And kittle enough, and clau me on the kame.
Wes Bishop BETOUN* bot restored againe,
To my ruin reservin all the rest,
To recompence my prisoning and pane!
The worst is ill, if this be bot the best.
Is this the frute, Sir, of zour first affectione—
My pensoun perish under zour protectione?

"Adeu, my King, court, country, and my kin:
Adeu, swete Duke,† whose father held me deir:
Adeu, companions, CONSTABLE and KEIR:
Thrie treuar hairts, I tron, sall neuar twin."

"The Cherrie and the Slae," on which the fame of Montgomery chiefly rests, was first published in 1597,‡ but manuscript copies had previously been in circulation; and, though the date of composition is unknown, there can be no doubt that the poem had long enjoyed a high degree of popularity. Portions of it, together with a few other productions of the author, appeared in a "Treatise on Scottis Poesie," by James VI., in 1584. Laying firm hold of the public mind, numerous editions were from time to time demanded; nor had it ceased to be generally read till the middle of last century. That a poem so replete with beautiful imagery should be so little known in our own day, is somewhat surprising, and can alone be accounted for by the change which has taken place in our language, rendering the obsolete words and orthography of the olden writers difficult to be understood. A modernised edition of "The Cherrie and the Slae" was no doubt published in 1779; but such attempts, however praiseworthy, seldom succeed, the racy strength of the original being generally lost in the metamorphosis to which it is subjected. That Burns had read and admired the poem is apparent from his happy imitation of the same style of verse, and his adoption of more than one of Montgomery's quaint expressions—

"Friend, huly; hast not half sae fast,
Leist," quod Experience, "at last
Ze BUY MY DOCTRINE DEIR,
Hope puts that heat into zour heid,
Quhillk boyls zour BARMY BRAIN."

Here, in five consecutive lines, we have not less than two prominent ideas made use of respectively in *Tam o' Shanter* and the *Epistle* of Burns to James Smith—

"Think ye 'buy the joys o'er dear,'"

and

"My 'barmie noddle's working prime.'"

The plot or allegory of "The Cherrie and the Slae"

* Archbishop of Glasgow from 1552, till 1560, and again from 1588 till his death in 1603.

† Duke of Lennox, High Chancellor of Scotland.

‡ "Edinburgh. Printed by Robert Walde-Grave."

has been variously interpreted. "The object of the poem," says one writer, "is to represent the wishes, hopes, reasonings, and attempts of a lover, the mistress of whose passion was, by her rank and personal excellencies, exalted greatly above his condition." Another, "That virtue, though of hard attainment, ought to be preferred to vice: virtue is represented by the cherry, a refreshing fruit growing upon a tall tree, and that tree rising from a formidable precipice; vice is represented by the sloe, a fruit which may be easily plucked, but is bitter to the taste."* The allegory, indeed, admits of either construction, though the former seems to be more in keeping with the spirit of the poem. The opening verses are as fresh and glowing as Nature herself:—

"About ane bank, quhair birdis on bewis
Ten thousand tymes thair notis renewis,
Ilke houre into the day;
The Merle and Maueis nicht be sene,
The Progne and the Philomane:
Quhilk caussit me to stay.
I lay, and leyuit me to ane bus,
To heir the birdis' beir;
Thair mirth was sa melodius,
Throw nature of the zeir:
Sum singing sum springing,
With wingis into the sky;
So trimlie and nrmle,
Thir birdis they flew me by.

"I saw the Hurchoun and the Hair,
Quha fed amangis the flowris fair,
Wer hopping to and fro:
I saw the Cunning and the Cat,
Quhais downis with the dew was wat,
With mony beistis mo.
The Hart, the Hynd, the Dae, the Rae,
The Fowmart and the Foze,
War skowping all fra brae to brae,
Among the water broxe;
Sum feilding, sum dreiding
In cais of suddain snairis,
With skipping and tripping,
They huntit all in pairis.

"The air was sa attemperate,
Bot ony myst immaculate,
Bot purefeit and cleir?
The flouris fair wer flurischit,
As nature had them nurischit,
Baith delicate and deir:
And euery blome on branch and bewch
So prettily were spred,
And hang their hoidis out ouir the hewch,
In Mayis colour clad;
Sum knopping, sum dropping
Of balmie liquor sweet,
Distelling and smelling,
Throw Phoebus hailsum heit.

"The Cuckow and the Cusehet cryde,
The Turtle, on the other syde,
Na plesure had to play;
So schil in sorrow was her sang,
That, throw her voice, the roches rang
For echo answerit ay,
Lamenting sair Narcissus' case,
Quha staruit at the well;
Quha with the shaddow of his face;
For lufe did slay himself:
Quhyllis weiping, and creiping,
About the well he baid;
Quhyllis lying, quhyllis crying,
Bot it na answer maid.

"The dew as diamondis did hing,
Upon the tender twistis and zing,
Ouir-twinkling all the treis:

* Dr Irvine.

And ay quhair flouris flourischit faire,
Thair suddenly I saw repaire,
In swarmes the sounding Beis,
Sum sweetly hes the hony socht,
Quhill they war cloggit soir;
Sum willingly the waxe hes wrocht,
To help it up in stoir!
So heiping, with keiping,
Into thair hyves they hyde it,
Precyselie and wyselie,
For winter they proude it."

While leaning "to ane bus," delighted with the olysian scene around him, the Poet is surprised by the presence of Cupid, who, attracted by the "music of the groves," alights on *terra firma*—

"Quha would have tyrit to hear that tune,
Quhill birdis corroborate ay abune,
Throu schowting of the larkis;
Sum flies as high into the skyis,
Quhill Cupid walkinnes with the cryis
Of Nature's chappell clarkis;
Quha leving all the hevins abone,
Alighted in the eird,
Loe how that little God of Loue,
Befoir me thair appeir'd
So myld-lyke and chyld-lyke,
With bow thrie quarters scant;
So moylie and coylie,
He lukit like ane Sant."

A colloquy ensues, and the author is invested with the wings and bow and arrows of "Cupido"—

"I sprang up on Cupidoes wings,
Quha bow and quauer baith resignis,
To lend me for ane day;
As Icarus with borrowit flicht,
I mountit hicher nor I micht,
Ouir perrelous ane play.
Than furth I drew that deadlie dairt
Quhill sumtyme schot his mother,
Quhair with I hurt my wanton heart,
In hope to hurt ane vther;
It hurt me, it hurt me,
The offer I it handill;
Cum se now, in me now,
The butter-flie and candill."

The result of his "perrelous play" is a wounded heart—and, love-sick, he becomes feverish and emaciated—

"With deidlie visage, pale and wan,
Mair like ane atomie nor man,
I widdirit cleine away;
As wax befor the fyre, I felt
My heart within my bosome melt,
And pece and pece decay:
My vaines with brangling like to brek,
My punis lap with pith,
Sa fervently did me infek,
That I was vext thair with.
My heart ay, did start ay,
The fyrie flamis to flie:
Ay houping, throu louping,
To win to liberty."

In this state he repairs to the scene originally described—

"With sober pace I did approache
Hard to the riuier and the roche,
Quhair of I spak befor;
Quhais running sic a murmur maid
That to the sey it safelie slaid;
The craig was high and schoir:
Than pleasour did me so provok
Perforce thair to repaire,
Betwix the riuier and the rok,
Quhair Hope grew with Dispaire:

A trie than, I sie than,
Of CHERRIES in the braes;
Belaw to, I saw to,
Ane bus of bitter SLAES.

"The CHERRIES hang abune my heid,
Like twinkland rubies round and reid,
So hich up in the bewch;
Quhais schaddowis in the riser schew,
Als graithlie glansing, as they grewe
On trimbling twistis tewch,
Quhilk bowed throu burding of their birth,
Inclining doune thair toppis:
Reflex of Phœbus of the firth,
Newe colourit all thair knoppis;
With dānsing, and glancing,
In triles dornik champ,
Ay streimand and gleimand,
Throu brichtnes of that lamp."

The lover felt that the juice of the Cherrie alone could assuage the fever which revelled in his veins; but the tree appeared so inaccessible as to set his utmost ingenuity at defiance. Courage, Hope, and Self-will urge him to the attempt, while Dread, Danger, and Despair caution him to be satisfied with the more easily attainable fruit of the sloe. Wisdom and Experience also lend their counsel, and a long debate ensues, in the management of which the imagination of the Poet finds ample scope. The moral of the allegory is developed in the argument, that while rashness is to be carefully avoided on the one hand, we should, on the other, never be deterred from the attainment of a desirable object because it may be surrounded with difficulties. The disputants at length submit to the arbitration of Reason—who, assured by the positive assertion of Skill, that the Cherrie was absolutely necessary for the well-being of the patient, proceeds to canvass the best mode of securing the fruit. Wit and experience having pointed out a way by which the river could be forded, and the craig ascended, all agree to the mandate of Reason—

"As Reason ordert, all obeyd;
Name was ower rash, name was affray'd,
Our counsell was sae wyse:
As of our journey Wit did note,
We fand it trew in ilka jot—
God bless the enterpryse!
For even as we came to the tree,
Quhilk, as ze heard me tell,
Could not be clum, thair suddenlie
The fruit for ripeness fell,
Quhilk hasting and tasting,
I fand myself reliev'd
Of cairs all and sairs all,
That mind and body griev'd."

Amongst other localities assigned as the scene of "The Cherrie and the Slae," the conjunction of the water of Tariffe with the river Dee in Kircud-brightshire has been mentioned, and it is not unlikely that the poet resided in that neighbourhood for some time.

The other poetical compositions of Montgomery now extant, are a series of epistles, entitled "The Flying betwixt Montgomery and Polwart," after the manner of Dunbar and Kennedy; "The Mindes Melodie;" and a number of sonnets and miscellaneous pieces. The *Flying* possesses little merit. The extravagant scurrility in which the poetical belligerents deal, is chiefly curious as exemplifying the peculiar adaptation of the Scots language for broad humour and abuse. The "Mindes

Melodie," published in 1605, under the revision, it is supposed, of the author himself, consists of a number of scripture paraphrases—Montgomery having at one period contemplated rendering the whole of the Psalms into metre. Amongst the miscellaneous poems are several lyrics of considerable merit. The following is perhaps the best:—

"Nane lovis bot fools, vnlovd agane,
Quha tyns thair tyme and comis no speid,
Mak this a maxime to remane,
That Love beirs nane but fools at feid:
And they get ay a good goosheid,
In recompense of all their pane,
So of necessitie mon succedd,
Nane lovis bot fools, vnlovd agane.

"Ze wot a wyse man will be war,
And will not venture but advyse,
Greit fuills, for me, I think they ar,
That seeks warme water vnder yce.
Zit some mair wilfull ar, nor wyse,
That for their Loveis saik wold be alane.
Buy no repentance of that pryce;
Nane lovis but fools, vnlovd agane.

"Thought some we sie, in evry age,
Lyk glaikit fools, gang gooked gait,
Quhar Reson gets no place for rage;
They love best them whilk thame bot haits,
Syne of thair folies wyts the Faits,
As Destinie did thame didane;
Quhilk are bot cappit vane conceits—
Nane lovis but fools vnlovd agane.

"Some by ane proverbe fane wold prove,
Quha skantly nevir sau the sculls,
That Love with rezone is no love,
Nor Constance, vhare occasion cools,
Thair they confess, lyk frantick fools,
That wiffully they will be vane.
But Rezone what ar men bot mulis?
Nane lovis bot fools, vnlovd agane.

"They speik not leirnd-lyk, at the leist,
That Rage, in steid of Reson, ruisis;
What better ar they nor a beist,
Fra tym that Reson thame refusis?
Some beistilly thaimselfis abusis,
As constancie did them constrane;
Quhilk are bot ignorant excusis:
Nane lovis bot fools, vnlovd agane.

"For ding a dog, and he will byte,
And fan on him vha givis him fude;
And can as caus requyrs acquyt,
As ill with ill, and good with good.
Than lve nane bot vhare thou art lude,
And vhar thou finds tham faynd refrane;
Tak this my counsell, I conclude,
Nane lovis bot fools, vnlovd agane."

"The nicht is neir gone" is another interesting lyric, as the oldest words extant to the air of "Hey tuttie taitie," or *Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled*. The majority of Montgomery's musings are devoted to love, and not a few to his own personal circumstances: as, for instance, "Ane Invective against Fortune"—"Complante against the Wnkyndness of his Companions when he was in Prison," &c.

Hazlehead Castle, the birth-place of Montgomery, is situated about two miles from Beith. The estate, originally a portion of the barony of Giffen, now belongs to Mr Patrick of Trearne. The old tower, which formed the manor place of the Poet's family, together with the more modern additions, built after the estate had passed into the hands of Francis Montgomery of Giffen, in 1680, are now in ruins. The author of "The Cherrie and the

Slao" is not the only poet who has sprung from the Eglintoun family. Sir Hugh, ancestor of the Montgomeries, by the female side, though none of his writings are preserved, appears to have been a "makar of verses" of no mean pretensions. Dunbar, in his "Lament," thus classes him in the list of poets whose death he deplores:—

"The gude Schir Hew of Eglintoun,
Etrik, Heriot, and Wintoun,
He has tane out of this countrie:
Timor Mortis conturbat me."

FALAHALL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SCOTTISH JOURNAL.

SIR,—I will thank you, or any reader of your national Journal, to acquaint me, through the medium of its columns, if the old house of Falahall be still extant; and if not, the parish in which it was situated, and at what period, and through what agency, it was demolished. To these inquiries I would add, though almost assured of a response in the negative, whether any account of a fabric that in one class of interesting adornments appears to have equalled the princely halls of the noble house of Seaton, has ever been printed, or views of it engraved. For several years now I have been fruitlessly anxious to learn some little regarding the condition of an edifice designated by our great heraldic authority—the learned and judicious Nisbet—"an ancient monument of arms," and to which, in the first volume of his *Heraldry*, he makes reference upwards of twenty times in illustration of the armorial ensigns of as many Barons—"illuminated," to use his recurring expression, "in the house of Falahall."

A good many years ago I made application to the above effect to one of the Editors of "The Gazetteer of Scotland," but the reply was by no means of the tenor I expected. All that was suggested regarding the locality of the structure was an islet in the lake of Menteith in Perthshire, and failing it, the probability of finding the building, or its ruins, incidentally noticed under some other head, in that compilation. In a word, the Editor did not seem to have ever heard mention made of the "ancient monument of arms" in question.

After a two-fold visit in different years, could I have satisfied myself that the farm-house, with its appurtenances, situated about half a mile northward of the village of Fala, and bearing the name of Falahall, really occupied the site of the ancient building desiderated, I would not have troubled you with an inquiry concerning a matter of so narrowed an interest to the majority of your readers. Previous, no doubt, to the building of the farm-house alluded to, the space upon which it stands was covered with the remains of a ruined fabric, consisting of walls of different heights—a few rude fragments of which incorporated with the present masonry being still discernible—and a square tower, the slated covering of which, and of other parts of the ruins, had been, we were told, transferred about the year 1773, to the roof of the present parish church, which had, until then, like many other sacred structures in Scotland, been only "wi' heather theekit frae the weat and drift." Still it seems strange that the ruin, if really that

of the house of Falahall, should have, in 1794, possessed so little of the august and venerable, or that its immediate environs should have retained so few traces of old magnificence, as to be passed over without a single remark by the writer of the old statistical account of the parish, especially as the rev. statish appears to have rightly appreciated the other antiquities of the district. Equally strange does it seem that every reminiscence of the heraldic splendour of a fabric which may be reasonably supposed to have been entire for nearly half a century after it was so strikingly characterised, in 1722, by Nisbet, should be altogether blotting out of "the memory of the oldest inhabitants," several of whose sires lived to the age of ninety, and whose distinct recollections must consequently have included all the changes that had occurred in so sequestered a locality during the latter half of the bygone century.

Afraid of occupying a larger space than you can well spare, or that the importance of the subject may seem to warrant, I will not at present further detain you. I cannot withdraw, however, before expressing the hope that this communication may meet the eye of some votary of heraldry—the graceful and lordly science—some "Pilgrim in Scotland," or other antiquary conversant with the topography and history of the ancient baronial mansions in the southern section of the kingdom. Should it be attended with the desired results, I need scarcely add that I shall feel not a little indebted to my very obliging informant.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,
W. D.

Grangevale, 24th January, 1848.

ORIGINAL OF SAN-SON-SEAL.

THERE is an estate in the county of Berwick which bears the name of San-son-seal. It lies four or five miles from Berwick-upon-Tweed—the mansion standing on an elevated situation, and commanding an admirable prospect of the country to the south and west. The name is so peculiar and odd, that its derivation became a subject of interest and inquiry. Some folks said *San-son-seal* was a corruption of *Sans Souci*, and there was such an appearance of reality about the conjecture, that with many persons it passed current.

In the *Retours*, however, we find that Rocheid of Inverleith was served as heir to his father, Sir James Rocheid, (December 8, 1698,) in various lands in the Mearns, amongst which were "Samsones Coals," in the parish of Duns. On the 8th November, 1699, Sir Francis Kinloch of Gilmerton, Baronet, was served heir to his father, Sir Francis Kinloch of Gilmerton, in the lands of Samsoneswells, *alias* Englishwells, and other lands in Berwickshire. Playfair, as usual, blunders by calling the father and son Alexander in place of Francis. The founder of the family was a tailor, and by dabbling in city politics, he became Lord Provost, and was made a Baronet.

In the *Chartulary of Dryburgh*, printed by Mr Spottiswode for the Bannatyne Club, there occurs a charter by Henry "filius *Sampsonis de Logis*," to the canons of Dryburgh, officiating in the

church of Childinchurch, "in villa de Samsonchelis," of a loft and croft there. This document is granted before 1300. Various very curious ancient charters relative to gifts in Samsonchelis occur in the same volume. But the original of Samson-seal can now be satisfactorily traced. This Sampson had large estates in the Mearns, and at the time of the charter Samsonchelis was evidently in Scotland. Strange to say, it is now, or at least one portion of it, included (though north the Tweed) within the liberties of Berwick, and is consequently in England.

**LETTER FROM LORD BINNING AND
SIR GIDEON MURRAY TO JAMES VI.,
RELATIVE TO THE STATE OF THE WEST HIGHLANDS.**

Most gracious Soverane

As yor. matie. was pleased to command Sir Gideon Murray and me, we have divers tymes dealt with the schiref of Forrest for renunciatioun of his heritable office, and I have assured him that yor. matie. wald not mak the converting of the halding of his lands from waird to blench ane pairt of his satisfacioun, bot wald rather content him with money nor yeild to ane preparatiue which might incourage vthers to importune yor. matie. with sutes for such conversions, which yor. matie. was resolu'd not to grant, and so haveing vsed the best reasons we could to perswade him to be content with ane reasonable pryce, we have with difficultie broucht him to accept of tuintie thousand merkis, and told him that he had not to expect payment of the whole, bot be portious at such termes as the great burdingis of yor. maties. coffers might permit, and to move him to this have promised humble to request yor. matie. to grant him the fie of fyve hundredth punds, quhilk he hes for his service as one of the Commissioners of the middle schires converted in ane lyferent pensoun vpon condition that he sould serve now and in all tyme cumming quhen thair sould be vse of such service during his life, we have thought that his satisfacioun might be the better performed with tyme, that sex thousand punds is saved of the precept of thre thousand pund sterling grantit to the lord Gray for his schirefschip, and that the ease of his pryce might be ane argument to bring vthers who might be heirefter dealt with for renunciation of the lik offices to be content with moderat satisfacioun. If yor. matie. allow of this appoyntment, it may please yor. matie. to signe and send downe to ws the precept sent heirwith for his payment and the signator of his pension.

Maister Thomas Knox brought ane Commission to Cole Makgillespik quhilk requyres to be renewed, becaus the former wanted the prouisioun for consent of the officers. It is to be suspected that the counsell will think the exemple preiudicial if he obtaine remissioun without caution for asserving the peace in tyme cumming, and for his comperance before the counsell quhen he salbe cited, becaus the Makgregours and all vther notable rebels of the hielands have bene bund to that assurance of thair obedience. Bot if yor. matie. intend to grant him remission without that suretie, it seemes expedient that yor. matie. signifie yor. expres pleasn. be yor. lre. to counsell for that effect.

The way to bring Jura and Colonsie to yor. maties. possession can not be so summurle and ordourlie as be signifieing yor. royall pleasour to Sr. George Erskin, who hes the richt and possession of those lles be yor. maties. gift to him of the erle Argyles liferent, and becaus small beginnings of discontent in that barbarous cuntrie may breid more tumult nor the profit of so much land may import the gude of any who may mak sute to yor. matie. for any of these two lles, it appeires convenient that yor. matie. command the counsell so to deal with any who sall crave that benefite as all occasion of trouble may be prevented, which we humbly submit to yor. maties. most excellent iudgment, and praying god long to preserve yor. maties. most humble faithfull and bund servants. Sic subscribitur.

Binning.

S. G. Murray.

Ed. 18 Merche.

In dorso. by the Lord Binning.

Copie. My letter to his Maiestie anent the pryce of the schiref of the Forests office, his pension. Cole Macgillespiks remission. Jura and Colonsie. *

[Sir Gideon Murray was, according to Scot of Scotstarvet, used so ill by James VI. that he died of absolute want. He married Margaret Pentland, a miller's daughter, and was father of the first Lord Elibank.]

**SOME ACCOUNT OF MR ANDREW ROSSE,
PROFESSOR OF HUMANITY IN GLASGOW COLLEGE,
IN A LETTER FROM JAMES ANDERSON,
THE ANTIQUARY, TO A FRIEND IN LONDON.**

I had yours of the third of June, which was extremely acceptable, and I would have answered it long before, if I had had any thing worth troubling you by post. But having the occasion of a worthy friend of mine coming up to London, who earnestly desires to be introduced to the honour of your acquaintance, I greedily embraced the opportunity of giving you this trouble.

The bearer of this is Mr Andrew Ross, Professor of Humanity in the College of Glasgow, a gentleman that understands the busines of his profession extremely well, and comes up during the vacation to converse with learned men, and observe what may be of use to his native country in the method of teaching humanity in England. He will not be the less acceptable to you that he is a relation of my Lord Rosse your acquaintance, and I perswade myself that you will introduce him to the learned gentlemen of your acquaintance at London, and give him your kind assistance to get into conversation with them. This I can say for him, that he is of that ingenuous disposition that neither he nor I shall ever be able to make any return for your favour, and I am perswaded he will never forget yours: as for myself, I am so far in your debt, that you know its long since I have almost given over acknowledgements—tho' I shall never want the kindest remittments, and your kindnes to my friend will add to my score.

* Haddington Papers.

I have been for a month confined to my home with a fitt of the Seatick, which has laid me by from publick work, and the present pain I am under hinders me from writing to you at the length I would on the unhappy confusions in Glasgow, of which by the accounts I see in the London prints, I see very unjust and false representations have come up.

In a very few words, you shall have the view I have of the present state of things among us, in which I am troubled exceedingly with [the] ill effects of the severitys used, to the discontentment and souring of the king's friends in the west country, which is greater at present than ever I saw it since the happy revolutions.

You know, Sir, how heavy a burden the malt tax is upon Scotland, and the west in a particular manner, and to let you see the inequality in this twixt Scotland and England, and consequently how far its contrary to our stipulated union, I shall only observe what I am informed of by very good hands, that the malt tax in England is calculat at seven hundred thousand pound sterling yearly, and the excise at two million one hundred thousand pounds. In Scotland, the excise is calculat at five thousand five hundred pound, and the malt tax, tho' said to be twenty thousand pound, yet is really at 3s a bushel, fully fifty-five thousand pound.

[Rosse married Margaret Brown, sister of James Brown of Monkton Mains. They had, at least, one son, William, who was alive in 1750.]

THE LIFE OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.*

[From the 'Inverness Courier.']

A new life of Shakespeare, filling 336 large pages, will surprise many readers. A few facts and dates make up the sum of our knowledge respecting the personal history of the great poet. We know, as Steevens said, that he was born at Stratford-upon-Avon—that he married and had children there—went to London, where he commenced actor, and wrote poems and plays—returned to Stratford, made his will, died, and was buried. No familiar letter, diary, or manuscript, has cast up—no contemporary has given us a detailed account of his character or habits, or the incidents of his career. We have no picture of his everyday life—how he looked, spoke, and walked about, discharging the ordinary duties of mortality. To us the greatest of human beings seems "solitary in the midst of his vast sympathies"—a mortal less distinct and palpable than the most imperfect of his own creations. No industry has been spared to dissipate this cloud of oblivion. Critics and antiquaries have toiled for fully a century to excavate facts and illustrations; some hundred volumes at least have been published in England alone, to elucidate Shakespeare; and a society has been formed for the express purpose of aiding inquiry. The cottage in which he is supposed to have been born, has been preserved to the nation at a

cost of £3000, and the bare signature of his name—an indistinct autograph—was eagerly bought up for about £150. His fame has become a source of national idolatry, as lofty and more secure than the constitution in Church and State! Such is the destiny of genius—the early obscurity of the man, and the ultimate glory of the poet! Of late years, Mr Collier and Mr Charles Knight have been the most distinguished and indefatigable of the Shakespearian commentators. The former has added considerably to our stock of minute facts, and enabled us more accurately to fix the dates of several of the plays. He appears to have devoted his whole life to the subject, and is deeply read in our Elizabethan literature. The new adventurer before us, Mr Halliwell, is also a keen and devoted inquirer. He seems to plume himself chiefly on his knowledge of ancient records, and he revels among Latin documents, chamberlains' accounts, and old legal papers. Nothing has been copied, he says, which will not bear the test of the strictest examination, and he boasts of being able to produce many particulars never before published. The work scarcely realises this promise. Collier and the Shakespeare Society have indicated nearly all his discoveries. Some facts, however, are certainly new, and the old ones are fully traced and presented in a more unquestionable shape. Legal documents and entries in public registers are given at length, with strict and literal accuracy, and the Record Offices in London have been diligently explored. It was known, for example, that Shakespeare's purchase of New Place (his residence in Stratford) was made about the year 1597, but none of his biographers seem to have been aware that the exact date could be ascertained in the Chapter House at Westminster. Mr Halliwell goes there and inspects the "Index Finium," where he finds (from "the foot of the fine levied on that occasion") that Shakespeare bought New Place of William Underhill in the Easter term, 39 Elizabeth, 1597, for the sum of £60. [In the days of Elizabeth, £60 was equal to £300 of our present money.] He has also made the history of Shakespeare's father much more clear and intelligible, and he proves (what Mr Knight denied) that John Shakespeare, though once High Bailiff of the burgh, and even appointed to audit the corporation accounts, could not sign his name. The poet's mother—gentle Mary Arden, an heiress—was in the same predicament. "Dost thou use to write thy name," asks Jack Cade, "or hast thou a mark to thyself, like an honest plain-dealing man?" The Clerk answers, "I thank God I have been so well brought up that I can write my name." The High Bailiff of Stratford and his wife had not been so well brought up, but they had secured this advantage for their immortal son. Mr Halliwell shows that John Shakespeare got into heavy difficulties—that he was constantly suing or pursued for debt—that one day a *capias* was issued against him, and on another occasion a return was given in that he had no goods on which distraint could be made; while in 1587 mention is made of his producing a writ of habeas corpus, whence we may conclude that he was imprisoned for debt. "When we compare these facts with the probable date of

* The Life of William Shakespeare, including Many Particulars Respecting the Poet and his Family never before published. By JAMES ORCHARD HALLIWELL, F.R.S., &c. London: J. R. Smith.

Shakespeare's removal to London, it will be found to raise a strong probability in favour of the supposition that the circumstances of the family had some relation with that important step in the poet's life." Mr Halliwell is right. The embarrassments of the family, and not the deer-stealing adventure at Sir Thomas Lucy's (though, like Mr H., we believe that this tradition, supported by allusions in the poet's dramas, to be well-founded), were the principal cause of Shakespeare's removal to London. There, his follies ended, his course of glory began.

"The strawberry grows underneath the nettle,
And wholesome berries thrive and ripen best
Neighbour'd by fruit of baser quality;
And so the prince obscured his contemplation
Under the veil of wildness."—HENRY V.

Amidst all his troubles, lawsuits, and mortgages, John Shakespeare contrived to keep his two small freehold tenements in Henley Street, about which we have heard so much lately. Mr Halliwell enables us to say almost with certainty that Shakespeare really was born in the house still shown as his birth-place. His father is proved to have lived there previous to his marriage, as early as 1552—twelve years before the poet's birth—and in 1597 he is still found in possession of the same premises, which, on his death, in 1601, descended to his son, and are mentioned in his will. The case is clearer than most antiquarian pedigrees or details! The small dwelling is now secure, and will be preserved for future generations. After Shakespeare's retirement to Stratford, little more than forty years of age, and apparently with an income of about £1500 per annum (according to the present value of money), we find him looking diligently after his estate. He was not wholly engrossed by "thoughts that wander through eternity." His lease of the tithes (for which he paid £440) brought him in sixty pounds of annual rent; he had also 107 acres of arable land (which he purchased for £320), and when certain enclosures were talked of that would have affected the value of his possessions, the poet set energetically to work to defeat the measure. Nothing was too minute for his attention. At one time he sells a load of stone, and at another he brings an action against a man for £1, 15s. 10d., for malt sold and delivered to him at several times. A certain John Addenbrooke is due to him a small debt, and the burgh officer returning that Addenbrooke was not to be found, Shakespeare proceeds against a person of the name of Horneby, who had become bail for the defendant. No trifling or "humbbug" with the wealthy laird of New Place! In 1614—two years before his death—he is found entertaining a preacher! The Stratford Chamberlain records as follows:—"Item, for one quart of sack and one quart of claret wine given to a preacher at New Place xrd." The poet-player had given lodging to the minister, and the Town Council had sent wine to cheer him. Shakespeare's family, it is well known, after his death, adhered to the Puritanical party in the Church, and this preacher was probably some zealous missionary who had paid a visit to Stratford. What a pity that the preacher did not turn scribe, and set down how Shakespeare received him, and what

they talked about over the sack and claret. A theological discussion, with Shakespeare as one of the interlocutors, well reported, would be worth all the prelections of a presbytery or even a synod! The only other novelty in Mr Halliwell's work is a copy of the will of Richard Hathaway, father of the poet's wife. It is dated the year before Anne's marriage, but no notice of her is found in the document. The old yeoman leaves portions of exactly £6, 13s. 4d. each to three daughters, a like sum to three sons, and his eldest son is to have a portion of his farm "to be a guide to his mother in her husbandry, and also a comfort unto his brethren and sisters." The testator also directs that two beds in his parlour shall continue and stand unremoved during the natural life or widowhood of his wife, and the natural lives of his two eldest sons, "and the longest liver of them." In the old cottage at Shottery, an antique carved bedstead is still shown as a relic, and may be one of those about which Richard Hathaway was so solicitous. Time has laid his hand slightly on some of the Shakespeare haunts and homes! From an inventory of the effects of another yeoman at Shottery (one of the bondsmen of Shakespeare's marriage license), we learn that five cows, three heifers, and a bullock were valued at £10; four horses and mares are set down at £2; and six score and ten sheep are valued at £12. The wearing apparel of this "substantial farmer" was estimated at *ten shillings*, and he had "painted cloths," or pictures, in his chamber, which the valuers rated at just two shillings! Other glimpses of those old and simple times are supplied by our author, from wills and inventories; but we have already exceeded our limits. One feeling has been strongly impressed upon us in going over these documents and details, and it must recur to every reader—the feeling of surprise and wonder that we should find a being like Shakespeare, towering in transcendent genius over all his contemporaries, the highest of human intellects, familiar with every change of many-coloured life, and every passion and faculty of our nature, thus springing from a rude and simple people, from parents utterly unlettered, amidst humble associates, yeomen and husbandmen, with little education and few opportunities for study, yet intuitively, as it were, acquiring all knowledge, and unconsciously earning immortality. With prudence equal to his genius, we find him amassing a large fortune, and in the vigour of manhood returning to his simple companions and his native town (then little more than a village), where he cultivates his estate as assiduously as he ever did his talents—now writing a scene of *Macbeth* or the *Tempest*, and now collecting his rents, selling malt or corn, or prosecuting a refractory debtor; till at length, in his fifty-third year, leaving his works to the care of themselves, as if he had done all he wished to accomplish, he makes his will, and is gathered to his fathers. Never was there such a prodigy in life or literature—such an unequivocal instance of direct inspiration—such an example of his own maxim—

"There's a divinity doth shape our ends,
Rough-hew them as we will."

If Mr Halliwell's work comes to a second edition,

we would counsel him to look sharply after his printer. In one place we have a small Italic "*li*," where we should obviously have an *s*, thus converting shillings into pounds; and in two other places a *d* is substituted for an *l*, making a thousand pounds a-year only a thousand pence. He should also strike out "the dark eyebrow of Anne Hathaway, a lovely maiden," &c., seeing that neither her husband nor any one else has told us of her eyebrows or her loveliness, and all we know of the lady is found in legal records and on her tombstone. At the end of his long law papers, subsidy rolls, precepts, and deeds of settlement, it would be well if our author added a brief intelligible summary of their contents, for the meaning is often hid in antiquated or technical phraseology, and can only be extracted after considerable labour. We may add, that the numerous woodcuts and *fac-similes* in this work, from drawings by Mr Fairholt, are beautifully executed.

THE "DEIL'S CRADLE."

ON the confines of the parish of Dollar, not far from Hillfoot, the seat of John M'Arthur Moir, Esq., lies a glen, called Burngrens, watered by a small stream, and planted with numerous large trees. A great number of these, however, have fallen, during the last few years, beneath the unsparing axe; but strong, healthy saplings are rising rapidly to supply their place. In this glen there is a large stone, of peculiar formation, in every way like a cradle. It is currently believed by the superstitious in the vicinity, that the stone, every Hallowe'en night, is raised from its place, and suspended in the air by some unseen agency, while "Old Sandy," snugly seated upon it, is swung backwards and forwards by his adherents, the witches, until daylight warns them to decamp. The following rather curious affair is told in connection with the "Cradle:"

One Hallowe'en night a young man, who had partaken somewhat freely of the intoxicating cup, boasted before a few of his companions that he would, unaccompanied, visit the stone. Providing himself with a bottle, to keep his courage up, he accordingly set out. The distance not being great, he soon reached his destination. After a lusty pull at the bottle, he sat down upon the "Cradle," boldly determined to dispute the right of possession, should his Satanic majesty appear to claim his seat. Every rustle of a leaf, as the wind moaned through the glen, seemed to our hero as announcing the approach of the enemy, and occasioned another application to fortifying "bauld John Barleycorn." Overpowered at last by repeated potatoes, our hero, dreaming of "Auld Nick," and his cohort of "rigwuddie hags," fell sound asleep upon the stone. His companions, who had followed him, now came forward. With much shouting and noise, they laid hold of him, one by the head and another by the feet, and carrying him, half-awake, to the burn, dipped him repeatedly, accompanying each immersion with terrific yells. The poor fellow, thinking a whole legion of devils were about him, was almost frightened to death, and roared for mercy so piteously that his tormentors thought proper

to desist. No sooner had our hero gained his feet than he rushed up the glen, and ran home, resolving never to drink more, or attempt such a feat again. For many a long day he was ignorant who his tormentors really were.

We stood upon the stone about a week ago. Ivy and moss are slowly mantling over it, a proof that it is some considerable time since the Devil has been rocked on it.

13, Dalrymple Place.

J. C.

MASONS' STRIKE IN 1764.

IN these days of Trades Unions and "Strikes," the following account of a combination among the masons in 1764, especially as it embodies some interesting facts relative to the trade in bygone times, may not be unacceptable to our readers:

"In the beginning of July, the journeymen masons in and about Edinburgh, entered into a combination not to work, unless their wages should be augmented, from a merk Scots a-day in summer, and 10d. in winter, their present wages, to 15d. in summer, and 12d. in winter. This resolution they communicated to their masters on Saturday, July 7; and their demand not having been complied with, they left off work on Monday the 9th. On the 16th they published an advertisement in the newspapers, offering to serve the lieges in mason-work at the wages above demanded, independent of the masters; and on the 17th, a petition in their behalf was given in to the magistrates and council, representing: That, notwithstanding the increase of the expence of living, their wages have not been increased for a hundred years past: That they do not mean, by a general association, or obstinate refusal to work, to distress the lieges, or their masters, and force them to comply with an unreasonable demand; for that many of the petitioners have got, and all the subscribers have been offered, and can get, the wages now demanded, if they will leave the city, and go to work in any other place in Scotland; but having an attachment to the city, by family-connections, and other engagements, they would rather continue in it upon reasonable encouragement, than remove: adding, That they do not propose the wages now asked should be a general rule, being willing to agree, both now and in time coming, that none should be entitled to them but skilful and experienced journeymen, certified to be so by two master masons of Edinburgh; and they craved such relief as to the magistrates and council should seem meet. The petition was subscribed by twenty-six journeymen masons. It was remitted by the council to the magistrates.

Answers were given in for the master masons in and about the city, on the 20th, signed by fourteen of them, by authority of the whole; in which they represent: That circular letters were wrote on Friday, July 6, and distributed next day to most of the masters in or about the city, which contained these words: "We petition for 1s. 3d. per day in summer, and 1s. in winter, regular payment. This we expect none of you will refuse, as the demand is so reasonable. We are all positive to set work in town and suburbs, if you deny

this petition, on Monday the 9th current : for we have all unanimously agreed to this by subscription :” That to this the masters made no reply ; nor did they take any step upon it, other than at a meeting to resolve not to heighten the wages : That a compliance with the present demand would be of ill tendency with respect to other artificers, as appears in some measure already, the journeymen wrights having intimated to their masters on Saturday last, that they are to stop work on Monday next, if their wages are not augmented : That it cannot be known where such demands will end, nor can there be any security against a demand of a second and third augmentation, when the journeymen think proper : That within memory, masons wages were from 7d. to a merk a-day, according as they deserved ; and that they then began work at five o’clock in the morning ; whereas now they do not begin till six, their stated hours being from six to six, of which time one hour is allowed for breakfast, and another for dinner ; but that several other trades work much later : and, That as the journeymen have confessedly entered into a combination, they have plainly transgressed the law ; and therefore, in place of meriting a reward, they have exposed themselves to punishment.

Replies were given in for the journeymen on the 28th, in which they seem inclined to deny (though but faintly) their having wrote and circulated such a letter as that quoted by the masters ;—they endeavour to retort the charge of a combination, alleging, that the masters have combined not to give them reasonable wages ;—they say, that the only security against future demands must be the rate of vivres, according to which wages ought to be ruled ;—and in reply to an allegation of the masters, that higher wages would not be given any where else in Scotland, they produced a letter from a town in the west of Scotland, dated July 17, the third day after the advertisement appeared in the papers, offering the wages demanded, and desiring ten or twelve good masons to be sent thither.

Judgment was given on the 15th August, viz. “ The Lord Provost and Magistrates having considered this petition, with answers and replies, find the methods taken by the journeymen masons to obtain redress of the grievances complained of, to be illegal, tumultuous, and unwarrantable : and in respect thereof, refuse the petition ; and find, that the petitioners are bound to work to the freemen master masons for such wages as the said masters shall think reasonable, agreeable to use and wont.”

LETTER

FROM MISA ANTHROPOS COCALOO BEY,
MAJOR-DOMO TO HIS IMPERIAL HIGHNESS, TO HIS
FRIEND AND BROTHER STAR, MUSTAPHA SOPRANO
BEG, CHIEF OF THE EUNUCHS, &c. &c. &c.

Edinburgh, May, 1833.

Dearest Mustapha,—Thou wilt doubtless be delighted to learn that thy friend has at length put a prosperous determination to his journey. After making numerous escapes from imminent perils and dangers, and suffering all pangs and

tortures of sea-sickness, all of which, thou being no mariner, must necessarily be incomprehensible to thee, for which reason I will not trouble thee with a detail of them.

Thou art already sufficiently aware, most illustrious guardian of the harem, that the object of my peregrination hither was to study the manners, literature, and laws of these infidels. Under the head manners, I shall offer you some remarks on their architecture and religion ; and of the first of these, I luckily can speak with some confidence, as I happen at present to be resident in that part of the kingdom which they themselves have agreed to denominate the City of Palaces, though—would you believe it, O Mustapha ?—there is but one palace in the whole city, and that so far from being occupied, has never even been seen by their King ! But this is but one of the least remarkable follies and absurdities of the extraordinary people among whom I sojourn. The first thing that strikes a stranger, O faithful and believing Musselman, is the extreme indelicacy of the women. Thou wilt shudder no doubt, my friend, when I tell thee that they run wild about the streets, with their faces exposed to the vulgar gaze ; and so far are they from shrinking from it, that they most cunningly court observation by every artifice. You may suppose that they are only the aged and ugly who are thus permitted to run wild ; but how surprized art thou, when I declare to thee, that the houris, who are promised as a reward to the followers of the Prophet, can scarce exceed them in loveliness. No one of these infidels ever think of taking more than a single individual wife, nor does he place her under any particular restraint ; in short, women in this country are left to follow the dictates of their inclination (for discretion they can possess in no country,) from their youth upwards. True it is, that they are placed at seminaries during their nonage, where some degree of control is exercised over them, by aged matrons, commonly called “ boarding-school mistresses ”—an office the exact functions of which I have not as yet fully ascertained, but one of high honour and trust no doubt, and I should imagine obtained only as a reward for a life exemplary for virtue, and what such barbarians may deem propriety and decorum. I must not neglect, O star of Ishmailism, to inform thee in this place, that I expect to gain admission into one of these magazines of beauty. The data on which thy friend finds this sanguine hope are as follows :—Whilst one lovely evening I wandered along the streets and walks of the “ city of palaces,” (as I have told thee they designate this “ Modern Athens,”) admiring their width and the beauty of the squares, I accordingly came to an open gate leading into a public garden, with one of which each square is adorned—I entered, and found myself at once separated from the bustle of the streets, and in comparative solitude. Here, my friend, my thoughts were all on you, and on the lovely Ida whom I resigned to thy faithful guardianship : and let me entreat of you, as you regard the honour of your friend, that you will never suffer that sunbeam of brightness, whom I love as the kernel of my eye, to approach a window that o’erlooks a public garden. But to re-

turn: As I roamed along the winding paths, and strayed among the verdant shrubberies of the place, inhaling the fragrant habitus of its flowery beds, my ears were saluted by the sound of three gentle claps of the hand, succeeded by such a cough as a person utters wishing to attract attention; I raised my head, and looking in the direction whence the sound proceeded, I beheld two lovely hours kissing their hands to me; I returned the salute, and then, shading my forehead with my hands, bowed to the earth.

One of these fair ones was of what an Asiatic may consider a novel style of beauty; her hair was of a crimson red, her face studded with brownish freckles, her teeth projecting, and, as I have since ascertained, she has a peculiar hobble, or halt, in her walk;—all these may be, most illustrious Mustapha, deformities in your estimation, but in mine, they render Maria more interesting than she otherwise would be. The other houri had lovely tresses hanging on each side of her face in graceful ringlets, which were agitated occasionally by the evening breeze, which freely entered at the open casement. Her eyes were dark and sparkling. * * * I dare not, for my Ida's sake, say more. Beautiful as these infidel maidens were, she my first love reigns still supreme in the heart of Misa. One of them held a folded paper in her hand; I judged it to be a letter, and approaching the window, received the darling token as it fell. Again I bowed to the earth. What the epistle contained, my friend, is more than I may venture at present to tell thee; but on its contents are founded all my hopes of obtaining admission to this seminary, of which I may probably give thee a more full account at a future period. You may wonder, O Mustapha Soprano Beg, how thy friend should have proved an object of attraction to these wild infidel maidens, but no doubt from my turban (which the Holy Prophet forbid that I should ever relinquish) and my Turkish costume, they took me for some great and powerful plenipotentiary. Meantime, my friend, farewell, and of thee and of Ida ever are the thoughts and dreams of

MISA ANTHROPOS.

THE SUPPRESSED NUMBER OF THE "CENSEUR"—(1815).

THE political articles which caused the suppression of the *Censeur*, by the police of Paris, have been republished in this country. The following extracts will show the just boldness with which the work was written, and to those who take a right view of Buonaparte's character, sufficiently account for its suppression by the satellities of that ruler.

When discussing the question "whether Buonaparte, after his forfeiture, abdication, and the establishment of the Bourbon Government, retained his rights to the empire," the editor has the following striking remarks: "When the coalesced armies entered Paris, the French were reduced to such a state of oppression, degradation, and misery, that they did not at first feel the humiliation of the presence of their enemies in the bosom of the capital. The Imperial Government, which had so long oppressed them, fell to pieces, and

they witnessed its fall with unanimous joy. The old republicans, even the voters, who had every thing to fear from the return of the Bourbons, participated in this respect the feelings of their fellow citizens.

"One of the latter, who has never been accused of baseness or flattery, wrote as follows:—'The return of the Bourbons produced universal enthusiasm in France; they were received with inexpressible effusion of heart; the old republicans sincerely partook in the transports of common joy. Napoleon had so greatly oppressed them in particular, and all classes of society had suffered so much, that not a person was to be found who was not actually in ecstasy.'—*Memoir of M. Carnot*.

"In proclaiming, therefore, the downfall of the Imperial Government, the Senate and Legislative body were merely the organ of the public opinion; and it was perhaps the first time, during twelve years, that they came to a deliberation, conformable to the wish of their fellow citizens. If then, it is true, as the Council of State asserts, that the sovereign right is in the people, it is incontestable that the Imperial Government was legitimately overturned.

"For the rest, it is utterly indifferent whether Napoleon did or did not abdicate—whether his abdication was free or compelled; for, if it is pretended that a government, after having destroyed or attempted to destroy all the guarantees stipulated for by the people who trusted in it, cannot be overturned except by its own consent, it must be allowed that Louis XVI. had, till the last, possession of the crown of France, and transmitted it to his surviving relations."

The passage which seems to have given most offence to Buonaparte's government has been already inserted in the papers.—It says: "France does not belong, either to the soldiers, or to the inhabitants on the road from Cannes to Paris, or to coalesced armies. If a fraction of the people may dispose of the crown, soon will that happen to us which happened to the Roman people after the reign of their first Emperors: we shall have no chief but a soldier, and the reigning family will have their throats cut, as soon as they cease to please the satellities by whom they are surrounded."

There is also a very spirited article on the convocation of the Electoral Colleges in the *Champ de Mai*. The author, after reproaching the adoption of such means as fanatical songs, puerile declamations, and other revolutionary parades, where the object should be to establish a solid security of rights, and after a passing sarcasm on those haters of feudality, who borrow one of the most pompous forms of the feudal system, proceeds to ask how an immense multitude of 8 or 10 thousand individuals, can enter into a regular discussion and deliberation on matters of the most serious import; how the speaker is to be heard, how suggestions, doubts, and amendments, are to be communicated? After ridiculing some mechanical expedient which it seems has been tried for carrying the voice from one extremity to the other of this assembly, he concludes with expressing his fear that this assembly is collected for no other object but to display an imposing exhibition.

There is a postscript which contains two passages which must have been peculiarly unpalatable to Buonaparte. The first is as follows:—"The order of the Extinguisher having fallen at the same time as the order of the Lily, would it not be possible to replace it by another, which, being no less advantageous to the progress of darkness, would be still more analogous to circumstances? It appears to us that the order of the *Sabre* would evidently have this double advantage."

The last passage is important, and conveys a valuable lesson to those Frenchmen who have for twenty years been stunning, and would still stun Europe, with their barbarous cries about glory:—

"What is glory? A lion, who makes all other animals tremble, is he glorious? A wretched people, which knows not how to govern itself, and which can only inspire its neighbours with hatred or terror, is that a glorious people? If glory is really and exclusively the lot of men who have done good to their fellow-men, what is the precise amount to which the glory of a conquering people is reduced? Is bravery, considered in itself and abstractedly from all moral virtue, an estimable quality? Does he, who braves death, without benefit to his fellow-creatures, merit the esteem of mankind? Does he merit esteem, who braves the traveller to plunder him of his money? Or he who braves the ocean to make slaves, or braves armies to reduce nations to servitude? These are questions which we give up to the meditation of those journalists who are incessantly prating to us about the brave and bravery."

HYDROSCOPY, OR WATER-FINDING.

[Extract of a letter from Charles de Salis, Esq., at St Trone, near Marseilles, to his brother the Rev. Mr de Salis, in England, dated June 17, 1772.]

A boy here of twelve years of age has the faculty of discovering water under ground. This gift of his was discovered about a year ago in the following manner. He was standing at work by his father, who was digging, and on a sudden called out, "Do not dig too deep, or the water will appear." The man had the curiosity to dig about three feet deep, and found a considerable spring. This singular thing being known in the province, several people of distinction, who wanted water on their estates, sent for him. Amongst others, Mons. Borelle sent for him to an estate of his, where, according to tradition, there had been three springs. The boy, without hesitation, carried him to every one of them. Mons. de Bompert, commander of the squadron at Toulon, sent for him to a house of his near the town; Mons. de Bompert was so convinced of the boy's skill, that he immediately fell to work, and has succeeded. At a house which the Duke de Villars lived in, some of the water-conduits under it were choked up; and as the direction of them was not known, they, to save the expense of taking up the floors, sent for the boy; who, on being carried to the spot, pointed to the place, and said, "Here the conduit begins, and goes in such a direction," &c.—So much upon the relation of others, now for what I have seen myself. There was a neighbour of mine as curious as myself to find out whether this boy had

really such a gift. We agreed to put water in a large earthen pan, hermetically covered with another, and then place it in a hole two feet under ground, in a vineyard that had been lately tilled. In order that no body should inform him of it, at night we dug the hole ourselves, then covered it over, and smoothed the ground for twenty feet round. This we did in two places. The boy arrived next morning, and we took him about the country to show his skill. He went before us alone, with his hands in a short waistcoat, and stopped short whenever he found water, spoke of it, and followed to the spring-head. Little by little we brought him to where the water was hid; and I never was so astonished in my life as to see him go out of the way, stamp upon the spot, and say, "There is water here, but it does not run." The earth was removed, and the pan found directly under. We took him by the second place, which he also discovered; but was angry at being deceived. He then found out a large spring near my neighbour's house, which he was greatly in want of for an oil-mill he has there.

London, Aug. 1772.

SIR,—the purpose of my writing to you is, to confirm the credibility of the letter from Charles de Salis, Esq.; relative to discovering water under ground. In Portugal there are many who possess the same power. I cannot aver to have been a witness myself, but have my information from gentlemen of undoubted veracity, and in particular from Mr Warre, brother-in-law to the consul, and Mr John Olive, of Oporto. I was at Mr Olive's some days after he had obtained water for his gardens, by the means of a water-finder, who, Mr Olive assured me, had not only pointed out the particular spot he should dig, but described the nature and colour of the soil, pointed out the different windings the workmen should follow, the vein as there, and at what depth they would meet with rock or stock; how many inches they might penetrate, and the quantity of water; and even cautioned them not to exceed a certain depth, which he described, or they would be overflowed. Mr Olive had the precaution, before he ventured on the undertaking, to employ a second person, who had the same faculty; who did not differ a palm (nine inches) from the spot the other had acquainted him he would find the water.

I cannot omit mentioning a circumstance, which shews the peculiarity of the disposition, as well as the extraordinary faculty of these people. If you intimate your design, or directly desire them to find out water, they will refuse; but if you walk with them, as by accident, in your garden, and casually ask if there is any water, and what depth, the water-finder strides over it with attention, like a person measuring the ground by steps; and, after a pause of a few minutes, will give you an account. These water-finders are of the lowest class, ignorant, illiterate, and indigent; and, though a vice not common in Portugal, are drunkards. This extraordinary faculty descends from father to son. It is supposed they acquire their knowledge from strength of sight, for which the Portuguese are remarkable, and an habitual observation of the vapours of the earth.

Varieties.

THE PRINTING-HOUSE OF BODONI.—From a catalogue of books made in 1798, by the unrivalled and justly celebrated Parmesan printer Bodoni, we see that all the publications which had issued from his presses, till that year, were 97 Italian, 24 Latin, 21 Greek, 12 French, 7 English, and one Spanish, in different sizes, from 18mo. to the largest imperial folio; and either on superfine, or wove, or vellum paper. The Italian are republications of known works; with the exception of one new work, the biographical memoirs of the celebrated Piedmontese historian, the Abbe Denina, which will certainly prove curious and interesting to all readers. We have also found among the Latin, a life of Petrarch, by the learned and elegant living latinist Fabroni, the author of the excellent and voluminous work entitled, *Vita Italorum Doctrina excellentium.* And among the French, it is curious that there are no less than four editions of different sizes, and on different papers, of *'La Religion Vengée.'* a poem, by the late Cardinal de Bernis. Besides all the above mentioned editions, we also find in the catalogue 29 works printed on vellum, and 5 on silk. Of the former class there are four different editions of Anacreon, three of Callimachus, three of Tasso, three of Bernis, Cornelius Nepos, Epictetus Græco-Italian, Salust, Virgil, Guarini, Petrarch, Politiano Ruccellai, Tansillo, Savioi, Farini, Cicci, the Castle of Otranto, Camden's Britannia, Thomsons Seasons, and Visconti's description of two Mosaics. Of the latter, Epictetus Greek and Italian, in royal 4to; Politiano's stanzas, small 4to, the Bees of Ruccellai, and the Farm of Tansillo, in the same size; and Tridiodorus, in Greek, small folio.

LIVERPOOL AS IT WAS AND IS.—In 1551 the rental of the Corporation property amounted to only £2, 10s. In 1557 these rents were mortgaged to raise the trifling sum of £20. In 1576 William Dorts was admitted a freeman to this 'poor decayed place' on condition that he would take a house in the town and become a resident, the fees for which were 6d. to the town clerk, and 4d. to the serjeant at peace. The present revenue of Liverpool, from a statement of the last annual accounts, amounts to £122,974, 10s. 6d.

CURIOUS SUICIDE.—An inquest was held on the body of a female who drowned herself in a pond at Combe, Sydenham: nothing appeared to show derangement of intellect on her part, and a verdict of '*felo-de-se*' was recorded. The following letter was written in a religious book in her hand-writing:—"Ellen Saunders is my name, May, 16, 1831. This is to tell you all what is become of me. I was washing of my clothes, and my dear mother came in and pulled me to the ground, and for the same thing I must die. My time is come, and I must depart, and I forgive you all with all my heart. You will all take a pattern by me never to provoke your parent in any degree, for that very thing caused the death of me. My dear George, I give you the key and the box, and all that is in it. So, my dears, farewell. I will bid you a due, and all the world I will leave you.

Mourn not for me, my friends so dear,
For my departure is now best:
The sooner we go from here,
The longer time we have to rest.

"As you are now, so this day was I, as I am now, so you must be. The Lord have mercy upon me!"—She, it appeared, fought with her mother that morning.

INTERMENT OF CHARLES I.—Wednesday, the 7th of February, 1648, the corpse being brought to Windsor Castle, in a hearse, by Mr Murray, the King's coachman, accompanied with the Duke of Richmond and Lenox, the Marquis of Hartford, the Earl of Lindsay, the Earl of Southampton, and Bishop Juxon; and being placed in the Dean's-hall, the aforesaid Lords sent for a plumber, to open the coffin and lead. They being fully satisfied it was the King, his head was sewed to his body. They gave orders to the plumber to cast a piece of lead some two feet long, with this inscription, "This is King CHARLES THE FIRST, 1648," and solder the lead cross the roof of the coffin. This being done, the coffin was nailed up, and remained two days in the hall, being darkened, with a velvet pall and two lighted tapers upon the coffin.

After which time, the corpse was carried, by twelve soldiers of the garrison, into the chapel; the Lords above named bearing up the pall; Bishop Juxon, and the Governor of the Castle, whose name was Whitchot, and the officers of the garrison, with others, following the corpse; which corpse, with the velvet pall, was placed upon two trussels, in a vault, in the middle of the choir, by King Henry VIII. and his Queen Jane. The Governor commanded some of his officers to see the workmen close up the vault. The Governor would not suffer the Bishop to bury the King after the Church of England manner, neither would the Lords allow of his way. There was nothing read at the grave; the Bishop's lips were observed to move. They were all full of tears and sorrow. The soldiers had twelve-pence apiece for carrying the corpse to the grave.—[The foregoing, says the *'Gentleman's Magazine'* of 1772, is "from an ancient manuscript of unquestionable authority. This King's interment, like that of Oliver Cromwel, has been much disputed; and it has never before been authentically proved, that the real body of K. Charles I. was deposited in the Royal Chapel at Windsor."]

SPECIE IN SCOTLAND.—Mr Thomas Ruddiman, in his preface to *'Anderson's Diplomata et Numismata Scotie'*, computes the specie in Scotland at the time of the Union, in 1707, to be £411,117 in silver, about half a million in gold, and £96,000 in copper coin, amounting in all to above a million sterling. A doubt has arisen whether at present, (1772), there is as much specie in Scotland.

THE DANISH EMBASSY—POVERTY OF JAMES VI.—James received a splendid Embassy from Frederic II. King of Denmark, consisting of 120 persons, conveyed in two ships, which was sent under pretence of demanding the restitution of the Orkney Isles, the 50,000 florins they had been mortgaged for not having been paid; but the real design was to give the King an opportunity of proposing an alliance with a daughter of Denmark; but from the artful misrepresentation of the English ambassador, whose mistress did not wish to see the Scottish monarch married, they were so extremely ill-treated, that they were nearly returning to Denmark, full of rage and disappointment; for Mr Wotton had spoken of that court as drunken and contemptible; to the Danes he said James called their sovereign a merchant, so little did his majesty then know of the northern part of Europe. Wotton, also to gain the favour of the ambassadors, offered them, in his mistress' name, money to supply their wants, which the neglect they experienced from his artful management had occasioned; and, to heighten their distrust, he told them that there was a design to prevent their return home, which their disgust induced them to wish, and with menaces of revenge and expressions of hatred to that child of fortune, Arran, the unworthy favourite of James, whom they had remembered a common soldier in Denmark, they were preparing to leave Scotland: happily Melvil, who had travelled, knew the dignity of Frederic, and the value of the alliance, and placed them both in such a point of view to his majesty, that he attempted to regain the good opinion of the ambassadors, by the splendid manner in which he treated them; he drank the healths of the King and Queen, and then theirs; and at parting he did all his poverty would permit, for the Regents had left him no part of the splendid valuables his mother had possessed, and he was necessitated to borrow of Arran a gold chain, weighing fifty-seven crowns: this was obliged to be divided into three parts; fortunately it was a very long one. Softened, but not content, they left Scotland, with only observing at their departure, that the Orkneys would go with one of the Princesses of Denmark. James promised to send ambassadors to Frederic for the obligations he felt for the honour done him, and having distributed his bounty to the Danish sailors, gunners, trumpeters, and musicians, they hoisted sail, and returned to their native shores.

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THE PARISH OF CRUDEN,

IN THE COUNTY OF ABERDEEN.

CRUDEN is situated in the district of Buchan, Presbytery of Ellon, Synod and county of Aberdeen. Its length, from the east, where it meets the parish of Peterhead, to the west, where it meets the parish of Ellon, near the house of Dudwick, is about 11 miles; it is intersected in its extreme length by the turnpike road from Aberdeen to Peterhead. The breadth, at the west end, is about 7 miles; at the east end, about 4 miles. The sea is the boundary along the south side; the parishes of Slains, Logie, Buchan and Ellon, along the west; Old Deer and Longside, along the north, and Peterhead along the east.

Cruden was of old called Invercruden; that is, Cruden, near the mouth of a river, from a rivulet which falls into the sea there. The name is said by some to be derived from *Croch Dain*, *Croja Danorum*; *Croja Dain*, *Crurer Danorum*, or *Crushain*, which, in different languages, denote the slaughter of the Danes here, namely, that under Malcolm III., anno 1059. One of themselves, a poet of their own, says—

"Crush-dain, the field and parish then were styl'd,
Though time and clever tongues the name hath spoil'd."

Others again say, that it was called Cruden, or Cruthen, from its forming part of the ancient Cruthenica, or Pictish kingdom, so called from Cru-then, the first king of the Picts. Its patron saint is St Olaus.

THE BATTLE OF CRUDEN.

This battle was fought on the Links of Cruden, anno 1059, between the Scots, under King Malcolm III., and the Danes, commanded by the Prince Royal. The Danes effected a landing, unmolested, at the Bay of Cruden; but Malcolm having received information of their movements, hastily gathered together such forces as he could, and marched to meet them. Reaching the western boundary of the parish on the evening of the day of their arrival, he bivouacked on the Muir of Cruden, in a concealed part of the hill, yet called the Stable Stank, from the horses and oxen of the Scots standing in it. In the meantime, Malcolm learning that the Danes were far superior to him in point of numbers, had recourse to strategy. Early next morning he caused a quan-

tity of combustible materials to be fixed on the heads and horns of the cattle he had collected, and with this preparation marched against the Danes. He passed quietly across the parish, and reached the Links, where the Danes were encamped. He then placed the oxen in the front of his army, and setting fire to the inflammable matter on their heads, the Scots, with a loud shout, drove them among the Danes.

The invaders being taken unawares, and no doubt fatigued with their voyage, were terrified by the appearance of these flaming and mad enemies, and by the reiterated shouting of the Scots. Nevertheless, they resolved to make head against them, and both armies joined battle with great fury. The fight continued all day, and great numbers were slain on both sides, but neither had any manifest advantage. At last, however, the Danish commander being slain, and the army beginning to give way, the Danes proposed terms of peace. The terms were, "that there should be peace betwixt Scotland and Denmark, during the lives of the then reigning kings; that neither should make war upon the other, nor assist any that should do so. Malcolm was glad to accept of these terms, as, from the courage displayed by the Danes, he was almost on the point of retreating. Both armies proceeded to bury their dead in the Links, the Danish commander being also buried there.*

"King Malcolm having his realm in sicker peace, thoct naothing sae guid as to keep the promis maid to the Danes, and therefor he biggit a ne kirk at Buquhan, dedicat in honor of Olavus, Patron of Norway and Denmark, to be anemoriall that sundrie nobils of Danis were slain there, and buryit.

"In memory thereof the lands that are given to this kirk are called Crowdan, whilk signifies als meikil as the slaughter of the Danis. The kirk was biggit to this effect, and, as oftymes occurris in these partis, was overcastin by a violent blast of sandis. Notwithstanding a ne kirk was biggit efter, with mair magnificence in another place, mair grand. Sundre of the bonis were seen by us schort time afore the making of this buke, mair like giands than common stature of men, thro' whilk it appears that men in auld times heis been of mair stature and quantity than ony men are presently in our days."†

* A few years ago, on the formation of a new road from the Bridge to St James' Chapel, at a deep cutting, many pieces of human bones were found.

† Bellenden.

No vestige of this chapel is now to be seen, but the place is well known. In the present churchyard, which is about a mile to the westward of the place where the old church was, there is a black marble gravestone. It has no inscription on it, but there is a hollow groove in the upper side of it, in which it is supposed that the

"Polished marble once did brightly shine,
Engraved with many a Scandinavian line;
Tradition says it did from Denmark come,
A monument the King sent for his son,"

it being the popular belief that the Crown Prince of Denmark was killed at the battle on the Links of Cruden, and was there buried.

The present parish church was built in 1777, and what is rather singular, all the outer walls, which are of rough ashler work, are built out of one stone, upon which Hallow fires used to be lighted. This stone was situated upon the farm of Aulton, then, from it, called Graystone.

The church accommodation not being sufficient for the population, the church was considerably enlarged in 1834, and is now one of the most commodious churches in the county.

As before stated, the titular saint of Cruden is St Olaus, King of Norway. He passed some time in Germany, England, and Scotland, and made himself acquainted with the arts of navigation and shipbuilding; and in order to promote the commercial intercourse of Norway with other nations, he founded the city of Nidaros, now Drontheim, as an emporium for trade. He had embraced Christianity, and his anxiety to convert his subjects led him into many acts of cruelty. They rebelled against him, anno 1028, and expelled him from the kingdom. He then went into Sweden, and raised an army, with which he returned, hoping to recover his kingdom; but the Danes and Norwegian peasantry met him in the plains of Sticklestadt, where an obstinate battle was fought, in which the King was slain. He was afterwards distinguished as St Olaus, on account of his zeal in the cause of Christianity. There is a fair held annually in Cruden, on the second Tuesday of April, from him called St Olaus' Fair. The Collect for his day, in the Breviary of Aberdeen, page 18, is—"Omnipotens sempiternus Deus, clementiam tuam suppliciter, exoramus ut sicut beatum, Olaus Martyrem mira providentia regem in terris constituisti, catholicum et predicatorem eximium, ita apud tuam misericordiam in coelis, pro nobis facias perpetuam intercessorem, per Dominum nostrum," &c. &c.

The Right Reverend Dr James Drummond, last Bishop of Brechin, built the bridge of Cruden, anno 1690, and is buried in the church. He was consecrated Bishop of Brechin, 25th December, 1684, and continued to hold the bishoprick, until the revolution of 1688 deposed him, along with the rest of his brethren. He died in 1695, aged 66. He resided principally with the Earl of Erroll, and died at Slains Castle. He dedicated to the church of Cruden two silver chalices, which are still used as Communion Cups.

SLAINS CASTLE, THE SEAT OF THE EARL OF ERROLL.

This extensive building is situated in the parish of Cruden, and not in the parish of Slains, as is

some times erroneously stated. It is built on a ness, or neck of land, the most easterly in Scotland, originally called Bowness. It was built, and part of the court, anno 1600, by Francis Earl of Erroll, on the King's demolishing the original castle of Slains, in the parish of Slains.* It is situated on the very edge of the sea; and the old story about a glass of wine having been drank, in one of the rooms, from the yard-arm of a vessel, carries with it some degree of possibility, for at the south corner, the wall appears to form a continuation of the rock, many feet high, on which the castle is built, at the foot of which the sea dashes with tempestuous violence. The learned sage,† who visited it in 1773, remarks, that he would not for his amusement wish for a storm; but as storms, whether wished for or not, will sometimes happen, he might say, without violation of humanity, that he should willingly look out upon them from Slains Castle.

The castle was enlarged by succeeding Earls; Earl Charles added the front, anno 1707. It was almost entirely rebuilt in 1832-35 by the late Earl, from designs by John Smith, Esq., architect, Aberdeen. The style of architecture is a plain description of Tudor. The principal building covers a space of about 120 feet square, with a court inside, and a large octagonal tower in the centre, which has not yet been completed. The kitchen buildings and offices are contiguous to the castle, and the united length of the whole, from east to west, is about 300 feet.

The castle contains a handsome suite of public rooms, drawing-rooms, library, and dining-room, all communicating, by means of spacious corridors, with the saloon in the central tower. Some idea of its appearance in the distance may be learned from the fact, that the guards and coachmen are often asked by passengers going north, on the castle first coming into view, whether it is Peterhead.

THE BULLERS OF BUCHAN.

This great natural curiosity is situated about a mile eastward of Slains Castle, and cannot be better described than in the words of the English lexicographer, who visited it in 1773; and what renders his account of it the more complimentary, is the fact that it is the only object he saw in the whole course of his journey which he praises, far less admires. Some, however, aver that, magnificent as the Bullers of Buchan appear, the good cheer he enjoyed in the baronial halls of Slains Castle contributed considerably to open his eyes to the beauties of nature and art in the immediate neighbourhood. The Doctor thus describes it: "We turned our eyes to the Buller, or Bouillor of Buchan, *which no man can see with indifference, who has either sense of danger, or delight in rarity.* It is a rock perpendicularly tubulated, united on one side with a high shore, and on the other rising steep to a great height, above

* The Earl having taken up arms against Argyle and Glenlivet, in the Earl of Huntley's rebellion, anno 1694, James VI. gave orders for its immediate demolition, which were faithfully executed, and nothing now remains but part of the old tower.

† Dr Johnson.

the main sea. The top is open, from which may be seen a dark gulph of water which flows into the cavity through a breach made in the lower part of the enclosing rock. It has the appearance of a vast well bordered by a wall. The edge of the Buller is not wide, and to those that walk round it appears very narrow. He that ventures to look downward sees that, if his foot should slip, he must fall from his dreadful elevation upon stones on one side, or into the water on the other. We, however, went round, and were glad when the circuit was completed.

"When we came down to the sea, we saw some boats and rowers, and resolved to explore the Buller at the bottom. We entered the arch which the water had made, and found ourselves in a place which, though we could not think ourselves in danger, we could scarcely survey without some recoil of the mind. The basin in which we floated was nearly circular, perhaps thirty yards in diameter. We were enclosed by a natural wall, rising steep on every side to an height which produced the idea of insurmountable confinement. The interception of all lateral light caused a dismal gloom. Round us was a perpendicular rock, above us the distant sky, and below an unknown profundity of water. If I had any malice against a walking spirit, instead of laying him in the Red Sea, I would condemn him to reside in the Buller of Buchan.

"But terror without danger is only one of the sports of fancy, a voluntary agitation of the mind, that is permitted no longer than it pleases.

"We were soon at leisure to examine the place with minute inspection, and found many cavities, which, as the waterman told us, went backward to a depth which they had never explored. Their extent we had not time to try; they are said to serve different purposes. Ladies come hither sometimes in the summer with collations, and smugglers make themselves storehouses for clandestine merchandise.

"It is hardly to be doubted but the pirates of ancient times often used them as magazines of arms, or repositories of plunder.

"To the little vessels used by the northern rowers the Buller may have served as a shelter from storms, and perhaps as a retreat from enemies. The entrance might have been stopped, or guarded with little difficulty, and, though the vessels that were stationed within would have been battered to pieces with stones showered on them from above, yet the crews would have lain safe in the caverns."

The above extract is taken from a Magazine of date 1774-5, and which bears unquestionable proofs of having belonged to Scotland's immortal bard. It was purchased at a broker's in Aberdeen sometime ago.

THE DRUIDICAL TEMPLE OF CRUDEN.

The Druidical Temple of Cruden was situated on an eminence about a mile and a half from the parish church, to the west, on a farm called, from it, Stones, or Standing Stones, and consisted of seven upright stones, forming a circle. They were removed, in 1831, by the tenant, to make way for some improvements in the field in which they

stood. On removing them, nothing was found under, or around them, but the earth was of a black, soft nature, differing much from that around it, supposed to proceed from the fat of beasts sacrificed on the altar.

In former times, there could have been few places so well fitted as this for the rites and sacrifices of the Druids, for a more wild and sequestered spot it is scarcely possible to conceive: a sloping eminence in those days, no doubt surrounded with wood (oaks), large portions of which are found imbedded in the mosses of Cruden—the water of Cruden running in front, at the distance of a few yards, and passing through the valley, in its course to the sea, with several hills and hollows in the immediate vicinity. The Cruden, which traversed the valley (until lately) in a serpentine course, in consequence of being impregnated with sulphur and iron ore, emitted a phosphoric light, which, added to the superstitious dread entertained by the country people after nightfall of the spot where, possibly, the disciples of Thor and Odin performed their mystic rites and ceremonies.

The water of Cruden takes its rise at a place called the Bog of Ardallie, and flows through the valley of Cruden, in the centre of the parish. This valley appears to have been formed by some convulsion of nature, for where the water has been resisted in its passage by the rock on one side, there is a corresponding cavity on the other. This is particularly the case at Uppermill, where the valley is not above twenty yards wide, the water having been hemmed in on both sides by rock. Escaping from its confinement, and meeting less resisting matter, a few yards farther down the debris has formed several fertile holms, or meadows, betwixt and the sea.

THE MOAT.

The Moat, or Meet, or Moothill, is an artificial mound, on an eminence on the farm of Ardiferry. It is of small dimensions, and was the place where the lord of the manor held his courts of justice, according to the primeval custom of the Teutonic nations, whose courts, and the assemblies of the people, were held in the open air, on hill tops, or on the summit of heights formed by art, so that the proceedings might be seen of all men. There is scarcely an old earldom, lordship, or barony, or thane within Aberdeenshire, which has not its Moothill and Gallows Knowe. Thus the Earl's hill of Ellon, on the site of which now stand the stables of the principal inn, was the judgment seat of the broad Earldom of Buchan, and sasine of the earldom was taken on this mount.*

THE WUDDIE, OR GALLOWHILL.

The Gallowhill is an eminence, about a quarter of a mile west of the church, on the farm of Ardiferry. Criminals were executed here prior to the abolition of heritable jurisdictions. Within the last few years the stone, into which the foot of the gibbet was fixed, was to be seen; and the graves of two of the sufferers by the stern, and sometimes vindictive justice of former times, are still pointed out.

* See Book of Bonaccord. Aberdeen, 1842.

ANTIQUITIES.

About twenty-five years ago, there was found in a little hill, about four feet below its apex, a stone crypt, or sarcophagus, containing a considerable portion of two human skeletons: the one that of an adult, the other of a young person, perhaps of twelve or thirteen years of age, and part of the skeleton of a dog: two clay urns (a larger and a smaller one), rudely ornamented with bars and hoops stretched around the outside of them, seven flint arrow heads, two flint knives, (one of them considerably worn), and a polished stone, about four and a half inches in length, neatly drilled through the four corners, and slightly concave on the one side, and convex on the other. It is probable that the stone had been applied to the bow, to secure a more accurate discharge of the arrow.

About thirty years ago, a neck chain and battle axe were dug up out of a tumulus on a hill called the Deor, or Derryhill, on the estate of Ardifferry. The neck chain was formed of jet and amber. The jet beads retained their original polish, the lower bead measured about four inches, the others from two and a half to one inch. These beads were separated from one another by little formless masses of amber, covered with a brown crust; but otherwise the amber was unchanged, unless it had become more brittle. The battle-axe was formed of black flint. It was about seven inches long, and less heavy than those generally found, most of which are formed of granulated stones, and are larger and heavier than the one alluded to.

In the month of September, 1821, as some farmers were removing sand from a hill on the farm of Uppermill, on the estate of Ardifferry, they discovered a rude stone coffin, about two feet deep, formed of four stones, containing a human skull, and several of the smaller bones, two jars or urns, and seven flint heads of arrows. The coffin was found about two feet below the surface of the ground. It was supposed by some to have been the grave of a Druidical priest of the neighbouring temple, and by others, that of some warrior who had fallen in battle. In 1838, several other graves were found on the same eminence.

[To be continued in our next.]

THE CRAIGS OF KYLE—DRUIDICAL REMAIN.

THE Craigs of Kyle are situated in *King's Kyle*, one of the divisions of the county of Ayr, so called in contradistinction to *Kyle Stewart*, that portion of Kyle which belonged to the Stewart family before their accession to the Crown. They consist of a variety of rocky eminences, which crown the summit of the rising ground to the south-east of the village of Coyton, or Kyleton. The highest of the "Craigs" is not more than 750 feet above the level of the sea. The district is interesting from its connection with ancient traditional history; but the Craigs themselves have been rendered familiar to the admirers of Scottish song by the well-known verses of Jeanie Glover—

"Coming through the Craigs o' Kyle,
Among the bonnie blooming heather."

Truth to speak, however, the heather holds a se-

condary place now, whatever it may have done in former times. The reclaiming of land, and the progress of cultivation, have encroached very considerably on the dimensions of the Craigs, and reduced the heather to a few patches here and there of a sickly crop, interspersed with pristine whin and the "yellow-tasseled broom."

From the summit of the Craigs the view is delightful. The whole lowlands of Ayrshire lie spread around like a map unrolled. Far and near, mountain and valley, dusky wood, and green and brown field, appear in wild and lovely variety. Ayr shoots up its tall spires as if from the bosom of the deep, with Arran, and Ailsa, and the Clyde, bounding the western horizon. Towards the east, high and still higher, verdant hill and black moss tower successively over each other; while on the north and south the Highland and Gallovidian hills show themselves dark and distant. Not far from the base appears and disappears, shooting and creeping along in winding and irregular currents, the water of Coyle, or Kyle, on the south bank of which, at a considerable distance, the mill of Millmannoch is discernible. This is the scene of Burns' admirable song—"The poor and honest Sodger"—

"A leal, licht heart was in my breast,
My hand unstain'd wi' plunder,
And for fair Scotia, hame again,
I cheery on did wander:
I thought upon the 'banks of Coyle,'
I thought upon my Nancy,
I thought upon the witching smile
That caught my youthful fancy."

A more delightful spot never inspired a poet's fancy. The Coylwinds round the mill in an angular form, in a dark, deep, and rather narrow stream, over which the ash and elm throw their gigantic arms; and in summer, with their thick waving foliage, almost entirely prevent the sun's beams from playing upon its waters. At the bend, where stands the mill, which is driven by water conveyed from a considerable distance above, the stream is spanned by a rustic bridge for foot passengers, beneath which the waters run in a deep channel, peculiarly pleasing to the eye of the angler.

On a narrow level holm, at the foot of the Craigs, formerly stood the Castle of Kerse, the principal residence of the Craufurds of Kerse, an ancient but extinct family. The castle was entire until about the middle of last century, and from the appearance of the ruins which remained at the beginning of the present, it must have been a building of large dimensions. Unlike most of the residences of the gentry constructed in the rude and perilous times, when "might was right," Kerse Castle could show none of those natural advantages considered indispensable to the site of a feudal mansion—no natural defence by elevation, precipice, morass, or water. Nor does any trace or tradition remain of artificial moats having been excavated. It was, however, surrounded by a high and strong stone wall, through which entrance to the castle was obtained by a massive wooden gate. Both wall and gate existed till the total destruction of the castle.

"Crawfurd of Kerse sat at his YETT,
Mournin' a' dowie carle's fate."*

* Skeldon Haughs: or the Sow is Flitted.

The last remain of the castle was a portion of one of the gables facing the east and west. It was about fifty feet high, five feet thick, and pierced in several places by loop-holes for arrows. The castle was surrounded by numerous stately trees, all of which, as well as the very foundations of the building, have long ago been removed. Not far distant is the loch of Kerse, which is about a mile in circumference. It is frequented by the coot, numbers of which may be always seen floating on its bosom, and its waters contain pike and a few trout of unusual size, specimens of which have been caught from ten to twelve pounds weight.

On the top of the Craigs of Kyle there was, in former times, a chapel dedicated to *Saint Bride*. The only vestige of it now remaining is the well, which is still called *Saint Bride's Well*. No notice is taken of this ancient place of worship in Chalmers's *Caledonia*, or the Statistical Account of Scotland: but it is worthy of remark, from the existence of another remain of antiquity which has hitherto escaped the observation of topographical or antiquarian writers. This is a *Rocking-Stone*—adding another to the many proofs, that the early propagators of Christianity invariably planted the Cross where the inhabitants had been in the habit of assembling under the Druidical form of worship.

The *Rocking-Stone* occupies the summit of the highest of the Craigs. It is an exceedingly large elongated block of granite, but must have been at one time much larger, as several pieces seem to have fallen from it through the action of the weather, being much exposed to the moisture and storms of the west. We regret our inability to take an accurate measurement of the stone at the time of our visit, not having been aware of the existence of such a relic. Tradition is silent in reference to it, though it is pointed out as a curiosity by the people in the vicinity. There can be no doubt, however, of its Druidical character. Although it has now lost its vibrating power, being propped up by stones, the pivot is easily discernible. In a green hollow to the west, immediately adjacent to the *Rocking-Stone*, there remain two twin stumps of oak, so much decayed that they crumble into powder when touched. Were imagination allowed scope for a little, this hollow might be supposed to have been at one time studded with trees, and to have formed the "sacred grove" of the Druids of that district.

LETTERS FROM A PILGRIM IN SCOTLAND.

No. VI.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SCOTTISH JOURNAL.

SIR,—You have delighted "a Pilgrim," and I feel assured, all the readers of the *Journal*, by your specimens of "The Churchyards of Ayrshire," by Mr William Dobie, Grangevale. I hope—request—you will continue such, as the volume is peculiarly interesting, and procurable only by the immediate friends of the accomplished, yet retiring author. Too retiring—because, if Mr Dobie

only *would*, his pen and pencil *could* do much for the antiquary. We have the palaces and cathedrals, and *great* ruins of Scotland, in folios, quartos, and octavos, innumerable as the "leaves of Vallambrosa." Welcome all; but surely the 'neuks' Mr Dobie visits, and similar 'neuks,' claim a few of the thousands (natheless their want of fame) lavished by Messrs Blackwood, Hogarth, Pugin & Co. on the palaces, and cathedrals, and great ruins of Scotland. Ah! many a 'gleefu' Saturday, when the 'schule' was 'skailt,' have I given to the 'auld kirkyards.' Follow me, reader, to 'ane.' The kirk is 'gane,' still the villagers rest there: their 'forbears' now, themselves by and bye. 'Tis a lown spot. The win' stealin' up the glen, is whisperin' a sang o' luvie. The wauner't bee an' tentfu' robin spen' an ora hour there. The violet an' the beautifu' gowan are glitterin' i' the lang grass, an' the whin is spraingit wi' gowd i' the wa'. The burnie chirms tae itsel'. The moss, a' speckled, co'ers the munds an' the headstones. Turn to the west. There is a cottage. The bue curlin' reek hings aboon like a wee clud. Puir auld widow! ye canna noo leuk tae the lift whare the star o' eenin', that Mary leukit sae aften at, is glintin'. Your leuk is bendin' o' the yerth. A gliff o' lichtsomeness comes owre the widow's heart whan she daunders tae the kirkyard, whare she fin's she maun suno be a'thegither; and so will join her Mary i' the Heaven.

I should very willingly give up the splendours of Messrs Pugin for a series of views of such simple scenes.

Visiting Falkirk, 'I pu'd the weeds' from the grave of Margaret, the minister's 'ae' daughter. This is the tradition:—

THE CATS—A SUPERSTITION.

Mr Thomas P. Shaw, of the Randygate, near Falkirk, i. e. the 'gait,' or way leading to the Kerse, where 'lads an' lasses' used to take their walks, and 'jink roun' the thorn i' the Yule,' (see No. III.) had just made 'bone of his bone,' and 'flesh of his flesh,' of a fair Eve of Falkirk. The minister's 'ae' daughter is very 'wae' at this, for, agreeably to tradition, Mr Thomas P. Shaw had given her reason to think *she* would be the Mrs Shaw, and she resolved to punish the slicht. Mr and Mrs Shaw cannot get rest during the night. Now they are 'wauken't' by a peculiar 'soun' in the next room, and now 'jaggit' as if 'wi' the whin.' Then a cat of a great size, wi' 'twa' lesser 'anes,' would go to the fire and 'purr' for 'ne'ersae lang,' leaving the house 'wi' a skreich,' and springing over their bed. Mr Shaw is determined to encounter the cats. Mrs Shaw is sent to a 'neibor.' That 'neibor's' husband and Mr Shaw are now 'thegither.' They have 'ilk a knife i' their han', and wi' a slip o' the rowan an' a scarlet threid, have duly 'proteckit' the house. Mr Shaw draws the 'haly' lines across the floor. Long and anxiously did Mr Shaw and Mr Thomson wait. The peculiar 'soun' is in the next room. Mr Thomson is 'jumpin' wi' the jags,' and so Mr Shaw. The cats are—thero. Mr Thomson and Mr Shaw keep their 'cen' fixed upon them.

Their usual 'purr' is commenced. Suddenly the 'great' cat gives a 'fearfu' skreich, in which the 'lesser anes' join. Rin here and there. They could not pass the 'lines' on the floor; but the knife had 'skyted' on a 'knot' of the 'plank.' The 'great' cat came to it at once. Gave a—spring. Mr Shaw 'whipped aff a' paw.' A 'paw'—No—it was the hand, 'white as the driven snaw, wi' a ring upo' it,' of the minister's 'ae' daughter. Mr Shaw and Mr Thomson went early to the manse to 'speir' for Miss Margaret. They wished to see her. The pastor was sorry Miss Margaret was ill and could not come up. They would not be denied. They did see her. One of her hands was 'buckilt' up. Mr Shaw and Mr Thomson told their story. Tradition avers that Miss Margaret was accused as a witch. That she was a victim to the stakes of Borrowstoness.

I have now the pleasure of giving, by the kindness of a friend, deep-read in the legends of the Gael, two curious fairy tales.

THE HIGHLAND FAIRIES.

There are various hills in the Highlands which have for their designation Tom-na-Heuraich, all of which were (and are?) the haunts of the fairies. There is one near Strachur, on the banks of Loch-fine, and a second in the vicinity of Inverness. Agreeably to the sybils of the glen, Thomas the Rhymer was the captain of the troops attached to these gemini, viz. the hillocks of Strachur and Inverness. This legend is told of the hillock near Inverness. Once two men arrived at Inverness, and announced their profession as musicians. Shortly, a venerable man, with a long flowing beard, called on them, and requested their services at his castle. He conveyed them in the 'gloamin,' indeed *after it was dark*. The party was large, and the dancing 'held on' with great spirit. Their employer paid the fiddlers liberally, and dismissed them. When they came out, they were surprized to find that it was not a castle but the 'side of a hill' they were leaving. They walked in 'terror' towards Inverness. They walked; but they were Rip Van Winkles. All was changed since they 'left' the night previously.(?) The house where they 'put up' was in ruins. They could not see one 'kent' face. No person knew them. At last they met a beggar, who told them he had heard his grandfather speak of 'twa fiddlers wha were teuk awa' by the king o' the fairies near auchty an' sax years bygane,' who never returned. They followed the beggar (a bluegown) to church, and at the first word the minister uttered, they fell down and *crumbled into dust*.

Another well-known haunt of the fairies was (and is?) at Duncruin, i. e. the round hill, or rock, in the parish of Kilmarnock, near Loch Lomond. The legend of this hill my friend heard fifty years ago. The fairies held their 'great' ball, or festival, on Hallowe'en; it was open to all—whether mortal or fairy. One Hallowe'en, a servant was carrying 'hamo' a cask of whisky for the feast. When he came near Duncruin, he heard 'saungs sic as he ne'er heard.' This enticed him to draw nearer the 'spat,' where was a door flung wide. He looked in. This was a 'beautiful' ha', and a

company was entertained wi' music an' dancing.' The man was so delighted, that he entered and joined in the 'glee,' with the keg on his 'shouthers.' His friends waited long and anxiously for his return; but he did not appear. Years rolled on—still they got no 'tidings.' They concluded he had been 'whyled' away by the fairies, and his brothers went in search of him the next Hallowe'en. So soon as it was dark, the door was 'openit,' and there they saw Tam capering away with the keg still on his 'shouthers.' They rushed in and dragged him out. The happy Tam remonstrated, exclaiming, 'Deil tak ye, let me en' the reel.' I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,
71, Waterloo Street, A. B. G.
Glasgow, 27th Jan. 1848.

LETTER PATENT OF THE DUCHESS OF BURGUNDY, IN 1445.

THE following letter offers a safe-conduct, &c. to the Princess Eleonora, daughter of James the First of Scotland, on the prospect of her being sent to her sister, the Dauphiness of France, to be married to the Archduke of Austria. It is to be observed, that, in this letter, which is copied from the original in the Register-House of Edinburgh, this Duchess is called Elizabeth, whereas, in Rymer, and in others of our historians whom we have consulted, she is called Isabel. This is not remarkable, however, as Isabel and Elizabeth were at that time used indiscriminately.

"Elizabeth Regis portugalie filia Dei gracia Duxissa Burgundie Lotaringie Brabancie et Limburgie Comitissa flandrie Arthisii Burgundie palatina hanouie hollandie Zellandie et namurci Sacri Imperii marciona ac domina frisie salmis et machlinie, Vniversis presentes litteras visuris salutem et dilectionem Notum facimus ad nostram noticiam pervenisse qualiter Illustrissimus princeps et dominus meus dominus Ludovicus, primogenitus Caroli Regis francie filius dalphinus viennensis ac Illustrissima domina mea margareta Regis scocie filia ejus conthoralis ex sincerissimi et tenerrimj amoris zelo quibus Inclitissime domui scocie consanguinitatis et affinitatis vinculo sunt astricti intuentes et comodum et augmentum honoris ipsius Inclitissime domus scocie procurant et dietim prosequi nituntur., Idem. umesse po maxime quod nuper de consensu et beneplacito prefati domini mei francie Regis matrimoniale fedus inter Illustrissimum dominum Romanorum Regem et dominam Elenorem cognatam nostram carissimam domini et cognati nostri scocie Regis et Domine mee margarete Dalphine Viennensis predictae germanam tractare et prosequi disponunt, et Deo fauente perficere sperant., Pro cuius Rei faciliiori complemento duos viros Dilectissimos nobis Dominum lancelotum militem Dominum Iuriaci, et guillemum monipeny scutiferum suos constituerunt commissarios et nuncios speciales Dantes eis et eorum alteri commissionem et mandatum speciale petendi et Recipiendi eorum nominibus a prefato Domino et cognato nostro Domino Jacobo scocie Rege predictam cognatam nostram Elenorem germanam suam et eam apud eos conducendi, quam sicut decet serenitatem suam tanquam so-

rorem propriam gratissimis fauoribus tractare spoponderunt ac dictum matrimoniale fedus quam cicius Deo Dante fieri poterit cum prefato serenissimo Romanorum Rege aut id deficiente quod absit, cum alio principe sibi compare prosequi et perficere Deo agente disponunt, Vt ex suis patentibus litteris cunctis intuentibus liquide constat Cum autem hec nouerimus ad honoris augmentum maximumque commodum prefate Inclitissime domui Scocie Redundare Nos ea cordiali affectioni qua plus possumus Rogamus Instanter et viscerose, suademusque ac consulimus prefato Domino et cognato nostro Illustrissimo Domino Jacobo Scocie Regi vt prefatam Dominam Elenorem suam germanam cognatam nostram predictis domino lanceleto militi et guillielmo monipeny scutifero aut eorum alteri Juxta desiderium et votum prefati domini mei dalphini et domine mee dalphine sue spouse tradere velit et gratiose expedire, quam sicut decet suam serenitatem, si eam per dominia domini mei aut nostra iter agere contingat deo permittente Juxta possibilitatem nostram honorifice Recipere, et fauere et complacere ac per dicta dominia de securo transitu providere Intendimus Vt hoc autem de nostra mente prouenisse ad cunctorum noticiam deueniat,, Has presentes litteras fecimus *sigilli nostri* impressione comuni apud Remin. vrbem Die vicesima aprilis Anno Domini millesimo quadringentesimo quadragesimo quinto.

Per Dominam Ducissam

N DOMESSENT

MR ISAAC DISRAELI.

WHEREVER the English language is spoken, or even made the subject of translation, the name of Disraeli is honourably known. The writings of father and son have rendered both celebrated, and each, in earning distinction for himself, has added to the fame of his relative. The matured reputation of Mr Disraeli, senior, and the great celebrity of his son, make it difficult to say whether the latter has more reason to be proud of his descent, than the former had to rejoice that the object of his natural affections was also the source of one of his highest honours.

A man well versed in the history of our species has said, that "the chief glory of every country arises from its authors;" and this he propounds, not as an axiom recommended by its novelty, but as a truth sanctioned by the universal consent of mankind. To the authorship of England, Isaac and Benjamin Disraeli have been, in their respective walks of literature, extensive and distinguished contributors. The pure and honourable career of the former reached its close on Wednesday last (19th January). He had attained the advanced age of 82 years, and a few weeks ago was in the full possession of his usual health, and in the complete enjoyment of his intellectual powers. The prevailing epidemic, however, suddenly assailing a constitution enfeebled by age, soon assumed an aggravated form, and at length this venerable gentleman sank under the attack. He was born at Enfield, in the month of May, 1766, and was the only child of Benjamin Disraeli, a Venetian merchant, who had been many years

settled in this country. He received some instruction at a school near the place of his nativity; but, his father conceiving that his education could be more advantageously conducted in Holland, a considerable portion of his boyhood was spent in that country. Before his departure for the Continent, however, he showed signs of a very precocious intellect, for he began to write verses at the age of ten, and in his sixteenth year he addressed a poetical epistle to Dr Johnson. After passing some time at Amsterdam and Leyden, where he acquired a knowledge of several modern languages, and where he applied himself to classical studies with some attention, but with no very extraordinary success, he proceeded to the French metropolis. This visit to Paris took place in 1786, when the great revolution was impending, and when its doctrine seemed to have obtained entire possession of all men's minds; but to this very general characteristic of the period, Mr Disraeli proved an exception. He was then, and remained throughout his long life, a purely speculative philosopher—one who never mingled in political broils, or for a single moment knew what it was to be connected with political or religious parties. While in France he read French books, examined the literary treasures accumulated in that country, investigated the genius of its language, and cultivated acquaintance with its living authors and learned men; at this period of his life, therefore, did he imbibe that fondness for French literature which always clung to him, but which is more evident in his criticism than in his style or sentiments, for he wrote his vernacular English tongue with great purity, and identified himself in all things with the land in which he lived. On his return to England, after a course of Continental travel, he published several poems, amongst which it is believed that *Lines on the abuse of Satire* was one; it appeared in the 59th volume of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and was directed against Peter Pindar, who affected to believe that it was written by Hayley, and made it a pretext for his hostility to the author of *The Trials of Temper*. But, whether he knew the real writer or not, there never was any hostility between Mr Disraeli and Dr Walcott. *The Defence of Poetry*, by the learned gentleman just deceased—who certainly was learned not only by courtesy—appeared in 1791; but, after a few copies had been sold, he suppressed the whole edition, his motive for which was not very apparent, the literary merit of that production being beyond dispute. In his 24th year, he gave to the world a volume consisting of his common-place book, with critical remarks, under the title of *Curiosities of Literature*. This single volume attracted attention in an age when men of genius abounded. Yet it was then merely an elegant and critical compilation, though it eventually became the origin of that celebrated miscellany in which, at a later period of his life, and especially from the years 1817 to 1824, in successive volumes, he poured forth such a fund of original research, of philosophical, entertaining speculation, expressed in so lively and agreeable a style, that the work has always remained one of the chief favourites of our literature. Mr Disraeli's passion for literary history displayed itself

at a very early period of life, and in his latest years it never deserted him. We therefore have his *Quarrels of Authors*, in three volumes, his *Calamities of Authors*, in two volumes, and his *Illustrations of the Literary Character*, in one volume.

The father of Mr Disraeli being engaged in trade, the celebrated person whose death we now record naturally supposed, on his return from the Continent, that his friends would expect him to engage in commercial pursuits; but, greatly to his satisfaction, they exonerated him from any such obligation, and, being placed in a position of pecuniary independence, he was free to indulge the tastes and exercise the talents which have enabled him to build up a reputation that will not speedily be forgotten. His twelve volumes, illustrative of the literary character, constitute in themselves a goodly collection, and yet they are understood to have been only chapters in the great work which it was said he was always preparing in the manner of Bayle. Of that well-known writer Mr Disraeli was a warm admirer, and he certainly resembled him, not only in his curious and varied reading, but in many other respects. To the early numbers of the *Quarterly Review* Mr Disraeli was a contributor. His review of *Spence's Anecdotes*, in 1820, and a vindication both of the moral and poetical character of Pope, produced the famous Pope controversy, in which Mr Bowles, Lord Byron, and others took part. But it was not in the criticism of English poetry—for the higher departments of which he seemed to have had no especial vocation—that Mr Disraeli became most eminent; it was rather as a man of great historical research, and most especially as a writer who completely understood the feelings and idiosyncrasy of literary men. He was the first author who commenced research on an extensive scale amongst the manuscripts of the British Museum, and it must be acknowledged that his writings diffused a taste for historical inquiry and criticism beyond the limited sphere of mere literary men. Although this kind of investigation has been of late years carried to a very great extent, yet he who gave the example should be remembered with thanks and applause; and, notwithstanding that by some of his successors it may have been pursued in a profounder spirit, yet its results never have been rendered more popular than in the writings of Mr Disraeli. Whatever may have been his attainments in other departments of literature, there can be no doubt that in British history he was very learned, and most especially so as regarded the time of the elder Stuarts. Of this the best evidence may be found in his inquiry into the life of James I., which takes a very different view of the character of that monarch from those in vogue thirty years ago. In the year 1828 his attention was diverted from his history of English literature—which he was always meditating—by the strong desire that he felt to publish his views respecting the all-important age of Charles I. These, comprised in five volumes, he gave to the world at intervals in the course of seven years, under the title of *Commentaries on the Life and Reign of Charles I.* It was in consequence of the success of this great historical effort that the University of Oxford con-

ferred upon him the honorary degree of D.C.L. as a testimony of their respect—to use the language of their public orator—*optimi regis optime defensori*. After the completion of his commentaries he returned with renewed zest to his literary history, and, relying on his strong constitution, united with habits of unbroken study, he was sanguine enough, at the age of threescore and ten, to entertain a hope of completing this undertaking, which he had laid down on a scale of six volumes; but he was stricken with blindness in the year 1839, and, although he submitted to the operation of couching, he could obtain no relief from a calamity most grievous to an historical author. Nevertheless he soon took heart, and with the aid of his daughter, whose services he has eloquently referred to in his preface, he gave the world some notices of the earlier period of our literary history, under the title of the *Amenities of Literature*. It unfortunately happened that in the progress of this work he did not arrive at that period of our history in which lay Mr Disraeli's great strength—the life of Pope. It has been pretty generally understood that he long intended to write a life of Pope, his times, and his contemporaries. The lovers of literary history have no slight cause to regret that that undertaking has not been accomplished. There is every reason to believe that he had made great collections for that favourite subject: and, if his sight had been spared, he would probably have appeared before the world as an octogenarian author. Unfortunately, even if (like Milton) he drew more on his imagination than on the resources of his library, he still could not have carried on the work of composition to any great extent; for it is said that he had never used an amanuensis till he lost his sight; and then probably, from want of practice, dictating the expression of his thoughts became laborious and even painful. Yet, at intervals, he contrived to complete the revision of his work on the reign of Charles I., as well as to improve and greatly amend it.

The death of Mr Disraeli took place at his country seat, Bradenham-house, in Buckinghamshire; and it may most truly be said that few lives extending to upwards of eighty years, have been passed with less vicissitude. It has been said of him, that “he seized a book in his cradle:” and, it may be added, that he deposited one on his tomb. Early in life he obtained considerable reputation, which he continued to sustain and increase for more than sixty years, without violent effort, without quackery, and without the adventitious aid of social connection. Besides the publications already referred to, and others which we have perhaps omitted to notice, Mr Disraeli was the author, in his youth, of several works of fiction, some of which, published anonymously, obtained considerable reputation. Among these the more remarkable was *Mejnoun and Leila*—the earliest Oriental story in our literature which was composed with any reference to the propriety of costume. The author was in this production much assisted by Sir W. Ouseley, who first drew his attention to the riches of Persian poetry. The Rabelaisian romance of *Flim Flam*, and the novel of *Vaurien*, written in all the lurid blaze of

French conventions and corresponding societies, have both, we believe, with authority, been attributed to him. He died a widower, having lost his wife, to whom he had been united for more than forty years, in the spring of 1847. He has left one daughter and three sons, the eldest of whom is the member for Buckinghamshire.

THE INUNDATION OF PERTH.

A.D.—1210.

THE "Fair City," so justly celebrated as being the ancient seat of the Scottish Government, and the scene of many most important incidents in our national history, besides being the "favourite residence" of King James VI., who greatly augmented its privileges by the charter which he granted a short time subsequent to the Gowrie Conspiracy, seems to labour under a curse, from the many devastating inundations to which, in the course of successive ages, it has been the misfortune of the town to be subjected. Indeed, if venerable prophecies are worthy of any credit in these days of universal enlightenment, we must of necessity conclude that the "ancient burrow of Sanct Johnston" will at length be utterly destroyed by the river Tay. The following old rhyme has gone the round of Scotland, we believe:

"SHOCHIE said to ORDIE*
Whaar sall we twa meet?
At the bonny Cross o' St Johnston
When a' men's fast asleep!

To the same effect we find another old prediction, bearing to have been given forth by some Highland seer, to whom "the desert gave vision wild:"

"Tatha mhor na'an tonn
Bheir l' scriob lom
Air Peairt!"

Rendered in English thus—

"Great Tay of the waves
Shall sweep Perth bare!"†

We propose to give a short account of the great inundation of Perth, in October 1210, during the reign of William the Lion.

In the course of the summer of 1210, the Scottish monarch being overtaken by the infirmities of old age, repaired to the district of Moray, where he was born, in the hope that the bracing air of his native glens and mountains would invigorate his worn and decrepid frame. At the end of the summer he returned; but "fell sick at Kintore, a town in the district of Garioch, and county of Aberdeen. He did not recover till September 21, and then was so well as to come to Forfar, where he remained a little time. From thence he came to Perth, being on his way to Stirling, where he was to hold, a short while after Michaelmas, a Parliament, or a Great Council, as Fordun calls it.

"The usual residence of the Kings when at Perth, before the Dominican Monastery was built, was the old castle, which stood on the north side of the town, where the street now is, which for

more than four hundred years has been called by the name of the Castle Gavel."*

It seems that towards the latter end of the month of September, 1210, (the old historians say, about the time of the *Feast of St Michael*), there took place a heavy fall of rain, which continued for several days without intermission; and in consequence of which the river Tay, and all its thousand tributaries in the Highlands, were swelled to such a degree that they overflowed their banks to an extent altogether unprecedented. The inundation was also very materially increased by a great "spring-tide from the sea," which is computed to have happened "on Monday, October 4, Old Style," at eighteen minutes past two in the morning and forty-two minutes past two in the afternoon." Mr Scott says the foregoing calculation was "made by a learned gentleman;" and it appears to be perfectly correct; for historians are unanimous in asserting that the water rose to its greatest height during the night time.

The raging flood spread over the town; but it might not have done much damage if it had not been for the occurrence of the following circumstance: A strong wall, mound, or rampart, (probably some part of the ancient fortifications), situated on the north side of the town, unable to resist the fury of the increasing torrent, yielded to its overwhelming strength, and giving way altogether, the town was immediately laid under water to a great depth. The utmost alarm took possession of the citizens, who considered themselves doomed to speedy destruction, amid the darkness of the stormy night and the fury of the deluge. The old King, with his youthful son, Alexander, his noble brother, Earl of Huntingdon, and all their suite, and a great number of the nobility attendant on the Court, were compelled to betake themselves to flight. Having with the greatest difficulty procured boats, they speedily left the city to its fate, as they supposed. They escaped in this manner in the very "nick of time;" for shortly after they had fled, the waters increased, and the old wooden bridge over the Tay, near to the bottom of the "North Street" (High Street), was torn from its foundations, and swept down the river in fragments, together with a great number of the houses and other erections which were chiefly exposed to the impetuous current of the flood.

It does not appear, however, that any lives were lost. "Of the burgesses," says Lord Hailes, "and other persons of both sexes, some went into boats, and others fled for safety to the galleries or balconies which were over their houses."

Perth was devastated by this dreadful inundation to a considerable extent. At the bottom of the High Street there stood an ancient church, or "chapel," dedicated to "Our Lady." Being situated in the immediate vicinity of the old bridge, it was likewise exposed to the unbroken fury of the river, and completely overthrown. It was repaired a considerable time afterwards; but during the troublous time of the Reformation it was destroyed by the populace. Its site is now occupied by the Council Hall and Police Office.

* The Shochie and Ordie are small streams which flow into the Tay, several miles above the town of Perth.

† Chambers' Popular Rhymes, p. 16, (People's Ed.).

* "Statistical account of the town and parish of Perth, by the Rev. James Scott, (1796), p. 17.

The fabulous historian Boece states that an infant son of the King was lost in the hurry of flight from the town and drowned. Lord Hailes not only "doubts" the assertion, but refuses to give it any credence. Boece, however, did not perhaps invent this story himself; for there is an old tradition among the inhabitants of Perth to the effect that this child, through some accident, fell out of the boat in which he had been placed, and thereby met his death. We have never seen the tradition in print, but it is current in the "Fair City" among the old gossips. It is farther said that the hill of Kinnoull, overlooking the town on the east bank of the Tay, derived its name from the fact that the young prince, on being swept down the river along the base of the hill, "yealled," or screamed; and that the word *Kinnoull* is but a corruption of *King-yeull*, which was its original name.* We give the tradition for the purpose of showing the coincidence which exists betwixt it and the statement of that much-derided chronicler, Hector Boece.

We may glance for a moment at the point which formerly was contested with a good deal of bitterness, namely, whether Perth occupied the same site as well before as after the great inundation of 1210. Boece asserts that the city of Perth, or "Bertha," as he calls it, previous to 1210, occupied a site farther up the river Tay, somewhere about the junction of the Almond with that river, and that after its destruction by the inundation, it was rebuilt on its present site, and styled Perth. This theory (for it is nothing else) is utterly untenable. Boece seems to have borrowed a good deal of his facts from Fordun, and embellished them in his own way, to suit his fancy or caprice. Fordun mentions the inundation of 1210, but says nothing on the subject of a new city. Mr Scott states (p. 19) that "Mr Walter Goodall, in his edition of Fordun's *Scoti Chronicon*, in the year 1759, thought it necessary, for the vindication of the antiquities of Perth, to subjoin to the account that Fordun gives (vol. i. p. 528) an annotation from a Latin manuscript in the College of Edinburgh; of part of which the following is a translation:—

"The author, viz. Fordun, plainly relates things concerning one and the same city. But Hector Boece, and George Buchanan his follower, tell a fabulous story of an ancient city Bertha, which from thenceforth was entirely deserted; and of

another and new city built in another place by King William, and which was called Perth, from a noble person of that name, who contributed his lands to the building of the town."

The annotator thus takes away from Boece's story that part which relates to the change of the name, and of the situation of Perth."

"It is certain," continues Mr Scott, "that tenements and streets in Perth are described in charters, prior to the year 1210, the same as they afterwards were; which would not have been the case if the old town had been destroyed." A charter was granted to the town by King William, dated at Stirling, (where the Parliament sat that year), 10th October, 1210, which "does not make the smallest mention of any change of the name, or of the situation of the town, which it certainly would have done if any such change had happened." So much for the fabulous *Bertha* and the subsequent *Perth*.

The town appears to have been gradually raised from the dead level with the bed of the river which it anciently occupied, in order to guard it from such dangerous visitations as the flood of 1210. About half a century ago, "old streets well paved" were "found, six, eight, and ten feet below the present surface."

It only remains for us to notice a mistake which Mr Robert Chambers has fallen into upon this subject. He says, in an explanatory note to the prophecy regarding the *Sochie* and *Ordie*,* "It is said that on the building of the old bridge, the cross of *Bertha* was taken down, and built into the central arch, with a view to fulfil, without harm, the intentions of the *Sochie* and *Ordie*, and permit the men of Perth to sleep secure in their beds." Now, the only old bridge which Mr Chambers can here refer to, must be the one which was built during the reign of James VI., and which was swept away by another inundation of the river, as the following inscription on a grave-stone (erected in 1774) in the Grey-friars Burying Ground, Perth, will show:—

"Near this Spot lies
JOHN MYLNE
Master Builder to James Vith
who about Two Century's ago
Rebuilt the Ancient Bridge
over the Tay
Opposite the High Street
which a Dreadful Inundation
Swept away
XIV October MDCXXI."

The ancient cross stood until 1651, at which period it was demolished by Oliver Cromwell and his army of iconoclasts, when they visited the town. It was rebuilt in 1669; but having become an encumbrance to the street, which at the part where it stood was narrow, the magistrates ordered its removal in 1765, and a portion of it was removed to a field on the west of the town, where it still stands.†

Crossheads.

A. W. E.

* We may append a more authentic etymology of this word; as given by the Rev. Lewis Dunbar, in his "statistical account of Kinnoull." "Some who understand the Gaelic language are of opinion that the etymology of the name 'Kinnoull,' in ancient writing *Kynnoule*, is *Ceann-juil*. *Ceann* signifies head, or end, in a literal, and in a more general acceptation, 'principal,' or 'chief,' also, 'terminating point.' 'Juil,' of which 'juil' is the genitive case, signifies a view, or prospect, in allusion either to the extensive prospect which the situation of the hill of Kinnoull commands, or the great distance at which it may be seen by a traveller; or it may refer to the termination, or rather to the interruption of that range of hills called the Sidley hills, rising to the southward of Forfar, in Angus, and falling from their height as they stretch in a westerly course along the northern edge of the Carse of Gowrie, till they rise again suddenly in the hill of Kinnoull, which marks the western extremity of the colonnade.

* Popular Rhymes, p. 16.

† For some very curious notices of Perth, and its inhabitants, we beg to refer the reader to a recently published volume, entitled,—*The Book of Perth: an Illustration of the Moral and Ecclesiastical State of Scotland before and after the Reformation; with Introduction,*

OLIVER CROMWELL—1650.

WALKING lately in the yard of our venerable Cathedral, I chanced to "forgather" with an aged citizen, who seemed, like myself, much interested in the numerous and tasteful restorations which have been going on, for a considerable period, in all parts of the time-worn fabric. We were standing near the west end, looking towards the square tower commonly known as "the wee steeple." The upper part of this structure has recently been taken down, and, I believe, it is in contemplation to remove the whole, as it greatly impairs the architectural effect of the main entrance. While my friend and I stood here in conversation, circumstances led him to point out to me, on the north-west angle of the doomed "wee steeple," a few feet below the place where the work of demolition has been staid, a *scar*—evidently the scar of a fracture, which, he said, was known in his younger days by the name of "Cromwell's Nick," or "Cromwell's Lick"—and that this fracture was understood to have been inflicted by "a glee'd shot" from a battery which Oliver Cromwell had erected on "Gaud's Hill," for the purpose of dislodging the Royalists, who, our historians inform us, took possession of the Castle, and spiritedly opposed the entrance of the Republican General into Glasgow, a few weeks after his great victory at Dunbar.

I do not find any notice of Cromwell's cannonading the Castle upon this occasion, in such histories as I have access to, though a circumstance of the kind seems quite consistent with all that is there related. Cleland says that on the approach of the Republican army from Kilsyth, Cromwell was met by a report that the Royalists had secreted gunpowder in the vaults of the Castle, and that it was their intention to blow up the building while he and his soldiers defiled through the narrow way now called Castle Street. Upon receiving this intelligence, continues Cleland, he "very wisely" marched off to the right, as far as the village of Cowcaddens; then turning down the Cow Loan, entered the city by the West Port, without opposition.

To me it seems improbable that a man of Oliver's mettle should be literally "put so much about," by a vague report of the kind; and that it is more likely he would first try the effect of a few cannon-shots upon the occupants of the Castle—failing to dislodge them, he might then give orders to make a circuit, and advance upon the city in a more vulnerable point.

Be this as it may—I tender you the tradition exactly as I received it. The fracture alluded to is easily distinguished, as the stones which have been employed to patch it up are of a darker colour, and are more decayed than those of the original building. They are also much smaller in size, and are very clumsily inserted. The ball seems to have struck the tower on the north side, near the edge, and so to have splintered off a considerable portion from the west front. This is ex-

Observations, and Notes, by JOHN PARKER LAWSON, M.A. Edinburgh, T. G. Stevenson, 1847.* We propose shortly to give some extracts from this singularly interesting volume.

actly what might have been anticipated from the relative position of the hill, the tower, and the Castle: and may be regarded as in some degree evincing the truth of the story. At all events, the story, such as it is, may be interesting to those of your Glasgow readers, who are fond of studying the minutiae of our local history.

11, Hill Street, Anderston,
Glasgow, 28th Jan. 1848.

W. G.

MUCKLE MEG—OR THE WITCH O' ALDIE.

BEFORE the Reformation there lived in the small village of Aldie, in the neighbourhood of the castle of the same name, formerly a baronial residence of the Keith family, an old woman known by the name of "Muckle Meg, or the Witch o' Aldie." None knew from whence she came, and her origin was involved in obscurity. She was what they called a 'skilly' body. She wrought cures on horses, cows, and sheep, and even man himself, which caused her to be looked upon by the simple natives as a woman 'no chancy.' Her fame spread far and wide, and many an amorous swain and young maiden frequented her cottage, to hear her tell the evil and the good of their future destiny. Every herb she knew the virtue of; and she had in her possession a stone, about the size of a pigeon's egg, which was obtained from the head of a toad. This stone had the miraculous power of healing all sorts of venomous bites and sores upon the human body. The surface of it, previous to being used, was as smooth as glass, but after having been put into boiling water, it became as rough as sandstone. It was then applied to the diseased part, and a cure followed. It was called the "Tade's Stane." The cottage in which she resided stood apart from the rest of the houses of the village, and consisted of a 'butt' and a 'ben.' It was built in the rude fashion of the times, of unhewn stones, cemented with mud and clay, but white-washed and clean. The roof was thatched with reeds. Before the door stood a rustic porch, around which grew luxuriantly the sweet scented honeysuckle, giving the place an air of cheerfulness and comfort. About half a mile from it, on the summit of a 'broomie knowe,' grew a gigantic ash tree, hollow in the centre, and full of large holes. Standing upon a conspicuous place, this tree was observed at night in flames, as if a fire had been within it. Many were the conjectures and wise sayings of the old people of the village and other places around, respecting the phenomenon. No one would pass near it after nightfall, and all were afraid of it. It was agreed at last that "Muckle Meg" should be consulted upon the subject, and a deputation of her own sex called at her cottage for that purpose. They found her at home, but, to their astonishment, she refused to give any definite answer to their questions; and when they threatened her with punishment, she said, nothing daunted, "yo daurna for your vera lives lay a single finger-neb upon me, for I'll gang ower to Room (Rome) in a jiffey, and get protection frae the laird.*" They wondered

* The Laird of Aldie was at that time in Rome. Meg called him always her 'best frien'.

more and more at this, as "Meg" was a poor woman, and to all appearance unable to defray the expenses attending the voyage, if she foolishly attempted such a thing. But their wonder turned to terror, when they asked her by what means she could get there. "O," says she, just gi'e me the half o' an egg shell, and I'll be there by some time the morn." Without hearing any more, the deputation rushed from the house. The news fled like 'spunkie' through the village, and "Meg maun be a witch!" was in every one's mouth. Towards evening of the same day her house was surrounded, but she was not to be found. Days, weeks, and months passed on, and still she was missing. At the end of a year, she returned again, with a paper signed by the laird, (so says tradition), which put a final stop to the people molesting her. She had not been many weeks back when she died, and was buried; but she did not lie long, for a "big touzie man wi' horns and a lang tail gaed to the kirkyard, houkit her up, and vanished in a blench o' fire."

Contrary to what was expected, the light continued after her death. Some one discovered the cause at last. The tree, as has been said, being full of rotten wood, commonly called *touch-wood*, emitted a light at night, and the people thought, when she refused to give them any satisfaction regarding it, that she carried on her "cantrips" within it. Her threatened voyage to Rome, and mysterious disappearance, all combined to prejudice them against her. The truth is, "Meg" neither saw Rome nor the laird, but being a woman of a more enlightened mind than many at that period, she had no difficulty in deceiving those among whom she dwelt, persons who were afraid even of their own shadows, and considered a "Will-o'-the-Wisp" as a forerunner of some great calamity. No vestige of the tree now remains, and where the cottage stood is part of a corn-field.

13, Dalrymple Place.

J. C.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SCOTTISH JOURNAL.

Sir,—I presume many of your readers were much amused, and the feminine portion, in particular, highly interested, with the account you afforded them a fortnight since, of the expenditure upon the wedding paraphernalia of a happy one a hundred years ago. You may, perhaps, think the expenses incurred on the dresses of a Queen, during the space of twelve months, *three* hundred years since, calculated to afford them some little entertainment; if so, the following is respectfully at your service:—

An Account, Charge, and Discharge of John, Bishop of Glasgow, Treasurer to King James 3rd, for the year 1474.

CHARGE.

The compters charge for compositions of charters, wards, marriages, escheats, remissions, &c. for this zere, extends to: Scots £3240 19 9

DISCHARGE.

Things tane for the Queenis person.

Imprimis. To Caldwell in her chalmers to pay for patyues - £0 12 0

Item, To Anderson Balfoure, 20 Augusti for livery gownes to sex ladies of the quene's chalmers, at here passing to Quiteherene, 21 elne of gray, fra David Gill; price of elne 10s.	10 10 0
Item, Fra Henry Caunt 22 Augusti ane elne and ane halve of Satyne for turrats to the quene price of the elne 26s. 8d.	2 00 0
Item, Fra Thome Malcolme 26 Augusti 28 elne of gray to lyne the sex gownes; price elne 14d. sum	1 12 8
Item, Fra Will of Kerkittill, the samyne tyme 6 elne of braid clath, to the samyne gounes; price elne 18d. sum	0 09 0
Item, Fra samyne man, the same time 3 elne and ane halve of blak for a sliding gowne to the quene, price elne 36s.	6 06 0
Item, Fra the same 3 elne of vellous for the collars and skiffs of the gentill womans gowns, price elne 55s. sum	8 05 0
Item, The samyne tyme, fra the said William 3 elne and ane halve of vellous for the quenes gowne; price 55s. sum	9 12 6
Item, Given to a skynner of Strivelinge for a dusane of gluffs to the quene	0 06 0
Item, Be Andreu Balfoure, fra Will of Kerkittle, twa elne and ane halve of blak for a klok and capite bern for the quene; price elne 36s. sum	4 10 0
Item, Twa elne and ane halve of Scots blak to lyne the samyn klok; price elne 5s.	0 12 6
Item, Three quarteris of blak to fulfil with the lynng of the quenis gowne	0 03 9
Item, Fra Androu Moubra 8 elne of braid clath 6 Octobris, to cover a baithe sate to the quene; price 2s. the elne	0 16 0
Item, Fra the samyn, 3 elne of braid clath, for a schete to put about the quene in the baithe sate, price elne 3	0 09 0
Item, Fra Isabelle Williamsone, be Sande Wardropare, in absence of Androu Balfoure 5 Novembris 5 quarters of blak for hoss to the quene; price elne 40s.	2 10 0
Item, Be Androu Balfoure, fra David Quiteheid, 3 Decombris, 7 elne of cramacy satyne for a kirtele to the quene, and to cover her bonats of tyre; price elne £3 10s. sum	24 10 0
Item, Gevin to a smyth of Leith for a chymna to the quenis closat	0 18 0
Item, For band ladder to the quenes furring of her gluffs	0 05 0
Item, Fra Henry Caunt be Androu Balfoure 17 Aprilis 5 elne cristy gray, price of the elne 30s. to lyne a gowne of blak damask to the quene; sum	7 10 0
Item, Fra Thome of Stanly 27 Aprilis	

ane quarter of blew vellouss to cover the queenes stirrup irons	0 15 0
Item, Fra Will of Rend 7 Maii and deliverit to Caldwell halve ane elne of double tartan to lyne riding collars to the quene; price	0 08 0
Item, For 5 elne of small braid clathe for twa heid schotes; price of the elne 4s.	1 00 0
Item, Gevin to Caldwell 22 Junii to buy twa bassings for here chalmor	0 12 6
Item, Fra Isabell Williamsone twa elne of satyng for tippats and collars, and deliverit to Caldwell, price elne 30s. sum	3 00 0
Item, Fra Will of Rend, ult Julii, halve ane elne and halve quarter of Satyng for the quenes bonat of tyre, price elne 30s.	0 18 9
Item, Fra Isabell Williamsone 26 Augusti halve elne and halve quarter of blak for twa pair of hoss to the quene: price elne 34s.	1 01 3
Item, Given to heed sutor for the quenis schoone fra St Joly's day was a zcare, to the 21st day of September	7 00 0
Item, Fra Will of Kerkettill and deliverit to Caldwell, the samyne tyme, ane elne of satyne for stomoks to the quene	1 10 0
Item, Fra Roger of Murray the halvo of 5 quarters of vellom for a tippat to the quene; price elne 50s.	1 11 3
Item, For armyne to lyne a stomok to the quene	1 05 0
Item, To Thomas Skymare for 26 bestor of groce to lyne a tippat to the quene	1 06 0
Item, For making the tippat and twa stommok	0 03 0
Item, For a mess bucke to the quenis altar, at here commande be Cap-tayne John Cat	10 13 4
Summa totalis	113 01 6
Then follows expenses for the king's person,	117 10 6
Things coft for my lorde the prince,	41 01 8
Sum total of the three accounts, or £33 19s. 2½d. sterling, or about £500 present money.	271 13 8
Due to balance,	2969 06 1

3240 19 9

I must confess an uncertainty with regard to the actual meaning of some of the words, arising from my ignorance of the technical terms applied to the vestures employed to enfold the "form divine." It will be felt, however, that even the simple list of the Queen's expenses portrays a noble feature in her character, and exhibits an evidence of her piety amidst the pomp and splendour of a throne. This is evidenced in the last item—a prayer-book for the chapel. Neither Caldwell nor Balfour are employed, as on ordinary occasions; but one of her suite, a captain in the army, is on-

gaged to procure the "sacred treasure." And it would seem that the Queen's choice, that it should be befitting the holy purpose for which it was intended, implied so much expense to be necessarily incurred, that the Bishop, John, felt himself obliged, in his account, to state that the book was procured "at here command." It appears to have cost above £10, 10s. Scots, equal to at least £20 of present money, and therefore, though books were then dear, still it must have been a truly splendid article.

THE DEATH OF KING COIL.

BY J. D. BROWN.

THE death of King Coil is supposed to have happened 300 years before Christ. At that time Scotland, or as it was anciently called, Albium, was inhabited by three separate nations;—the Scots, who are supposed to have emigrated from Ireland, and who inhabited the Æbudæ Islands, (the Hebrides) and who had formed several colonies in the mountainous parts of Scotland; the Picts, who, according to Bede the historian, were a colony of Scythians, inhabited the eastern shores contiguous to the German sea; and the Britons, who inhabited Strathclyde and the southern parts of the island, and who appear to have been in advance of the other two nations in civilization, having an organized government and a king called Coil, or Coilus. The Picts and Scots having had several petty variances, and living always in mutual suspicion or fear of each other, "the Britons," according to Buchanan, "being enemies to both parties, gladly seized this opportunity of fomenting their dissensions, and freely offered aid to the Picts, even before they desired it, against the Scots; which when the latter perceived they applied elsewhere for assistance, and procured a foreign king to assist them against the threatened danger. The commanders of the islanders being almost all of equal authority, and disdaining to elect a chief from among themselves, Fergus, the son of Ferchard, was sent for with forces out of Ireland, as the most eminent person among the Scots, both for advice and action. By the public consent of the people he was chosen king; but while preparations were making for a battle, if need required it, a rumour was dispersed abroad, which came to the ears both of the Scots and Picts, that the Britons were acting a treacherous part, laying plots and counterplots equally pernicious to both nations, and that in the event of a battle they would turn their arms upon the conquered and conquerors alike, in order to destroy both, or drive them out of the island, that they might themselves enjoy the whole. This report made both armies doubtful what course to take, and for a time kept them within their respective trenches. At length this brought a treaty, and the secret fraud of the Britons being made manifest, peace was concluded, and the three different armies returned home. The Britons failing in their first project, had recourse to another stratagem. They sent in robbers secretly amongst the Picts to drive away their cattle: and when the injured party demanded restitution, they were told to seek it from the Scots, who were accustomed to thiev-

ing and plundering, and not from them; thus their messengers were sent away without satisfaction, and the affair was treated as a matter of derision. The fraud of the Britons being thus fully discovered, the late reproach incensed the hearts of both nations against them, more than the remaining grudges and resentments for their former conduct, and, therefore, levying as great an army as they could, the two kings invaded their coasts in different directions, and after ravaging the country with fire and sword, returned home with a great booty. To revenge this loss, the Britons penetrated into Scotland as far as the Don, (Doon), and having filled that part of the country with greater terror than loss to the inhabitants, pitched their tents upon the bank of the river. Fergus first sent the women and children with every kind of moveable property into the mountains and other places of security; after which he guarded all the passes till the Picts came up, with whom he at length joined his forces, and communicating counsels one with another, they resolved to make a diversion, and lengthen out the war, by making an incursion with their troops into the enemy's country, and so weary them out. But Coilus, the king of the Britons, understanding by his spies the cause of their delay, sent five thousand men before to lie in ambush in the upper grounds, while he determined to lead the rest of his army directly against his opponents. The Picts, however, being made acquainted with this movement, again consulted with the Scots, and, by way of prevention, it was agreed to assault the camp of the Britons by night. Accordingly, drawing out their forces, the Scots in the front, the Picts in the rear, they attacked their enemies before day; and by this means made a great slaughter of the Britons, who were taken by surprise between sleeping and waking. In this battle Coilus himself fell, with the greatest part of his army, and the place, from him, became famous under the name of Coyle, or Koylefield."

In a recent publication, "The Ballads and Songs of Ayrshire," a full account is given of the "discovery of sepulchral urns in the grave of King Coil," which was opened on the evening of the 29th May, 1837; thus settling the identity of the fact that had been handed down from generation to generation as a tradition, respecting the resting-place of the ashes of the king of the Britons.

The autumn came in its robe of brown,
And the wild flowers died away,
And the leaves of the forest rustling fell,
By winding glen and brae;
The frosty breezes blew
Over the withering plain,
Where, like autumn leaves, brave warriors lay,
In bloody battle slain.

The stream in the vale o'erflowed its banks
In a red and roaring flood:
Lo! the clouds rolled guiltless far above;
It was with warrior's blood.
'Twas yesternight arose
The mighty battle cry,
And the sun was up in the purple east
Ere the shout of victory.

The moon looked down on the battle field
Where the work of death went on,

And lit up the scene while the British king
With his host was overthrown.
The warriors lie thick
Upon the bloody field—

The valiant in heart and the strong in arm,
Whose proud souls scorned to yield.

The Britons came in their war array
From the southern heathy hills,
And their march was over the mountains high,
And over the rushing rills.
They came and were encamped
Beneath the crescent moon,
In the depth of the forest stretching far
Along the banks of Doon.

For the hardy Pict and haughty Scot
Had plundered their wide domains,
And burned their villages with fire,
And herdless left their plains.
They came to be avenged
Upon their plundering foes,
And many a warrior resting lay
Beneath the pine tree boughs.

The red-haired Pict in his wilds had heard
Of the Southern gathering near,
And he arose with his yew tree bough,
His targe and battle spear.
The 'Cran-Taraidh'* had passed
By hill and stream and vale,
And the gathering notes of the trumpet loud
Where heard in every gale;

And the Druid by the Cromlech† stood
To greet the sun's first ray,
And offered a human sacrifice
Up to the God of day;
And on a hundred hills,
By the grey rocking-stones,
Knelt the Pictish warriors offering up
Their morning orisons.

And there was a gathering 'mong the peaks
That the clouds of heaven embrace,
Of the stalwart Scots in their mountain homes,
A free and fearless race.
Ben Nevis and Ben More
Echoed their shouts afar,
As they left the rocks that the eagle loves,
And hurried to the war.

And the beacon fires were lighted up
On many a mountain high,
And gleamed afar in the dusky night,
Like meteors in the sky;
The hunter left the chase,
The shepherd left his flock,
And bounded away to join the host,
O'er moor and rugged rock.

And the fleet red deer in the forest fled,
As the mighty host drew nigh,
And the eagle from his cloud-capp'd rock
Sprung screaming in the sky;
And amid the forest pines
Their onward march was heard,
Like the thundering voice of angry storm,
When the forest all is stirred.

And the Picts and Scots together joined,
By the Druid oak-clad mound,
And their serried ranks encompassed
The British camp around;
And when the sun was set,
As the silver moon arose,
They shouted aloud their battle cry,
And rushed upon their foes.

And the startled Britons bounded up,
And the work of death began,

* The Cran-Taraidh, or Fiery Cross, the beam of wood dipped in the blood of a goat, and borne over hill and valley by runners, was the signal for immediate preparation for war.

† Cromlech, a druidical altar.

And brave King Coil, with sword and shield,
Fought bravely in the van;
And with a dauntless heart
'Mong the foes he hewed his way,
Till the bravest of his warriors true
On their death-beds round him lay.

And the moon was midway in the heavens
When the British host gave way,
For there was a tumult in the rear,
And a cry of wild dismay.
Lo! an ambuscade arose,
With bow, and spear, and shield,
Encompassing the British host
Upon the fatal field.

And a band of warriors tried and true
Were gathered around King Coil,
And loudly they cried, "Brave king escape
By yon forest's dark defile,
And we will guard the pass
Till the dawn of coming day,
For the field is lost and our noble chiefs
Lie lifeless on the clay."

But he raised his hand for silence then,
And he coldly on them frowned,
And aloud he cried, "Ye warriors brave,
Let the charging trumpet sound,
For ere the sun arise,
Ere the dark night be gone,
This arm in death will nerveless be,
Or the field will be our own.

"Let our scattered ranks be gathered in,
We'll merrily charge the foe,
And foot to foot, and hand to hand,
Deal death in every blow.
And if the field be lost,
Amid the battle spoil,
Where the dead lie thickest on the plain,
There will they find King Coil."

And aloud the gathering trumpet pealed,
And louder the tumult rose,
And brave King Coil with his valiant band
Dealt death among the foes,
Till overwhelmed he fell
On the red battle field,
With shivered sword and splintered spear,
And cloven helm and shield.

And the sun at morn shone o'er the plain
As the victors gathered spoil,
And among the thickest of the slain
They lifeless found King Coil!
The broken British host
Discomfited had fled,
Leaving thousands of their ranks behind—
The dying and the dead.

And the victors lifted up King Coil
From amid the bloody slain,
And laid him on a funeral pile
Raised high above the plain.
The pile was lit at noon,
And the red flame arose,
And loudly sung was his death song
By his brave warrior foes.

And over his ashes high they reared
For their noble foe a mound,
And he sleeps upon the battle field
With his slaughtered host around.
Pass not the warrior's cairn
Without adding to the pile; †
For the Britons ne'er had a braver king
Than gallant "old King Coil."

† It was a custom with the ancient Caledonians or Scots to raise cairns over their chiefs who fell in battle, and by these mounds the real fame of a warrior was known. The greater his deeds of valour, the greater the cairn or pile. When a friend was comforting a dying chief, it was customary to say, "I will add a stone to your cairn."

EARLY CULTIVATION OF WHEAT.

IN the latest edition of the Statistical Account of Scotland, under the head of Mid-Lothian, it is stated, upon the authority of some old gentleman (recollection of a hearsay, perhaps), that so late as 1725 the cultivation of wheat was so little known in Scotland, that people came from distant parts of the country to see a field of eight acres of wheat near Edinburgh, as quite a novelty. To show the absurdity of this statement, and to prove that the cultivation of wheat was known in Scotland from time immemorial, a few facts may be stated from authentic documents. Not many years ago there was published a table of the Mid-Lothian fiars, taking a decennial average of prices from 1655 to 1791; from which it appears that there were three prices for four kinds of grain—wheat taking the lead—namely, high, middle, and lowest, showing clearly that this kind of grain was an ordinary article of farm produce all that time. It is rather curious that the first decennial from 1655 shows a higher price for fine wheat than it reached in the same period from 1755. The observation made in Mr Wood's annals of Crammond parish is, that the rent of land and rate of labour had increased more in proportion than the price of corn. The first corn act for Scotland was passed in 1663, by which wheat was allowed to be exported when under 20s. the boll; bear under 13s. 4d.; oats and pease under 8s. 10½d. The first bounty on exportation was allowed in 1695, being ten merks Scots (8s. 10½d.) per chaldron of 16 bolls. If we go back another century we arrive at the period before the Reformation, 1560. It appears that at this time, and certainly for a long time before also, the annual revenue of the abbey at Holyrood House was as follows:—442 bolls wheat; 640 bolls bear; 560 bolls oats; 500 capons; 200 hens; 200 salmon; 12 loads of salt, besides a number of swine, and about £250 sterling money. This was the joint rental of different properties they held as their endowment from king David I. in 1128. Now the above proportion of the different kinds of grain is very similar to what a grain rent of the same kind of lands would produce in modern times. But we have proof that wheat must have been well known in Scotland 300 years earlier, from Sir James Balfour's annals of Scotland, which may be quoted as follows:—"1208. In this year Pope Innocent the 3d having excommunicate John K. of England, and interdicted his realm, the Bishops of Sarrisbury and Rochester came to Scotland and were kindly received by K. William (the Lion), who allowed them for their maintenance 80 chalders (1280 bolls) of whyte and rye, 66 of barley, and 80 of ottes." Wheat certainly could not be a scarce commodity even at this remote period, when such an allowance was made for two exiled English bishops and their retinue. It appears, however, from the Holyrood rental, that pease (and probably beans) were not likely to have been ordinary articles of produce at that time.—*Inverness Courier*.

IN 1758, the premium, given by the "Edinburgh Society," for the best hogshead of strong ale brewed, was gained by Bartholomew Bell, brewer in Edinburgh. The prize was a silver cup.

Varieties.

CROWN LANDS OF NORTHUMBERLAND.—A very curious document was, in May 1841, discovered among the ancient records at Guildhall, London. It is a contract made between Charles I. and his Privy Council on one part, and the Corporation of the city of London on the other, in which the King makes over in mortgage to the Corporation several large tracts of crown lands in the counties of Northumberland, Durham, York, &c., for certain loans of money to him, amounting to more than £300,000 of the then currency. But the unfortunate monarch never having had the power of redeeming these lands, they became legally part of the city estates; and several years afterwards, finding that from their remoteness, and the rough unproductive nature of the soil, they were not very productive or profitable, the Corporation disposed of the city interest in them to the ancestors of the present great coal-field proprietors, not, of course, having the slightest idea that they were throwing out of their hands the richest and most profitable soil in England, which would long since have produced them a net profit of above £400,000 per annum. The document is quite perfect, and is very well written. The King's signature, "Charles R.," is in a fine free hand, and the signatures of the members of his council at the foot of the deed are easily deciphered, but are remarkable for the diversity of the handwriting. That of Buckingham's is quite different from the others; it is very free, but in good taste. The royal seal is affixed to the deed, and the seals of the signing privy councillors are appended likewise.

ANCIENT REMAINS.—In the course of the improvements at Wilton Church, near Taunton, the workmen last week accidentally discovered in a vault behind the pulpit an immense stone coffin, seven feet and nine inches long, two feet eleven inches wide, and two feet deep. The cover is upwards of six inches in thickness, and its weight nearly half a ton. A lion rampant appears on its upper portion in basso relievo, above which, in slight alto relievo, is the figure of a human skull supported by cross bones and an hour-glass. The lettering can be but imperfectly deciphered, but the following is traceable:—"In hoc sepich Roicacet corpva Georgii Powell de Wiltone in Comitavoset Generosiqviobiit die Mensis Ano Dm Noli-metangere proprietate & amore," which may be thus rendered, "In this coffin lies the body of George Powell, of Wilton, in the county of Somerset, gentleman, who died—anno DOMINI. Forbear to touch me from piety and love." The date of the month and year of Mr Powell's decease is obliterated. Leadern cisterns, bearing the crests of lions rampant, are still met with at Cutliff, in the same parish, where probably the deceased resided between three and four centuries ago.—Morning Herald, Dec. 27, 1837.

ELDON'S FACULTY FOR DOUBTING.—My most valued and witty friend, Sir George Rose, when at the bar, having the note-book of the regular reporter of Lord Eldon's decisions put into his hand, with a request that he would take a note for him of any decision which should be given, entered in it the following lines as a full record of all that was material which had occurred during the day:—

Mr Leach
Made a speech,
Angry, neat, but wrong;
Mr Hart,
On the other part,
Was heavy, dull, and long:
Mr Parker
Made the case darker,
Which was dark enough without:
Mr Cooke
Cited his book,
And the Chancellor said—"I DOUBT."

This 'jeu d'esprit' flying about Westminster Hall, reached the Chancellor, who was very much amused with it, notwithstanding the allusion to his doubting propensity. Soon after, Mr Rose having to argue before him a very untenable proposition, he gave his opinion very

gravely, and with infinite grace and felicity thus concluded:—"for these reasons the judgment must be against your clients; and here, Mr Rose, the Chancellor DOES NOT DOUBT.—'Campbell's Lives of the Lord Chancellors.'

THE GREAT SNOW-STORM OF 1620.—The snow fell during thirteen days and nights with very little intermission, accompanied with great cold and a keen biting wind. About the fifth and sixth days, the young sheep fell into a torpid state and died; and about the ninth and tenth days the shepherds began to build up large semicircular walls of the dead, in order to afford some shelter for the living; but the protection was of little service. Impelled by hunger, the sheep were frequently seen tearing at one another's wool with their teeth. On the fourteenth day, there was on many high-lying farms not a survivor of extensive flocks to be found. Large misshapen walls of dead surrounding a small prostrate group, likewise dead, and stiffly frozen in their lairs, met the eye of the forlorn shepherd and his master. Of upwards of 20,000 sheep maintained in the extensive pastoral district of Eskdale moor only about forty were left alive.—Gallery of Nature.

INTERESTING TO SPINSTERS.—The 'Aberdeen Herald' says that an antiquarian friend has handed him the following extract from an act of the Scottish Parliament, passed in the reign of Queen Margaret, about the year 1268:—"It is statut and ordainit that during the reigne of hir maist blissit Magestie, ilk maiden ladye of baith highe and lowe estait shall hae libertie to bespeak ye man she likes; albeit, gif he refuses to tak her till be his wif, he sall be mulctit in ye ssume of ane hundredth pundis or less, as his estait mai be, except and alwais gif he can mak it appear that he is betrothit to ane ither woman, then he shall be free."

KILBIRNIE CASTLE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SCOTTISH JOURNAL.

Sir,—In a late number of your Journal I observed a copy of an original letter from Viscount Garnock to Hunter of Hunterston, showing the value of money in the early part of last century, dated Kilbirnie, 1728. As I have always felt a deep interest in the fortunes of that ancient and noble family, now extinct, could you give me any information as to when Kilbirnie Castle was built, and at what time the family (Crawford) got a charter of the lands of Kilbirnie. I have myself often minutely examined the ruins, but not being particularly acquainted with the different styles of architecture, cannot so easily surmise as to its date. It appears to me, however, to have been built at two different periods. The tower at the west corner having been built for strength, the walls are about ten feet thick. It is about thirty feet square, and forty-five high. The principal building appears to have been much more recently erected, as the walls are not more than three feet six inches thick, with windows nearly as large as in any house of modern erection. It is three stories high, about fifty feet long, and twenty wide. It is situated in the parish of Kilbirnie, about three-fourths of a mile from the old church, and one and a half miles from the Glasgow and Ayr Railway. It was burned about seventy or eighty years ago. As to the cause of the fire I have not particularly heard, there being many stories regarding it. The walls have a burnt appearance at the present day, and portions of the timber which remain in the walls show that they have been subjected to fire.

Trusting you will excuse me for thus trespassing on your time,

I remain, yours respectfully, D. H.
Glasgow, 31st January, 1848.

[An article descriptive of KILBIRNIE CASTLE will be given in an early number.]

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No. II.

AYTON.

—"This, the strongest of their forts,
Old Ayton Castle, yielded and demolished."—Ford.

IN the ancient records, Ayton is usually written Eitun or Eiton; nevertheless in one of the charters of King Edgar, granted to the monks of Durham, at the close of the eleventh century, we find it spelt exactly as at the present day. It is obviously a compound of the two Saxon words *Ei*, a river, and *tun*, a town or village. The family of the Aytons was of great antiquity, sprung upon the Anglo-Norman *De Vescies*, which name they laid aside and adopted that of Ayton, on their first taking up their abode on the banks of the Eye. Their settlement here must have taken place—probably during David's reign—not much more than a century subsequent to the Conquest, Helias and Dolfinus de Eitun being witnesses to a charter granted to Coldingham by *Walthere* Earl of Dunbar, who died in 1182. In the reign of William the Lion, Helias, Mauricius, and Adam de Eitun, attested a donation of *David de Quixwood*, to the Hospital of Lepers at Auld-cambus. Robert de Ayton fell at the battle of Nesbit-moor, two or three miles south of Dunse, on the 22d June, 1402. Of this ancient family the Aytons of Inchdairney in Fife are said to be the lineal descendants and representatives.

During the first half of the fifteenth century, the lands of Ayton, whether by purchase or marriage is not ascertained, fell into the possession of the *Homes*, who about that period acquired a great sway in Berwickshire. By charter, dated 29th November, 1472, the greater portion of the lands of Aytoun, with those of Whitfield, were granted to George de Home, son of Sir Alexander Home of Dunglass, who thus became progenitor of the Homes of Ayton. He was uncle to Alexander Home, and brother to Sir Patrick Home of Fast-Castle. George Home of Ayton was one of the Scottish Commissioners appointed to meet at Hauden Stank and Redding-burn, on the 18th and 21st October, 1484, for the purpose of adjusting a truce and settling border disputes; and in 1515 his son George had the rare fortune to return unscathed from the field of Flodden. In 1542, the same individual, having accompanied *Oliver Sinclair* to the Raid of Solway Moss, was with

many persons of distinction taken prisoner, but afterwards ransomed for two hundred pounds sterling—no small sum in those days. From "Ancient Rental of Coldinghame," made up about the Reformation, as well from the collateral evidence furnished by *tacks* and deeds of infeftment, it appears that Home of Fast-Castle at this period held considerable property within the barony of Ayton, and at his decease, being without male issue, his rascally son-in-law, *Robert Logan of Restalrig*, in right of his wife, acquired these possessions, together with the lordship of Fast-Castle. In several *seisins*, to which his seal and signature are affixed, we find him styling himself "dominus superior baroniæ de Aytoun;" and in an infeftment granted to one *Hueldie*, by the next proprietor, Sir Patrick Home, the lands are specified as "quondam tenta de Roberto Logan de Lestalric sed nunc de me in capite." Most of the petty lairds in and around Ayton hold in their custody documents signed and sealed by this Sir Patrick, between the years 1610 and 1625. In 1678, Charles Home, (Lord Home's brother) was imprisoned in Edinburgh Castle for his accession to the clandestine marriage of the heiress and daughter of Home of Ayton to the laird of *Kimmergham*. The lands and barony of Ayton finally passed from the Homes in 1715, when James Home, laird of Ayton, rallied his followers around the rebellious standard of *Mar*. The old laird is said to have lain long in some English prison, with his legs and arms well loaded with iron manacles. Tradition tells us that long afterwards, when very old, he used to display the marks upon his wrists as memorials of the durance vile to which his Jacobitism had subjected him, when living in the village of Birgham on the banks of the Tweed. The house he lived in there is at this day called Ayton House.

After the forfeiture of the Homes, the estate of Ayton was purchased by a gentleman of the name of *Fordyce*—in whose family it remained for about a century. It is now the property of *Mitchell Innes, Esq.*

The Castle of Ayton occupied the same delightful situation on the Eye as the present mansion-house. It probably was one of those rude piles with which, soon after the Conquest, the border counties became so thickly studded, and owed its foundation to the Norman de Vescie. The only thing important recorded of its history is a siege it sustained in 1479 from Surrey, the renowned general of Henry VIII., in retaliation of James IV.'s mad inroad in support of the pretensions of the

impostor Warbeck; whom, as Ford sayeth or singeth, in his dramatic chronicle of Perkin Warbeck,

—"this, the strongest of their forts,
Old Ayton Castle, (was) yielded, and demolished."

This, however, must only be one of a thousand events which, if known, would give it a threefold interest in the eye of the antiquary. It is probable that the Earl of March, Douglas, and Galloway, and the Duke of Lancaster, would honour it with their temporary residence, when they met at Ayton Church, in 1380, to adjust the truce, which they finally settled at *Drumaw*, or *Habchester*. Another truce of even greater importance was made here in 1497, of which Sir Patrick Home of Fast-Castle was one of the Conservators. In 1384, the following highly distinguished personages assembled in Ayton Church; and, perhaps, after business did honour to the hospitality of the castle. John Bishop of Durham, John Nevile, Lord of Raby, Master John Waltham, Subdean of York, for the king of England; and John Earl of Murray, Archibald Douglas, lord of Galloway, James Douglas, lord Dalkeith, Thomas Erskine, and Master Duncan Little, Provost of St Andrews, for the king of Scotland. Ayton being one of the places bestowed by Edgar on the monks of St Cuthbert, it is probable that the church, of which the ivy-mantled transept, with its gothic window, and the eastern gable are still standing, was erected about the beginning of the twelfth century. After the laying out of parishes, Ayton and Coldingham constituted the parish of Coldingham—hence the value of the church of Ayton does not appear, in the ancient *Taxatio*, among the other churches in the deanery of the Merse. After the Reformation, Ayton was disjoined from Coldingham and united with Lamberton, to form the parish of Ayton; but, in 1650, it was disannexed from the latter, and, as now, became a parish *per se*. About the time that the first Statistical Account of Ayton was written, the author says that there were *seven* proprietors of the name of Home in the parish. There is now only *one* of that name residing within its bounds. During the seventeenth century several proprietors, such as the Homes of *Bastileridge*, who were intimately connected with the Homes of *Broomhouse*, and the Homes of *Peelwalls*, resided in the parish. During the fifteenth century the Homes of *Bastileridge* are styled "baillies of the barony of Peelwalls." Home of *Broomhouse* is said to have lurked about *Peelwalls* sometime after the insurrection of 1715, in which he was implicated. The *Huilldies* possessed considerable property in Ayton parish during the lifetime of Logan of Restalrig, and had a *tower* which stood not far from the castle, called "Huilldie's Tower," of which the remainder was pulled down by a person lately living in Chirnside. There also existed the "Wall Tower," the residence of a person of the name of *Orkney*, who long held land as a vassal of the barons of Ayton. The descendants of Orkney still reside in the village. *Mr Huilldie* seems to have been a person every way worthy of his superior, Robert Logan of Restalrig. We find it recorded that, on the 13th June, 1594, Robert Logan of Restalrig was denounced as a

rebel, for not appearing before the king and council, to answer a charge at the instance of Robert Gray, burgess of Edinburgh, "makand mention, That quhair upon the second day of Aprile last, he being passing in peccable and quiet maner to Berwick, for doing of certaine his lessum effearis and busynes, lippyning for na trouble nor injurie of any persones; treuth it is that Johnie, *alias Jokkie* Houldie and Peter Craik, servandes to Robert Logane of Restalrig, with three utheris thair complices, umbesett his hie way and passage, beside the Bowyrod; quha not onlie reft and spuilzeit fra him *nyne hundred and fiftie pundis money* quhilk he had upoun him, but alsua maist cruellie and barbarouslie invadit and persewit him of his lyffe, hurte and woundit him in the heid, and straik him with divers utheris bauck straikis upoun his body, to the graise danger and perill of his lyffe," &c. Logan failed to appear and present those persons who had committed this outrage.*

The church and churchyard of Ayton are situated in a retired spot on the eastern bank of the Eye. The mansion-house and village, which latter is one of the most pleasant in the country, are on the opposite side. The village contains above six hundred inhabitants. Ayton House was destroyed by fire in the spring of 1834; and a splendid new mansion, in the castelated style, is at present being erected on the ancient site, built with a red sandstone from a quarry in the immediate vicinity of Chirnside.

We spent an hour of a fine summer afternoon in wandering among the sepulchral monuments of this beautiful burying-ground. We found one monumental stone, a few yards from the kirk wall, and nearly opposite the pulpit, which interested us not a little: it bore the following inscription:—"In hopes of a blessed resurrection, is interred here, *John Henderson*, tenant in Ayton, who died 28th January, 1740, aged 51 years; also *Margaret Simpson*, his wife, who died 31st January, 1780, aged 84 years; and also five of their children, who died in infancy." The person here commemorated was, about the beginning of last century, the tenant of the pastoral farm of *Dirrington*, in *Lammermoor*, which he left about the year 1730, in consequence of losing his whole flock of sheep, on which he chiefly depended for the payment of his rent, and the support of his family. During a severe snow-storm, he drove his sheep to the shelter of a wood, from which they were expelled, either by accident or design, a neighbour's flock having taken shelter under the same wood, so that his *hirsels* wandered out to the bare moor, where every individual perished. Henderson then came down to the low country, and took up his residence in the parish of Ayton, and till his decease, in 1740, he possessed a small farm at a place called *Nether Ayton*, which lay farther down the Eye, and on the same side with the church. While he lived at this place, he got into his possession a valuable article of *glamourie*, which seemed at one time to bid fair to be no unworthy rival of the *Lee-penny*, and other *amulets* and *charms* of the same sort. This was a small three-sided stone, or piece of glass, somewhat rounded.

* Pitcairn's Criminal Trials, part ii. p. 325.

and about the size of a pigeon's egg. It is evidently artificial. It has been called the "Corby-stone," from the circumstance of having been found in the nest of a Corby, at a place called the "Corbie-heugh,"* near Ayton. The bird having sat for some weeks upon its eggs, it found out by some means, we cannot say how, that they would not hatch without *supernatural* assistance. And being, as the legend sayeth, directed by the Divinity, it went in search of this assistance, but to what place, our informant could not tell; it however returned in a few days, bearing in its bill the precious thing which was to relieve her brooding cares, and dissipate the distresses of the natives of Berwickshire. With the assistance of the stone, the *corbie* soon brought forth her brood, and John Henderson, climbing the tree soon afterwards, brought from her nest this invaluable specific for every disease under the sun. It soon became famous in the district, and was better at *laying swellings*, and curing tumours, than ever was the far-famed panacea of the "wonder-working doctor of Dunso"—*John Campbell*, to wit. It laid swellings, cured cancers, dropsies, rheumatisms, ulcers, and "all the ills that flesh is heir to." The laird of *Manderstone* once sent for it to cure his cattle of some fell disease that had carried off a number of them: after the "Corby-stone" was laid into the pond where the cattle drank, the murrain immediately ceased—and it was henceforth sent for far and near, and wrought many wonderful cures among the poor dumb brutes. Its success among the *rational* part of the creation was no less surprising, so that the doctors got jealous of its deeds, and began to fear that "their occupation was gone." A doctor in Berwick sent for the owner of this charmed stone, and offered him *fifty pounds* for it; but he would not part with it either for love or money. "Then," said the doctor, "it shall never do more good"—and so saying he threw the stone against the wall of his house, and cracked it!—and its virtue was gone for ever! But cracked as it was, J. H. took it home, and kept it in his dwelling. It was retained in the family, and his daughter *Elspeth*, who died at the age of 91, kept it in her possession till the day of her death carefully wrapped up in a piece of flannel. One of her nieces, *Janet Smeaton*, put it into the writers' hands, in the year 1826, to be preserved as a memorial of the credulity and superstition of our ancestors—though he believes honest Janet had some idea that it might be of use to him, as he was in the *Æsculapian* line! It bears a slight crack on one side—the effect of the doctor's envious spite—but still we deem it a relic of great interest, and intend to hand it down to posterity as an object of no mean value.

During the rebellion of 1745, the family of John Henderson still resided in Ayton, and his eldest

son, Thomas, used to relate that, for fear of the rebels, they took up their hearth-stone, and dug a large hole below, in which they buried their *muckle kist*, containing their most valuable household goods and gear. But instead of the *rebels*, they suffered from the *loyal* troops. Part of the army of the Duke of Cumberland, on their way to the north, halted some time in Ayton. During their stay, these lawless troopers did much injury to the property of the peaceable inhabitants. Among other acts of mischief, they burned several stacks of corn belonging to *Thomas Henderson*, killed his poultry, consumed his cheese and meal, and carried off his horses as far as Dunbar, where he had to follow them, and with much difficulty got them out of the hands of the scoundrels. So ends my pilgrimage to Ayton.

Chirnside.

G. H.

THE PARISH OF CRUDEN,

IN THE COUNTY OF ABERDEEN.

[Continued from our last.]

THE NOBLE FAMILY OF ERROLL.

The origin of this noble family is well known to every Scotchman, from the gallant exploit for which they were ennobled. In the reign of King Kenneth III., anno 980, the Danes invaded Scotland, and the two armies joined battle at a place called *Loncarty*, in the parish of *Redgorton*, in the county of *Perth*.

The Scots, being taken by surprise on the arrival of the Danes, were much inferior in point of numbers, nevertheless, the King resolved to hazard a battle. Both armies fought desperately, but at last the Scots gave way and fled, pursued by the Danes. On their passage through a narrow defile, the Scots were met by a countryman, of the name of *Hay*, and his two sons, who had been at work in a neighbouring field, from which they had seen the flight of their countrymen.

Hay upbraided them for their want of courage, and he and his sons, armed with the rustic implements of the plough, the oxen bows and yokes, threatened to fall upon them if they did not immediately turn and give battle to the Danes. This so aroused the Scots that they turned, and fell upon the Danes with such fury, that the latter were completely routed; indeed the victory was so decisive that it is said those Danes who escaped the sword were drowned in the river, which was then swelled by the rains and overflowed its banks.

When the tumult had subsided, Hay and his sons were introduced to the King, and were conducted in triumph to *Perth*, where the King gave him choice of as much land as a hound's chase or a hawk's flight. Hay preferred the latter, and had assigned to him the lands of *Erroll* and those adjoining. In the parish of *St Madoes*, in the same county, there is a large stone, which gives name to a village, or hamlet, called *Hawkstone*. The tradition of the country is, that it is the stone on which the hawk of the peasant alighted, after it had performed its flight round the land given to the gallant rustic in reward for his services. Hay was created *Thane of Erroll*, and received an armorial bearing, viz. three escutcheons, gules,

* The "Corbie-heugh" we find commemorated in the following rhyme still current in the district:—

"The corbies in the Corbie-heugh
Are crouching like to die,
But soon will they hae meat enough,
And that ye'll a' see,
When HOULDIE and his reivers rude,
Hing on the gullows tree.

By this it appears that Houldie was a noted freebooter.

the supporters countrymen, armed with yokes and bows; the crest, a falcon with expanded wings; the motto, "Serva Jugum."

The family of Erroll continued in possession of these lands from the year 980 until the year 1650, when they were sold. The parish of Caputh, in the same county, is supposed to have been part of the lands granted by the King as above to the family of Hay; and William Earl of Erroll, who succeeded in 1506, is designated in a charter, during the lifetime of his father, "William of Caputh, and Master of Erroll." This family has always continued to stand high in the estimation of the Scottish kings; and was by them deservedly advanced to the highest offices in the kingdom. It was by the able assistance afforded to Robert the Bruce, by the Hays and the Keiths, that he gained the decisive battle of Barra, near Oldmeldrum, anno 1308, and which gave a final overthrow to the once powerful family of Cumine, Earls of Buchan.

In the Parliament, holden at Perth, anno 1320, King Robert the Bruce divided the lands of Cumine, Earl of Buchan, among his friends. To the family of Erroll he gave the parishes of Cruden, Slains, and part of the parishes of Logie Buchan, Ellon and Udny.

The Earl of Erroll was also appointed by the King to the office of Hereditary Great Constable of Scotland, which they have possessed for above five hundred years, their charter for it being granted at Cambuskenneth, 12th November, anno 1316, and is still to be seen in the charter-room of Slains Castle. To the office of Great Constable of Scotland belonged of old the command of the king's army immediately under the king, and the jurisdiction of all criminal cases falling out within four miles of the king's court, wherever it should reside.

The Earls of Erroll have been so famous abroad also, that Ariosto has introduced them among the auxiliaries that went from Scotland, above three hundred years ago, to assist Charles the fifth Emperor of Germany; for he thus speaks of the Earl of Erroll in Canto X. of *Orlando Furioso*, "Ed ha il Conte d'Erelia a destra mano."

The Earl of Erroll, in virtue of his distinguished office, is, by birth, the first subject in Scotland; and, in right of this privilege, on all state occasions, where the sovereign is present, appears at his right hand, and takes precedence of the entire Peerage of Scotland.

Dr Anderson, the learned and laborious editor of the "Bee," at page 306 of vol. v. of that publication, in the article on James, Earl of Erroll, who died 3d June, 1778, says, "as to rank, in his lordship's person were united the honours of Livingston, Kilmarnock and Erroll. As Hereditary High Constable of Scotland, Lord Erroll is, by birth, the first subject in Great Britain after the blood royal, and, as such, has a right to take place of every hereditary honour. The Lord Chancellor, and the Lord High Constable of England, do, indeed, take precedence of him, but these are only temporary honours, which no man can lay claim to by birth, so that, by birth, Lord Erroll ranks, without a doubt, as the first subject of Great Britain, next after the princes of the blood royal."

The present youthful head of this noble house is the Right Honourable William Harry, Earl of Erroll, Baron Hay of Slains, Baron Kilmarnock, Hereditary Great Constable of Scotland, Captain in the Royal Rifle Brigade, born in 1823, and succeeded his father in 1846.

MINISTERS OF CRUDEN SINCE 1680.

The Rev. John Barclay.—He was a very eccentric divine and poet, but considered an excellent classical scholar. At the desire of Skene, who wrote the survey of Aberdeen, first printed there in 1685, he translated into English the Latin Epigrams of Arthur Johnston upon that city and the principal Royal Burghs in Scotland. He was also the author of a curious work called a "Description of the Roman Catholic Church," printed in 1689. A copy of this very scarce book is in the possession of William Smith, Esq., wine-merchant, Aberdeen. Mr Barclay is believed to have been descended of the ancient family of Towie Barclay, in the parish of Turriff.

The Rev. William Dunbar—anno 1710.—He was consecrated a Bishop at Edinburgh, 18th June, 1727, and died in 1746.

The Rev. James Wardlaw was ordained minister of Cruden 20th September, 1717, and was translated to Dunfermline in 1720.

The Rev. John Webster was ordained in 1720, and died in 1730.

The Rev. William Hay was ordained in 1730, and died 27th April, 1777, aged 73. Mr Hay is believed to have been a connection of the Erroll family.

The Rev. Alexander Cock was ordained in 1777, and died in 1837, having been minister of Cruden for the long period of sixty years.

The Rev. Alexander Philip was ordained in 1837, and continued in the charge until the disruption in 1843. He officiated as minister of the Free Church there until 1845, when he was translated to Dunfermline.

The Rev. Robert Ross was ordained in 1843, and is now minister of Cruden. Mr Ross is a son of the late, and brother to the present John Ross, Esq. of Arnage, in the parish of Ellon. Mr John Ross is the representative of the ancient and honourable house of Ross of Auchlossan, in the parish of Lumphanan. The Rosses possessed these lands upwards of five hundred years. The last proprietor, Captain Ross, was killed at the battle of Malplaquet in 1709, and in 1715 the estate passed into the hands of other proprietors.

It is a singular circumstance that two ministers should have been translated from Cruden to Dunfermline, namely, the Rev. James Wardlaw, in 1720, and the Rev. Alexander Philip, in 1845.

At 21st January 1838, the date of last report, there were upwards of £850 per annum of unappropriated teinds, available for new endowments—a larger sum than appertains to any parish in Aberdeenshire, New Deer excepted, where they exceed £900.

The following is a list of the heritors of Cruden, and their respective proportions of valued rent, in 1674:

The Earl of Erroll,	-	-	£4450	16	4
Auchlenchries,	-	-	324	0	0
The Muirtack,	-	-	33	6	8

Auquharney, - - -	266	13	4
William Hay of Sandend, - -	200	0	0
Earl of Panmure, for feu duties of Ardenbraught, - - -	40	0	0
	<hr/>		
	£5314	16	4

The following are now the heritors of Cruden, stated in the order of the proportion of their valued rents:—

The Earl of Erroll.
 Alexander Erskine of Longhaven.
 James Gammell, Esq. of Ardifferry.
 The trustees of Dr Anderson of Braco.
 Charles Gordon, Esq. of Auchlenchries.
 William Teats, Esq. of Auquharney.
 Alexander Philip, Esq. of Tonduton.
 James Shepherd, Esq. of Aldie.
 John Rennie, Esq. of Braco.
 James Johnston, Esq. of Moresat.
 William Teats, Esq. of Muirtack.
 William Fidler, Esq. of Stonehousehill.

W.

THE LINDSAY AND CRAWFORD PEERAGE.

In a Committee of Privileges of the House of Lords, in July last, Mr Stuart Wortley, in behalf of the claimant of the above peerage, detailed at length the genealogy of the family, the important historical events connected with it, their intermarriages with the Royal Family of Scotland, and many of the noble houses, and gave some curious glimpses of the chivalrous days of old, when the practice was that

“He should take who has the power,
 And he should keep who can.”

The learned gentleman traced the family tree from the first creation of the Earldom in 1398, when Sir David Lindsay, in the words of Old Winton—

“The Lord Schire Davy de Lyndesay,
 Wes Erie maid yat yere, on a day
 Of Crauford, and he beltit swa.
 Eftyr yat a day or twa,
 Schere Davy Stewart ye Kingis Air,
 His eldest Son, baith young and fair,
 Wes mad Duke of Rothessay;
 He til haif yat Tityl ay,
 And eftyr him, as yat wes done,
 All tym ye Kingis eldeste sone
 And his Air suld be al-way
 Be Titil Duke cald of Rothessay,” &c.

“His Eme (uncle) of Fife, yat ilka day
 That he wes Duke made of Rothessay
 Wes maid Duke of Albany,
 For him and his heritably”—

to the time when the elder branch of the direct line became too notorious in the person of Alexander, the Master of Crawford, eldest son of David, 8th Earl of Crawford, who was indicted and tried on the 16th February, 1530, for constructive parricide and atrocious crimes, before the Justiciary Court, in presence of the King, when he pled guilty to all the charges, or “came in the will of his Majesty.” He was declared to be obtuse and illiterate; he was reckless and pro-

fuse in the extreme, wilfully dissipating what had been liberally given him by his father, to such an extent, that he could only free himself from the just imprisonment in consequence by enduring to be solemnly interdicted in 1531 from such mad and ruinous career, and the disposal of his property, by the Supreme Civil Court. He, in 1535, cruelly tyrannised over and persecuted the harmless inferior clergy, ejecting them from their lands, and depriving them of the bare means of subsistence, by appropriation of their bere, grass, fodder, &c., and for which he again figured before the same tribunal, and repaid the kindness and liberality of his benignant parent, whose want of affection to his relatives constituted none of his offences, by the greatest “ingratitude, inioris, and wrangis.” Nay, he at length “*patri manus violentus imposuerat*,” and imbrued his hands in his blood, it not being his fault that he had not fully incurred the guilt of parricide, which he actually attempted by the “slaughter” of the author of his being—a crime so black and heinous, that the laws of England and of Solon cannot even conceive or fancy its existence. He was the irreclaimable enemy both of God and man, whom the civil and spiritual powers—for once here in happy harmony, applying the salutary rigour of their discipline—unequivocally condemned, “cursed,” and “excommunicated.”

It may be well to state that another Alexander, the fourth Earl of Crawford, called “Earl Beardie,” and “The Tiger,” who died in 1453, however similar in name, is not to be confounded with the “Wicked Master.”

The “Beardie” just referred to was succeeded by his eldest son, David, the fifth Earl, who, being like his ancestors, an important and leading personage in the state, and much devoted to his ill-fated sovereign, James III., he was by that monarch, on account of his high birth and meritorious services, heritably raised to the dignity of the Duke of Montrose, by a charter dated May 18, 1488; he being the first subject, not the immediate heir to the Crown, or the son or brother of a king of Scotland, who obtained and held such pre-eminent rank.

Continuing unshaken in his loyalty, he sided with his royal master in the unnatural and memorable contest waged against him by his son James, the Prince of Scotland, which last, however, subsequently prevailing at the battle of Sauchie Burn, in the above year, where his unhappy father was worsted and fell, the grant of the Dukedom of Montrose (only), together with other such grants of James III., came in consequence to be rescinded by the victorious party, through special Act of Parliament, on the 17th of October, 1488. Nevertheless, the prince, now lawful sovereign by the style of James IV., out of compunction for his undutiful conduct, thereafter created the noble person in question *de novo* Duke of Montrose by a charter and Act of Parliament in September, 1489, but with a restriction of the enjoyment of the dignity merely to his lifetime. He thereupon again figured as a “noble prince and mighty, David Duke of Montrose, Earl of Crawford, and Lord Lindsay,” &c.

As much devoted to the male succession as the

house of Lindsay or Crawford throughout, the Duke, when Earl of Crawford only, obtained, upon his special resignation, a royal confirmation by James III., dated November 6, 1474, of the extensive Crawford patrimony and estates, &c., (under reservation of his life interest) to Alexander Lindsay, his eldest son and heir-apparent, in fee, "et heridibus masculis de corpore suo legitime procreandis; quibus forti deficientibus consanguineo nostro, Johanni Lindesay fratri germanodicti Alexandri, et heridibus masculis de corpore suo legitime procreandis; quibus forte deficientibus, veris legitimis et propinquioribus heridibus masculis dicti David Comitiss Craufurde capitalia ABMA ejusdum, et suum cognomen Lindesay gerentibus et habentibus quibuscunque."

This royal charter, or confirmation, thus in unison with all the former, became eventually the leading and regulating entail of the subjects mentioned, being the last executed by the noble party; and there can be no doubt, in the circumstances, as indeed will afterwards be strikingly apparent, that, by whatever title or conveyance, or through means of its then constructive agency, the honours descended in the same way; in support of which, too, there would be every presumption in so feudal an age. An entail at that time, it may be added, comprised any settlement where there was a deviation from common law in regard to succession, like the one in question, whether of a strict kind, then rather unusual, or otherwise.

At his death, about the year 1497 (Alexander, his eldest son, having predeceased without issue), he was succeeded by his younger son John, who fell at the fatal battle of Flodden,

"Where shivered was fair Scotland's spear,
And broken was her shield."

John having died without heirs male (he leaving only two daughters), Sir Alexander Lindsay of Ochtermontzie became, in 1513, the 7th Earl of Crawford, and dying in 1517 he was succeeded by David, his eldest son. The learned counsel here directed their lordships' attention to the fact that the females of the family had been passed over; that their children also had been unrecognised, and that the title had descended to the heirs male of the collateral branch, as the 8th Earl of Crawford. He had children, the eldest of whom was Alexander, the "Wicked Master," who has been already referred to. The 8th Earl dying, and the title falling to be taken up by the "Wicked Master," he was passed over for the collateral branch. The Scottish law being assimilated in very many points to the Roman, the offence of attempted parricide on the part of the son was held in utter detestation, and the "Wicked Master," by his atrocious attempts against his father, "iniuris and wrangis," to quote the words of a legal document that will shortly merit attention—of course after his conviction—had "of law and consuetude forfaitit and tint ye succeeding to his father, and maid himself unhabile to broik his heretage of ye said earldome of Crawford." In the concurring words of another authority in the same century (to be found under the evidence in the case), it is explicitly said that he "*exhereditatus fuit, quia patri manus violentus imposuerat.*" Thus he was

declared incompetent to succeed his father, and thus completely extirpated and rooted out of the succession—himself with his line—like a noxious weed, although cursed and excommunicated, and put to the ban of decent society, he contrived still to exist, skulking in low life—being hardly an object of notice, from his utter degeneracy and degradation. He continued his vicious courses after the death of his father, whom he briefly survived, until, in sad contrast with the lofty and chivalrous feats of his ancestors, he fell in a petty and ignominious broil with "a cobbler in Dundee," who happily rid the country of him.

David Lindsay of Edzell, 9th Earl Crawford, succeeded, and from him the claimant derived his right, as heir male and representative, although not in the direct line; for this David very generously conveyed back the title and estates of Crawford to the son of the "Wicked Master," who thereupon adopted and was confirmed in the title as 10th Earl of Crawford. The original obligation is too long to quote, but we may embody part of it to show its singular character:—"Be it kend, till all men be yir present letteris me David Lyndesay Maister of Craufurd oy to David umquhile Erle of Craufurd yat last decessit, forsamekle as ye said umquhile David Erle of Craufurd regretting ye gret *Ingratitudis*, *Iniuris*, and *Wrangis* of umquhile Alexander yan Maister of Craufurd, my fader (the "Wicked Maister") done and committit aganis ye said umquhile Erle his fader, throu quhilkis ye said umquhile Alexander my fader, of law, and consuetude, forfaitit;" and then follows the extent of property dispossessed of:—"Neviryeless ye said David now erle of Craufurd, movit of guid zeill and pietie, and remembering ye greit luif and kyndnes of ye said umquhile David erle of Craufurd, and in mynd to recompense ye samyn to his offspring, nocht falzeand to him, for gude of ye house, mantening of ye house, and parmenence yairof, and for luif, and favouris he beris to me in regard to my humile, and formale behaving, in tymes bygane, and for asauld service, to be done to me in tyme coming to ye said David now Erle Craufurd, for all ye dayis of his lif, hes adoptit me as his sone, and hes resignit all and syndry ye landis and baronis underwriten in our sovrane ladiis and my Lord Governouris handis, in favour of me, for heretable infestment of fee to be made to me and my airis maill lauchfullie to be gottin of my body yairof, Quhilkis felzeing to ye airis mail of talzie of ye said David now erle of Craufurd speceifeit in his infestment of fee, and gret charter tailzie maid lailtie be our said umquhile lord yat last necessit to him yairupon, that is to say ye baronyis of Fynewin, forest of Platane, Inverrite," &c. &c. And then follows a specification of the Crawford estates; "ffor ye quhilkis caussis I, ye said David Lyndesay, maister of Crawford, with auctoritie, consent, and assent of venerable and honorable personis, Maister David Petcarne, Archiden of Brechin, &c., my curatouris, byndis and obllissis me faythfullie, my airis and assignais, to be guid sonis and scrvandis, and to serve lelelie and trewie the said David now Erle of Craufurd, ffir all ye dayis of his lif, and sall accept, and be ye tenour of yir presentis acceptis and undertakis ye reull, guiding and governing of ye said erlis

mon, tennentis, and servandis to ye service of ye quenis grace, my lord governour, and ye auctorite in yair armeis, oistis, gadoringe, assemblingis and utheris charges quhatsumevir to be laid to me be ye said erle at his will, and enduring ye samen allenerlie," &c. And still more illustrative of the period, there follows this very singular clause on the part of the son of the "Wicked Master." "And gif I put vickit handis on ye said erle to his slaughter, dishonour, or dounputting, or commit exhorbitant reife or spulye of his landis, tenentis of ye mast pairt of ye rentis yairof or asseges his places and withaldis ye samin, &c.—or vexis, inquietis or trublis the said David now erle of Craufurd, his airis or assignais, &c.—I bind and oblisso me faythfullie with consent and assent of my saidis curatouris my airis and assignais to the said David now Erle of Craufurd, his airis and assignais, yat quhat time, or hou sone I failzie in yir promisses, or ony pairt yairof, &c., (and) ye said David Erle of Craufurd his airis or assignais contentis and payis to me my airis or assignais upoun ane day betuix ye sone rising and passing doune of ye samen hail and togidder in noumerit money upoun ye hie altar within ye parochie Kirk of Dundie upoun xl dayis warning, as us is, the soume of twa thousand poundis, &c., than to resigne, ourgif, frelie deliver, quitclame and discharge fra me my airis and assignais to ye said David now Erle of Craufurd his airis and assignais all and syndry ye landis baronyis annuellis" (in short, the whole Crawford patrimony and estates) "quhillis I had, &c.—and gif we absent us fra ye resait of ye said soume, warning being maid lauchfullie, as said is, than it salbe lesum to ye said Erle his airis and assignais to haif full and frie regress and ingress in and to ye propertie and possession heretable of ye saidis landis," &c.

David, Master of Crawford, having, as above, given good security for good behaviour, was installed 10th Earl in the year 1558, and was succeeded by his son David, the 11th Earl.

It was about this period (the 5th March, 1606), that the Scottish nobles were ranked, according to precedence, by certain crown commissioners, when the Earls of Angus and Argyle were deemed the first and second, and the Earl of Crawford was deemed the third. The first two of these titles were elevated, the one to the marquise of Douglas, and the other to the dukedom of Argyle. The Earl of Crawford was therefore entitled to the premier earldom, and was to this day called over the first at all elections of the representative peers of Scotland. The 10th Earl was succeeded by his son David, who being but an indifferent character, died in "the Tolbooth" of Edinburgh, a prisoner, sometime about 1621. He left an only child, the Lady Jane Lindsay, whose necessities induced the "Merry Monarch," Charles II., to grant her a pension of £100 per annum. The succession for a second time went into the collateral branch, and the title was taken up by Sir Henry Lindsay, of Carriston and Kinfauns, who thereupon assumed the right and title of 13th Earl of Crawford. He was succeeded by George, his second son, who was preferred before the daughters of the elder-born John, who predeceased his father. George being killed in the German wars, was succeeded in the title by

Alexander, his half-brother, who dying "frantic," was succeeded by his brother Ludovic, as 16th Earl of Crawford.

This Earl Ludovic, better known as Col. Ludovic Lindsay, unlike his immediate predecessors, was a gallant soldier, well reputed in the wars of the low countries, and had besides distinguished himself in Austria, in the Swedish, and in the Spanish wars. When he came home, we are informed that in August, 1639, after his return to his native country, he duly "rode," and took his seat in the Scottish Parliament, being ranked in the Rolls as the second Earl after Argyle, in conformity to the decree of ranking of the nobility, as has been shown, in 1606. The family of Angus, who had thereby the precedence, by alleged special grant, as premier Earls, now held the superior dignity of Marquis of Douglas, as well as Earl of Angus; but Earl Ludovic, at the same time "protested that his ryding and sitting in this Parliament, be not prejudiciall to him in his right of presedance befor those" who may be "ranked befor him." This protest was especially pointed at the Earl of Argyle, whose earldom, although he claimed superior precedence by right of high hereditary offices, was yet far later, in point of creation, to that of Crawford, it being only constituted after the middle of the fifteenth century. The gallant soldier espoused the cause of Charles I., and suffered with the fortunes of that ill-fated monarch. He afterwards took part in all the troubles of the Continent, and perished in one of the feuds of the Fronde in Paris.

The learned counsel observed that it was unnecessary to trace the family in its after stages, as the question of identity arose from this Ludovic.

The Orkney Papers.

THROUGH the kindness of an antiquarian gentleman in Orkney, we have already been enabled to grace our pages with extracts from the public records of that interesting appendage to Scotland, and are happy to state that it will be in our power to continue these occasionally under the above head.

THE GREAT BELL OF ST MAGNUS, &c.

There are three bells in the Cathedral of St Magnus, in Kirkwall. In August, 1682, one of them, described as "the Great Bell," being "rift," was sent "to Amsterdam to be recast." The Bishop of Orkney and magistrates of Kirkwall gave instructions to the person to whose care the bell was intrusted, that "there be ane special and diligent care had that the letters already about the Bell be again reformed as the samin is, conform to ane note thereof sent with it, together with the several arms already thereupon, viz. the Arms of Scotland, being ane Lyon within the Shield, with the portrat of Sainct Magnus, and the Maxwell's arms; and that the samin be placed upon the said Bell as the samin is at present. That there be added thereto, underneath the said letters and arms, this line, viz.

"This Bell recastin at
Kirkwall in anno 1682."
"And to mark the weight thereof upon the Bell."

The old bell, on being weighed at Amsterdam,	
was found to be	1500 lb
It lost in casting	165
To which was added of new metal	193

Weight of new bell	1528
Do. of new tongue	46

Total weight 1574 lb

The whole cost was 1303 merks Scots.

On 2d April, 1672, the magistrates of Kirkwall ordained "the Great Guns of the Burgh to be put in order," and appointed "a Committee to search the Town for Ball and Powder." On the 4th April, the Committee reported, "that in that part of the Town above the Castle, they had found 44 Balls, 94 lbs. of Powder, and 14 lbs. of Match, and between the Castle and the Shore, 79 Balls, 52 lbs. of Powder, and 10 lbs. of Match."

On 28th June thereafter (1672), the magistrates "ordained that the Great Gun lying on the Broad Street, be brought to the Place (Palace) Close and put on the Tower, and mounted upon carriages with all diligence; and farther ordained the two lynes or ditches for fortification betwixt the Kirk and Place (Palace), be gone about with all diligence; and that the dyke standing upon the middle of the Street, and up to the Place ward, be taken down for building the same. Item, ordained the Steward-Depute to send to South Ronaldshay for 2 carriages and wheels for Great Guns, which came from His Majesty's works in Zetland, and for mounting seall great Guns here for the defence of the country agt. the public enemy."

There is an entry in the accounts of the Kirk-Treasurer of Kirkwall, of date June, 1714, as follows:—

"To a lad Stanged wt. ane Adder £0 6 0"

This is curious, from the fact that at present there is not an adder to be found in Orkney.

THE STANDING STONES OF ORKNEY.

Amongst many interesting memorials of the past which attract attention in the Orkney Islands, "the Standing Stones" probably occupy the most prominent place. In the parish of Stenness there is a circle formed by standing stones, from 12 to 14 feet high, and 4 broad,* surrounded by a ditch 20 feet broad and 12 deep—the diameter of the whole about 360 feet. This circle is on a point of land which projects into the loch of Stenness, nearly dividing it into two; and on the opposite side of the loch there is a semicircle, formed by a mound of earth, with large upright stones in the inside. Near the circle are also stones placed apparently without regard to regular order; and near the semicircle are others similarly placed. In one of the latter, which was destroyed a few years ago, there was a round hole towards one of the edges, much worn, as if by the friction of a rope or chain, by which some animal had been bound. Towards the centre of the semicircle, a large stone is lying on the ground. It is worthy of notice, that the site those stones occupy is

nearly central in regard to the rest of the county. There are also to be seen in some of the other parishes in Orkney, large isolated standing stones, similar in appearance to those in Stenness, and each near the centre of the parish in which it stands.

Various opinions have been formed as to the design with which those stones originally were erected, and the purposes to which they have since been applied. While the former may still be considered to be involved in mystery, some old documents lately discovered in Kirkwall, and of which extracts are hereafter given, will perhaps afford a clue to obtain some information in regard to the latter.

The Orkney Islands were subject to Norway till the year 1468, when they were mortgaged to James III. of Scotland by Christian I. of Norway, and, for nearly two centuries afterwards, were governed by the Norwegian laws, which were very dissimilar to the laws of Scotland. The General Head Court was called the Lawting, and questions in regard to heritage and other important matters were decided in this court, which was presided over by the High Foud, or Lawman, assisted by a council, called Raadmen, or Rothismen. There was also in each parish an Inferior Court, having a Sub-Foud, or Bailie, as he was subsequently designed, assisted in a similar manner by Leirick, or Lawright men. These bailies, besides holding courts, in which cases for debt, trespasses, &c., were decided, had also to maintain order in their respective parishes; and from time to time convene the people for various purposes, such as in the event of hostile ships appearing on the coast, and for "keeping up the Warts," (or Wards), composed of turf and heather, erected on the summits of the highest hills, and which were set on fire on the appearance of an enemy, in order to spread the alarm throughout the country.

The whole of the lands in Orkney were Odal or Udal, and by the ancient laws of the country no person could dispose of any of his lands, without having first offered publicly to sell them to his nearest of kin. Accordingly, in a "Dome dempt at Kirkwall, on Tuesday, in the Lawting," in the month of June, 1514, by "Nicoll Haw, Lawman of Zetland and Orkney for the tyme," affirming a sale of land by a Nicol Fraser, or Frysell, which sale had been challenged by his brother Alexander, it is alleged that the "said Nicol diver syndrie tymis come to the said Alexander, and offerit him the bying of all and hail his ryehtis and his fateris heritag, befor ony utheris, and he refusit it all tymis; and thairefter he come before the best and worthiest in the cuntre, and diuers and sindrie tymis in courttis and heid stanes," &c. Again, in another old document, dated at Kirkwall, 1st May, 1550, it is stated that, "sein it meritable to furthschaw ye veritie quhairthrow ye hyding yroff. geuis. piudice, harm and skaith to ye righteous. Than it is yat I ye forssaid Edward (Etkin) to * * * makke knawin yt. I and my spous Jonet of Ska, quhom God assoillzie, at tynng and stein diuss. days and zers in the burgh of Kirkwall, and in to landwart quhair it effeirit wo maid It knawin yat Barnard of Kamsto and his airs had tayne and violentlye possedit four mkis.

* See Barry's History of Orkney.

land and ane half wt. ye pfeits. yir mony zers ptening. to my said wyffis mother Katheren of Paplay and becaus the said Barnard and his airs and ye pttakkers. war greit and extreme * * * we ourgaiff ye thrid part of the said land to ane honorabil man our neir Kinsman James Irvein of Sabbay for the wyning of the twa pt. and becaus ye said James be greit labours cost and trawall justlie be the law obtenit ye said land," &c.

It appears from the foregoing extracts, that the public places where an intention to sell lands had to be declared, were the Courts, or "Tings," and the Head Steins, or Steins.

In earlier times, the Lawting, or Head Court, may have met within the circle of stones at Stenness, and the Sub-Fouds held their courts at the Standing Stones in their respective parishes; but, at the date to which the extracts refer, it is evident that the Lawting was held at Kirkwall, and there accordingly the seller of lands had to proclaim his intention. When the lands were in any of the landward parishes, intimation had also to be made at the most public place in the parish where the lands lay; and therefore it is stated in the last quoted document, that it was made "knewin" not only in Kirkwall, but also "into landward quhair it effeirrit." From this it appears pretty clear, that while proclamation was made at Kirkwall, in the Ting, or Court, it was also made in the parish "quhair it effeirrit," at the Stein, or Standing Stone, as being, even at the period referred to, the place of public resort, and of greatest publicity.

In Mallet's Northern Antiquities,* there is the following account of the "Things" and Standing Stones of Iceland: "There were 13 Districts, or Things. Each of the 13 Districts had its Temple and its Thing, over which presided 3 Godar, hence called *Samgodar*, who were to be chosen from amongst the most distinguished for their wisdom and love of justice. * * * The Thingstead was always near the Temple. * * * The Things were held in the open air, and served both for the discussion of public affairs and the administration of justice. For the latter purpose a Circle, called the Doom-ring, was formed with hazel twigs, or with upright stones, to which were attached cords called rebond. Within this circle sat the Judges, the people standing on the outside, and in the middle stood the Blotsteinn, a huge stone with a sharp ridge, on which the backs of criminals condemned to death were broken. * * * On the banks of a frightful precipice stood the Law-mount, with a mystic doom-ring of huge volcanic stones fixed in the earth, so as to withstand the storms of centuries."

From the evidence now adduced, the fact that Iceland and Orkney were subject to Norway, and governed by the same laws and customs, and in the absence of any proof to the contrary, it may fairly be presumed that the erection and use of the Standing Stones in Orkney were identical with those in Iceland, and therefore used for judicial purposes.

Kirkwall, 25th Jan., 1848.

P.

* Pp. 290, 291, 293.

KIRK AND MARKET.

It is pretty well known that, by the "auld use and wout" of Scotland, any conveyance of heritable property made to the prejudice of the grantor's heir-at-law while the party labours under indisposition, and followed by his death within sixty days afterwards, is liable to be set aside, unless in the interval he has gone unsupported to kirk or market. The law will not admit of any other evidence to remove the fatal presumption that such a deed was executed on death-bed, as the phrase is, and under the mental weakness attending the near approach of dissolution. The subjoined "Instrument on going to Kirk and Market," which I found in a bundle of title-deeds, is the only thing of the sort I have met with, and may be interesting to the legal readers of the *Journal*. It is respectfully recommended to the notice of the Juridical Society, in compiling their new edition of the Style Book.

Although the requisite attendance at kirk or market is alternative, the Instrument copied below makes assurance doubly sure, by narrating that the party went to both places, and he appears to have acted with a laudable determination to "mak a thing siccar." Considering the locality, he might have made market, on any ordinary occasion, by purchasing "a bunch o' Finns," but perhaps he thought that some of his relations would find a supply of "onions" useful in the event of his decease.

N. C.

Aberdeen, 7th February, 1848.

"Att Aberdeen the first day of March one thousand Seven hundred and thirty Seven years and of his majesties Raigne the Tenth year.

"The which day In presence of Me Nottar Publick and Witnesses after named Compeared personally William Porter in Neils Brae, Granter of the Dispositione aftermentioned, and past with me Nottar Publick and Witnesses afternamed. Unsupported helped or assisted any manner of way, To the Town Church of Aberdeen and there abode and continued about ane hour and ane half, and heard Mr John Bisset, one of the Ministers of the said Church, preach pray and expound the Scriptures: and after sermon was ended and at the separation and dissolution of the Congregatione, Did Exhibit and present to us the said Nottar Publick and Witncsses, in presence and audience of other people standing by, Ane Dispositione made and Granted by the said William Porter To and in favours of, &c., [recital of Deed, and description of lands disposed.] After Exhibitione productione and Inspectione of the said Dispositione, In presence of Me the said Nottar Publick and Witnesses aftermentioned, and In presence of and audience of many other people standing by The said William Porter Declared the same was truly subscribed by him of the date the same bears; And Sicklike, Immedially thereafter, the said William Porter went with me the said Nottar Publick and Witnesses after exprest, To the Publick Mercat of Aberdeen standing in the Castle Street therof (Mercat time of day) and ther did buy some Onions, where he again produced the said dispositione and declared *ut supra* In our presence and In presence and audience of many others; And the said Wil-

liam Porter did goe to and Return from the said Church and Mercat Respective and successive, unsupported helped or assisted any manner of way, and at ilk ane of the said Kirk and Mercat did protest that seeing he did come to the said places, upon his own feet without any help or support whatsoever, That Conform to the laws of this Kingdom, and particularly the act of Sederunt one thowsand six hundred and ninety two, the said Dispositione was and might be holden and Repute in all time coming ane true valid and Effectual deed. Whereupon and all and sundry the premisses the said William Porter asked and took Instruments in the hands of me Nottar Publick subscribing openly at the separation of the said Congregatione and in face of the said Publick Mercat In presence and audience of the witnesses afternamed and many other people standing by at Ilk ane of the said places. These things were thus acted and done within the said Church of Aberdeen and at the Mercat place thereof betwixt the hours of Eight and Eleven befor noon, day of the moneth and year of God above written, In presence of Andrew Thomson Writer in Aberdeen and John Rig Wigmaker there witnesses to the hault premises specially called and Required and hereto subscribing. [Subscribed by the notary and witnesses.]

REMARKS ON THE ENGRAVINGS OF BARTOLOZZI,

By WILLIAM CAREY.

[From 'The Champion,' a defunct newspaper—1815.]

We cannot help regretting that the time of Bartolozzi was thrown away upon such wretched productions as the worn-out allegories, and sprawling groups of Guarana, on whose flimsy and distorted forms and rapid effects, not even the charm of Bartolozzi's graver could confer a value. But it has been the fate of genius to be the slave of circumstances. The powers of Michael Angelo and Leonardo da Vinci were too often wasted on works of comparative insignificance, in obedience to the caprice of patrons. Dryden was condemned to drudge in translating the life of St Francis Navier for the booksellers; and Johnson and Goldsmith, in the phrase of the printing-office, "to furnish matter" for the diurnal press.

These otherwise useless labours were productive of one advantage to Bartolozzi. The dislike with which he sickened over such originals, induced him to use less ceremony in engraving from them; and by working more boldly in haste to get rid of a disagreeable task, he acquired a complete freedom of graver. To an artist, who had not begun in the right way, by obtaining the knowledge and power of a draftsman, this might have proved a dangerous advantage; but Bartolozzi's mastery over his implements never tempted him to forget that the tooling of a print is only the means of effect, not the effect itself; and that the most beautiful tooling, and brilliant oppositions of black and white, (so often mistaken for force of effect) without fine feeling and correct drawing, roundness in the relieved forms, and subordination of light and shadow, are like florid words with-

out truth or good sense, a shew "full of sound and fury signifying nothing."

There are many beauties to admire in his prints from the best of those painters who, from the middle of the seventeenth century to his own time, rose in a temporary celebrity, by dexterous imitation, a tasteful display of effect and colour, and a seducing boldness of hand. Among others which are not unworthy of his reputation, may be enumerated his two prints of the Sports of Diana, from the frescoes of Gabbiani, a Florentine, who had much of the technical facilities of his master, Cirro Ferri and of Pietro da Cortona, without their splendour of combination and copious invention. The two last-mentioned prints were etched with less openness than his preceding works; with a light and vivacious point, delicately corroded by the aquafortis and sweetened by the graver, somewhat in the manner of his print of the Landscape, with the Anglers, from the beautiful painting by Agostino Carracci, in the Gerini Gallery. He executed several prints in this delicate manner; and, among others, an allegorical subject from a design by Giuseppe Zucchi, in compliment to Joseph and Elizabeth, the Infant and Infanta of Spain, whose portraits are introduced. There is much graceful spirit and sweet handling in the heads of his print from the Altar piece, in the Jesuit's Church at Venice, by Antonio Balestra. The subject, represents two kneeling Monks giving a symbolic flower to a hovering Angel, who points to the Virgin and other figures, amidst a glory of Angels, in the clouds. The execution of this print is aptly suited to the superficial design of Balestra; who had learned from Bellucci the science of dispatch and the mode of filling the eye, without depth or sentiment or expression. Under Carlo Maratta he acquired certain pleasing airs, and angels' graces, a cast of drapery, sometimes of a lighter order, and an alluring liveliness of tint, in addition to his former fluency of pencil.

In the last-mentioned print, Bartolozzi's own fine taste was blended with the free, open stroke of his master, Wagner. But, his masterly print from Sebastian Ricci's painting of Brenus, after having cast his sword in the scale, interrupted by the arrival of Camillus, was executed with unrivalled vigour, and in a style all his own. Nothing could be more admirably adapted to the impetuous brush and hasty composition of a painter who emulated the stormy execution of Tintoretto, without his powers of invention. The noble heat, with which it is everywhere animated, gives it the appearance of a composition struck out at once, as if a creative hand had passed suddenly over the copper. Yet it owes little of its imposing depth and force to the graver, with which it was but sparingly touched in only some of the half tints and a few of the shadows. Its dark and powerful masses were all produced by the point and aquafortis; and, to the rapid fire of a painter's sketch, it unites solidity and keeping. Ricci's art was principally a power of hand, and the commanding boldness of the print was calculated to fulfil that artist's purpose of veiling his negligent forms and indigested design under a triumphant mastery of execution.

His prints were at this period without dates;

and notwithstanding much unavoidable uncertainty as to their order, it is well known that a great number of his spirited productions from Piazzetta, Panini, Zais, Zocchi, Fontebasso, Amiconi, Marco Ricci, and other Italians of his own time, preceded his engravings from the pictures of the life of St Nilus by Domenico Zampieri. His prints of St Nilus, praying in solitude before the cross; of the Virgin appearing in a glory of angels to St Nilus; and of the Annunciation, all from the last master, were finished with the best exertion of his powers. The pure style in which he transferred to his copper the austere grandeur of Zampieri's design, the deep thinking of his heads, and the grave distribution of his light and shadow, proved that, if he could skim gracefully over the works of the superficial, he was perfectly capable of entering into the most profound sentiments, and doing justice to the beauties of, the great masters. He gave to the draperies their monastic breadth and flow: and infused into the heads of St Nilus and Bartholomew the pious fervour and dignified simplicity of the originals. The heads of the Virgin, and surrounding angels, are equally admirable for their charming truth of imitation. Domenichino excelled in this class of expression, and they appear, as it were, beaming with angelic grace and celestial benignity. The countenance of the Virgin, in the Annunciation, although upon a smaller scale, is an example of the purest translation from a great master. It exhibits her mortal character; but it is the character of "Mary, full of grace"—and there is a vestal innocence and holy calm in the expression, peculiar to Domenichino's idea of the Virgin Mary.

These prints, and his two exquisite performances, the groups of Bacchanalian boys from Franceschini, were sufficient to have established his reputation beyond competition. If in the former he so successfully embodied the sanctimonious and divine conceptions of sacred composition, in the latter he reflected in all its lustre the sparkling brilliancy of a poetical fancy. The landscape back-grounds were touched with a sprightliness which might vie in freedom with an oil pencil. His execution of the figures transcended praise. The playful curvature of the lines, in developing the infantine forms; the clearness of the shadows and truth of the reflections, seemed to unite all distinct beauties of his predecessors in fancy engraving, with the varied excellence of his own admirable execution. As the charming delicacy of Guido's pencil, and the pearly transparency of his silvery tones, were so happily calculated for painting children, angels, and beautiful women, the next order of loveliness; so the delicate sweetness of Bartolozzi's graver, and the spirited softness of his flesh tints, when called for by the corresponding delicacy of the master from whom he copied, gave him a superior advantage in engraving the naked forms of youth, children, angels and lovely females. The purity of his drawing, and the versatility of his graver, enabled him to do justice to the most glowing and varied conceptions of ideal beauty. He adapted his stroke to the airy hues and fanciful elegance of Franceschini's frolic groups with the same facility as to the twilight tone and religious elevation of Zampieri's

sacred characters, or the abrupt masses of Sebastian Ricci's *chiaro-scuro*, and fiery fume of his intemperate pencil. This remark is only preliminary to an ultimate refutation of the vulgar notion among half-connoisseurs and random critics that "Bartolozzi, let him engrave from what master he would, was still Bartolozzi in his prints, without a due variation of his manner to express the different styles of the masters from whom he copied." No two fancy prints, in so finished a style and so pure a taste, as his groups from Franceschini; with such exquisite drawing and fine feeling; or so much of the creative facility and soul of painting, had ever appeared before. If equalled in particular features of excellence by some few preceding fancy engravings, none had exhibited so perfect an union of the various beauties of caligraphy in that class.

BLAIRQUHAN CASTLE AND GARDENS,

THE SEAT OF SIR D. HUNTER BLAIR, BART.

WE lately paid a visit to this very interesting demesne, and we confess that we have not visited a place with more pleasure or profit to ourselves, in the way of learning what may be done by a fine taste in the course of a very few years. The Castle, which is one of the most magnificent of modern buildings, and is in point of its architecture and purity of designs, one of the finest specimens in the county. We certainly could have wished to have seen it placed in a more elevated locality, not only with a view to afford a more commanding prospect of the surrounding landscapes, but also to give a more healthful and convenient site. On entering the approach to the Lodge, on the road leading from Kirkmichael to Straiton, we were greatly pleased with the fine taste displayed in the laying off of the approach. The little river which runs past the Castle, in a meandering course, soon takes a different character, viz., that of a rumbling, rocky stream, which it maintains for the whole length of the approach, which is at least two miles from the Castle to the Lodge gate. The road is formed in such a way as to afford views of all the finest cascades and woodland scenes along its course, while, at the same time, it does not follow the direct course of the water, but takes a winding direction in many places, only as far as to allow the sound of the waterfall to die upon the ear, when in an instant it is over the top of a rushing cascade, or close by the brink of a dark deep dell. We believe Sir David was his own architect in all his improvements, and he certainly has exhibited a great deal of very enlightened good taste. The views also from the Castle upon the one side are exceedingly fine, principally from the arrangement of the fine thriving clumps and belts of fir plantation upon the brows of the opposite hills. These have been arranged and laid off so as to afford a complete shelter to the pasturage among them; and while they shut out the full view of the dreary moorland behind, they at the same time allow a glimpse of all that is interesting in some places, even the moor itself. Nothing can exceed the keeping of the grounds about the Castle, the whole is kept under the scythe, and

appears to receive the utmost attention. The gardens are also kept in first-rate order. Although there is nothing to be seen in the shape of plant-growing, there is a very nice little greenhouse; but, unfortunately, instead of being staged and filled with interesting plants, it is occupied by a few large plants, planted in the border, scarcely deserving the attention bestowed on them: but these plants have now grown up to be favourites; and we dare say the proprietor would grudge to want them. The grape and peach-houses are exceedingly well managed, and exhibit at present a most excellent crop of fruit. The pine apples here are an honour to the cultivator, Mr Hunter, although he does not possess one-half of the accommodation assigned to this delicate fruit. The whole place appears not only to be laid out, but also to be kept, in most excellent style: and, excepting the want of exotic plants, Blairquhan might rank amongst the first places in the west of Scotland.—*Ayrshire Agriculturist*.

ACCOUNT OF THE FAMILY OF FRASER, MORE PARTICULARLY OF FRASER OF DURRIS, OR DORES, IN THE COUNTY OF KINCARDINE.

ALL historians agree that the surname of Fraser yields to none in Scotland for antiquity, and that they are of French extraction. The time of their first settling in this country is uncertain. Some say that a nobleman of France, Pierre Fraser, came to Scotland in the reign of King Achais, about the year 790; at any rate, it is unquestionable that the family had considerable possessions in the south of Scotland soon after the death of King Malcolm Canmore.

Gilbert de Fraser is witness to the foundation charter of the monastery of Coldstream, by Cospatrick Earl of Dunbar and March, in the reign of King Alexander I., anno 1109. Simon Fraser made several donations to the religious at Kelso in the reign of King David I. Bernardus Fraser, who flourished in the reign of King William the Lion, is mentioned in a donation to the monastery of Newbottle, anno 1178. Sir Simon Fraser is witness in a donation to the monastery of Coldingham, anno 1184. In the reign of King Alexander II., we find Gilbert Fraser, *Vice-Comes de Traquhair*, Bernardus Fraser de Drem, Thomas Fraser, &c., inter 1226 et 1236.

But as it is difficult to connect these Frasers with one another, we proceed to deduce the descent of this ancient family from Sir Alexander Fraser, who was immediate ancestor of the noble families of Lovat and Salton, and of the Frasers of Durrus. He was second son of Sir Simon Fraser of Oliver Castle, *Vice-Comes* of Peebles and Stirling, anno 1266, and brother of Sir Simon Fraser of Oliver Castle, &c., who was Lieutenant-General of the Scotch forces when Sir John Cummin was guardian of the kingdom; and it is well known that these two, with scarce 10,000 Scots, defeated three English armies in one day, each of them equal, if not superior, to themselves, near Roslin, anno 1303. This Sir Alexander was one of the greatest men of his time. He was Lord High Chamberlain of Scotland in the reign of King

Robert Bruce, and married Lady Mary, sister of that great prince, from whom he got many grants of land. The first is a charter in these terms:—"Robert, by the grace of God, King of Scots, Know We have given and granted, and by the tenor hereof gives and grants to our well-beloved Sir Alexander Fraser, Knight, for his service and homage done to us, all and hail the lands of Strachyhen (Strachan), Essaly, Ballbrochy, and Auchincroft, with their pertinents, to be held of the said Sir Alexander and his heirs of us and our heirs in an entire barony. In testimony whereof, we have caused append our great seal to this our deed, att Air, the first day of Nov., the tenth year of our reign. Before these witnesses, Bernard, Abbot of Aberbrothock, our Chancellour; Thomas Randolph, Earl of Murray, our nephew; John Mentcath, James Douglas, and Alexander Meinyers, all Knights." The tenth year of that King's reign is 1316. He afterwards gives, "Dilecto et fidei suo Alexandro Fraser milite," the lands of the Thanedom of Cowie, Craigninning, &c. There is a charter where he gives him more lands, "jacentes in Tenemento de Achmoay, juxta manoriam nostrum de Kincardin," to him, "et heredibus suis inter ipsum et Mariam Bruce, sponsam suam sororem nostrum," &c. Sir Alexander was slain at the battle of Dupplin, on 3d August, 1332. He left issue by Lady Mary Bruce, sister of King Robert Bruce, five sons.

1. Sir John, his heir, who left issue, only one daughter, Dame Margaret, who married Sir William Keith, Marshall of Scotland, whose heir-offline, and at law, was married to Alexander first Earl of Huntly.

His other four sons were Simon, William, James, and Andrew. Whether Simon, who carried on the noble family of Lovat, or William, who was ancestor of the Lords Salton and of Fraser of Durrus, was the elder brother, we shall not pretend to determine.

Sir William, at any rate, whether the elder or the younger, obtained from his father the Thanedom of Cowie and lands of Assentully, and which were confirmed to him by a charter from King David Bruce. He also got from the same prince a confirmation charter, "de omnibus et singulis terris nostris Thenajii de Durrus." "I had the honour," says Macfarlane, in his Genealogical Memoir of the family, "to peruse the original charter in the custody of Sir Peter Fraser of Dores, Bart."

Sir William, by a lady of the family of Douglas, left issue, two sons. Sir Alexander, his heir, and John, who got a charter from King Robert II. of the lands of Wester Assentully, dated 8th June, 1374.

Sir Alexander Fraser, designed Thane of Cowie, afterwards of Philorth, was a man of great parts and merits, and was appointed High Sheriff of Aberdeen by King Robert II. He remarkably distinguished himself at the battle of Otterburn, where the brave Earl of Douglas was slain, anno 1369. He married Janet, second daughter of William Earl of Ross, by whom he had two sons. 1. Sir William, his heir, whose descendant, Sir Alexander Fraser of Philorth, was confirmed in the title and dignity of Lord Salton by Act of Parliament, anno 1670; and, 2. Alexander, who

carried down the line and succession of the family of Durris.

This Alexander Fraser of Durris married Helen, daughter of Straiton of Laurieston, an old family in the county of Kincardine, by whom he had a son of his own name.

This laird of Durris, says the learned Principal Arbuthnot, in his "History of the Family of Arbuthnot," married Gilly, daughter of David Arbuthnot of that ilk, ancestor of the present Viscount Arbuthnot.

William Fraser of Durris, in the reign of James IV., gets a charter from the Crown of the fee of the barony of Durris, reserving his father, Alexander's, liferent. It was expedited the Great Seal in 1506.

Alexander Fraser of Durris married Christian, daughter of Sir Robert Arbuthnot of that ilk, by whom he had a son, Alexander, slain at the battle of Pinky, on Saturday, commonly called the "Black Saturday," 8th September, 1547. He left a son, Thomas, who was his grandfather's heir-apparent. Thomas Fraser of Durris married Helen Gordon, daughter of James Gordon of Midmar and Abergeldie. His ancestor, Sir Alexander, was second son of George first Earl of Huntly. By this lady he had several sons: 1. Alexander, who married Helen, daughter of Arbuthnot of that ilk, but died without issue. 2. Adam. 3. George; and, 4. John. Adam, the second son, as his grandson, Sir Peter Fraser, assured the learned Macfarlane, married a daughter of Duff of Drumture. Of this marriage there was issue, Sir Alexander Fraser, of whom immediately, and a daughter, who married Andrew Ramsay, one of the ministers of Edinburgh, son of Sir David Ramsay of Balmain. George died unmarried. The fourth son, John, married Ann Lorymer, by whom he had issue, a son, Francis Fraser, who acquired the lands of Pitmurchie and Findrack, in the county of Aberdeen.

Sir Alexander Fraser was Doctor of Physick, and very eminent in his profession. He was made physician to King Charles I., in 1645, in which honourable station he continued till the deplorable murder of his Sovereign, in 1648. He afterwards went to Holland, and attended Charles II. during the ten years of his exile.* He returned to Scotland in 1650, and was forced to take the Covenant. He attended the King with his army to England, and was present at the battle of Worcester, in 1651. After this battle was lost, he escaped to Paris, but returned again with the King at the Restoration, in 1660. He was one of the original members of the Royal Society, and was instrumental in forming it. He acquired the estate of Durris, which had been his grandfather's and his ancestors for above 300 years, after it had been sometime out of the family. His Majesty created him a Baronet of Nova Scotia, by letters patent, dated 2d August, 1673, and he continued in great favour with the King till his death. Sir Alexander married a Bristol lady, by whom he had two sons, Alexander and Charles, who both died unmarried, (the latter, translator of "Plutarch's Lives," and supposed author of the

"Turkish Spy,") and one daughter, Elizabeth, who married Mr Broomley, brother to Lord Broomley.

Sir Alexander married a second time, and had a son, Sir Peter Fraser, who was the last of the name that possessed the estate of Durris, and a daughter, Cary, Maid of Honour to Queen Catharine, wife of Charles II., and remarkable for wit, beauty, and breeding. She married Charles Earl of Peterborough and Monmouth, by whom she had a daughter, Lady Henrietta, who married Alexander, second Duke of Gordon, and in this way the estate of Durris came into the family of Gordon. The entail having been transferred to property in the vicinity of Gordon Castle, it was sold by virtue of an Act of Parliament, and is now the property of A. Mactier, Esq.

THE RIVER DEVON.

THE river Devon rises among the Ochil Hills, on the borders of Perthshire, and runs for ten miles almost due east, then making a remarkable turn at a place called the "Crook of Devon," it tumbles down a rugged glen, forming some beautiful cascades, and lastly rolls into the valley of the same name. After winding along through green meadows and fertile fields, it loses itself in the waters of the Forth. The distance between its mouth and source is only a few miles, yet its course is not less than thirty. Plantations of thriving wood grow upon its banks, while "sillar sauchs" with downy buds, dipping their long wavy boughs in its pure bosom, fringe the margin, as it meanders through the low grounds. Receiving many tributaries, no mean streams of themselves, this river, especially in winter, when the snow begins to melt, comes down with fearful strength and rapidity, sweeping away every thing that disputes its progress. Some years ago, a woman, who had been working among hay, a considerable distance from the river, was suddenly surrounded by its waters. The sun was shining at the time—light clouds were floating over the blue expanse; but a waterspout had burst among the hills. She looked round for some place to flee to, but water met her gaze everywhere. As a last resource, she ascended one of the ricks or coils of hay, and sat down, watching, with a beating heart, the waters rising upon her. At length the hay was carried down by the current. A turn in the river brought her "frail bark" in contact with some bushes, which grew on the banks, and the poor woman, glad to escape, caught hold of the branches and got safe on *terra firma*, thanking God for her safe deliverance. This inundation was called "Maggie-flee-ower-the-water's spate."

There are three natural curiosities well worthy of notice on the river Devon. First, a high rock, over which the river precipitates itself into a deep cavity, making a noise very much resembling the noise of water falling on a mill wheel. The country people have given it the name of the "Deil's Snuff Mill." Secondly, below this a little is the "Rumbling Bridge," so called from the hollow rumbling noise of the water. Standing on the bridge, the scene is at once terrible and romantic. The effect produced by the bold jutting

* Earl of Clarendon's History of the Rebellion.

rocks, crowned with ivy, frowning over the dark waters, as they foam and chafe below, cannot well be described. Third, a mile farther down, is the "Cauldron Linn," which can be reached by a foot-path made by the generous proprietor, — Haig, Esq. of Blairhill, for the convenience of visitors. The best view of the "Linn" is from the bottom, where the whole waters of the Devon are to be seen rushing through a narrow aperture, and descending in an unbroken sheet from a height of forty-four feet. The noise here is like a continual roar of thunder. Going still downward, we come to "Vicar's Bridge." A stone in it bears the following inscription :

This
Bridge was erected
by
Thomas Forrest
the
Worthy vicar of Dollar.
He died a martyr!

From the great quantity of mud, and the marks of stones, thrown by boys at it, we could not make out the date when we visited it in the month of August last. Iron stone, of a kidney kind, abounds here, and there is a mineral well, inferior in strength to none in Great Britain. A small hamlet, or rather a collection of houses, chiefly inhabited by petty farmers, stands in the neighbourhood, called Portgobber. It is said that this was once a flourishing port, and the valley through which the Devon now runs an arm of the sea. An anchor was dug up in an adjoining field, several years ago. Two miles west of this is Dollar, lying in the parish of the same name, and county of Clackmannan. It consists of the old and new towns, separated from each other by Dollar burn, which traverses the parish, and falls into the Devon. The new town sometimes goes by the name of "Cairnpark," from a large cairn having been there. The stones, being removed to assist in the building of the houses of the village, an immense quantity of human bones were found, in all probability the remains of those who fell victims to the plague, nearly two hundred years ago.

An academy was built here in 1819, from money left by a gentleman named John M'Nab, who had amassed a large fortune in London. Every branch of plain and classical education is taught by efficient masters. The parish church, dismantled a few years ago, when a statelier place of worship was erected, occupies a rising ground, with the churchyard in front of it. Several headstones bear the dates of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Various antiquities have been discovered in it. The following is the sexton's account of them:—"I was houkin' a grave ae day, near the foond o' the auld chapel, and had got doon aboot five or sax fit, when my pick drave through something like a cup. I never heeded but worked awa, but fegs, Sir, anither ane appeared, and I took it up and examined it very minutely. It was very like an egg-cup in shape, but a hantle bigger. I think it was made o' coal, for it was very black and soft. Laying it aside, wi' the broken ane, I began my wark again. I hadna thrown up twa or three shoofu's o' yird, when three roond things, like bawbees, appeared. I

collected them, and fund them to be coins o' King Charles the Second's time. They were solid silver, and roond the edges were some queer lang-nebbit Latin words, whilk I couldna mak' oot. I took them to oor minister, and he explained them to me, but really my mind is no sae gude as it was ance, sae I forget. The minister got ane, Bauld o' Leith Walk anither, and I have ane still aboot the hoose. If I can lay my hands upon it you shall be very welcome to it. Ane o' the cups is ower bye in the Academy, in a place they ca' their Museum. I plaister'd up the ither ane the best way I could, but I think it is lost, for I haena seen it this lang time." Should we be so fortunate as to obtain any of these articles, it will afford us much pleasure to give some account of them in the *Scottish Journal* at a future time.

Three miles west from Dollar is Harvieston House, a monument of the magnificence of its late possessor, Crawford Tait, W. S. Burns resided in this mansion some time, and it was here that he composed one of the finest of his lyrics, beginning, "How pleasant the banks," &c. Further on, and we come to Tillicoultry, with which we will conclude this rambling chapter. This place consists of part of the Ochils, and the flat ground towards the river Devon. Although the soil is light, and covered with small round stones, yet it yields heavy crops. The banks of the Devon here are so very beautiful, and the air so very temperate, that it is called the "Temple of Scotland."

Since the days of Queen Mary, Tillicoultry has been famous for its manufacture of serge; it commonly sells at one shilling a-yard. In the churchyard of this parish a stone is still pointed out to the curious, regarding which tradition has the following story: Once upon a time there dwelt in the village of Tillicoultry a wicked laird, who was in debt to the abbey of Cambuskenneth, to a large amount. A monk was sent to obtain payment; but the laird that day being in no good humour, and enraged beyond measure at the peremptory manner in which the debt was demanded, knocked the monk down. At that time, to strike a churchman was death, and the laird was doomed to suffer for his crime. A day or two afterwards, the laird, to the surprise of all, died, and was privately buried. But strange to say, the very next morning, the hand which had committed the rash act was seen above the grave: It was buried again and again, but as often appeared, until the sexton accomplished what was deemed impossible, by rolling a large stone upon the grave, and hid from view the sacrilegious hand for ever!

J. C.

13, Dalrymple Place.

BALLADS OF THE CROMWELLIAN PERIOD.

THE following ballads are copied from a fragment of an old volume of songs, published apparently about 1660, immediately after the Restoration. We are not aware that they are to be found in

any existing collection, and print them here that they may be preserved. They are copied verbatim :

THE ROYAL RANT:

A MEDLEY IN OLIVER'S TIME.

Barre-boy cease to roar,
We shall quaff no more,
When we think upon the dayes
Of Love and Musick, Loyalty and Playes;
When Law and Reason
Were not high Treason,
'Twas a good season than;
E're Parliaments
Brought these events,
'Twas fame enough to be an Englishman:
But Legislators,
And Regis-haters
Have brought such slaughters since,
The Gentry
In prisons lye,
And finde it crime enough to be a Prince.

2.

In a dungeon deep we lye,
Crampt with cold Captivity,
Where the bedless bottom owns
Nothing to relieve our bones;
Yet such is the sacred scope of the soul,
That we never think
Of the stink,
When cold water we drink,
For Conscience crowns the bowl.

3.

Thus the ship of Reformation,
That was lately lancht in blood,
Flouts in floods of lamentation;
Let us now behold the wood,
Where the Royal Oak once growing,
Made it a perpetual spring;
There sedition now is sowing,
Hark what Philomel doth sing.

4.

The Nightingale so quick,
Is now grown sick, sick, sick,
To see the Royal vocal Wood,
So bonny and good, good good,
Where each bonny Bird did meet
With concord sweet, sweet sweet,
Is defil'd by Rebels, where they hug
Their Leaguer Lady,
Jug jug, jug jug jug jug jug jug.

5.

Thus you see how tydes are turning,
No condition's lasting,
In a moment mirth and mourning,
Blowing buds are blasting;
Fortune is
A coy Mistris,
No man ever kept her;
She'l (by power)
In an hour
Make a Sword a Scepter.

6.

Yet let us wait upon her wheel,
And not with fury fret her;
For she that turn'd from well to ill,
May turn from bad to better.

7.

Therefore Barre-boy roar again,
We will drink like Englishmen,
For every Pottle bring up ten;
I hope this is no Treason:
He that is
In a Land like this,
Must lay aside his Reason.

8.

Then let us drink a Health to his fame,
Who for our tongues we dare not name,
Who for a throne we dare not own;
But wee'll devise a curse likewise
Upon the State-Hector, the People's Pro-jector,
May all they have done come home to their own
Drawer! Bring up your Wine, and fill up your
Pots,
For we are the men that have no Plots.

THE FROLICK.

A MEDLEY OF THREE AIRS.

1.

A Qualm comes over me, Drawer bring
Up a Quart of Canary;
We will drink till our eyes
Out-sparkle the Skies,
And make the full Moon miscarry;
For since Canary will be a King,
This Room shall be a Star-Chamber,
'Cause the Glass in the close
At every man's Nose,
Reflects on his brow like Amber:
But where are the Moon and Stars,
Alas! they have lost their light:
We'll drink them up
T' other Cup,
Canary can fix 'em right:
Canary can conquer Mars,
And tumble his Target down;
What he can do
Who doth know,
'Till he gets in the Crown.

2.

Why should we heartless be,
But look up unto
Wine, and the wonders Canary can do;
Let us dance after chance
Like fairy Elves;
Drink down misfortune, and drink up our selves;
Drink till the hogsheads reel
One against t' other,
Then like right Statesmen we'll
Drink one another,
All the chink
That we drink
Springs in our Meadows,
We ne're quaff
The tears of
Orphans and Widdows.

3.

'Tis but folly
To be formal holy,
Let's be jolly,
Hang up melancholy;
They that reprove us
Did never love us,
But would remove us,
That they might be above us:
Then let us tarry,
Lest we miscarry,
we but vary
Our Principle Canary;
Although they scant us,
This shall not daunt us,
Though they out-vaunt us,
They never shall out-rant us.

THE JUBILEE ON THE CORONATION DAY.

TUNE, THE KING ENJOYES HIS OWN AGAIN.

Let every man with tongue and pen
Rejoyce that Charles is come agen,
To gain his Scepter and his Throne,
And give to every man his own;

Let all men that be
Together agree,
And freely now express their joy;
Let your sweetest voices bring
Pleasant Songs unto the King,
To Crown his Coronation day.

2.

All that do tread on English earth
Shall live in freedom, peace and mirth;
The golden times are come, that we
Did one day think we ne're should see;
Protector and Rump
Did put us in a damp,
When they their Colours did display;
But the time is come about,
We are in, and they are out,
By King Charles his Coronation day.

Varieties.

CROOKSTON CASTLE.—It may not be inappropriate to notice at the present time [1847], that in commemoration of the last visit of a female Sovereign to the West of Scotland, Sir John Maxwell has this summer effected considerable improvements on Crookston Castle, the ancient residence of Queen Mary. Sir John has long taken an interest in the preservation of this venerable ruin; and of late, at considerable expense, he has had the rooms and vaults cleaned out, the staircase repaired, and the crumbling walls in many places built up, so that Crookston and its site, which are so well deserving of a visit from the antiquary and the admirer of the picturesque, is now in a better condition for inspection than it has been for a century by-past; and, from the permanent nature of the repairs, it is likely to continue long in its present attractive state.

DEATH OF A CENTENARIAN.—Died, at Kippit, Peeblesshire, on the 30th of June last [1847], David Boe, shepherd, in the hundredth year of his age. The memory of this remarkable man deserves a paragraph, as one of the last of a class in whose death a whole age has passed away. It is not doing public justice merely to say that he was pious, sober, industrious, and faithful, and, of course, respected by everybody for his singular kindness of heart and natural Scotch sagacity. The facts should be stated as an example to others. David was a sober man, inasmuch as he never was drunk in his life, and never spent five shillings on drink of "ony sort, either in his own house or in other folks." He lived and died within a circle of three miles, and went little beyond it. He flitted only twice in the whole course of his long life; and for sixty years he was a servant on the same farm of Boreland, in the parish of Walston, and county of Lanark. He once took a cow to the fair on Lanark Muir, but he did not think it worth while to enter the town; and on another occasion some business took him to Leith, where "he saw the sea." And such is a full and particular detail of all his peregrinations, viz., about ten miles to the west and twenty-five eastward. With the exception of his shoes, every article he ever wore was not only home-made, but the product of his own hillside. His fee was four pounds sterling yearly, with some local advantages. On this he reared a family and two sons to be respectable farmers; and moreover he saved £200, on the bank interest of which he managed to live comfortably enough, and, still more wonderful, to save even half-a-crown, more or less, yearly from this voluntary limitation; but his son gave him a free house and milk, and he drove his "eilden."—*Post and Scottish Record.*

BUNYAN'S COPY OF FOX'S MARTYRS.—At the sale of the library of the late S. Wakefield, Esq., brother of Gilbert Wakefield, which took place at Evans's, Fox's Martyrs, 3 vols., 1641, John Bunyan's copy, with his autograph, and autograph verses on various martyrs by him, produced £37, 16s. It was purchased by Mr Knight, who was opposed by Mr Wilks, M.P. for Boston.

MARCH OF INTELLECT.—A gentleman the other day visiting a school at Edinburgh had a book put in his

hand for the purpose of examining a class. The word "inheritance" occurring in the verse, the querist interrogated the youngsters as follows:—"What is 'inheritance'?"—A. "Patrimony."—"What is patrimony?"—A. "Something left by a father."—"What would you call it if left by a mother?"—A. "Matrimony."—June, 1838.

THE DEAD ALIVE.—A strange circumstance lately occurred at Breslau, in Prussia. Some weeks ago a nun belonging to the Ursuline Convent in that city died, and was as usual placed in the church. While the sisters were employed in singing the usual vigils for her, she suddenly rose from her coffin, proceeded with tottering steps to the altar, and there falling on her knees, began to pray in a loud voice. The nuns, dreadfully alarmed, ran to wake the Abbess, who at first would not believe what they told her, but at last was persuaded to go to the church, where she saw the nun, who was praying, rise from her place before the altar, and return to her coffin, where she lay down and closed her eyes. The Abbess immediately sent for the physician, but when he arrived the nun was really dead.—*German Paper,* (1837.)

SCOTCH ORTHOGRAPHY.—Last autumn, Mrs C——, of London, during a visit to D—— house, in the West of Scotland, called one day, along with some other ladies, in the family carriage, at the Golden Arms Inn, of a sea-bathing place on the coast, and stopped for about an hour. Some time after the party had returned to D—— house, Mrs C. discovered that she had lost a very fine boa, which she supposed she must have left at the inn. On inquiry, no trace of the boa could be found; but, about two months after Mrs C.'s return to London she received a parcel with a boa somewhat torn, accompanied by the following epistle, which we give as rather a curiosity of its kind:—

"Golden Arms Inn, —, 20th Oct., 1836.

"Mrs C—— Lundun.

"MADUM,—I was sorry to hear that when you lost your Bowa in my huse, that the Bowa was stole by my sarvant lasses; and the sarvante at D—— Huse spred a report against my huses karakter, which no person ever questioned afore. My wiffe, Peggy, was muckle vexed at the report, and sershed the trunks of all the lasses, but did not find your Bowa; she fund in Jeny M'Tavish's kist half a pund of tea which Jeny had stole from my wiffe's cupboard. Jeny denied taking your Bowa; but not doubting that you would tell a lee, and as Jeny tuke the tea, my wife thoct she must have taken your Bowa too, so I turned aff Jeny for your satisfaction. She went home to her mither's house in —, and four Sundays after, wha should be cocken in the breist of the laft all set round wi' ribbons in her heed, but Miss Jeny with your Bowa on her sholders, like a sow wi' a saddle on its back. I stoppt her coming out of the kirk. So, so, Miss Jeny (says I) hae ye stumped the cow of her tale, or is that the ladies Bowa ye hae on your sholders. The brazen-faced woman had the impudence to deny the Bowa was yours, and said her sweetheart had bot it for her in a secondhand shop in the Salt-market of Glasgow. But I cut metters short wi' Jeny; I een, as if by your authority, tuke the law in my own hand, and tore the Bowa from her sholders; it was torn a little in the scuffle wi' Jeny and me afore the congregation in the kirk-yard, but I carried it aff in spite of her, and now send it to you, hopping you will put a letter in the newspaper in Lunun, cleering the karakter of me and my wiffe, Peggy, and my Inn of the Golden Arms. As for Miss Jeny, ye may mak her as black as auld nick, for, over and above Peggies half pund of tea, and your Bowa, Jeny (I hae good reason to believe) is no better than she should be. I am Madum, your vera humbel servant,

"JOHN —."

EDINBURGH: T. G. STEVENSON, 87, Prince's Street; and

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SOME ACCOUNT OF THE VISIT OF CHARLES I. TO PERTH.

THE malignant star of Scotland's troubles and disasters was rapidly reaching its culminating point in the year 1633. The tithe policy of Charles I., when fully disclosed and properly understood, threw the Parliament as well as the whole nation into a perfect ferment. The needy and turbulent nobles, justly jealous of their being compelled, at no distant date, in the event of this measure becoming law, to disgorge a portion, if not ultimately the whole of the rich and extensive spoils of the Romish Church, which their predecessors had greedily seized and coolly appropriated to their own purposes, in indifference to the spirited remonstrances and representations of John Knox, at once, and as if by concert, placed themselves in an attitude of firm and determined opposition of the King, dexterously associating their cause with the cause of the Presbyterian religion, and by that means gaining over to their views a host of willing, ardent, and devoted auxiliaries in the great body of the established clergy. "Mar, Haddington, Roxburgh, Morton, and the Chancellor, Sir George Hay (Kinnoull) were, from personal motives, among the leaders of that opposition, which we are told by Burnet, had very nearly occasioned an extraordinary scene of assassination and massacre when Nithisdale came to Scotland, commissioned by the monarch to make good the revocation.* On the other hand there can be no doubt that the tithe policy of the King was really and truly intended by him for nothing more nor less than as a prelude to his ulterior scheme for an Episcopal Establishment, and a uniformity of religion, which he, acting on the ill-timed and injudicious counsels of Laud, so much desired to see effected in his northern dominions.

Be this, however, as it may, the King, in 1633, determined to visit Scotland, for the double purpose of allaying the troubles which his ecclesiastical measures had evoked, and of consummating the ceremony of his Coronation. "At length Charles effected that memorable progress in the month of June, 1633. One of the six noblemen, whom his majesty elected to support the bearers of his canopy, was Lord Napier. Rothas, after-

wards the father of the Covenant, carried the sceptre; and Lorn,* the deeper and more deadly promoter of the rebellion, assisted to bear the train."†

It is foreign to our present subject to narrate *ad longum* the particulars of the Royal Progress. Suffice it, that on the rising of the Scottish Parliament at Edinburgh, the King visited successively the towns of Linlithgow, Stirling, Dunfermline (where he was born), and lastly Perth. Of his entry into the latter city, we have a curious and very characteristic record in the minute-books of the Glover Incorporation of Perth, the tenor whereof, (to use a legal phrase) follows:—

"His Majesty King Charles of his gracious favour and love denzeit‡ himself to visit his own city and burgh of Perth, the eight day of July, quhair, at the entrie of our South Inch port, he wes receivit honorablie, be the Provost, Bailzies, and Aldermen,§ and be delivery of an speache mounting to his praise, and thanksgiving for his Majestie's coming to visoit this our city, wha stayit upon horsebacke and heard the sameyn patientlie, and therefra, convoyit be our young men in guard, with partisans clad in red and whyte, to his ludgeing at the end of the South gate,|| belonging now heritablie to George Earl of Kinnoull, heigh chancellor of Scotland, &c. The morrow thairefter came to our church, and in his royal seat heard ane reverend sermone,¶ immediately thairefter came

* Afterwards Marquis of Argyle.

† Napier's Montrose, p. 22.

‡ Deigned, or condescended.

§ The magistrates of Perth in 1633 were,

"Robert Arnot, of Benchills, Provost.
Andrew Wilson,
Mr Robert Mitchell,
John Anderson, junr.,
John Henderson, baker,
Andrew Gray, Dean of Guild.
George Touch, Taylor, Treasurer."

¶ Vide—"List of the Magistrates" in Cant's edition of "The Muses Threnodie."

|| Gowrie House, or Palace.

¶ We find from an "Authentic List of the Ministers of Perth" prefixed to Cant's work, that the two clergymen under-named had the pastoral charge, at the period referred to, one of whom probably delivered the "reverend sermone":—"Mr John Malcom, formerly one of the agents, and afterwards principal of St Leonard's College in St Andrews, was ordained minister of Perth November 4th, 1591. Died at Perth, October 3d, 1634. Mr William Cowper, formerly minister at Bothkenner in the presbytery of Stirling, having for some time preached at Perth, was admitted minister of Perth, with Mr John Malcom, June 23d, 1595. Made bishop of Galloway, July 31st, 1614. Resigned his charge at Perth.

* Napier's "Life and Times of Montrose," p. 18.

to his ludgeing and went downe to the gardin^e thairof, his Majestie being thayre set upon the wall next the wattr of Tay, quhair upone was ane fleeting staige* of tymber, cled about with birks, uppone the quhilk, for his Majestie's welcome and entrie, thretteine of our brethrene of this our calling of Glovors, with green cappis, silver strings, red ribbons, quhyte shoes and bells about thair leggis, shewing raperist in thair handis, and all uther abzulement, dauncit our sword daunce,† with many deficeles knottis, fyve being under and fyve above upone thair shoulderis, three of theme dauncing through thair feet and aboutthem, drinking wine and breking glasses. Quhilk (God be praisit) wes actit and done without hurt or skaithe till any. Quhilk drew us till greit chaigres and expensis amounting to the sowme of 350 merks, yet not to be rememberit because gracioslie acceptit be our sovereigne and bothe estatist to our honour and great commendation."

For an account of the performance which followed we must refer to Mr Cant's appendix to Adamson's "Musos Threnodie," or "Gall's Gabbions."

"Therafter, "says he," "the following poem (which is called a Comedy acted by David Black and George Powrie, two taylors, on the water of Tay||) was pronounced before the King." This, however, we may shrewdly suspect was got up at the instigation of the magistrates themselves, to serve a purpose afterwards to be reverted to:

THE "COMEDY."

"DAVID BLACK in Name of TAY, says

"What means this roaring, and these toucking drums?
What shouts of joy, from whence this clamour comes?
Thus proudly bold to interrupt our rest,
Amidst our deeps, our quiet to molest;
While as our greatness in retiredness plays,
And shrinks us up in halcionian stays;
Hence take occasion in disdain to trample
Our liquid belly, and our arms so ample,
That running reaches from Braidalbanie,
To pay our triton tribute to the sea,
With silver streams that lovingly enclose him,
By kind embrace in azurie Neptunes bosom.
Thus uncontroll'd who dare our course reclaim?
Till they're disgur'd, we lose our force and name.
Can Caledonia's forrests furnish beams,
Or Grampians stones to overvault our streams?
Whom they have seen for many thousand age,
Pass by their banks with unresisted rage;
While crown'd with icy alabaster towers,
Of storm that from their snowy tops downpours,

October 23d, 1615. Afterwards made Dean of the Chapel Royal at Edinburgh. Died at Edinburgh, February 15th, 1619."

* A floating stage.

† Rapiers.

‡ This was the Moorish, or Morrice Dance, which had been introduced into England sometime during the reign of Edward III. Bells, to the number of thirty or forty, were hung to the legs of the performers, tinkling as they moved. There is still preserved in the possession of the Perth Glovers, a Morrice-dancer's dress which is said to have figured in the above performance: its last appearance in public was in September, 1842, when her Majesty Queen Victoria visited Perth.

|| Difficult.

¶ Very probably the "two taylors" pronounced the poem on the "fleeting staige" of the Morrice-dancers.

While in a verdant mantle mildly tracing,
Alongst NAPHEAS tents and them embracing;
Whilst rushing to the ocean like a King,
With noise that makes the rocky mountains ring,
To whom the ocean when we meet gives place,
And under sandy DRUMLAY hides his face.
Who is it then dares vilify our might?
And thus our power and our glory slight?
Come swift foot ALMOND call our vassal rills,
Our rivers, brooks, that kiss the GRAMPIAN hills,
Command them all to pay us what they ow,
And back our forces with dissolved snow,
O'erflow their banks and with impetuous course,
Lead with them captive every neighbouring source;
In passing haste let their no lingering stay,
T' impede their dues to rough stone-rolling TAY,
Who wrong resents, and with an irefull grudge,
Avows these plains to cover with deluge.
Let GARIE gliding on his gravelly ground,
Whose rolling streams the flowery meadows mound;
Lund lapping LYON from his flockful glen,
With restless speed come to augment our train;
And trout full TYMMEL with his tumbling torrent
Come to us marching with a course-full current;
And break-bridge BRAN with slow returning billows,
Come meet our powers at CALEDONIAN Willows;
Impetuous ILA do him also cite,
With all his branches he our grandeur meet,
Charge KERBAT kyth from the ANGUSIAN fields,
Alongst great GLAMIS where he his homage yields,
To rashy DEAN whose body's bound with arches,
Where he dissolves while towards us he marches.
Bid irefull ERICHT with his dreadful dinne,
Leave gainful sport about his lofty Hns,
Address him hither with his murmuring voice,
To wake the valleys with a streaming noise.
What mean the PERTHIANs in their pride of mind
To mock our weakness, bawling in this kind?
And think they not, how that our force before
O'erturn'd their bridge,* their bulwark and their shore!

* This is a reference to the inundation of 1621, of which the following is the account in the Session Register of the Presbytery of Perth:—

"Tuesday, 16th October, 1621.

"The council and elders being convened, have ordered an voluntary collection to be uplifted of the hail inhabitants, for declaration of their thankfulness to God for their deliverance from the fearful inundation of waters threatening destruction both of the town and inhabitants, to be applied for the use of the poor. The manner whereof follows:

"An remembrance of Gods' visitation of Perth.

"It is to be noted and put in register in this book, the great and miraculous deliverance, that the Lord gave to this burgh of Perth, of an fearful inundation of waters compassing the same on all parts, so that there-through the brig of Tay was hally dung down, except only one bow thereof standing. None could get furth of it, nor yet come within it, to make any relief thereto.

"The manner of the rising of the water was this, the rain began on Friday the 12th October, about ten hours of the day, it continued that day and Saturday, and in the night, unlooked for, the water rose so high, that all them that dwell outwith the Castel-gavel port in laigh houses, the water encreased so, that they behoved to go to high houses for preservation of their lives: and being in high houses, the water rose to the loftings in the highest mid-houses in the Castel-gavel before six hours on Monday in the morning, and the wind and weat continuing, the water came up to Gilbert Henderson's yett (gate) in the Castel-gavel, and to Margaret Monypenny's yett in the fish-market, to Donald Johnston's yett in the High-gate, to the Meal Vennel in the South-gate, and the water ran like mill-clouses (mill-slucies) at the yetts of diverse parts on the north side of the High-gate. An great tempestuous wind at the east, blew all this time. The water also came above Henry Sharp's shop in the Speygate. The like fearful inundation was never seen in no living man's remembrance,

Their water course, their Wardhouse common wall,
And threat their town, their turrets, with a fall:
Their Mother BERTHA felt our power and rage,
For worth and strength the glory of her age;
Where the imperial TYBER's children stood
Afrail, and pitch'd their tents besouth my flood;
The DANISH blood by us was born away,
When they were vanquish'd by the valiant HAY.*

"GEORGE POWRIE *Answers for PERTH.*

"Yes, yes, it is, the PERTHIAN youths indeed
Tread on thy belly now, but fear or dread,
O'erjoy'd because they have King CHARLES the great
Within their walls, to view their ruin'd state,
With power and love can by himself alone,
Cause bind thy belly with a bridge of stone,
And shall thy now divided lands unite,
To serve his subjects with a paved street,
Which to the Country shall great comfort bring.
And make us all pray for great CHARLES our King.

"TAY—DAVID BLACK.

"O do I wake, or is it but a dream,
How do I tremble at King CHARLES's name;
Then humbly here I prostrate at his feet,
For now I see the prophecy complete,
In elder times it long since was told,
That he my streams should by a bridge infold,†

which brought the people under such fear, that they looked for nothing but to have been destroyed.

"Whereupon, Mr John Malcom, Minister, powerfully endued with God's spirit, caused ring the preaching bell on Sunday at seven hours of the morning, and the haill inhabitants came to the kirk, and there he exhorted them to repent for their sins which had procured the said judgment of God to come upon the town, assuring them, that if they were truly penitent therefore, and would avow to God to amend their lives in time coming, God would avert his judgement, and give them deliverance; whose powerful exhortations moved the people to cry to God with tears, clamours and cries, and to hold up their hands to God to amend their lives, and every one of them to abstain from their domestic sins.

"The like humiliation both of men and women, has not been seen in Perth of before parting; preaching and prayer continued all that week. Our pastor, with great magnanimity, insisted in exhorting the people to true repentance and amendment of their lives.

"The waters began to decrease after noon on Monday (15th) but after day-light past, there arose a greater tempest of wind and rain than at any time of before, which so affrighted the people that night, that they looked for nothing, but the waters should have arisen to greater height nor they were of before. Notwithstanding thereof, miraculously, through the great mercy of God, by (beyond) all men's expectation, the water greatly in the mean time decreased: Which in the morning moved the people in the kirk, and all other places, to give most hearty thanks to God for his mercy towards them.

"Mr John Malcom proved the part of a faithful Pastor to his flock, with great godly courage, and magnanimity, to comfort them with the mercy of God.

"Great plenty of corns in all parts, both stacks and stacks, being on haughs and valley grounds, was carried away by the waters; and diverse ships by tempest perished, and horse, nolt, kye and sheep drowned."

There is another entry in the Session Books bearing reference to this event, under date 13th November:—"The Council and Session ordain Charles Rollock, Bailie, Keeper of the collected money, to give thereof to Henry Moss, boatman, a double angel in recompense of his jeopardies, pains, and travels, in saving many persons from perishing by the late inundation of waters outwith the Castle Gavel Port by means of his boat, transporting them therewith from their houses full of water into the town."

—See "Book of Perth," by Mr J. P. Lawson, A. M., lately published [by THOMAS G. STEVENSON, Edinburgh, 1847,]—and Cant's "Muses Threnodie"—Appendix.

* At the battle of Luncarty.

† This prophecy, we doubt, was invented for the oc-

And well I knew that none durst bar my flood;
Nor was there any but King CHARLES the good,
As heaven ordains, none can the fates eschaw;
Then, royal Sir, I render here to you
My low subjection ready at command,
And joy I'm chain'd by thy great royal hand,
And ever vow, while I am nam'd TAY,
Not to expatiate nor o'erflow my Brae.

"PERTH—GEORGE POWRIE.

"Come dive, my lads, the bottom of his deep,
From henceforth he his boundaries shall keep,
Quite spoil the treasure of his scaly store,
Empty his streams and throw them quite ashore."

Such is this famous "Comedy," and most assuredly a better *begging letter* was never penned. We are not aware of the name of the author. It is not recorded how the "King's Majestie" was pleased with it; but undoubtedly he would not fail to perceive that its main, and indeed *sole* object, was to give him a hint to assist the town in re-building the ruined bridge over the Tay, which the inundation of 1621 had destroyed. He had, however, already subscribed liberally to this object during his father's lifetime. Mr Cant says, "King James subscribed for 100,000 merks, and Charles, Prince of Wales, for 10,000. But James's death, and the turbulent reign of Charles, defeated this scheme. However, the magistrates and citizens never lost sight of it, [they did not lose sight of it at any rate in 1633, when the "Comedy" was got up], and feeble attempts were now and then made to put it in execution; but the expensive plans intimidated them from venturing on such an arduous undertaking, which could only be carried into perfection by the spirit of a noble HAY."

The King, on leaving the "Fair City," visited his ancient palace of Falkland, where his pedantic father had so often enjoyed the good old and favourite sport of "buck-hunting." From thence he departed homewards.

The fickleness of the public mind may well be proverbial. The town which so loyally received the King in 1633, representing Morrice-dances and Comedies for his amusement, became, in the course of a few years, the head-quarters of his enemies!

A. W. E.

Crossheads.

NEWSPAPER STATISTICS.

WAS Schœffer aware of the importance of his discovery when the first metallic type issued, sharp and shining, from the matrice he had fashioned? He felt that a gigantic stride was made in the

casian; for we find Mr Adamson referring in his "Muses Threnodie" (Book vi.) to a prophecy made by an old lady residing at Kinnoull, in presence of James I., who visited her to hear her reminiscences of Wallace and Bruce, whom she had seen in her youth, that a descendant of the family of KINNOULL should build the bridge. She said—

"There should arise a Knight
Sprung from the BLOODY YOKE * * * * *

Whose Son, in spite of Tay, should join these lands
Firmly by stone, on either side which stands."
This prophecy was certainly fulfilled by the building of the bridge in 1766, chiefly through the exertions of the then Earl of Kinnoull.

right direction—that a great fact was established—that the art of printing was, by so much, nearer perfection. But where was the limit of his thoughtful speculations? He foresaw extended business, larger offices, and multiplied workmen; inexhaustible “cases,” busy compositors, and presses throwing off sheets, an hundred per hour. He may have anticipated a time when “every church would require a bible, and every romantic maid a ballad;” perhaps descried afar off the faint outlines of a newspaper: but none of the early printers dreamed that a day would speedily come, when a printing-house square would publish its twenty or thirty thousand voluminous sheets at every sun-rise, and disseminate them as widely as the sun-light itself is spread. That era has now arrived. The influences of the Newspaper Press on public opinion is felt, and its position as one of the necessary institutions of social life recognised. The British Press has been erected by no act of the nation; by no manifestation of popular will. It has slowly gathered around it the talent of the laud; increased as sections of the nation called upon it: and now derives its influence in a great measure from the confidence reposed in it. At the beginning of 1847, the number of newspapers in the British Isles was calculated at 555; published, some daily, some weekly, and some at longer intervals. To classify them exactly, according to their opinions, would require Michael Scott’s industrious imps, so many changes have occurred, but of the 555, supposing them all to exist now, and to be of the same opinions as in 1847, 230 claim to be liberal, 187 conservative, and 138 to be neutral. The prototype of the press is the *Edinburgh Gazette*, which dates from 1600. In point of age it is followed by the ‘*Caledonian Mercury*,’ established by private parties in 1660; and then come in order the ‘*London Gazette*,’ dated 1665; the ‘*Edinburgh Evening Courant*,’ from 1689 or 90; the ‘*Lincoln*,’ ‘*Rutland*,’ and ‘*Stamford Mercury*,’ of 1695; the ‘*York Courant*,’ prior to 1700; the ‘*Worcester Journal*,’ of 1709, &c. The most venerable of the newspapers north of Edinburgh is the ‘*Aberdeen Journal*,’ which appeared in 1747, and is still the property of the direct representative of its founder. Of the Irish press, the oldest is the ‘*Dublin Gazette*,’ commenced in 1711: the next, the ‘*Dublin Evening Post*,’ begun in 1725, but afterwards suspended for a time. The ‘*Belfast News-Letter*’ appeared in 1737, and having been published without intermission since that year, claims to be considered the oldest of the Irish journals. Of the Welsh papers ‘*The Cambrian*’ is the first established, although it dates no farther back than 1803. The Channel Islands possessed a “broadsheet” in 1789, the ‘*Gazette de Guernsey*,’ published in French, having been commenced in that year. London is, of course, the great fountain-head of newspapers; and its daily press is probably one of the most marked features of the age. The oldest of the daily publications is the ‘*Public Ledger*’—a purely mercantile journal, established in 1759. Eleven years afterwards the ‘*Morning Chronicle*’ came forth, and it was followed in 1772 by the ‘*Morning Post*,’ and in 1781 by the ‘*Herald*,’ in 1788 by the ‘*Times*,’ and in 1792 by the ‘*Sun*.’ The

‘*Globe*,’ the ‘*Standard*,’ &c., are of recent growth. In London there are two papers published in the French language—the ‘*Courrier de l’Europe*,’ begun in 1840; and the ‘*Observateur Français*,’ in 1845; one in German, the ‘*Deutsche Londoner Zeitung*,’ 1845; and one in Italian, the ‘*Eco de Savonarola*,’ the first number of which was issued in February last. There is also a paper entitled the ‘*Voice of Jacob*,’ intended especially for the Jews: while, for those interested in the colonies, there are newspapers exclusively devoted respectively to Australia, New Zealand, the East Indies, the West Indies, &c. In 1700 the collective number of British newspapers, including the Government Gazettes, was six; in 1725 they had increased to fifteen, (those which have survived only being reckoned); in 1750 there were thirty-two; twenty-five years later the number was sixty: in 1800 there were ninety-two; and in 1825 it had increased to 200. Ten years later there were 302, and in 1845 no less than 502—an increase of 200 in ten years. In 1846 37 were added; and up to April in 1847, the large number of 16—making a total, as before stated, of 555. No doubt, the extension of commerce and manufactures, the spread of education, and the more liberal views in Government and political economy which have obtained, have greatly contributed to this increase in the number of newspapers. But something is also due to the reduction of the stamp-duty from 4d. to 1d., and to the improved facilities which the gradual extensions and foreign arrangements of the Post-office have accomplished. Of 181 newspapers established since January 1840, 66 advocate liberal principles: 17 are conservative; 67 neutral; 20 ecclesiastical; and 11 railway newspapers; 55 of these journals charge 6d. and upwards for single copies; 57 charge 4½d. or 5d.; and the remaining 69 consist for the most part of the new class of threepenny papers. The number of stamps issued to the English press in the year ending 31st March 1842, was, on the aggregate, 50,120,785; to the Scotch, 5,388,079; and to the Irish, 5,986,639. In the year ending 1st January 1843, for England (including supplements), 51,619,576; Scotland, 5,420,894; Ireland, 6,099,656; and Wales, 451,030. In the succeeding year, for England, 53,176,582; Scotland, 5,536,876; Ireland, 6,594,052; and Wales, 458,925. For 1845, to the English press, 57,671,972; Scottish, 6,042,205; Irish, 7,018,617; and Welsh, 486,700—showing an increase on the stamps for England alone of upwards of 7,000,000 in four years! The returns, however, do not come later down than 1845, but the increase since that period, no doubt, is still more marked.

The origin and progress of the Newspaper Press* forms an interesting subject of inquiry. It is a desire natural to men to be aware of what is doing, or projected, and of events passing, beyond the range of personal ken. Accordingly, before the era when printing became serviceable for this purpose, a class of writers sprung up, under the designation of news-letter writers, whose business it was to furnish a regular compendium of all interesting

* A good essay on this subject is to be found in Mitchell’s “Newspaper Press Directory.”

events and court-gossip for the information of their employers—who were, of course, only the more important nobility and gentry resident on their estates, or the authorities of the larger burghs. These letter-writers were generally persons of some station—their effusions were handsomely paid for; and, no doubt, the letters were looked for with considerable anxiety by “noble dames,” as well as by worthy bailies, assembled to hear the news, and, at the same time, benefit some poor vintner at the expense of the “common good.” On important occasions, also, manuscript sheets of news appear to have been circulated by the authorities; but in this respect England was preceded by various Continental powers. The Venetian Government, for example, began in 1563, during one of its wars, to issue manuscript journals containing military despatches and other news; and these journals were denominated *gazettes*, from the small coin charged for a perusal. In Augsburg and Vienna, “*Relations*,” as they were called, were issued, in the shape of printed letters, as early as 1524. They were without date, number, or imprint; the first numbered consecutive sheets having been published in Germany, in 1613. In France, the first newspaper, entitled “*The Paris Gazette*,” was established in 1631, by Theophrast Renaudot, a physician of Montpellier. In England, about 1611, accounts of particular occurrences were issued for the first time by the press, with titles varying according to the story, as “*News out of Germany*,” “*Strange News of a Prodigious Monster borne in the Township of Adlington*,” &c. From these originals the broad-sheets of the present day have sprung. It was generally considered that England and Elizabeth had the honour of establishing the first newspaper, on occasion of the attempted Spanish invasion. That belief was founded on the fact, that in the British Museum were preserved three printed and four written numbers, each of different date, of “*The English Mercurie*” (1588). These remains have been spoken of as genuine in various encyclopædias and other works; the only doubt having been expressed in the “*Penny Cyclopædia*.” Later and more minute investigation has demonstrated that a forgery has been committed, by whom, or for what end, it is equally hard to determine. The first doubt probably arose from the circumstance that no notice was taken of the “*Mercurie*” by any of the writers of its own day; and, on examination, it was found that the type of the printed copies was of a kind which there was evidence to suppose had not been used until a century and a-half later than the date assigned. Again, the spelling of the written copies was observed to be modern, and in the printed copies antiquated; while the handwriting was as modern as the types. But the crowning proof was, that the water-mark of the paper bore, in addition to the royal arms, the letters “*G. R.*” “*The English Mercurie*,” then, is not now looked upon as genuine. In ten years the occasional narratives of 1611 had taken a more definite shape in England; for in 1621 the “*Courant*, or *Weekly News from Foreign Parts*,” was commenced by one Nathaniel Butter. It was followed in the succeeding year by “*The Certain*

News of this Present Week.” In the next thirty years the number of such publications increased remarkably; but it is presumed that only a limited number survived their birth for any length of time. During the wars of the Parliament, the press was extensively employed by both parties. From 1640 to 1660, no fewer than 30,000 of the newspapers or pamphlets of the day were issued; a collection to that extent, forming 2000 volumes, having been made for Charles II., by a bookseller of the name of Tomlinson, and presented, in later days, to the British Museum by Geo. III. Scotland occupies an honourable position with respect to the press; the “*Edinburgh Gazette*,” as we have said, having been established in 1600, by act of Parliament, for general announcements; and, 60 years later, by private parties, the “*Caledonian Mercury*”—which, with the weight of 187 years upon it, is still one of the leading Scottish journals. While newspapers began in the English provinces to take slow, but certain root, in London, from 1709, a formidable array sprang up of *Grub Street ‘Observers,’ ‘Medleys,’ ‘Flying Posts.’* Prior to 1731 so many had arisen from the ashes of those which were destroyed by the halfpenny stamp duty of 1712, that the “*Gentleman’s Magazine*” was established for the express purpose of winnowing their contents into one readable sheet. One hundred years ago, the business of an editor, it would seem, was of the most miscellaneous description. He was at once the general registrar for servants—now offering “a port boy,” who could read and write; now wanting a cook for a merchant, or an apprentice for a tallow-chandler; or a grocer—selling chocolate, which he knew “to be a great helper of bad stomachs;” or a match-maker—advising all who desire to be married to come to him quickly and he will furnish partners; or a commission agent—now offering to purchase an estate, now to give a premium for a permanent situation, and now “to help to a customer” for sets of manuscript sermons! With all this multiplicity of pursuits, however, the ancient editor found himself frequently at a loss to fill up his limited columns—happy mortal! In 1752 Henry Fielding introduced the first police report into his newspaper—the “*Covent Garden Journal*.” During the French Revolution, Mr Flower, of the “*Cambridge Journal*,” introduced “the leader,” or political article, now universally adopted. The “*Leeds Mercury*,” conducted by Mr Baines, was, in 1801, the second paper in which leaders regularly appeared. Of late years, the systematic manner in which newspaper business is conducted, the enlarged sphere of its operations, the increased attention paid to every local or public event, and the greater space required for business and other important announcements, have combined to demand sheets much more capacious than before. Within a short period, the largest newspaper was a very dwarf beside the sheets necessary at the present day; while some of the more recently established newspapers have reached the limits prescribed by law—a limitation which must soon be abolished. In conclusion, we may remark that the power placed in the press is becoming more and more generally regarded as the surest bulwark of the people’s liberties. “Give

me but the liberty of the press," said Sheridan, "and I will shake down from its height corruption, and bury it amidst the ruins of the abuses it was meant to shelter." That the proprietors of the press are capable of generous deeds, James Donaldson, the late proprietor of the 'Edinburgh Advertiser,' has shown, in the magnificent hospital, now completed, for which he left upwards of £200,000.

J. C. P.

The Orkney Papers.

TESTAMENT OF SIR DAVID SINCLER OF STEYNBROCHT.

In the name of God amen be it Kend til al men and be Knawin yat I David Sincler of Steynbrocht Knyt. seik in my bodye nevir ye less hail in to my mynd, maks my testament in manner and forme as efter followis Item in the fyrst I leif and co'mendis my saule to God Almychte in quhais protectione and defensas I cal ye blyssit virgin Mare and al ye sancts in hevin. Item I leif my bodye to be erdit in Sanct Magnus Kyrk of tyngwell. Item to protece and defend my testament I choos and humblie prais our maist soveraine prince Kyng James throucht the grace of God Kyng of Scotts: In ye qlks releveration of laubors I orden descreit men, yat is to saye Richart lesk and thorrall of brucht veray executors of this testament the qlks. sal dispoone my geirbaycht vrettin and ounvrettin as yai vil ansuer befor God. Item ye penchione of Dingvell and ye red castell pails yar dottis this yeir. Item I leife na thing to my lorde Sincler bot ye po'chione of Zetland for this zeir p'nt. to ye qlk. Lord I geive and leiffe all ye lands yat I posessit efter my fader diede in Zetland and my best siluer scope wyt. twelffe scoppis i'clussit in ye same wyt. my schipe callit ye Catvell wyt. her p'tinents and twa sadillis Item I leiffe to my ladye Sincler my myd scope of siluer wyt. twelffe scoppis inclusit in ye same Item I leife to ye sone and air of Henre lord Sincler my best silver scope wyt. sex scoppis inclusit in ye same and wyt. all ye mowabill bests yat ar co'tenit in ye lands afor assignit to my lord his fader. Item I leife to my bruder Sr. Wm. Sincler Erle of Cathtness my Innes in Edinbrucht wyt. ye p'tinents. Item I leife to Sr. Wm. Sincler ye Knycht my Doublet of Klocht of Gold and my gray satein goone wyt. thre ostreche fedderiss. Item I leiff to Ollane Ait-sone my blak govne of Damess wyt. siluer bout-touneis, my graye scarlet hoiiss and my Doublet of Doune cramesse. Item I geive and leiffe 'to gertrude my gret siluer belte and ane pece of Klecht of gold ye lyncht of ane flandrss ellin. I leif to Wm. Flete and his bruder Criste Flete my litill schipe wyt. al geir and al my lands in Orknaye wyt. my Innes in Kyrkwall excep Setter and Vuchtsequeye wyt. houssis and uder p'tinoness ye qlk. I leife to Alexr. brothvik togedder wyt. twa kye in Kyrkwall and al ye mowabill gudis in Schalpandsaye. Item I leife to James Sincler capitane for ye tym in Dingvell al my geir yat is in Ross, yat is to saye my harness gov'nenss Keichtin gold, siluer, bests, corne and gen'aly al yat ever I have yare excep my red cote of webrote ye qlk. I leife to ye hie alter of ye cathedrall Kyrk of Orknaye. Item I leif to ilk sono I haue fywe

scoir m'ks. land and to ilk Dochter fyfte and I might schaw it now at this tyme And gif I cannot schaw it I co'mand my executors to schaw it. Item I leife to thorrall of brucht and to his wife and his airs ten m'ks. land in Glaitness and xv m'ks. land in Linggrs wyt. all guds yar co'tenit and xxii m'ks. in pappale ten m'ks. in brucht. Item I leif to richart lesk twe'ty. m'ks. lands in Awndistay and my Inglis schipe wyt. all geir Item I geive to Wm. Spens all my lands in gloppa and xv m'ks. in baltorne Item I leife to Alexr. Smeythtone xii m'ks. in Oistend wyt. all beats yat is yare Item I leife to Jhone Mude xx m'ks. ye qlk. I bocht fra him in scacness and ye ful payment yar of. Item I leife to Sanct Magnus Kyrk in Tyngvell the twa part of my blak walowes cote and ye thrid parte I leife to ye Corss Kirk in Dynrosness Item ye chellers of sanct Magnus in Tyngvell and in Dyngvell ye qlk. I comand to be dividit Item I leife to Magnus Sincler my blew doublet ye brest set wyt. precious staneis and my hude set wyt. precious staneis and my goldin chenze ye qlk. I wear daily. Item I leife to Jhone aumdownr twe'ty. licht florens Itm. I leife to yseter m'chell my blak Doublet of wellouss wyt. out sclewis Itm. I geve and leife to my sist: dueland in Orknay al my guds yat ar in pappay and housbe. Item I leife to Doctor Jhone Oke twelfe ells of yper blak and twa roiss nobills and my sadell wyt. ye ptine'ss. ye tane half of and ane schort blak cote of wellouss. Item I leife to Sr. Magnus Harrode twa nobills and ye buk of gud maneris Item I leife to the provest of byrrome my signet Item I leife to Thom haa four m'ks. in morra

Item ye geir yat is not dispoit be efter ye gift of my gud beneuolanss I ordinat to be deuidit betwixt my soneis and Dochters Item gif ony of my Soneis or docht'iss of myne discessis wyt. out airs of yar awin body yar part to be devidit amange ye leife of bruder and sisters Item ye puir folk yat come out of Orknay wyt. me I leife yame yar awne land or ellis als gude. Item I leife to Segreit in rorik twa pak of oedmeil and twa kye Item I leife to ye halye cross in Stanebruch twa nobillis of ye roiss Itm. I geive to Sanct Georgeis alter in rosskyll my goldin chenze ye qlk. is callit ane collar ye qlk. chenze ye Kyng of Dennark gave me. Item I leif to Thom' bosvell my best * ye qlk. come hame to me wyt. my schipe out of norrowaye. Item ten Punds of Gold to be paiit to Jhone of Veinde in Desert ye qlk. henre Spens resaut. Item xv m'ks. of ordame to be paid to ye Inglis-man yat sauld me the schipe Item I leife to Jhone boide ye best pece of ane lynnein robe ye qlk. I bought fra ye flem'gis Item I leife ye fruits of my lands of this zeirs crope to ye puir folks Item I leife to Sande Sincler my bruder sone sex ellis of grein claicht Item I leif to patre cuke and James barnsten ten ellis of grein claicht Item I leife to Ingarecht in cransetter twa kye Itm. I leife to henre Sincler my bruder son all my brutell bests yat is in oxvoo Item I leife and comands to geive to Jhone glappo ye ix m'ks. ye qlks. I promist to hym in his sponsaage giffin at tyngvell ye zeir of God Ja' fyfe hundretht and sex zeirs ye aucht

* Sic in originali.

daye of ye vesitatione of or. ledye thir men beand
presente Sande brothvik Peter M'chell Jhone
made Jhone boide magness Sincler peter cuk
alexr. Smeithtone wyt. ud'iss mony sindri and
diu'ss.

Ita fateor ego Doctor Joha'nes Oke de geest'ia
me ascultasse et co'cordasse de v'bo ad v'bm.
cum suo illeso originali qd. fateor manu
ppa.

Hec est hujus originalis copiat

collationata de v'bo. ad v'bm. ac translata de lati-
no in anglicam linguam haud in nullo discrepan
sed p. ora'. co'cordan. p. me Dn'm. Jacobm:
Seuill sacra autoritate apostolica notorium pub-
licum sub a'no. dm. mo. quimo. xxv^o. die vero
sexto me'ss. Augusti hora quasi quinta. post me-
ridiem vel eo circa, pn'tibq. ibid: venerabilibus
viris, Roberto flat, dnis. Georgio Duf, Alex'ro. paul-
sone, et andrea Sanger, cum diversis aliis formalit:
sicut state om: meliori forma qua pa. et etia'.
roberaui meis signo, nom: cognom: et manuali
subscriptione quibus utor.

Jacobus Seuill notari'. publicq.

[The curious document, of which the foregoing
is a literal copy, is in the possession of G. Petrie,
jun. Esq., County Clerk of Orkney.]

TRIAL OF THE REBEL FANATICS AT YORK, 1663.

YORK, JAN. 8, 1663.*

THIS morning early were arraynied seventeen se-
veral prisoners: ten thereof appeared upon clear
evidence to have been actually in arms at Farnely-
wood, and accordingly thereupon were convicted
of High Treason by one and the same Jury.

The Court still sitting, the other seven were
indicted as abettors, consenters, and comports
of High Treason: Five whereof were returned
guilty by the second Jury, so that Monday, being
the first day of proceeding, hath produced fifteen
convicts for high treason; and other *primæ ma-
gnitudinis* are still behind to come on the stage.

As for the fifteen already convicted there is
not one but Captain Oates,† (in whom we find
the greatest appearance of regret) that is either
of any countenance or note, but young fellows,
stupendiously and desperately resolved for treach-
erous purposes: aiming at nothing less than the
deplorable overthrow of King and Kingdom.
This is the brief of what has past hitherto.

In June (preceding) Two Agitators were sent from
Scotland to reconcile the Sectaries, and these were
entertained at one Oldroyd's house at Dewsbury,
known by the name of the Divil of Deusbury
(since fled) and afterwards divers meetings were
appointed at a place called Stank-house in this
country, (York.) Whereupon Marsden and Pal-
mer were sent to London as Agitators to the
secret committee, and at their return brought
order to rise the 12th of October with assurance
that the Insurrection should be general and White-

Hall attempted. Nottingham, Gloucester and
Newcastle were to be seized for passes over Tine,
Trent and Severn, and Boston in Lincolnshire for
a port to receive succors and Ammunition from
Holland, and other foreign Parts. York they
aim'd at to make sure of this country, but of
Hull they despaired (as Watters affirmed in his
testimony, who, to say the truth, dealt very sin-
cerely.) All the gentry were to be secured, and
persons were dispatched abroad for Assistance.
Officers and soldiers listed all over England to op-
pose Subsidies Excise. To Re-establish a Gospel
Magistracy and Ministry, and to restore the long
Parliament, as the only basis they could build up-
on; And lastly, to curb the Clergy, the gentry, and
the lawyers. This is the sum of the whole matter.

It has been no small advantage to the publicke
that the design has been so openly and so clearly
manifested. The trials of these prisoners, even on
the confession of their own party, have been fair
and favourable to a high degree, to the wonderful
satisfaction of the Country, and to the honour of
his sacred Majesty.

BIRTH AND CHRISTENING OF PRINCE JAMES, THE SON OF JAMES II.—JULY 22, 1663.

ON Wednesday last, July 22, betwixt four and five
in the afternoon, James son of his Royal High-
ness James Duke of York was christened in the
Chappel of St James by Gilbert Lord Bishop of
London, now Elect Lord archbishop of Canter-
bury. His sacred Majesty and the Lord high
Chancellor of England were the two Godfathers,
and her Majesty the Queen Mother was the God-
mother. His Majesty himself gave him the name
of James in memory and honour of his Royal
Grandfather King James and his only brother
James Duke of York. The state was born up by
the Earl of St Albans and the Earl of Sandwich.
Her Grace the duchess of Buckingham holding
this Princely Infant. After his sacred Administra-
tion His Majesty with his Royal Brother and both
their Majesties Queen Catharine and Queen Mary
went to congratulate her Royal Highness the
Duchess of York in her Bed chamber.*

[The young Prince was James' son by Anne Hyde.
He was created Earl and Duke of Cambridge
22d August 1664. He was, at the early age of
three years and five months, created a Knight of
the Garter, departed this life on the 20th June,
1667, not having attained the age of five.

Of James' four sons by the first wife not one sur-
vived so long as this prince. Charles was not seven
months old when he died (3d May 1661.) A second
Charles lived only three or four months longer
(he died 4th July, 1666,) and Edgar, born 14th
September, 1667, died at Richmond 8th June,
1671.]

STATE OF IRELAND—1559-1603.

DURING the reign of Elizabeth Ireland resembled
very much the state of our settlers at the Cape
of Good Hope in conflict with the Caffres. The
system was the old Roman maxim, *divide et im-*

* From the 'Kingdoms Intelligencer,' a newspaper
of the time, now, it is hardly necessary to say, as rare as
any MS.

† The afterwards but two well known Titus Oates,
the inventor of the Popish Plot. What blood would have
been spared, and what misery prevented, had he been
hanged on this occasion as he ought to have been.

* From the 'Kingdoms Intelligencer.'

pera. We set the clans against each other. The Shanes, Macguires, and the O'Neills were always at strife, and the applications to Queen Elizabeth's treasury were very troublesome. The Bailiffs of Dundalk besought the Queen to send "*three score of gunners, whereof six of them to be skilful in shooting of great ordinances.*" This is a very sorry account of gunnery: but the effects were all attributed to "*Godd's miracle.*" The petitioners require "*a barrell of superfyne powder, twenty bowes, and twenty shewys of arrows, togidder with a score of pike.*" Demands, however, were not always so trifling; for the chieftain, Shane O'Neill, became so formidable that a requisition is made to the Queen's Ministers for a thousand horsemen in armour to suppress his incursions. The Earl of Clanrickard writes to the Earl of Sussex as follows:—

"Your Worship may be advertised that O'Neill came into the lower parts of Connaught, and camped there in O'Rork's country, and O'Connor's Sligo's country, and MacDermond's country six or seven days, and he burnt the corne and spoyled the wholl countrys, carrying away thence three or four hundred cattle. Hys coming thither was to require the tribute due in ould tyme to them that wer kyngs in thys realme, and would have had the same yearly paid to himself, and for the securite thereof he required pledges to be delivered unto him," &c.

In truth the aborigines were little better than savages—not cannibals certainly, but actually less civilized than the New Zealanders are at present, and infinitely more blood-thirsty. It was not until the accession of James VI. to the British throne, that the first step was laid for the improvement of Ireland, and although we cannot exactly, in these modern times, approve of the not very scrupulous modes adopted by that far-sighted monarch, for that purpose, there can be little doubt, had he lived a dozen years longer, that the green island would have been purified just as effectually as the Highlands and Islands of Scotland had previously been by the vigorous measures of the *pacific* James.

YESTERDAY.

Last surge that rolled from Time's great sea,
O'er earth's wide shores away;
What place of graves hath closed o'er thee,
Lost yesterday!

The orient sun arose to crown
Thy birth, and sunk—to light
Thy path beyond the mountains—down
To endless night.

Thy reign was o'er the farthest shores
Creation into space extends;
Where'er the wing of morning soars,
Or eve descends.

All nature basked beneath thy beams,
Worlds, suns, and systems rolled in thee;
Flowers bloomed and died, and earth's glad streams
Sung to the sea.

In Heaven thou hast thy brief abode,
In Hell, thy burning age was there;
For thou, like the mysterious God,
Wert every where.

Thou wert a thing of smiles and tears,
Of welcomes and of wild farewells;

Alike of bridal, births, and biers,
Thy record tells.

What art thou now?—a land of dreams,
Pale-pencilled on a twilight sky;
Shedding but faint and fading gleams
On memory's eye.

Thus posting onward to the past,
The light of this fair world decays;
And our to-morrows shall at last
Be yesterdays.

J. M.

Varieties.

ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY OF SCOTLAND.—JACOBITE AND OTHER RELICS.—At a late meeting of the Scottish Antiquarian Society, among other curiosities exhibited were a group of bottles, from a fragmentary Roman one down almost to our own day, including the camp bottle of the Duke of Perth, found after the disastrous defeat on Culloden Moor. To this Mr Robert Chambers added another relic—a bottle of wine left by Prince Charles with one of his Highland hosts, whose name escaped us. The same zealous antiquary contributed a very beautiful original miniature, set in gold, of James III., as we find the elder Pretender styled by his admirers. As a work of art, it possesses great merit, and closely resembles some of the engravings, representing him about forty years of age. There was also shown the broad blue ribbon of the Order of the Garter, worn by the same unfortunate descendant of the old royal line of Scotland. On a side table was exhibited a manuscript Bible, written on vellum, and believed to belong to the early part of the twelfth century. This valuable manuscript, which is in perfect preservation, and a remarkably fine specimen of the age, was exhibited by its owner, Alexander Macdonald, Esq., the curator of the society, who also contributed a beautifully illuminated Roman missal, printed at Paris in 1513.

THE NATIONAL CLOCK.—When completed, the Westminster Palace clock will be the most powerful one in the empire. According to the specification given in certain parliamentary papers which have been published, it is to "strike the hours on a bell of from eight to ten tons, and, if practicable, chime the quarters upon eight bells, and show the time upon four dials about thirty feet in diameter." With the exception of a skeleton dial at Malines, the above dimensions, as remarked by a writer in 'Chambers's Journal,' surpass those of any other clock-face in Europe. The dial of St Paul's is as yet the largest in this country with a minute hand: it is eighteen feet in diameter. The new one is to be an eight-day clock, and as perfect as possible. Its formation is to be under the direction and approval of Mr Airy, the Astronomer-Royal. Galvanic communication will probably be established with Greenwich Observatory. The four sets of hands, with the motion wheels, it has been calculated, will weigh 12 cwt.: and the head of the hammer 200 lb.: the weights from 150 to 300 lb.: and the pendulum bob 3 cwt. One of the candidates proposes to jewel the escapement pallet with sapphires. The motion of the minute hand is not to be constant; it will move once every twenty seconds, when it will go over a space of nearly four inches. The papers alluded to contain the names of three candidates for the honour of making the national clock—Mr Vulliamy, Mr Dent, and Mr Whitehurst of Derby. Two estimates have been sent in—one for £1600, the other £3373.—'Builder.'

ERRATA.—At page 389, in the list of the heritors of the parish of Cruden, for 'Teats' read 'Yeats,' and for 'Tonduton' read 'Yonderton.'

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The object of the publication is to provide a means by which the public may be made aware of the services in the field of child welfare which are being rendered it being one of the objects of the publication to bring to the attention of the public the work of the various agencies and individuals who are engaged in the service of children.

The Journal will be published in a weekly and monthly form, as our subscribers are aware. It will bear the title of "THE ENGLISH TOPOGRAPHICAL MAGAZINE." It will be printed in a more convenient size of paper, and more elegantly got up, with a lithographic illustration engraving to each number. The New Series of the Journal may virtually be considered a new paper, and a monthly issue admitting of some alterations in the matter as well as manner of publication. It is conceived, will be interesting. Without entering farther into details, we may observe that we have been induced to adopt this new mode of publication, by the manifest preference of a monthly issue, the part of the subscribers, and in the belief that we will thereby be better able to cater to the taste and wishes of that class of readers who take an interest in the subject.

P R E F A C E.

IN presenting the Second Volume of *The Scottish Journal* to the public, we cannot forego the opportunity of tendering our best thanks to its supporters, and, in an especial manner, to our numerous contributors, by whose unwearied labours and kindness we have been enabled to collect together a mass of very curious and interesting matter. We trust they will continue their services in the New Series of the work we are now about to undertake, it being one of the objects of the publication to glean from every locality whatever may be worthy of note in reference to Antiquity and Topography.

The *Journal* will henceforth be published *monthly* only, not both in a weekly and monthly form, as our subscribers are aware has hitherto been the case. It will bear the title of THE EDINBURGH TOPOGRAPHICAL, TRADITIONAL, AND ANTIQUARIAN MAGAZINE, and be printed in a more convenient size of page than the present, more elegantly got up, with a lithographic illustrative engraving to each number, price One Shilling. This New Series of the Journal may virtually be considered a new publication—a monthly issue admitting of various alterations in the matter as well as arrangement, which, it is conceived, will be improvements. Without entering farther into detail, we may observe that we have been induced to decide upon this new mode of publication, by the manifest preference of a monthly issue upon the part of the subscribers, and in the belief that we will thereby be better able to adapt the work to the taste and wishes of that class of readers who take an interest in the subjects of which it treats.

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No. III.

FISHWICK AND HORNDEN.

"In summer days, on Fishwick braes,
By Tweed's blue waters roamin',
How sweet to muse among the knowes,
When soft steals on the gloamin'!"

"SCHOOL-BOY RAMBLES."

ON the 28th September, 1847, being in the neighbourhood, we made a hurried visit to the ancient burying-ground and church of Fishwick. It was one of the most splendid days of a season rich in many days of the very brightest and most genial weather; and we would gladly have lingered among the grass-covered graves for several hours had time permitted us. Fishwick is situated on the north bank of the Tweed, at the top of a steep declivity, where a small brook joins its waters with the "silver streams" of our celebrated border river. The situation is solitary, deserted, and romantic; there is no human dwelling near it; and no place could be better conceived for a ghostly scene, in a cold autumnal evening, while the wind is dismally raving through the leafless trees, which shade the mossy grave-stones, and the flooded river below hurrying past with a wild and ceaseless wailing, as if mourning for the generations that were mouldering to dust on the lonely steep. This ancient place of sepulture is in the parish of Hutton, opposite the English village of Horncliff, and about six miles above the town of Berwick-upon-Tweed. The parish of Fishwick was united to that of Hutton in 1614. The old church of Fishwick appears to have been a very small and plain structure, and its ruins were displaced a few years ago by a neat gothic chapel, erected as a mausoleum for the family of the late Mr McBraire of Meadow House. In the *ancient taxatio* the church of Fyschwik was assessed at the rate of thirty marks. The Scottish Edgar granted to St Cuthbert's monks, at Coldingham, Fishwic, with its pertinents. In 1150, Robert the Bishop of St Andrews, in the presence of the synod, which then sat at Berwick, confirmed to the monks the churches of Fishwic and Swinton. The advowson of the church of Fishwic continued with the monks of Coldingham till the Reformation swept away all such establishments. Swain, priest of Fishwic, who flourished during the reign of David I., held the village of Renton of the prior of Coldingham, *ad*

firmam in feude et hereditate, and after his death that village was consecutively held by the same tenure by two of his sons, Patrick and Eustace, as we learn from the chartulary. This wealthy churchman also possessed half of the land *Pren-derquest*, with other properties in Fishwick, Coldingham, and Lumsden, all of which he resigned to the monks of Coldingham, in presence of Earl Henry. We can learn nothing more of the priests of Fishwick.

The manor of Fishwick, during part, at least, of the sixteenth century, belonged to a family of the Homes; we find that *David Home* of Fishwick was captain of Tantallon Castle in 1573, when the Prior of Coldingham, and *Robert Melvil* of Lethington, were committed to ward there. Fishwick belonged during part of last century to Renton of Lamberton. During the border wars the village was frequently burnt and pillaged by the English.

The churchyard of Fishwick is still used as a place of sepulture. A few tombstones, thinly scattered over the ground, mark the resting places of those who are all but forgot in the district. Most of these are plain and uninteresting sepulchral monuments, and do not break through the general uniformity of other grave-stones. We were pleased to find a "through stone," erected to the memory of some persons of the name of *Logan*, standing beneath the shade of some hawthorn trees. There is something sweetly pleasing in a shaded tombstone. The whole area of the churchyard has been recently planted with trees of various species—but not of those kinds which we would wish to see among graves. Where the trees are not too much crowded together, as they are at Fishwick, they have a pleasing effect in the repositories of the dead; and certainly we would like to see our burying-grounds more generally adorned with trees, shrubs, and flowers than they are at present. A few old, grey, and moss-covered stones may be seen here, which show

—"the rustic sculptor's art,
Time's scythe and hour-glass, and the grinning skull,
And bones transverse."

In the south-east corner of the cemetery, we found a broad flat stone, of venerable antiquity, with the following inscription:—"Heir was bried *John Hogard*, Anno 1640. Here lyes the body of *John Ros*, who died May 27, A. D. 1721, his age 48 years." Between these two inscriptions there is a square compartment filled with skull and cross-bones, and two figures resembling a butcher's cleaver. Before leaving the bounds of this retired

place of burial, we sat down by a flat grey stone, the inscription on which was all but obliterated by time, and traced the following lines in our portfolio:—

Under this bank Tweed's silvery stream flows on,
Not as of old, stained with the warrior's gore;
Autumn's mild radiance o'er the valleys pour,
And from the fields the husbandman hath won
The ripened grain, now garnered up in store
'Gainst winter's gathering storms; the bloom is o'er
Of summer's sunny days—and past and gone
The time of flowers; and soon will sadly moan,
Through leafless groves, the freezing wintry gale,
And spread the sear leaves o'er the mouldering dead,
That lonely here repose above the water's wail;
Musing, I backward look on men and ages fled,
And on the hoary stone that tells no name or tale,
Of those who sleep below, I gaze with awe and dread.

HORNDEN.

Somewhat more than a mile above Fishwick lies the village of Horndean. The village is small and rather remote, being out of the more frequented thoroughfares of the country, about a mile north of the Tweed, and nearly opposite *Norham* castle. Hordean was an ancient parish, now united to *Ladykirk*. King Edgar granted to the monks of Coldingham the church of Fishwick, with the lands lying between Horndene and *Cnapdene*, and in the twelfth century, *William de Vetre-ponde* granted to the monks of Kelso some sheelings or mountain pasturages in Lammormoor, which had belonged to Horndean. In the old *taxatio* the church of Horndene was rated at 100 merks. "The name of the parish of *Horndean* is peculiarly Saxon. *Horn*, in the Anglo-Saxon tongue, signifies a corner, and *dene*, a vale"—an appellation descriptive of the site of the parish, lying in a corner, and in a valley sloping towards the Tweed. *William de Vetreponde* acquired the manor of Horndene during the twelfth century, and he transferred the church of Horndene and its pertinents to the monks of Kelso. This grant of Vetreponde was confirmed by *Bishop Hugh*, who ruled the diocese of St Andrews from 1177 to 1188, and his confirmation was approved by his dignified successor, *Bishop Roger*, and the whole transaction ratified, in 1251, by *Bishop David*, who insisted that the monks should provide an honest chaplain for the service of the church, and not a rapacious vicar. It continued to belong to those monks till the Reformation; and was not long after united to *Ladykirk*. Horndean had consequently never a protestant minister, but in 1574 it enjoyed a Reader* of the name of

James Ross, and at that time there was only one minister, viz., the *Rev. John Clapperton*, for the four parishes of Hutton, Horndean, Upsettlington and Lennel.

Robert Byset, who obtained, during the twelfth century, the manor of *Upsettlington*, founded, in the reign of David I., at Horndean, a hospital which was dedicated to St Leonard. The master of this hospital witnessed a charter of *Hye de Simprine*, during the short reign of Malcolm VI. Robert Byset granted this hospital, with its pertinents, to the monks of Kelso, on condition that their abbot should keep a chaplain there, and should maintain in it two persons, whom the donor and his heirs should have the right of placing therein. At the end of the thirteenth century those monks possessed this hospital at Horndene, with sixteen acres of land, a fishing in the Tweed, and a park within the manor of Upsettlington, for which they thought themselves obliged to support a chaplain for celebrating divine service in the hospital chapel. The site of this hospital and chapel is not known.

On the 15th June we visited the old churchyard of Horndean, which lies unenclosed in the midst of a field, about half a mile to the east of a village. It is still used as a place of sepulture by some of the neighbouring inhabitants. There are still a number of sepulchral stones standing erect, and a great many sunk into the ground. An old font-stone was lying among the rubbish of the kirk, the ruins of which are thickly overgrown with nettles. There is no place we love so much as an ancient churchyard. In this place, no doubt, repose some who were renowned in their day—and here too likely rest the ashes of many who fell in border feuds and warfare, but their names and memory are sunk in oblivion, all "plunged

"And buried in the unremembered past,
Yet few dare meditate their dying hours.
Oh, did the living but the dead recall
As often as the dead the living do
The sun would gaze upon a purer world
Than now."*

Before the union of the crowns, Horndean, and other places along the border, with no barrier between them but the Tweed, must have been frequently exposed to predatory incursions of the English marauders, and would consequently often suffer spoliation. Hence it is pleasant to contrast the present peaceful condition of our "own dear border land" with its former turbulent and unsettled state:—

1. No more the troops of war are seen,
On the green slopes of Horndean,
No more the Border reiver:
No sound of war is on the gale,
Upon the hill, and in the dale,
Broke is the bow and quiver.
2. There rest the kine in calm repose,
Where once the sounds of conflict rose,
And fierce marauders vaunted,
The reaping band is busy there,
Where fell the serf in grim despair,
Or hero stood undaunted.

* R. Montgomery.

* The general state of religion in Scotland during the earlier part of the seventeenth century was very far from being satisfactory. In the large towns, which had enjoyed the labours of a faithful ministry, the good fruits were apparent in the holy lives of many, but in consequence of the niggardly provision made for the support of a settled ministry, many parishes in the country were left in a great measure desolate; the place of ministers being often supplied with 'Readers,' who, for a small salary, were engaged to read portions of the scriptures, and the prayers which were contained in the book of Common Order, prefixed to the psalms in metre. It may be easily imagined that this class of men, little raised above the peasantry from which they were chosen, without learning, without authority, would ill supply the place of a regular and well-trained ministry.—'M'Crie's Sketches of Scot. Church-History,' vol. i. p. 186.

3. There Norham's ancient castled steep—
No more are issuing from its keep,
Beneath the moon's pale splendour,
The captain and his bloody band,
To sack and pillage all the land,
And woe and rapine render.
4. The bannered host is o'er the Tweed,
And fired is bastille, cot, and stead,
The maids and matrons wailing;
Blithe passed the band in courage stout,
But in the carnage and the rout,
Shall heart and strength be failing.
5. The day declines—the fray is o'er—
And there the bravest, midst their gore,
Lie pale in death's cold slumber;
While wounded, weary, o'er the plain,
The broken bands the Tweed regain,
Bereft of half their number.
6. The hot pursuit is on behind,
The cry of vengeance in the wind—
The Douglas for the foray!
And where yon smoking hamlets burn,
Come on the spears of Wedderburn,
Long famed in Border story!
7. They hurry on across the Tweed,
With slogan cry, and savage speed,
Their path with slaughter strewn;
And ere the morning light the track,
That bears them from the foray back,
The land is left in ruin.
8. Now moated towers and forts are down,
No peel-house doth the grey steep crown,
No beacon fires are lighted;
To warn the country far and wide,
That southern reivers hither ride,
'Mong herds and flocks affrighted.
9. The village maid has now no fears,
Of war-men and their glittering spears,
While tripping to the fountain,
That wells from out yon sunny brae,
Where passed of old the wild foray,
Down from the LAMMER mountain.
10. Peace is the state that suits us best;
And ne'er may battle break our rest,
And desolate our border;
The corn is waving on the plain,
Where lay in days of old the slain,
In bloody black disorder.
11. On Flodden-hill, and banks of Till,
The sounds of war are ever still,
The warrior in the ground is;
And Cheviot's mountain "blue and lone,"
A glorious scene, looks smiling on,
Where peace and plenty found is.

The village of Horndean contains about 130 inhabitants, and here has been, for upwards of half a century, a church of the United Presbyterians, over which presides the venerable *Mr William Lec.*

Chirnside.

C. H.

THE ROYAL FAMILY OF STUART.

The following account of the Royal Family of Stuart is from the *Aberdeen Farmer's Pocket Companion or Almanack* of 1790, in the possession of Mr Dickson of the Stamps and Taxes Office, Kirriemure:

'The year 88 has, for several centuries, been in some manner fatal to the Royal House of Stuart. James III., in 1483, June 11, lost a battle; and was pursued by his own subjects and assassinated. On February 8, 1588, Mary Queen

of Scots was beheaded. James II. of England abdicated the English throne, December 12, 1688. And in the year 1788 accounts were received from Rome of the death of the Royal Charles Stuart. His brother Henry is alive in the sixty-fifth year of his age. At Rome, at half-past nine o'clock, Prince Charles Edward Lewis Casimir Stuart died. He was just sixty-seven years and one month old on the day of his death, being born on the 31st of December 1720. He was son of James Francis, Prince of Wales, son to James II. The son of James II. was recognized by many Courts of Europe as King of England, immediately after the death of his father. As such, he received Kingly honors, had his palace and his guards, and enjoyed the privilege allowed by the Pope to Catholic Kings, that of bestowing Cardinals' hats. But his son, Prince Charles, did not enjoy these honors. He was, indeed, called Prince of Wales during the life of his father; but after that event, he would no longer bear that title, and the Catholic courts would not style him King; so that his situation was more agreeable before his father's death than it has been ever since. His mother's was the largest fortune in Europe; she was the Princess Maria Clementina Sobieski, grand-daughter of the famous John Sobieski, King of Poland, who beat the Turks near Vienna, and made them raise the siege of that capital, and thus saved Christendom from destruction. She had a million sterling to her fortune. She had two sons by her husband; Charles who lately died, and Henry Benedict, who by his father was created Duke of York, and who, having been promoted to the purple, has been generally known by the name of Cardinal York. The elder son married, some years ago, a Princess of Stolberg, in Germany; but by her, who is still alive, he has no issue. He has left, however, a natural daughter, whom he lately created Duchess of Albany. She is about twenty-five years of age, and much respected for her good nature, piety, and politeness. To his brother, the Cardinal, he has left his claim to the Crown of England.

'It is thought that his Eminence will change his title, and assume that of King Cardinal. His Eminence is in his sixty-third year; at his decease the King of Sardinia will be the head of the family of the Stuarts, as he is descended from Henrietta Maria, the youngest daughter of King Charles I.; the issue of her elder sister having become extinct in the person of King William III. The remains of Prince Charles were carried to Frescati to be interred. When the corpse had arrived there, the coffin, wherein the body had been privately deposited at Rome, was opened, and found to contain Royal robes, with the sceptre, crown, and sword, together with all the insignia distinguishing the Royal House of the Stuarts. The body was placed in a coffin of cyprus wood enclosed in one of lead, bearing inscriptions and devices analogous to the rank of the deceased. In the morning of February 3, the funeral obsequies were celebrated in the Cathedral Church at Frescati, of which See the Cardinal Duke of York, his brother, is bishop. The church was hung with black cloth (the seams covered with gold lace), drawn up between the pillars in the form of festoons, intermixed with

gold and silver tissue, which had a very magnificent and solemn effect; especially as a profusion of wax tapers were continually burning during the whole time of the ceremony, in every part of the church.

'Over the great door, and the four principal side altars, there were written in the festoons (in large characters) the following texts of Scripture, which were chosen by the Cardinal as allusive to the situation and fortunes of the deceased:—Ecclesiastes, xlvii. 17; Job, xxix. 5; Tobit, ii. 18; Proverbs, v. 27; 2d Macab., vi. 13.

'A large catafalque was erected on the platform, raised three steps from the floor, in the nave of the church, on which the coffin, containing the body, was placed, covered with a superb pall, on which was embroidered in several places the Royal Arms of England. On each side stood three gentlemen, servants of the deceased, in mourning cloaks, each holding a royal banner; and about it were placed a very considerable number of very large wax tapers, in the form of a square, guarded by the militia of Frescati. About ten in the forenoon, the Cardinal was brought into the church in a sedan chair, covered with black cloth, attended by a large suit of his officers and servants in deep mourning.

'He seated himself on his throne on the right hand side of the great altar, and began to sing the office appointed by the Church for the dead, assisted by his choir, which is numerous, and some of the best voices from Rome. The first verse was scarcely finished, when it was observed that his voice faltered, the tears trickled down his cheeks, so that it was feared he would not have been able to proceed.

'However, he soon recollected himself, and went through the function in a very affecting manner, in which manly firmness, fraternal affection, and religious solemnity were very happily blended. The magistrates of Frescati, and a numerous concourse of the neighbouring people, attended on this occasion, who were attracted, not so much by their curiosity, or the purpose of assisting the masses, which were celebrating at every altar in the church, as a desire of testifying their great respect to their Bishop, who constantly resides amongst them, and daily bestows upon them temporal as well as spiritual blessings with a very liberal hand. By his will, Prince Charles has made the Countess of Albany, his daughter, sole heiress; to the Cardinal York, his brother, he has given 2000 ounces of silver; to the Chevalier Stewart, his confidential secretary, 100 ducats, with directions to his heiress to continue the respective apartments to his servants in recompense for their faithful services, and to give them annuities for their lives of the value of their wages. To this will is annexed the formal protest of the Cardinal, by which he lays claim to the undivided possession of the throne of England. On the 8th March, 1784, when the report was prevalent that the above illustrious personage had died January 23 preceding, the following character of him appeared in the *Caledonian Mercury*, which, it is said, the Prince himself afterwards read and approved of:—

"The Count of Albany, as he has been called

for some time past, was born on the 31st of December 1720, N.S.—a person who will be memorable in the annals of Britain, on account of the bold attempt he made in the year 1745. Care had been taken very early to instil just and honorable sentiments into his mind, and in his youth he had been inured to bear fatigue, and such other inconveniences as are met with in a military life. His person and manners are so graceful and engaging that he was warmly beloved by his friends, and esteemed even by his enemies; and, when he made his appearance in Scotland, he drew on himself the attention of all Europe. He is said to have always acted with remarkable humanity and greatness of soul; and his success was greater than could have been expected from his circumstances. After his defeat at Culloden, he bore his misfortunes, and passed through dangers, with such equanimity as still to appear respectable and great. Since the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, when he was obliged to depart out of France, he has had little opportunity of showing to the world what he really was. He married the Princess Louisa Maximiliana de Stolberg Guederan, on the 17th April 1772, but they have had no issue; so that the male line of the Royal Family of Stuart is now reduced to the Cardinal alone, after it had given Kings to Scotland for three or four hundred years, and by the Princesses of it Sovereigns to almost all Europe."

Mr Dickson is of opinion, that in place of Ecclesiastes, xlvii. chap. and 17th verse, it should have been Ecclesiasticus, xlvii. and 17th, 'Thy name went abroad in the islands far off, and thou was beloved in thy peace;' Job, xxix. and 5th, 'When the Almighty was with me, and my servants round about me;' Tobias, ii. and 18th, 'For we are the children of saints, and look for that life which God will give to those that never change their faith from him.' Mr Dickson differs again from the old Almanack. He thinks that it should have been Proverbs, xxv. and 27, 'As it is not good for a man to eat much honey, so he that is searcher of majesty shall be overwheeled by glory;' 2d Macab., vi. and 31st, 'Thus did this man die, leaving not only to young men, but also to the whole nation, the memory of his death for an example of virtue and of fortitude.'

DESCRIPTION OF THE ANCIENT ISLAND OF COLUM-KILL, OR ST COLMAN-KILL.

[The following history of Icolmkill was found in manuscript among the papers of John Clerk of Shitterflat, in Neilston parish. He was an elder of the parish of Beith, and died in 1812. His late son was a writer and a man of letters. He could give no account of the history—whether it was original, or an extract from some book. His father had repeatedly visited the Western Isles, and did so for the last time in 1805. We follow the MS. in capitals and spelling.]

St Columbus, St Oran, and St Kenneth, three brethren, cousins to the King of Ireland, who were amongst the first converts to the Christian faith in the kingdom, fitted out a vessel called the Curachan, covered with cow-hides, and brought with them artificers of all kinds necessary for

erecting tempels for our Saviour's worship, and committing themselves to the direction of heaven, for being landed in some colony or desert, where they might exercise their religion without persecution, and consequently, A. D. 550, arrived in the west end of the island, at a harbour called, after the vessel, port a Curachan till this day. The length of the ship is a sixty-four feet, the breadth in proportion. But the length and breadth of the ship is hitherto preserved in earth and stone at the place of landing. There are several heaps of small stones, of different bulks, within the sea mark, being a punishment inflicted by St Columbus upon his transgressing disciples; and each trespass to be gathered according to the sins they committed; and their submission was received by their patron as a sign of their penitence; and upon the confession of their sins they received absolution. In the year 550, St Columbus, after consecrating the burying-places, Jerusalem and Rome, erected the chapel of St Oran, which is said to be the first cathedral in Scotland erected for our Saviour's worship.

There are interred sixty kings, viz., forty-eight from Scotland, eight from Norway, and four from Ireland. Here are interred the chieftains of the Highland clans, such as M'Donald of Kintyre and Isla, King of the Western Isles, with a very magnificent tomb. It is said there was one hundred cows expended at his funeral, and only three merks in cash. M'Kinnon of Stra, with a very magnificent tomb. M'Quarry of Ulva, who is said to be the oldest heritor in the west of Scotland. Likewise, M'Lean of Sturat, M'Lean of Lochbowie, M'Lean of Coll, M'Lean of Forlusk, with their coats-of-mail and head-pieces, two-handed sword, in full length, drawn to the life. Here lyes the famous Dr Beaton, Physician to the family of M'Lean; under an Armorial bearing, has this inscription upon his Tomb—"Behold he falls by Dart of iniquous death, who himself delivered others from their Complaints: Glory to God alone." Likewise, M'Phee of Colonsay and the Tomb of Alisters was very magnificent. Many tombs, as well as the burying-place of Kings, are flat with the rest of the ground. Near to this is St Mary's Church, sufficiently built by the Monks; the remains of the Building is a real imitation of the pailace and extent of the Temple of Jerusalem; without the Walls are interred St Peter, and Martin, and St John. There is likewise a Draw-well at the Entry to said Church, that served the whole Building by leading pipes. Within the Walls, at the Entry to the place of Worship, is the place of contemplation. Upon the right hand, on a pillar, stands the Archangel, with beam and balance weighing the souls of men—the Devil crutching before them to catch if found wanting. Opposite to this is the sin ingratitude represented by three Ruffians, who stole a Cow from their nurse; one of them holding her by the head, another by the Tail, and a third going to knock her down; the woman standing with open mouth and uplifted hands applying to heaven for relief. In the place, on a pillar, is our first parents, the serpent twisted about the tree, with his head to the woman's ear. Opposite to this place is our Saviour pro-

mised; after Contemplating here, and being sprinkled from the font, they entered into the place of worship, where our first parents stand upon a Pillar in full length, with their Aprons and Hands across to hide their nakedness, the Angel with Wings spread, and sword in hand, to drive them out of Paradise. Upon a Pillar near to this is the band that apprehended our Saviour, Peter cutting off Malchus' ear. Upon this Pillar is our Saviour riding to Jerusalem. After going through all these ceremonies, they came to a seat where the Abbot sat, made Confession of their sins, and after being sprinkled from the font by the Abbot, being admitted to sit at a sacrament Table of White Marble. In this place of worship is interred, under a very Magnificent Tomb, the Abbot M'Kinnon, with his Effigy Drawn at full length to the Lip, with Lions supporting his head and feet; a Crook in his hand as a shepherd over his flock, arrayed also in his altar robes. He has a star on the back of his left hand, another on his breast; a ring on one of his fingers, directing two of his fingers to the Star; an Angel on each side of his head, and another on the crown thereof. The inscription on his tomb is in the Hebrew Language, which was latterly translated into English by a viziting Clergyman, is as follows:—"Here lyes John M'Kinnon, late Abbot of Iye, who died in the year of our Lord 1600. May the most high God have mercy on his soul." Here is interred Abbot M'Kenzie, without inscription, M'Lean of Ross, M'Leod of the Harris, and many others. Here was the first college erected in Scotland, and the first ministers which preached the Gospel of Christ in the South of Scotland, and many places in England wer educated. Here was a great Seminary of Learning, that continued for some hundred years. That they burried the males separated from the females till above 40 years by past. The Nunnery, very magnificently built in the Gothic form, stands in the south end of the village, and the Temple or Church where the Abbot preached to the Nuns. Within the Walls are interred Ladies and Nuns, with very magnificent Tombs. One Tomb, particularly the Lady Abbots, lyes with her head to the West; her Effigy, in full length, is Drawn in a most lively manner; she is in a praying posture, having uplifted hands, her eyes open. An Angel on each side of her head playing on a harp; her Lap Dog at the skirt of her Garment, the Moon above her head, and a comb for her hair. Fronting her, with her head to the East, has the Virgin Mary, with Sun, Moon and Stars above her head, with the babe to her breast. The Lady Abbot's prayer, upon the middle of the Tomb,—“Oh, Holy Virgin, pray for me.” The inscription round the Tomb is,—“Here lyes the Divine Anne, the Daughter of Donald, son of Charles, late Abbess of Iona, who died in the year of our Lord, 1243, whose soul we commit to Abraham's bosom. Here are many Tombs with the Inscription Defaced; but it seem'd very plain upon one Tomb, St John the Baptist beheaded, the Executioner with the head, and Herodius' Daughter holding out her Lap to receive it—St John Lying beheaded at her feet.

About the Middle of the Island are the remains

of two places of worship, viz., Sian more and Sian beg. In this place they went arrayed in White, and riding upon white Horses to worship. This Island is three miles in Length and a mile in Breadth, very fertile in grass and corn. 350 souls live in one village. Here there was lately found in this Island a large mass of marble. The Island is the Duke of Argyle's Property. About five Leagues from this Island is the Island Staffa, called by many the wonder of the world. The Island is thought to stand upon Pillars, as in time of storms it shakes; the families living upon it has observed the Pot or Kettle to shake above the Fire. There are very spacious caves that go in a great way under the Island. King Fingal's Cave, in particular, if a Gun is fired, it is heard to give a very strong echo in return, that no organ in London can be compared to it. King Fingal's throne, with three Pyramids, resembles a sugar loaf, stands upon the Top of the Island, that Mr Banks and Pennant, who have travelled the most of the world, says they never saw any place they could compare with it. The Island of Staffa belongs to Mr M'Donald of Boysdale.

(Signed) JOHN CLARK.

Island of Icolmkill,
March 25, 1805.

THE ANCIENT FAMILIES OF CUMINE, CHEYNE, AND KEITH.

THE CUMINES, EARLS OF BUCHAN.

THE male line of the Earls of Buchan, to whom that district originally belonged, failing in the person of Fergus, the last Earl of the ancient race, his only daughter married William Cumine, of the family of Badenoch, and in her right became Earl of Buchan about the year 1220.

The Cumines continued to enjoy their vast fortune until the year 1308. This name, one of the most powerful in Scotland, violently opposed the succession of King Robert Bruce to the crown, but were completely overthrown by him at the battle of Barra, near Inverury, anno 1308. The King, according to Fordoun, pursued the Cumines as far as Fyvie, where, having dispersed them, he encamped for sometime, until the parties he had sent out ravaged the Earl of Buchan's estate.

William Cumine, of the House of Badenoch, the first Earl of that family who succeeded to the title and estates, by his marriage as above, founded the Abbey of Deer,* and endowed it with a considerable revenue in lands, situated in Aberdeenshire, anno 1218. He was constituted Great Justiciary of Scotland by Alexander II., in 1220, and his brother Walter was, by the same King, created

Earl of Monteith, he having married the heiress of that family, by whom he got a large estate.

Alexander, the third Earl of Buchan of the name of Cumine, was Justiciary of Scotland, and appointed one of the six governors of the kingdom, after the death of King Alexander III. He founded an hospital at Turriff, anno 1272, and endowed it with a certain extent of land in the neighbourhood of that village, and an annual payment of grain—two chaldrons of meal, and two chaldrons of bear, in lieu of the tithes of his Castle of Ken Edar. This hospital was to contain thirteen poor men, who had been labourers in the county of Buchan, and a master and six chaplains, who were to say daily prayers for his soul, and for those of his predecessors and successors, and those of King Alexander III. He also founded another at Newburgh, in the parish of Foveran; both in Aberdeenshire.

John, the fourth Earl of Buchan, Constable of Scotland, was one of the arbiters chosen on the part of John Baliol, in the competition for the crown, between him and Robert the Bruce. At this time John Cumine, Lord Badenoch, commonly called the Black Cumine, claimed the crown of Scotland, as being descended from Hexasilda, daughter and heiress of Gotherie, son and heir of Donald, King of Scotland. It is well known how the affair was determined by Edward I. of England. To the Black Cumine succeeded his son, John Cumine, commonly called the Red Cumine. Scotland had now for a considerable time groaned under the yoke of English servitude: Baliol had meanly given up his pretended right to the crown to Edward, and Bruce had secretly intimated to his friends his intention of asserting his title to the royal dignity. Cumine, ever mindful of his own interest, made a solemn engagement to Robert to aid him with all his power in mounting the throne, provided he should be restored to the large possessions which his family had formerly enjoyed; but, after deliberating upon the affair, he began to doubt the result. If the attempt failed he was undone, and he did not know how to retract. He, therefore, by hopes of great rewards from England, was induced to divulge the whole scheme of the Scottish patriots to Edward, and Bruce finding himself betrayed, with difficulty escaped into Scotland, where, discovering clear proof of the villany of Cumine, he pursued him to Dumfries, and in the church, whither, from conscious guilt, he had fled for refuge, and punished him as his crime deserved, 10th February 1306. Having no issue, he was the last Lord Badenoch of the name of Cumine.

The slaughter of the Red Cumine by Bruce inspired the whole clan with a desire to revenge his death. They continued violently to oppose Bruce; but by defeating the Earl of Buchan at the memorable battle of Barra, near Inverury, anno 1308, he put an end to the greatness of this too powerful family. Bruce pursued the Cumines as far as Fyvie, where they were entirely dispersed. The Earl was then outlawed, and his forfeited estates were divided by Robert the Bruce among the three mighty men whose assistance had been so instrumental in giving him the victory, and whose exertion in his favour at Bannockburn

* The Abbey of Deer, now in ruins, belonged to the Order of Cistercians, from the Abbey of Kinloss in Moray. It was suppressed at the Reformation, and erected into a temporal Lordship in favour of Robert, the Earl Marischal's second son, who was created Lord Altrie. The newly created Peer dying without issue, the title became extinct, and the estate was incorporated with those of the head of the family. The Abbey was built in the form of a cross, with chancel, nave, and transept; its extreme length from east to west was 150 feet, and the greatest breadth, where is the transept, 90 feet.

seated him on the throne of Scotland, namely, the Keiths,* Hays, and Douglasses.

CHEYNE OF INVERUGIE, IN ST FERGUS PARISH.†

The particular period is not known when the Cheynes became proprietors, or first settled in Buchan, but it would appear that they were in possession of the lands of Ravenscraig and Inverugie before the Cumines succeeded to the Earldom of Buchan, which was about the year 1220.

Sir Reginald Cheyne of Inverugie was the founder of the Carmelite's House at Aberdeen, and besides other revenues, bestowed upon it 40s. yearly out of his lands at Blackwater, in the parish of St Fergus. He had by his wife, a daughter of Cumine, Lord Badenoch, two sons—Sir Reginald, who, in 1267, was promoted to the office of Lord Chamberlain of Scotland. Henry Cheyne, the chamberlain's brother, was elected Bishop of Aberdeen, anno 1281. He was one of those who gave in their allegiance to Edward of England, anno 1296. As he was nearly related to the Cumines, he adhered to that party, and was obliged to leave the country, and take refuge in England, where he remained in exile until King Robert the Bruce was pleased to recall him. He was so happy in being allowed to resume his functions, that he applied all the revenues of his See, which, during his absence, had increased to a very considerable sum, in building the bridge over the Don at Old Aberdeen (then called Kirkton of Seaton). He died anno 1327, having been Bishop of Aberdeen forty-eight years.

The direct male line of the Cheynes of Inverugie failed in the reign of David II., anno 1330, and the parish of St Fergus, with the other estates belonging to that family, fell to two heiresses; the eldest of whom, Mariotha Cheyne, married John Keith of Ravenscraig, second son of Sir Edward Keith, Great Marischal of Scotland, who, in her right, became proprietor of St Fergus, in the year 1360. St Fergus continued in the possession of that most distinguished family until the year 1764.

THE NOBLE FAMILY OF KEITH OF INVERUGIE AND RAVENSCRAIG, NEAR PETERHEAD, GREAT MARISCHALS OF SCOTLAND.

This most illustrious family is supposed to have been originally from Germany. They are believed to have been princes of that part of the country now forming the Landgravinat of Hesse Cassel, where princes are still said to retain the title of "Chatterum Princes," or Prince or Chief of the Chatti. This people having been subdued by the Roman power, and refusing to submit to their yoke, fled, and landed on the coast of Scotland at a headland, and are said to have given the name to that part of the country, namely, Chattiness or Caithness. The Scots being informed of their arrival, and doubtless suspecting them of some hostile motive, refused to allow them to settle in

their country. The Chatti expected to find favour with the Scots, on account of what they had suffered from the Romans, whom the Scots sometime before had so vigorously opposed.

The Scots, seeing the number of the Chatti to be few, sent a body of men against them, but the Chatti fought desperately and defeated them.

After this they appear to have been allowed to remain unmolested, and continued a distinct people from the Scots, governed by their own prince and laws, and giving efficient assistance to the Scots against invaders. In one of these campaigns, it appears, one of their chiefs was slain, and a huge cairn of stones, at the junction of the parishes of Cruden, Longside, and Peterhead, still known by the name of Cairn Chatti, or Cairn Catto, seems to mark the place of his sepulture. In the reign of Malcolm II., anno 1005, they were acknowledged as part and parcel of the Scots nation, and their king, or prince, as became him, took his place among the other *magnates* of the land, obtaining a high standing in both court and camp, and greatly esteemed by the King. His successors enjoyed the same share of royal confidence and regard for the long period of seven hundred years.

It would appear that, on the amalgamation of the Chatti with the Scots, their chief assumed the name of Keith.

He had not been long recognised as a Scotsman until an opportunity occurred of distinguishing himself, on which occasion he displayed the same courage and valour which ever after marked his successors. For the slaughter of Camus, the Danish General, at Barry, in Angus, anno 1010, he was knighted by his Sovereign, and created Hereditary Great Marischal of Scotland. If the first Keith was distinguished as a warrior, the last was not less so—the great Field Marshal James Keith. The Keiths were highly esteemed by the rest of the nobility, and married into the proudest houses in the kingdom. Sir Edward Keith was created Lord Keith by Robert II., anno 1375.

William, Lord Keith, was created Earl Marischal, anno 1455, and appointed High Sheriff of the Mearns.

The direct male line of John Keith of Ravenscraig (who married Mariotha Cheyne) failing in the person of Sir William Keith of Inverugie, who fell at the battle of Flodden, anno 1513, he left two daughters, the eldest of whom was married to William, fourth Earl Marischal, about the year 1538. By this marriage, Earl Marischal became proprietor of St Fergus parish.*

He was possessed of the greatest landed estates of any at that time in Scotland. In the years 1530, and 1540, he got charters of many lands lying in the counties of Caithness, Inverness, Moray, Banff, Aberdeen, Kincardine, Angus, Fife,

* The Keith family being extinct in the direct line on the death of the last Earl, in 1788, the high office of Knight Marischal was held by several parties in succession, and latterly by the late Earl of Errol, at whose death in 1846, it was conferred on the Marquis of Douglas.

† This parish was formerly called Longley—originally Inverugie.

* His grandson, George Keith, the fifth Earl Marischal, who succeeded to these valuable estates, founded the Marischal College of Aberdeen. The charter of foundation is dated 2d April, 1593. He is thus described by a cotemporary—"George Keith, Marshall, a young nobleman of good commendation, his lynnige antient, and renow greatest of any Erle in Scotland. He was left very wealthy, and is esteemed honest, religious, and favouring the best parte (party)."—BANNATYNE MIS.—1842.

Linlithgow, &c. &c. It is said that after Queen Mary's captivity, he took no concern in public affairs, and by his living a retired life in his Castle of Dunnottar, he got the name of "William in the Tower." He so much improved his estates that at his death they were worth 270,000 merks Scots, or £14,208, 6s. 8d. a-year. His lands were so situated, that in travelling from the north point of Caithness to the borders of England, he could sleep every night on his own estate.

The precise time when the Castle of Inverugie was built is not known, but as one part of it, now in ruins, was called Cheyne's Tower, it is probable that it was built by that family.

The celebrated Field-Marshal Keith, brother to George, last Earl Marischal, was born in the Castle of Inverugie, and, as appears from the parochial register of baptisms, was baptised on the 16th June, 1696, by the name of James Francis Edward. He fell at the battle of Hochkirchen, by the Austrians, under Marshal Daun, on the 14th October, 1758, in the sixty-third year of his age.*

* The following account of the "Death and Character of Marshal Keith" is from a periodical of the time:—

After raising the siege of Olmutz, Marshal Keith had several skirmishes with the Austrians, whom he always defeated by his bravery, or deluded by the subtlety of his measures: and at length he found means to join the King of Prussia, who was impatient to engage with the Austrian army under Count Daun.

But that cool and crafty general affected to decline an engagement, and seemed even to retire before the King. He never halted two days in one place, till the 10th of October: when he secured himself in a strong camp, opposite to the Prussian army: which was exceedingly animated, and eager for the expected conflict. A courier was despatched to M. Keith, who had gone on an expedition to scour the country of any parties belonging to the enemy, one of which he encountered on the 12th, dispersed it, and took their commanding officer prisoner.

About five in the afternoon of Oct. 13, the Marshal arrived in the camp; where he found the army in order of battle, opposite to that of the Austrians. The King concerted with him the plan of operation, and gave him the command of the right wing; at the same time earnestly pressing him to take a little rest: "for," said he, "you will need all your vigour to-morrow;" alluding to the intended attack of next day.

Count Daun, however, prevented the execution of the King's purpose, and, in a very dexterous manner, surprised the Prussian intrenchments by four in the morning. In order to deceive them, he detached a number of men into an adjacent wood, and commanded them to fell timber with an uncommon noise. At the same time, when his forces were in motion, he ordered the tents to be kept standing. The count had several Saxons in his army, of whom he dispatched a party forward, clothed in the Prussian uniform, to reconnoitre the situation of the sentinels. Unluckily two Saxon sentinels were posted at the very extremity of the Prussian lines. As they were walking from the limit of the bounds assigned them, they were seized, disarmed, and a guard set over them, at the very time when the Austrians were extending themselves. The Prussian uniform, and the darkness of the night, with a thick fog, deceived the King's army; for when the sentinels next those who had been surprised cried, as usual, "is all well?" these answered, "all is well."

By four in the morning, the Austrian grenadiers began to storm the intrenchments, sword-in-hand, after a full discharge from their small arms. The camp became now a dreadful scene of confusion: the general officers arose in haste; and M. Keith began to put on his clothes as fast as possible; but, as he was reaching his hand to put on his shoe, he received a ball which went through his

heart, and he dropt down dead without uttering a single word. The Austrians made great havock in the right wing; when the King, alarmed by the noise, hastened from the left; and being informed of the Marshal's death, took upon him the command of the army in that desperate quarter. He ordered as many regiments as could, to face about and oppose the enemy, while he retired with the rest in good order, Count Daun not caring to hazard a pursuit.

The King, however, had the greatness of mind to acknowledge the address and dexterity of Count Daun; to whom he wrote a very polite and elegant letter, earnestly recommending it to him to take care of the wounded, and to inter the dead, according to their rank and character.

The letter had the desired effect. The Count repaired immediately to Marshal Keith's tent, where he found his corpse not yet stript, and lying in the spot where he fell. Orders were directly given for carrying him to a church within two miles of Hochkirchen; where his Lordship surveyed the body; but, unable to stand immoved in view of such an affecting spectacle, he embraced him, and kissed him amidst a flood of tears. Every one in the army pressed forward to gaze on him; all the general officers lamented his misfortune, and joined in their encomiums on his valour and virtues.

On the day of his funeral, the church was hung with black, the windows of the houses in the town were shut, and the people from every quarter lined the road through which he was to pass. The generals of the army offered their shoulders voluntarily to carry him from place to place; the priests and the religious followed with their prayers and tears; and the weeping multitude closed the mournful train.

At the time he was let down into the grave, there was a discharge from twelve pieces of cannon, and the regiments in the churchyard fired volleys from their small arms.

Such was the end of the great Field-Marshal, JAMES KEITH; a man of distinguished abilities, in whose person were united the virtues of a man, an hero, and a Christian. He was a friend to merit, a benefactor to the indigent, and a well-wisher to mankind in general. He was so amiable in his temper, and agreeable in his conversation, that he engaged the love and admiration of all who knew him with any degree of intimacy. In his epistolary intercourse, he discovered a friendly sincerity of heart, with an interesting benevolence of disposition. He wrote with an easy and familiar condescension, mixed with a becoming dignity, which pointed out the truly great man; and, in the politeness of his expression, he displayed the accomplished gentleman. Such uncommon desert could not fail to procure him the esteem and confidence of the Prussian monarch, who is so sagacious in discovering, and generous in rewarding merit.

The hard fate of this brave hero is the more to be lamented, as he fell by surprise; and though he expired in the field of honour, yet his fall had been more glorious had he met death in the open plain, armed like a warrior, instead of sinking in his tent, unprepared, unarmed, and even unattired. From his deplorable example, we may learn that the most consummate skill will err, the most vigilant caution will be negligent, and the most indefatigable activity will slumber, when all three should be united to fulfil the duties of one's station with safety and honour.

This noble family also possessed extensive estates in the south of Scotland. The parish of Humble belonged to them. It lies in the county of Haddington, and was formed, soon after the Reformation, by the junction of the parishes of Keith and Humble. In the end of the sixteenth century, the parish of Keith was called Keith Symmons, and that of Humble, Keith Hundele. The Barony of Keith, which, with Inch Keith and other lands, were given along with the office of Hereditary Great Marischal of Scotland by King Malcolm to Robert Keith, as a reward for killing, with his own hand, Camus, the King of the Danes, as already stated. The slaughter of Camus was disputed betwixt Keith and another officer, which having reached the ears of the King, he directed the disputants to decide the quarrel by single combat, and Keith having vanquished his adversary, the King dipped his three fingers in his blood, and passing them over the shield of Keith, exclaimed, "Veritas Vincit," which bearing and motto continued to be the family arms until the extinction of the family, and was also adopted as the armorial bearings of the town of Peterhead, of which the Keith family were so long the powerful superiors.

The lands of Humble remained in the possession of the Keith family until they were sold, for the purpose of affording aid to General Leslie, in 1645.

The House of Keith, one of the seats of Earl Marischal, though of no later date than 1590, deserves to be mentioned on account of its hall, which surpassed anything of the kind, and was suited to the splendour of a family, at that time the most opulent and powerful in the kingdom. The House itself was of the form of a square, and one entire side of it, 110 feet in extent, and three stories in height, was occupied as a hall. The timber with which the house was built was a present from the King of Denmark, as an expression of the high opinion he conceived of the Earl when employed to treat of the marriage of the Princess Anne of Denmark with King James VI.

In addition to the magnificent Castle of Dunnottar, and adjacent Barony, the Earls Marischal were proprietors of the parish of Benholm, also in the county of Kincardine, until the year 1620, when they sold the estate. The property is now in the possession of the Right Hon. Lord Cranston. For a particular account of Dunnottar Castle, see the Rev. John Longmuir's succinct description of that fortress.—Aberdeen, 1846. See also Buchan's account of the Family of Keith.—Peterhead, 1820.

NOTE.—The parish of St Fergus, formerly Longley, and originally Invergie, assumed the name of St Fergus in 1616. Though locally situated in Aberdeenshire, it belongs to the county of Banff, to which it was annexed at a very early period by an act of the Legislature, obtained through the influence of the Cheynes, the ancient proprietors, who, being Hereditary Sheriffs of Banffshire, were naturally desirous to have their own domains placed under their own jurisdiction. In the same manner certain lands in the parish of Newnuchar, called the Lands of Straloch, though within ten miles of Aberdeen, and surrounded on all sides by

that county, are yet in the county of Banff. Indeed it has been often stated that the Castle Lodge of Aberdeen, situated in Castle Street, and within a stone-cast of the Market-cross of that city, is in the county of Banff.

It is said that one of the Keiths had somehow or other offended Buchanan, who, in his 'History of Scotland,' has studiously avoided all allusion to the civil and military transactions of this noble family. Indeed the name of Keith is only once or twice incidentally mentioned in the whole course of that history.

W.

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

THE following extracts from documents in the State Paper Office relative to Mary are interesting :

THE QUEEN OF SCOTS' MARRIAGE.

Theie wer married with all the solemnities of the popyshe tyme, saving that he heard not the masse ; his speeche and talke argueth his mynde, and yet wolde he fayne seem to the world that he were of some religion. His words to all men agaynst whom he conceiveth any displeasure, howe unjuste soever ye be, so proude and spitefull, that rather he seemeth a monarche of the worlde than he that not longe since we have seene and knowne the Lord Darye. He looketh nowe for revenue of manie that have lyttle will to gyve yt him, and some there are that do gyve it that thynk him lyttle worthy of it. All honor that maye be attributed unto any man by a wyfe, he hathe yt wholly and fully, all prayse that maye be spoken of him he lacketh not from herselfe, all dignities that she can indue hym with are already given and granted. No man pleaseth her that contenteth not hym, and what maye I saye more, she hathe given over unto hym her whole wyll, to be ruled and guyded as hymself beste lyketh. She can as muche prevayle with hym in anye thinge that is agaynst his will, as your Lordship maye with me to perswade that I shoulde hange myself.

THE MURDER OF DAVID RIZZIO.

The Earl of Bedford and Randolph to the Council of England.

"May it please your Honors, Hearing of so manie matters as we do, and fynding such varietie in the reportes we have muche ado to decerne the veritie, which maketh us the slower, and loather to put any thinge in wrytinge, to th' intente we wolde not that your Honours, and by you the Quene's Majestie, our soveraigne, sholde be advertised but of the verie truthe as nere as we can possibly. * * Thys we finde for certayne, that the Quene's husband being entered into a vehement suspicion of David Rizzio, that by hym somethynge was commytted which was moste agaynst the Quene's honor, and not to be borne of his parte, fyrste communicated his mynde to George Douglas, who fynding his sorrowes so great, sought all the meanes he could to put some remedie to his grief, and communicating the same unto my Lord Ruthen by the King's commandement, no other waye could be founde than that David shold be taken out of the waye. Wherein he was

so erneste, and daylie pressed the same, that no ruste coule be had untill it was put in execution. To this it was founde good that the Lord Morton and Lord Lindesaye should be made privie, to th' intende that theie might have their friends at hande if neede requyred, which cawsed them to assemble so many as theie thoughte sufficient agaynst the tyme that this determination of theirs should be put in execution, which was determined on the 9th of this instant, three dayes before the Parliamente sholde begin, at what tyme the said Lords were assured that th' erles Argile, Murrye, Rothes and their complices should have bene forfeited, if the King could not be perswaded through this meanes to be their frendes, who for the desyre he had that his intende should take effecte th' one way, was contente to yelde without all difficultie to th' other, with this condition, that theie wolde give their consents that he mighte have the crowne matrimoniall. He was so impatient to see these things he sawe, and were daylie brought to his eares, that he daylie pressed the said Lord Ruthen that there might be no longer delays: and to th' intende it might be manifeste to the worlde that he approved the acte, was contente to be at the doing of it himself. Upon Saturdaye, at night, near unto eight of the clocke, the King conveyth himself, the Lord Ruthen, George Duglas, and two other, throwe his own chamber, by the privie stairs up to the Quene's chamber, joyning to which there is a cabinet about twelve footes square, in the same a little lowe reposing bedde, and a table, at which there were sitting at the supper the Quene, the Ladie Argile, and David with his cappe upon his heade. Into the cabinet ther cometh in the King and Lord Ruthen, who willed David to come forthe, saying that ther was no place for him. The Quene sayde that it was her wyll. Herhusbande answered that it was agaynste her honor. The Lord Ruthen saide that he sholde learne better his dutie, and offering to have taken hym by the arme, David tooke the Quene by the blighetes of her gurne, and put himself behinde the Quene, who wolde gladly have saved hym, but the King having loosed his hands, and holding her in his armes, Davie was thruste owte of the cabinet throwe the bed-chamber, into the chamber of presence, where were the Lord Morton and Lord Lindesaye, who intending that night to have reserved him, and the next day to hang him, so manie being abowte them that bore hym evill will, one thruste hym into the bodie with a dagger, and after hym a greate many others, so that he had in his bodie above sixty wounds. It is tolde for certayne that the King's owne dagger was lefte sticking in him; whether he struck hym, or not, we cannot knowe for certayne. He was not slayne in the Quene's presence as it was saide, but going down the stayres owte of the chamber of presence."

The following is a curious

HUE AND CRYE ON THE ESCAPE OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

"*Hue and Cry.*—These are to charge you in her Majesties name, upon payne of death, to make diligent search and hue and crye for the Quene of Scots, who is fled, and to have all high wayes,

and staye all barkes and shipping in your harbours for that the direction came from Mr Howard, Esquier, so you kepe a standing watche daye and night, untill you receyve order to the contrarye, and lett this be done by the chiefe of your parishe. This secon of Februarie anno 1566. Received into Honyton, at eleven of the clocke in the forenoone, this present Thursday. Thomas Ward, constable of Honyton. This hue and crye to go to the Mayor of Exeter, and so forth. Received by David Celles of Honyton, the second of Februarie, abowte one of the afternoone, into Exon."

WISH BY QUEEN MARY FOR THE ASSASSINATION OF HER COUSIN THE DUKE OF GUISE.*

This extract from a letter to the Archbishop of Glasgow, Bethune, dated 25th August, 1571, is somewhat contradictory of the reputed gentleness of the Scottish Queen, who very humanely wishes to put her cousin out of the world, and would be well pleased if some of her people would do it for her. Would a female who could express such sentiments have much compunction in desiring some "one" of her "people" to remove a "disagreeable husband" out of the world?

"As for what you write to me of my cousin Monsieur de Guise I would that a creature so wicked as the person in question, were out of the world and I should be well pleased that some one of my people was the instrument and still more that he were hung by the hands of the common executioner as he deserves. You know that I have that at heart and how disagreeable to me was the convention between my uncle the Cardinal of Lorraine and him which I would have willingly impeached had it been in my power but to interfere where I have no authority is not my business."

APPROVAL BY QUEEN MARY OF HER BROTHER'S MURDER.

The following extract from the same letter is very remarkable, as it proves under her *own* hand, that although not accessory before the fact, Mary was pleased with the murder of her brother, and pensioned his murderer. This is a fact that her majesty's supporters will find it very difficult to get over.

"What Bothwellhaugh has done was not by my orders, of which I know he is as well pleased and better, than if I had been privy to it. I wait for the memoranda which should be sent to me of the receipt of my Jointure to make my list of pensions, when I shall not forget that of the said Bothwellhaugh."

It has been said that Bothwellhaugh killed Murray for the treatment his wife had received at the hands of the Regent's retainers—but no allusion to this occurs in the passage we have quoted in which her majesty considers the act as one done in her service and for her benefit. The popular fiction we never credited, and have little doubt it was invented to cloak the real truth that the murder was purely political.

* From the original in the collection of Bishop of Kyle, at Peerhouse—translated by W. Turnbull, Esq.—See Letters of Mary Stuart, London, 1845, 8vo., p. 216.

COST OF BUILDING A HOUSE, AND STRIKE AMONG THE MASONS, TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

[The following MS. Count was found among the papers of Hew Luiff, portioner of Johnshill, Lochwinnoch parish, Renfrewshire. He died in 1669.]

Ane Memorandum of the maist pairt of the Bigging of the Houss at the Kirk (of Lochunyoch) in simmer, 1636.

	lib.	s.	d.
Ffirst for timber in the Barbank	11	07	00
Item, I wan* 200 draught of Stains in the Barr† quaral,‡ and self to win thaim, and for graith § to win thaim	0	13	4
Item, to Peitter Barclay	0	26	8
Item, to William Or	0	26	8
Item, to William Eatkine, in the Langlie, for leiding the stanes	4	00	0
And the rest I baith wan and led myself			
Item, for riding of ye waas and in seriocce(?) to the Houss biging			
Item, to Thomas Craig for 20 days wark	5	6	8
Item, to Robert Love for 8 days	0	40	3
Item, to William Gilis for twa days	0	10	8
Item, ane Chalder of Lyme	4	0	0
And led it myself			
Item, to the Waars¶ of payment	30	0	0
Mair for Breid and drink fyfteen days	7	10	0
Item, to the wrights for ye wark twa days	4	0	0
And for drink	0	8	0
Item to Andro Bryding for creuks and bands	0	30	0
Mair, half ane hondreth of spykings	0	5	0
Item, for ten hondreth of diffeit** riggine†† and wae-heid‡‡ towrs§§	5	12	0
Mair, to James Norwal for casting thaim on his awne cost	0	30	0
And Led thaim myself			
Item, I geawe to Thomas Or for theiking the Hous first with diffeit and then with stro sax days on his awne cost	3	4	0
And to James Norwel to serwe him and fwrnished the stro of my awne	0	30	0
Item, to James Allasoune for thre doors	3	15	0
Item, for twa Fyle feit¶¶ to the Chelmer, twa mark			
Mair, to Thomas King and Johnne Latay on day, on thair awne cost	0	26	8
Item, half ane honder of diffeit	0	5	0
Mair, to Rot. Morris ane day to theik thaim	0	8	0

* Digged out of a quarry and prepared for building.

† Barr, an estate.

‡ Quaral, a quarry; in this instance a 'freestane' quarry.

§ Instruments, tools, utensils, louns, or apparatus.

¶ Waas, the walls.

¶ Waars, masons, builders.

** Diffeit, divot, turf.

†† Riggine, roof, cover of a house.

‡‡ Wae-heid, wall-head, the top of the wall.

§§ Towr, or 'tore,' turf, divot.

|| Casting, digging, or paring off the ground.

¶¶ 'Fyle-feit,' must be the same as the modern 'scrapers.'

And quhen al the waars¶ had wrought 6 days, they geawe ower the woork, and wald not lay ane stane mo, except ane new prys quihik I was forst to give them 8 marks. And it pleised them not.

Bot ewerie day of fyfteen I gaue them twa qwarts of eale qlk. was 4 0 0

And twa deners, I was - 0 48 0

SIR ANDREW MURRAY OF BALVAIRD TO KING JAMES VI.

[The writer of this letter was Andrew Murray of Balvaird, a nephew of the first Viscount of Stormon. He died December 14, 1624, and was succeeded in his estates by his uncle. The principal interest of this letter, which is printed from the Balfour MSS., in the Library of the Faculty of Advocates, consists in the allusions to that very mysterious person, Andrew Henderson, who figures so prominently in that inexplicable business commonly denominated the Gowrie Conspiracy, in which the King and the Earl show an equal degree of fatuity; the one in believing the trumpety story about the pot of gold, and the other in not carrying out his purpose when James was actually in his hands. We, for our own part, do not believe that the Earl of Gowrie had anything to do with his majesty's visit to Gowrie House, and was ignorant of the stratagem that had lured him there. The Ruthvens could not like James—it was not natural that they should do so; they could not forgive their father's execution—and it therefore may have been, and probably was, often a matter of consideration and conversation amongst themselves, whether, if an opportunity should occur, it might not be expedient to seize his majesty's person. That the Earl of Gowrie, universally esteemed a man of great talent and learning, should not have made every necessary arrangement for the effectual abduction, (if cognizant of the plot,) of the monarch is incredible; and his conduct on the occasion can only be explained on the supposition that, whatever his wishes may have been, he had no previous knowledge of the device of his brother, and was consequently unprepared to take advantage of its success. James, with his usual sagacity, turned the whole affair to good account, as it afforded a plausible, if not legitimate, cause for putting down the only remaining independent and opulent Earl in his dominions.]

13 July 1608.

May it pleas your Sacred Maiestie

I haue bein be vertew of your heichnes commandement accusit be the erl of Dumbar, as gif I had bein ane most ondwitfull subiect vnto your maiestie, kything the malice of my hart by the vttering of onreverent speiches: your Maiesties informer is Andrew Hendersoun, of quhom I will ferbear to speak any thing, least I should seem to haue no better defence nor the accusing of my accuser. The first point of my accusation is, that I haue callit your Maiesties promisis bot dissimulationis, and quhatsoeuer may by consequence be inferrit vpon this point, for verificatioun quhereof he hes producit vnto the erl of Dumbar ane letter wrettin by me from Roistoun, the last of March, 1604, directit vnto my vnclie my Lord of Scone. The woordes ar theis. My Lord, efter I had wrettin at lenth vnto your lordship, with Maister

David Moray, I haue tryit sum thinges, quherof my dowtie bindes me to aduertise your lordship. Notwithstanding of that quhilk I wret to yow in my last letter, that his Maiestie had said vnto my self concerning yow, I fear it be al bot dissimulation, quhilk wordes, how far they man be wrestit befor they can proue the thing alledgit, I am persuadit that your Maiesties self, without any apologie of myn, will most gratuslie consider. Neuertheles, to the end your Maiestie may the moir cleirlye understand how far this malicious imputatioun dissagreis from my trew meaning, I will bot schortly say this meikill. That former letter, quherof I maik mention, sent be Mr David Moray, had in it tua pairts. The first was ane declaratioun how your Maiestie had not only most gratuslie admittit me to your presence, bot also gracit me with most fauorabill countenance; and mairouer, most bountifullie had givin commandement to gif me tua hunderith pund. The uthir part was, that I had rememberit my vnclie vnto sundrie of your Maiesties counsell and sum of your favorites, from quhom I had ressaute great protestatiouns of affection vnto him, and as great promissis of freindship in his adoes. Bot befor the wretting of this last letter (quherof I am now accusit) I was certainlie informit be sum of my vnclies special friends, that they from quhom I had resaut fairest wordes, wer his greatest enemies; quhilk mouit to call their promissis dissimulat, sa that the sence of my wordes ar very cleir after this maner, notwithstanding of that quhilk I wret in my last letter that your Maiestie had said and done vnto my self; yet that quhilk I wret concerning my vnclie I tuik it al to be bot dissimulation. Gif my former letter wer as weill to the foir to be product vnto your Maiestie as this last is, it wald maik al this matter most cleir. Bot as God schal be my just Judge, I haue set doun vnto your Maiestie most trewlye beath the contents of the one and my meaning in the other. Their followes in my letter (I knaw his Maiestie to be as they ar that be about him, and I assuir yow ye haue na fauour of them that ar in greatest credit heir.) To this I answer, that I was neuer sic a sott to think that your Maiestie was so simpill to be guydit be them that ar about yow. I haue boith hard and sein to muche of your Maiesties wisdom and resolutioun to think sa vyld a thought. But my meaning was, seing my vnclie had no fauour of them that wer in greatest credit about your Maiestie, the quhilk I was most certainlie mead to belieue. Therfoir, I greatlie fearit that their hard informatioun might muif your Maiestie agens him, he not being present to answer for him self, and having about your Maiestie so many enemies. Their rests yet moir in my letter. I heir say that their is ane turn past heir in fauoures of Andrew Hendersoun, into the quhilk your lordship hes great neid to tak head to your proceeding; for, albeit his Maiestie hes past it vnto him, I fear it be rather to try how ye behaue your self, nor for any good mynd they had to pleasour Andrew Hendersoun. Theis wordes I houp neid no apologie. Befor God, I had mynd of nothing concerning your Maiestie. I knaw, and that by experience, that all your Maiesties grants arand haue bein euir free and absolut. My only meaning was of

the advantage they that wer about your Maiestie might maik of my vnclies behaviour in this matter; for it was directlie said be sum of them, that he wald content Andrew Hendersoun with a small pairt, and tak the rest to him self. From this point it will please your Maiestie to consider that the grund of my accusatioun proceedis, and not from that zeal and affectioun my accuser professes to bear vnto your Maiestie; or els he had communicat this to your heichnes at the first and not keipit the sam besyds him thir four yeires and moir, and now at lenth reveilet it be the instigatioun of vther men, as him self pairtly confessis. Their is no man could moir justlie accuse me vpon this matter nor the Erl of Dumbair, gif his Lordship had knawen my trew meaning, for it was his lordship of quhom I cheiflie meanit in my letter, and I haue crauit his lordship most humble pardoun for that I was sa folische vpon any informatioun to beleive that his lordship thocht vtherwayes nor he had said vnto my self. Gif I durst haue presumit without your Maiesties leue, I wald, with prostrating my self at your Maiesties feet, be word and not be letter, haue mead this my most trew declaratioun, and vnto the tyn your Maiestie grant me that libertie (quhilk be thir presents I most humble beg at your gratus handes) my hart schal neuer be pertaker of any contentment. Albeit my conscience bears me witness that I neuer sa meikill as thocht onreuerentlie of your Maiestie, yet am I greivd aboue measour to think that any thing could haue escapit my hand, quhilk, in the hardest constructioun can be accountit for owndewtfulness against your Heichness. Their is na thing in this world can discontent me moir then to want your Majesty's fauour; but to want it throw my awen deserveng, wer to me unsupportabill. I wer to be accountit the most ingrat wrech that ever had lyf, gif ever I had sufferit any such thought to have had place within my mynd considering the manifold fauours your Maiestie hes schawen boith to my self and all my kynred. There remains yet the last point of my letter into the quhilk I med som mention of my Lord Senclair. My simpill meaning was that his Lordship at that tym had not so great fauour as he desyrit to have had of this that wer in credit with your Maiestie. I will cease to trubill your Maiestie any more with my idill wordes, not dowing but your Maiestie will according to your accustomed goodness consider that the affectione I careit unto my vnclies weill,* mead me the moir earnest in my letter; an gif there be in it any wordes onadvysit or not weill chosen (as I do confess there is many) your Maiestie will impute them to want of wit and lack of discretioun, quhilk ever accompanies youth, and not to malice, quhilk I protest in the presence of God, is as far removit from my heart, as it stiks noir to their hart that does accuise me. Praying unto the Eternal to grant your Maiestie ane moist happie and prosperous regne and blissit and lang lyfe I rest

Your Maiesties most humbill
and most obedient Subject
ANDRO MORAY of Balvaire.

* Lord Scone, afterwards Viscount Stormont, ancestor of the Earl of Mansfield.

[Henderson was Chamberlain to Lord Scone (Viscount Stormont) and had been one of the Town Council of Perth, but was displaced on the 6th October, 1600, in consequence of his participation in the plot to seize the King. On October 4, 1603, he was restored to the Council and made a bailie—but was not afterwards chosen. Besides very handsome gifts from James, he had the large pension of 700 merks. His influence with the King was always great: indeed both Lord Scone and his nephew seem to have been very much alarmed at it—as this letter evinces. Henderson died shortly before 1656, leaving descendants. He had long before left Perth, where he had become unpopular.]

THE "GHAIST O' HOWBOG."

NIGHT had descended upon the Ochils, and a cold wind, accompanied at intervals with violent blasts of snow, blew from the east. Around the blazing 'ingle' of "Old Spain," sat a group of happy faces. A story had been promised that evening, and all was expectation. The 'gudewife' plied diligently at her wheel—the cat lay purring on the hearth, and the "head o' the hoose," occupying the "old arm chair," after a few remarks, began:—

Ye'll a' ken the "Kirkstyle," bodies. Aweel it's aughty years come the time sin John Drysdale, whiles ca'd *Churchie*, lived there, as honest a man as e'er "stapp'd in leather shoon." He was a very savin' body, but he had ae gude trait in his character, that was, being kind to puir folk. When ony cam' to his door beggin' an amous, he didna send them awa' empty-handed, but would hae gien them a whang o' cheese, wi' a dad o' bread, an' sometimes twa or three bawbees, if he saw them needfu'. Naeboddy lived wi' him. A big tam-cat was a' his family, an' when ony o' his frien's bother'd him aboot his lanely way o' livin', he us't to say, "wives were expensive, servants wasterfu', and as lang as he could mak' his ain bed, and kennel his ain fire, he would never fash himsel' wi' either o' them." At the back o' his cottage lay the 'yard,' which, for green kail, cabbages, and leeks, couldna be surpassed by ony the hale country roon'. He had three bee-skeps, which stood below a box tree to shelter them from the rain and snaw. Honey he didna care a preen for—so he sell't it aye. Folk said the body had sillar. This maun hae been true, for he was aye buyin' and sellin', and managed to keep twa, or three score o' sheep forbye. Woo' brocht a gude price at the time, and Alloa being the nearest market toon for that commodity, John frequented it wi' his pickle. But to the tale. Ae market mornin' John got oot o' bed—kennel'd his fire—got the kettle to boil, and makin' his brose hastily, as speedily supped them, sindin' them doon wi' a glass o' real "mountain dew." Then shoulderin' his bundle, he set out for Alloa. It was a braw simmer mornin'. The sun was jist beginnin' to "keek" ower Saline Hills. The burds whusel'd amang the trees. The rabbits and hares frisk'd about in the clover fel's, and the bonnie wee flowers bent doon their heads a' drookit' wi' dew. As his burden was gayen heavy, it was

sometime afore he got to the market. At last he reached it, disposed o' his woo', and was makin' his way hame again, when an "auld acquaintance," whom he hadna seen for mony a lang day, fell in wi' him, and, of course, the twa stapp'd into a 'public' at hand, to hae the 'share o' a gill.' The gill was sune drank, and anither ca'd for, and this way o' drinkin' and ca'in' continued, until the twa fand themselves a "wee thing the waur o't." They left the 'public,' and began danderin' aboot the streets. Mair acquaintances were met wi', and the "public hoose" was aye the place they adjourned to.

The sun had been lang to rest before John thocht aboot steerin', and it was not till eleven o'clock had struck that he fairly set out. Seven lang miles and bad roads lay afore him, but being a hardy carle, he pushed on until he reached "Howbog," whaur he sat doon to tak' a breath, and coont ower what he had spent. While doing this, he heard a voice, as of one in distress. He had heard of the ghaists and witches who haunted the bog, but, being a little elevated, he demanded "Wha's there?" "A puir man" was the answer. "Are you a Deil's body, or a God's body?" said John. "I'm a God's body," replied the voice. "Come awa' wi' me, then," returned John—and immediately a tall, gaunt figure, in wretched habiliments, stood afore him. John moved on, and the ghaist was told to follow. They reached "Gateside," a "public hoose" in thae days, but the family were a' asleep. John, however, applied his stick to the door with such force, that the hail inmates were wauken'd, ilka ane wond'rin' wha it could be at such an untimous hour in the mornin'. The 'gudewife' got oot o' her bed, and going to the back o' the door, asked "Wha's there?" It's John Drysdale o' the "Kirkstyle," wha brings you the "Ghaist o' Howbog," open woman. The bolts were drawn, and the door opened; but the woman, on seeing John's companion, swarf'd wi' perfect fright. Could water was thrown upon her face, and she soon cam' roon'. John and his companion were shown into the kitchen. The big "gath'rin' coal" was chapp'd up—but nane o' the family would come near. John couldna convince them that the ghaist was "real flesh and blood." At last, the "gudewife's" feelings o' humanity overcame her fears, and she hastened to mak' something warm for the auld man; but it was too late; exhausted nature gave way, and the puir beggar man leaned back in his chair and expired.

John lived for mony years after this, and as often as he related the story, a tear might be seen glist'nin' in his aged e'e.

13, Dalrymple Place.

J. C.

REMARKS ON THE TUMULUS AT CHESWICK,

BY J. S. DONALDSON, ESQ. OF CHESWICK.

IN opening one of those tumuli situated at Cheswick in Durham, in which our British, or perhaps Danish ancestors were accustomed to deposit their illustrious dead, I discovered an ancient tomb of rude construction, containing the remains

of a human being, in a state of great decay, every part of the skeleton, with the exception of the skull and larger bones of the legs and thighs, being nearly decomposed. Near the skull was found the head of a spear, being all that remained of the deceased warrior's martial accoutrements. This weapon is made of brass, and appears to have been highly polished. It is in good preservation, and is coated with verdigris. It is seven inches in length, and three in breadth at the base. Of the handle there was nothing remaining but two pins of brass, by which it had been secured to the head.

The tomb was composed of five large stones: two, six feet each in length and twenty-six inches in width, set on edge, formed the sides of this rude sarcophagus. One stone at the head measuring thirty-two inches by twenty-six; another, of similar dimensions, at the foot, and a very large flat stone formed a cover to the whole. The stones were in a rough and unhewn state, and appeared to have been procured from a rock of the encrial limestone upon the adjacent beach. The tomb was placed upon the ground on a level with a surrounding field, about 280 yards from high water-mark, and the stones forming the tumulus, from their water-worn appearance, had evidently been principally procured from the seashore. The height of the tumulus was about twenty feet, and the area of its base about fifty feet in diameter. A fine coat of smooth green turf covered the whole, and from the top was an extensive and beautiful view of the coast from St Abb's Head to Bamburgh Castle, including Lindesfarn, and the Inner Farn Island, &c. A range of similar barrows or tumuli is traceable along this coast, viz. North Durham. One was opened some years since about one-fourth of a mile to the northward of that now described, and was found to contain human bones, but no tomb, or any other remains of antiquity, were then discovered. Similar tumuli have been explored in this and the adjoining country of Northumberland of late, and with nearly the same results. In some, as at Buckton in North Durham, vases of clay, containing ashes, were found, and at North Charlton in Northumberland, a weapon like to that found at Cheswick was discovered. I am not sufficiently acquainted with the subject to determine whether the absence of the vase or urn in the Cheswick tomb, will refer it to an earlier or later period of antiquity. I should not omit to mention that before the workmen arrived at the tomb in the centre of the tumulus, they found several skeletons at an inconsiderable depth below the surface. These were lying promiscuously amongst the stones, and some of them were entire. In referring to Stackhouse's Illustrations of British Tumuli, I find that the learned author conjectures, and with some probability, that in addition to the sepulchral character of these barrows, there is another and no less interesting light in which they are to be viewed, viz., as parts of an amazing system of vigilance and communication, in fact a species of telegraph extending over extensive districts. We are informed by Cæsar that the Gauls, from whom the Britons descended, conveyed intelligence with

wonderful celerity through the fields and cantons by shouting with all their might (De Bell. Gal. lib. 7, ch. 3), and the distance of 400 or 500 yards which intervenes between the barrows upon this coast appears well calculated for a telegraphic communication of this kind: and they are uniformly placed within sight of each other. I offer these remarks to the Club on the subject of Tumuli, with the view of directing the attention of its antiquarian members to this curious and interesting department of British antiquities, and particularly for the purpose of endeavouring to ascertain the probable date and period of such places and modes of sepulture.—*From Proceedings of "Berwickshire Naturalists' Club."*

STAGE COACHES FROM LONDON TO EDINBURGH IN 1658.

FROM the George Inn without Aldersgate, Stago Coaches do continue to go and carry passengers to the cities of York, Chester, and Exeter, and to other Towns on the same roads, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at nine, for reasonable rates.

As also to Wakefield, Leeds, and Halifax every Friday for forty shillings.

To { Durham and Newcastle every Friday for £3.
Edinburgh in Scotland once every three weeks for £4, 10s.
Dover and Canterbury twice every week in two days for 15s.
Bath and Bristol every Monday and Thursday for 20s.

With good Coaches, and fresh Horses on the Roads.

[This singular advertisement occurs in the 'Mercurius Politicus'—from Thursday, May 13, to Thursday, May 20—1658. No. 416.]

LORD LYLE.

BY J. D. BROWN.

WRAITHS, or ghosts, in a co-existent state with their living representatives, are said to have been very numerous in Ayrshire, long before the "age of steam." The wraith did not always confine its visibility to the person to whom it belonged—or whose exact likeness it bore. It often appeared to his friends, filling them with no small terror and dismay. Sometimes it was mute, at others, vociferous. It appeared commonly before a death, though it has been known to appear before some sudden turn of good fortune.

Young Lord Lyle's a-hunting gone

In dark Macharnoch moor,*

And lo! his mother lonely sits
Beside the castle door.

And long she waiteth his return

And looks with wistful eye

Along the lea adown the vale,

And on the uplands high.

The sun has crimson'd all the west

Behind Caerwinning hill,

And thick the gloom of twilight falls

On th' dewy landscape still;

* See Timothy Pont's "Cuninghame."

And yet he comes not o'er the lea,
And night is coming nigh :
The little stars are shooting out,
Far in the eastern sky.

His mother, at the castle door,
Has watched from noon in vain,
And longs, with weary tenderness,
Till he return again.

The bee has left the closing flower—
The sun has left the sky—
The bird sits mute within the bower,
And yet he comes not nigh.

"O ! quickly run my little page
With fleet steps o'er the lea,
And when thou meetest young Lord Lyle,
O ! give him this from me."

She took a rich ring from her hand,
All wrought with golden thread,
And gave it to the little page,
And bid him run with speed;

"And when thou meetest young Lord Lyle,
Amid his hunting train,
Tell him his mother's heart is sad
Till he return again.

"And thou shalt run along the lea,
And climb the warlock hill,
And cross the ford in Annok stream,
Stop not for brake nor rill."

The little page has ta'en the ring
And on his errand gone,
And the lady, in her chamber fair,
Hath shut herself alone.

The little page passed o'er the plain,
And crossed the mossy rill,
As the young moon, with silver ray,
Rose o'er the eastern hill;

And he has met the hunting train
Returning in great glee ;
And young Lord Lyle rides in the van,
A joyous man is he.

He roused the deer, at dawn of day,
From his green forest lair ;
And many a trophy of the chase
His hardy followers bear.

They roused the red deer in the wood—
The dun deer in the brake—
And swiftly urged the noble chase
By mountain, moor, and lake.

The little page has bended low
On the green grassy wold,
And he has given to Lord Lyle
The ring of woven gold.

"O ! haste, O ! haste my noble lord—
Haste with thy hunting train—
My lady fair is sorrowing
Till you return again.

"She sat beside the castle gate,
From morning's earliest light,
In sadness waiting thy return
Till fell the gloomy night :

"O ! troubled is her weeping eye,
And sorrowful her air :
Haste and return, my noble lord,
And cheer my lady fair."

He turned upon his weary steed,
And summon'd all his train ;

"O ! haste, O ! haste my merry men—
We must return again."

They trode along the dewy lea,
Beneath the moonbeams bright,
And reached the castle's frowning walls
Ere the black noon of night;

And young Lord Lyle has sought and found
His mother's chamber fair ;
"All hail, dear mother ! why art thou
Oppressed with grief and care ?"

"O ! sit thee down, mine only son,
And listen unto me,
O ! I am sad and sick at heart,
And all my grief's for thee."

"O ! why is all thy grief for me ?
My dearest mother, speak !
What have I ever done that o'er
Should tear bedew thy cheek ?

"O ! have I ever vex'd thy heart,
My mother tell to me ?
I ever have obedient been
And dutiful to thee.

"If I have vex'd my mother dear,
O ! let these tears atone ;
And O ! forgive thine erring son,
Whose love is thine alone."

"Thou hast not vex'd me, my dear son,
With any fault of thine :
I grieve that thou so dutiful,
Soon, soon shalt not be mine.

"In the grey morning I arose,
Long after thou hadst gone ;
I sought the glen beside the stream,
To wander there alone.

"The morning air was chill and cold—
The stars were waning fast—
The alder and the aspen trees
Were sighing in the blast.

"The grey clouds sailed the gloomy sky,
The wild fox fled his den ;
Loud rose the murmur of the stream,
Far down the rocky glen.

"Up from the craggy hazel brake,
A deer came bounding by,
And hounds were following in full chase,
And foaming steeds drew nigh.

"I saw thee on thy coal-black steed,
The first of all the train,
Come, like an April shadow, o'er
The rugged moonlit plain.

"Nor scaur, nor rock, nor brake, nor stream,
Arrested thy career ;
My sight grew thick, my bosom swelled,
My limbs were faint with fear.

"Thou pass'd the craggy hazel brake,
And cross'd the foggy green,
And scaled the lofty beetling rocks,
Where man has never been.

"Alas ! it was thy wraith I saw,
My son prepare to die ;
Such warnings may not come in vain
To greet a mortal's eye."

The morning came, the sun arose,
His beams kissed off the dew
From starry flowers of loveliest dyes,
Of orange, pink, and blue.

Where is Lord Lyle, who used to greet
The rising sun's first rays ?
To wander 'mong the dewy flowers,
Among the glens and braes.

They seek him in the greenwood bower,
And on the dewy lea ;
And in the glen, beside the stream,
Lo ! there a corpse lies he.

THE FIRST LORD SHAFTESBURY.

A man of such talents and sagacity that at twenty years of age, he carried a proposal of his own for settling the differences between the King (Charles I.) and his Parliament, to the two parties concerned in the dispute. It met, however, with no success; nor would, perhaps, a proposal made by Machiavel himself have succeeded better when the sword was once drawn.

In the reign of Charles II., after having filled some great offices, he was appointed to that very dignified and illustrious one of Lord Chancellor, though he had never studied the law, and had never been called to the bar. On that account he used to preside in the Court of Chancery in a brown silk instead of a black silk gown. Dryden himself praises his conduct whilst he administered this great office, saying of him:—

"Yet fame deserv'd no enemy can grudge,
The statesman we abhor, but praise the judge.
In Israel's courts ne'er sat an Abethdin
With more discerning eyes, or hands more clean:
Unbrib'd, unsought, the wretched to redress,
Swift of dispatch, and easy of access."

Yet in another place he calls him:—

"For close designs and crooked councils fit,
Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of wit:
Restless, unfix'd in principles and place,
In power unpleas'd, impatient of disgrace;
A fiery soul, which, working out its way,
Fretted the pigmy body to decay,
And o'er inform'd the tenement of clay."

ABSALOM AND ABITOPHEL.

He was engaged in all the party and political disputes in Charles II.'s reign, occasionally with the King, and occasionally against him.

He was at last, however, obliged to fly to Holland, where he died, at Amsterdam, of no great age, 57, I believe, "de la goutte remontée," as Davaux says in his *Memoires*; a striking instance of the little utility of great talents, either to the possessor of them, or to the world in general, when they are not directed by just and good principles; and exemplifying what Rodger Ascham, in his *Schoolmaster*, says: "Commoulie men very quick of witte be also very light of conditions. In youth they be readie scoffers, privie mockers; and over-light and merry; in age they are tastie, very waspish, and alwaies over-miserable. And yet fewe of them come to any great age, by reason of their disordered life when they are yonge; but a great deal fewer of them come to shine any great countenance, or bear any great authority abroad in the world; but either live obscurely, men wot not how, or dye obscurely, men mark not when."

One of Lord Shaftesbury's schemes given to his master was, that of shutting up the Treasury, to which he willingly enough assented. Lord Shaftesbury was one of the ablest speakers of his time; and had often turned the debates in the House of Peers by the dexterity of his management of them, and the acuteness of his reasoning. Mr Locke was wonderfully struck with his sagacity on every subject; and though he was a man of much reading, yet nothing, in Mr Locke's opinion, could be more just than the judgment

he passed upon the books which fell into his hands. He presently saw through the design of a work; and without much heeding the words (which he ran over with great rapidity), he immediately found whether the author was master of his subject, and whether his reasonings were exact. But, above all, Mr Locke admired in him that penetration, that presence of mind, which prompted him with the best expedients in the most desperate cases; that noble boldness which appeared in all his public discourses, always guided by a solid judgment, which never allowing him to say any thing that was improper, and regulating his least word, left no hold to the vigilance of his enemies. Lord Shaftesbury has been supposed to have assisted Mr Locke very much in his *Treatise upon Toleration*. Bishop Burnet supposes him addicted to judicial astrology. It has been said, though, that his Lordship affected to believe this folly when in company with the Bishop, to prevent his endeavours to wind out of him his political intentions. In the complete edition of Mr Locke's Works there are some scanty Memoirs of this extraordinary person's life; which, were it written with proper information, would make a biographical article of much amusement, and of useful instruction; the subject of it having been engaged as a principal agent in all the Dædalian political transactions of his time; and being, besides, a man of wit, of knowledge, and of elegance of manners.—*Old Magazine*.

TO LUVE VNLUVIT.

(BY ALEX. SCOTT, 1566.)

To luvv vnluvit it is ane pane;
For sho that is my souerane,
Sum wanton man so he hes set hir,
That I can get no luvv againe
But breke my hairt and nocht the bettir.

Quhen that I went with that sweet May,
To dance, to sing, to sport and play:
And oft times in my armis plet hir;
I do now myrne both nycht and day
And breke my hairt and nocht the bettir.

Quhair I was wont to see hir go,
Rycht trymly passand to and fro,
With cumly smiles quhen that I met hir;
And now I leif in pane and wo,
And breke my heart and nocht the bettir.

Quhattane ane glaikit fule am I,
To slei myself with melancholy,
Sin weill I ken I man not get hir?
Or quhat suld be the caus and quhy,
To breke my hairt and nocht the bettir?

My hairt sin thow may not hir pleise,
Adew! as gude luvv cumes as guiss,
Go chuss ane vthir and forget hir:
God gif him dolour and diseiss
That brekiss his hairt and nocht the bettir
ffinis of Scott, quhen his wife left him.

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A FEW REMARKS ON THE WILL OF SIR DAVID SINCLAIR OF STEYN- BROCHT, KNIGHT—1506.

THE remarkable will printed in our 26th number, induces a hope that there may be still lurking about Orkney and Zetland other papers tending to throw light on the early history of these interesting islands. Hitherto nothing at all was known about Sir David Sinclair of Steynbrocht, although a son of the Earl of Orkney and Caithness, and a brother of William Earl of Caithness, beyond the meagre notice of Wood, that the Earl of Orkney, by his second marriage, had a third son, called Sir David of Siveburgh. Of his high rank, great opulence, vast power, and extensive domains, this document affords the most decisive evidence; and it is a singular instance of the vanity of human greatness, that the knowledge of the existence of a magnate, who had his Inns in Edinburgh, his landed estates in Ross, Orkney, and Zetland, his ships, his flocks, his gold, his silver; who wore a blue doublet adorned with precious stones, and who had about his neck a "chenzie," the gift of his Majesty of Denmark, should have been only vouchd by the accidental turning up of an old muniment—the destruction of which would have extinguished all traces of his power and opulence.

The Sinclairs are unquestionably one of the most ancient and illustrious families in Scotland, and their possessions once were almost regal. It is possible that Sir David's descendants may exist in the male line, as the will mentions his having sons; and, perhaps, some genealogists may be able yet to trace some of the families of that name in the north back to this newly discovered Scottish worthy and his sons, legitimate or illegitimate.

A few explanatory notices may not be unacceptable. Sir David desires that his body be interred in St Magnus' Kirk of Tingwell. This church was in Shetland. Tingwell is a bailiwick, "where," says Sibbald, "for preaching is St Magnus church and other twelve chapels: this ministerie is bounded with Wharf and Bunay to the south, with Nesting on the north, with Russay Sound on the east, and Aithsting and Sandsting on the west."

Lord Sinclair, who gets the "penchione of Zetland for this present zeir," was a nephew of the testator. By a singular arrangement, and which

has never been, and probably never will be properly explained, William, the eldest son of William Earl of Orkney and Caithness, and of Margaret Douglas, eldest daughter of Archibald Earl of Douglas and Duke of Touraine, inherited none of his father's titles, or even his estates. The father resigned the Orkney earldom in the hands of the Crown, and conveyed the earldom of Caithness to William. his eldest son by his second marriage with Marjory, daughter of Alexander Sutherland of Dunbeath. This charter, which is purely territorial, affords positive evidence of the fallacy of Lord Mansfield's opinion on the descent of ancient peerages in Scotland, as it shows that a simple *feudal* conveyance of the *comitatus* carried the peerage to a younger son, and that in the lifetime, and to the prejudice of his elder brother.

Henry, the son of the disinherited William, obtained, in 1488, the Peerage of Sinclair, and inherited part of his grandfather's estates, which had been recovered by his father from his half-brother, Sir Oliver Sinclair of Roslin, who had inherited the greater portion of his father's heritable possessions.

The Lady Sinclair who got the "myd scope" of silver, "with twelve scopis inclusit in the same," was the Lady Margaret Hepburn, daughter of Patrick first Earl of Bothwell, and the grand-aunt of the famous, or rather infamous, Bothwell. These "scopis" were, it is presumed, drinking cups. Dunbar, according to Pinkerton, who prints from the Maitland MS., uses the word "scopin"; but Mr Laing gives "choppin," from the Bannatyne MS., in his excellent edition of the works of the greatest of Scottish poets. These are evidently but variations of a word, meaning one and the same thing. Sir David, from the number of silver drinking cups specially bequeathed by him, must have been well provided for a carousal—perhaps his Danish descent, in the female line, may have brought with it the alleged Scandinavian propensity for potent liquor.*

The bequest to Sir Magnus Harrodo is singularly curious. It shows that at least one of the

*"They of the gentry" (Macfarlane's MS., vol. iii. p. 281.) "in cust.ms, fashions, and manners, almost agree with those of the gentry of the mainland of Scotland, from whence at first they did come, save that they seldom unanimously bestir themselves for the promoting and management of a public good, and are much given to tipling and drinking. *Hibacisimi* in Magnus characterizeth the Orcaides."

works issued from the press of Caxton had reached, shortly after its publication, the remote island of Orkney. Of the work thus left to the worthy priest, the following account, from the late Dr Dibdin's edition of Ames, will be deemed interesting:—

"*The Book of Good Manners*, Fynysshed and translated out of frensshe in to englishe the viij day of Juyn the yere of our Lord M^{CCCC} LXXXVJ and the first yere of the regne of kyng harry the vij. And enprynted the xj day of Maye after etc (1487). Folio."

Of this book, it would appear that neither Oldys, Ames, nor Herbert, had seen a copy. The latter has given a superficial and somewhat erroneous account of it, which looks as if it had been transcribed from Dr Middleton. On sign. a. i. the prologue begins thus:—"When I consider the conditions and manners of the common people, which, without information and learning, be rude and not mannered, like unto beasts brute; according to an old proverb, he that is not mannered is no man," &c. On the reverse, "Here beginneth the table of a book named and intituled *The Book of Good Manners*, which was made and compiled by the venerable Frere Jaques le Graunt—in Latin, Jacobus Magnus—licentiate in theology, religious of the order of St Augustin—which book is of authority; for as much as there is nothing said therein but, for the most part, it is alleged in Scripture, or else by saying of holy saints, doctors, philosophers," &c.

The fifth Book treats "of Death, and how no man ought to glorify him of his estate." On the last leaf, (the 5th after signature h. r.) we have "Explicit et hic est finis per Caxton, &c. Finished and translated out of French into English, the viij day of June, the year of our Lord M^{CCCC} LXXXVJ and the first year of the reign of King Harry the vij: and imprinted the xj day of May after, etc. Laus Deo."

The original French work was delivered to Caxton "by a special friend of his, a mercer of London, named William Praat." Whether there was any foreign printed edition before Caxton's, I am not able to determine, none are mentioned by M. de la Monnoye in his Note about Le Grand, the author, (*Bibliothèque de la Croix duc Maine*, &c. vol. i. 414,) nor are any specified in the principal foreign catalogues. Le Grand was a native of Toulouse, and Confessor of Charles VII.; he is said to have refused the Archbishoprick of Bourdeaux, (*ibid.*) Maittaire, as Herbert rightly observes, has mistaken the date of the translation for the date of the printing, when he notices an edition of 1486. A copy of the original French work, in MS., was in Gaignat's collection; see No. 871. A fine and perfect copy of Caxton's edition is in the public library at Cambridge, (A. B. 10: 29); and another is in that of his Majesty. An imperfect one is in Lambeth library, No. 1092. See *Bibl. R. Smith*, p. 275, No. 88.

One anecdote from this work is worth insertion. "Two women were sometime right curious for to make them too fair and to comb them: so it happened that the one died; the which after appeared to her fellow when she arrayed and combed herself, and said to her—"my kind advice to thee

—for I am damned for my curiosities, the which I used and maintained when I was with thee."

It is, perhaps, unnecessary to say that no copy of this work is to be found in the national depository of literature—the Advocates' Library.

The chain presented by the King of Denmark to Sir David was, not improbably, a present consequent upon the marriage of Margaret, the daughter of Christiern I., to the unhappy and, we suspect, much misrepresented James the Third of Scotland. The Sovereign of Denmark was one of the most powerful and munificent princes that ever held the sceptre of that kingdom. He was King of Denmark, Sweden, and Norway, and Duke of Heswick and Holstein. The descent of the Sinclairs from the Danish Jarls, would naturally suggest Sir David as a fitting person to accompany the amiably gallant, but unfortunate, Arran, on the embassy to demand for the Scottish King the hand of the Scandinavian Princess.

J. M.

THE ROYAL INFIRMARY, EDINBURGH.

THIS highly useful Institution has now reached the venerable age of one hundred and ten years; and throughout that long period has contributed, in a degree which cannot be sufficiently appreciated, to assuage the sufferings of the sick, and smooth the death-bed of the dying poor. At no former season has the benefit of the Institution been more vitally felt than during the past winter, which will be memorable for its unprecedented privation and mortality. From the month of October 1846, till October 1847, not fewer than 7576 patients sought and found an asylum within its walls. Of these 1059 died—a large number no doubt; still, but for such a house of refuge, how many more would have breathed out their last, amidst the noxious abodes of our city, spreading wider and wider the pestilential calamity which has swept away its thousands of victims in all parts of the country?

Were we given to moralizing, this would be a favourable opportunity of inculcating a lesson of charity, and the necessity of liberally supporting an Institution which has so recommended itself by its practical utility. We feel satisfied, however, that any appeal to the humane would be equally uncalled for and out of keeping with the tenor of our *Journal*; and shall therefore proceed to give some facts illustrative of its early history.

A wise idea certainly it was to institute a charity, providing lodging, medical skill, attendance, drugs, food and every requisite convenience, upon an extensive and economical scale, for the "sick poor"—"where," to quote from one of the early documents of the Institution, "their bodily disease may become the means of improving their minds, correcting their morals, and making them experimentally see that it is good for man to be afflicted!" "Medicine," says Bishop Butler, in his celebrated sermon before the governors of the London Infirmary, in 1748, "and every other relief under the calamity of bodily diseases and casualties, no less than the daily necessities of life, are natural provisions which God has made for our present indigent state;

and which he has granted in common to the children of men, whether they be poor or rich; to the rich by inheritance or acquisition; and by their hands to the disabled poor. Nor can there be any doubt but that public infirmaries are the most effectual means of administering such relief * * * public infirmaries are not only the best, they are the only possible means by which the poor, especially in this city, can be provided in any competent measure with the several kinds of assistance which bodily disease and casualties require." Such were the views which led to the institution of infirmaries—institutions, it may be remarked, totally unknown to the ancient world.

Long before the erection of such an institution in our city, it is gratifying to be able to state, from documentary evidence, that, in as far as medical and surgical treatment were concerned, the sick poor were by no means neglected. The benevolent citizens of those days had, for many long years, contributed annually for this purpose, and the services of the medical and surgical faculties had been gratuitously and most willingly rendered. The benefit of this provision, however, was patent only to citizens—no one beyond the civic walls having any claim to participate in it, and even the authorities found a difficulty in accurately apportioning the bounty to the city poor. Inconveniences of this kind, which interfered materially with the successful operation of the beneficent design, had been long felt. These, and other imperfections in this early system, led our Scottish ancestors to anticipate Bishop Butler, in the scheme of a public infirmary, by nearly twenty-four years.

It was in 1725 that steps were first undertaken towards the accomplishment of this much desired object. The Royal College of Physicians, who had previously given advice gratis, as well as medicine, at their hall, were the first to originate a subscription, notwithstanding sundry cogent misgivings as to the result, towards the erection of an infirmary; and, as an earnest in the good cause, they not only headed the list in a liberal manner, but engaged to continue their professional services without fee or reward. The College of Surgeons followed the example with much zeal, and in a short time the project became so popular that the most unexpected supplies were realized. Amongst other donations, assignments were made of the shares of the Fishery Company, then dissolved. When these were summed up it was found that a sum of £2000 sterling had been realized—the smallest amount upon which they felt warranted to proceed. The College of Physicians, which, as already stated, had been the first to move in the undertaking, now called a public meeting of the contributors, at which gentlemen of distinction were chosen to superintend the proposed arrangements, and such regulations were adopted as were deemed necessary. An account of the proceedings was next printed and made public. Meanwhile "a small hired house was, on the 6th August, 1729, opened" for the accommodation of the sick poor—and, though upon a very limited scale, it proved of most essential benefit—demonstrating to all

the utility of an institution on a more extended scale.

At length a charter of incorporation, dated the 25th of August, 1736, was obtained. As this document tells its own tale, and may be interesting to those of our readers who have not had an opportunity of consulting it, we copy it at length:

"George the Second, by the grace of God, of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, King, Defender of the Faith, &c. greeting: Whereas an humble petition hath been presented to us, in behalf of the Managers of the charitable fund for maintenance and cure of sick poor in North Britain, setting forth, That several well disposed persons, well affected to our person and government, from a due sense of the misery that many poor persons in Scotland were reduced to by poverty and sickness, who, though not incurable, were in no condition to maintain themselves while under cure, even when physicians and chirurgeons, charitably disposed, were inclined to assist them with their skill and medicines *gratis*, did some years ago, set forward a subscription, which, with some few donations, has now produced a fund of about three thousand pounds Sterling, the interest whereof, by agreement of the subscribers and donors, is to be applied for erecting a house in Edinburgh, wherein poor sick, properly recommended, from any part of the country, who are not absolutely incurable, are to be entertained and taken care of by the royal college of physicians of Edinburgh, and some of the most skillful chirurgeons: That, under the direction of the Managers chosen by the contributors, a house has been hired, and, so far as the interest of the fund could go, poor persons have been received into it, and have been so well taken care of, that many, under the blessing of God, have thereby been restored to their health: That this charity is so apparently of universal benefit, that it is hoped the fund may considerably increase by donations of charitable persons, if authorised by our royal permission, and if the undertaking shall be brought and kept under good management and regulations; and therefore most humbly praying, That we would be graciously pleased to grant our royal charter, erecting the said contributors and donors, who have already subscribed, and such others as shall hereafter contribute to the said charitable design and fund, into a CORPORATION, with perpetual succession, and with powers to take donations, to purchase lands, and securities for sums of money lent, to erect houses, to fuel, and be fuelled, and all other things to do and execute, consistent with the laws of our realm, that may tend to promote the said charitable design: Now, know ye, That we having taken into our consideration the charitable intention of the petitioners, and being desirous to promote so good and laudable a charity, by virtue of our prerogative royal, and out of our special grace, certain knowledge, and mere motion, have Erected, Created, and Incorporated, and by these presents, for us, our heirs and successors, do Erect, Create, and Incorporate, all and every the said contributors, who have already contributed to the said charitable design, and all such persons as shall hereafter contribute thereto, into one body-corporate

and politic, by the name of the ROYAL INFIRMARY OF EDINBURGH; under which name they shall have perpetual succession, and a common seal; and they, and their successors, under the same name, shall be legally entitled, and capable to purchase and enjoy lands, tenements, and any other heritage in Scotland, not exceeding the yearly value of one thousand pounds Sterling, and to lend such sum or sums of money to any person or persons, and upon such security as they shall think fit, and to sue and be sued, and to make such by-laws, rules, and orders, consistent with the laws of our realm, as may best conduce to the charitable end and purpose above mentioned; and generally, all other matters and things tending to the pious design aforesaid, to do and execute as fully and amply, in every respect, as any body-corporate lawfully may do, and as if the said matters and things were herein particularly set down: And for better accomplishing the ends aforesaid, and for making and establishing a continual succession of fit persons for managing the affairs of the said corporation, we do, by these presents, for us, our heirs and successors, Will, Ordain, and Appoint, that the affairs of the said corporation shall be, from time to time, and for ever hereafter, governed and directed by twenty Managers, whereof the Lord Provost of our city of Edinburgh for the time being, and, in case of his absence, the Dean of Guild, shall be always one, and the President of our Royal College of Physicians of Edinburgh, and in case of his absence, the Vice President, shall be always one other, and the Deacon Conveener of the Crafts of our said city for the time being shall be always one other; and the remaining seventeen shall be annually elected at the times, and in the manner herein after directed, out of the classes following, viz. four out of our said Royal College of Physicians, whereof two shall be of the Professors of Medicine in the University of Edinburgh, if there are any such at the time, the Professor of Anatomy of the said University, if there be any such at that time, and two out of the Incorporation of Chirurgions of our said city, or three out of the said Incorporation of Chirurgions if there is no Professor of Anatomy at the time, one out of the Senators of our College of Justice, one out of the Faculty of Advocates, one out of the society of the Clerks of our Signet, one out of the Ministers of the Gospel in Edinburgh, and six more to be elected out of the number of the contributors to the said charity, residing in or near the said city, if such can be found ready to undertake the office: And we do further Will, Direct, and Ordain, that Alexander Wilson, Esq; present Lord Provost of our city of Edinburgh, James Home present Deacon Conveener of the Crafts of the said city, David Erskine of Dun, and Sir Gilbert Elliot of Minto, Baronet, Senators of our College of Justice, Duncan Forbes, Esq; our Advocate, Charles Erskine of Barjarg, Esq; our Solicitor, Robert Dundas of Arnistoun, Esq; Dean of the Faculty of Advocates, Mr William Bowlie depute Remembrancer in Exchequer, Doctor Robert Lewis President of the Royal College of Physicians, Doctor John Clark and Doctor John Learmont, members of the said Royal College, Mr Alexander Monro,

professor of anatomy, Mr Andrew Sinclair, and Doctor Andrew Plummer, professors of medicine, Mr Robert Hope, and Mr Francis Congalton, chirurgions in Edinburgh, Mr Robert Hepburn writer to the signet, Mr George Logan, one of the ministers of the gospel in Edinburgh, George Drummond, Esq; one of the commissioners of our customs at Edinburgh, and Mr Peter Wedderburn, advocate; whereof seven to be a quorum, shall take upon them the direction, and be the managers of the said corporation from the date hereof, until the first Monday of January next: And the said managers shall, on the said first Monday of January, assemble between the hours of two and four in the afternoon, in the borough-room of our said city of Edinburgh; and they, or any seven of them, shall there and then, by a majority of voices, elect and nominate out of the several classes, and in the proportions before described, so many fit persons, as, with the Lord Provost of Edinburgh, or, in his absence, the Dean of Guild, the President of the Royal College of Physicians, the Deacon Conveener of the said city, and the Professor of Anatomy of the said University, when there is such professor there, will compose the full number of twenty managers for directing and governing the affairs of the said corporation for the year ensuing; which twenty managers so to be elected and nominated, or any seven or more of them, shall, on the first Monday of January in the year following, in like manner, by a majority of voices, elect and name their successors in the management and direction of the affairs of the said corporation: and so on yearly, and each year for ever, on every first Monday of January, the managers for the year preceding, or any seven or more of them, shall, by a majority of voices, elect and nominate out of the said classes, and in the proportions aforesaid, so many fit persons as, with the said Lord Provost, or, in his absence, the Dean of Guild, the said President, Deacon Conveener, and Professor of Anatomy, when there is such professor in the University, will compose the full number of twenty managers for the year ensuing: and the twenty persons above appointed to be managers, and their successors in office, or any seven of them, who are declared to be a quorum, are hereby authorised and empowered, at their first meeting in January yearly, to name and appoint any twelve of their own number to be the ordinary managers of the affairs of the corporation for that year; of which ordinary managers five are to be a quorum; which ordinary managers shall have four meetings in every year, at some convenient place, to be appointed by the by-laws of the corporation, within Edinburgh, viz. on the first Monday of February, the first Monday of May, the first Monday of August, and the first Monday of November, yearly, and as many more meetings as they shall see needful; and that the said ordinary managers may, as often as they shall see occasion, call meetings of the extraordinary managers, for their advice and assistance in the affairs of the corporation; and that the said ordinary managers may, and shall annually, after their election in January, nominate and choose a Treasurer to the corporation, and a Clerk thereto, and such other persons

as they shall judge necessary to be employed in the service of the corporation, and to appoint them such salaries, fees, or rewards, as they, with the consent of the extraordinary managers, shall judge proper; and that the said ordinary managers may, at their pleasure, remove and discharge the said Treasurer, Clerk, and others so employed as aforesaid, and put other officers in their places, as they shall see cause; and the Treasurer, under the direction of the said ordinary managers, shall have the custody of the corporation's cash, and shall receive in, and pay out all the monies, as he shall be warranted to do by the said ordinary managers from time to time, for which he shall be obliged to account to the said ordinary managers, as often as he shall be by them thereto required. And we do hereby further Will, Direct, and Ordain, That it shall and may be lawful to, and for all and every the members of the said corporation, or body-politic, hereby established, who shall have contributed five pounds Sterling each, or more towards the said Infirmary, to assemble and meet together on the first Monday of January next, in the borough-room, within our city of Edinburgh, and for ever thereafter yearly, on every first Monday of January, at such proper place within Edinburgh as shall be by themselves appointed; and that the said members of the corporation so assembled, shall be, and be called, a General Court, and they, or a majority of them so assembled, shall have full power and authority to make and constitute such by-laws, ordinances, and regulations for the management and government of the affairs of the said corporation, as to them shall seem meet, so that such by-laws, ordinances, and regulations, be not contrary to the true intent and meaning hereof, nor repugnant to the laws of our realm. And we do further Will, Direct, and Ordain, That, at the second, and every succeeding general court, the managers for the preceding year shall lay before the general court, and the managers who shall succeed them, for the year ensuing an account of their proceedings, in the execution of their office, and a distinct and full state of the capital stock of the corporation, in lands, money, or other effects, with a state of the poor sick persons taken in and entertained during the year of their management, containing the poor sick persons names, what parishes they belong to, when they were taken in, what their several diseases were, and when recovered, cured, dismissed, or dead. Provided always, and it is hereby expressly provided and declared, That it shall not be lawful for the said managers or their said quorum, on any occasion or pretext whatsoever, in the course of their management, to break in upon the capital stock of the said corporation, but only to apply the annual interest or revenue, as they shall judge fit and necessary, for the ends and uses above mentioned. And we do hereby Will, Direct, and Ordain, That it shall and may be lawful for the Lord Provost of Edinburgh for the time being, or, in his absence, the Dean of Guild of the said city, to administer the oath *de fidei administratione* to the said first managers; and the like oath, *de fidei*, shall be annually sworn by all the managers at their election in January, or in the first meeting where they assemble thereafter; and the said

ordinary managers are hereby authorised and appointed to administer the oath *de fidei* to the treasurer and clerk, at their entry into their offices: And in case any of the managers, elected as aforesaid, shall refuse to accept of the office, and take the oath *de fidei*, or that any of them shall happen to die within a year after their election, the ordinary and extraordinary managers assembled, or any seven or more of them, may, and are hereby authorised to name another manager in the room of the person deceased: And the said managers are hereby further authorised to receive such further sums of money, lands, goods, or gear, as shall be given by any persons whatsoever to the use of the said corporation, and shall keep books for subscriptions, and such other books as they shall think needful for that purpose, and for all other purposes of the said corporation.

" Given at his Majesty's Court at Kensington, the 25th day of August 1736, in the tenth year of his Majesty's reign."

The Royal Charter of Incorporation produced the desired effect. The greatest emulation prevailed in aiding the proposed erection of a proper Infirmary, and the subscription so swelled out that the managers were speedily in a position to begin the good work. The most skilful professional men were consulted as to the architectural plan, and the foundation stone of the present building was laid with more than the usual ceremony on the 2d August, 1738. The eastern portion of the building, or what is now called the Medical House, was first commenced. Supplies of money were promptly rendered. The General Assembly ordered collections to be made throughout all the churches. The clergymen of the Scottish Episcopalian Church contributed in a similar manner; so also did various other public bodies, as well as private assemblies and associations. Noblemen and gentlemen of the highest rank, merchants, artisans, farmers, carters—all contributed in a substantial manner. Even the humblest in the ranks of the industrious, who could not otherwise aid in the undertaking, gave their personal services at the building for several days gratuitously.

Amongst the many individuals who zealously promoted the Institution, to none was it more indebted than to GEORGE DRUMMOND, Commissioner of Excise, and seven times elected Lord Provost of Edinburgh. The best evidence of the sense entertained of his exertions in behalf of this invaluable charity, is the fact of the managers having employed the celebrated sculptor, Nollekins, to execute an elegant marble bust of Mr Drummond, to be placed in the entrance hall, where it still stands. It bears the following impressive inscription: "GEORGE DRUMMOND, to whom this country is indebted for all the benefits derived from the Royal Infirmary." Amongst his associates in the good work, he had the honoured names of the Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons. The first Dr Munro, Professor of Anatomy, we find gratefully singled out "as particularly sanguine in this enterprise." The names of several others, who took an active part in promoting the Institution, are recorded in the charter.

[To be continued.]

POPULAR RHYMES OF BERWICKSHIRE.

BY MR HENDERSON, SURGEON, CHIRNSIDE.

[From "Proceedings of the Berwickshire Naturalists' Club." Two of the rhymes, it will be observed, have been quoted, with somewhat similar remarks, in the series of articles entitled "Border Pilgrimages," by the same author.]

PERHAPS there are few counties in Scotland which possess so many rhymes, of a popular nature, as that of Berwickshire. Whether it be owing to the circumstance that "Thomas the Rhymer" was a native of this district, and to whom the authorship of several of these rhymes is attributed—or whether the people of the Merse are in general disposed to encourage this species of ancient lore, we will not waste time in a vain endeavour to determine. The fact of itself is sufficiently obvious from the following collection, and perhaps it might be enlarged. The memory of "Thomas the Rhymer" is still highly honoured in his native country, and the people hitherto have placed undoubted confidence in his prophetic enunciations, although these are certainly now beginning to be numbered among the "wreck of things which were."

As Sir Walter Scott, in his "Border Minstrelsy," &c. has, with his usual pleasing and happy mode of illustration, brought together all the facts that can now be discovered of the Minstrel of Ercildoune, it would be superfluous for us to enter here into any discussion relative to the history or merits of that singular being, who lived so long with the Elf Queen (according to rhyme and tradition), and who yet "drees his weird" in Fairy-land. All that we have set ourselves to do is to collect, into one place, all the rhymes connected with this county, as far as we are acquainted with them, and append thereto such notes as an explanation of them seems to demand; and if we can hereby be the means of preserving these curious relics of a former day from falling into utter oblivion, the little trouble which we have taken in collecting them will be amply rewarded.

1. "The hare shall kittle on my hearthstane,
And there never will be a Laird Learmont again."

Thomas here prophesies the ruin of his own house. It appears that he had granted his property to the Hospital of *Soltra*, and that none of his descendants ever after inherited his patrimony at Earlstoun. About a century ago, it is said, that a hare actually took up her residence in the "Rhymer's Tower," and produced her young upon the hearthstone of the dilapidated tenement. About this time a person of the name of Murray inhabited this ancient edifice. According to Chambers he was "a kind of herbalist, who, by dint of some knowledge in simples, the possession of a musical clock, an electrical machine, and a stuffed alligator, added to a supposed communication with Thomas the Rhymer, lived for many years in very good credit as a wizard."* The person here so ludicrously introduced appears to be no other than Mr Patrick Murray, surgeon in

Earlstoun, who details a case of an "Uncommon tumour of the belly, and a Dropsy cured" in the "Medical Essays and Observations, by a Society in Edinburgh," vol. vi. p. 133, and published in 1747. The ruins of the Rhymer's Tower may still be seen near the Leader, at the west end of the village of Earlstoun, and a stone in the wall of the church bears the following inscription—

"Auld Rhymer's race
Lies in this place."

2. "This thorn tree as lang as it stands,
Earlstoun sall possess a' her lands."

This rhyme was very popular about Earlstoun some years since. The tree referred to was a very large one, and stood near the east end of the village. It was blown down by a high wind during the night in the spring of 1821. The lands, originally belonging to the community of Earlstoun, were from time to time alienated by the magistrates, till there is scarcely now an acre left. What gave additional weight to the prophecy was, that, at its fulfilment when the tree fell, "the greater part of the shopkeepers in the town happened to be then, on account of a tissue of unfortunate circumstances, in a state of bankruptcy."*

3. "A horse sal gang on Carrolside brae,
Till the girth gaw his sides in twae."

This refers to some period of desolation in the history of our country, which we fondly hope has been fulfilled long since. *Carrolside Braes* lie on Leader Water, and is the property of an enterprising proprietor, James Home, Esq., who has much improved and ornamented his estate, so that the former sterility of *Carrolside Braes* is no longer proverbial.

4. "There sal a stane wi' Leader come,
That'll make a rich father, but a poor son."

The small river Leader, of classic celebrity for its "sweet haughs," and the "Homes that dwelt on Leader side," takes its rise near the quarry, which supplies the district of Lauderdale with lime, and the prophecy is supposed to refer to those agricultural improvements which have in part resulted from the use of lime; the "stane that came wi' Leader," which in many instances enriched those who were the first improvers, but which also unfortunately engendered an expensive style of living in their immediate successors, which led to their ultimate ruin.

5. "Vengeance! vengeance! when? and where?
Upon the house o' Cowdenknowes, now and evermair."

The proprietors of Cowdenknowes were, in the days of the Covenanters, of a persecuting disposition, and several traditional stories are related of their cruelty; hence these lines are often in the mouths of the common people to indicate that vengeance will yet come upon that house, for the evils which it inflicted on the godly in former times. *Cowdenknowes*, so celebrated in song for its "bonny broom," lies near the village of Earlstoun, and is the property of Professor Home of Edinburgh. Part of the present man-

sion-house is very old, and in this part of it the unfortunate Queen Mary lodged for a night or two. We observed that this estate was lately advertised for sale.

6. "Betide, betide, whate'er betide,
They'll ay be a Haig in Bemerside."

The ancient family of Haig have been in the possession of *Bemerside* for many hundred years. "The grandfather of the present proprietor of *Bemerside* had twelve daughters before his lady brought him a male heir. The common people trembled for the credit of their favourite sooth-sayer. The late Mr Haig was at length born, and their belief in the prophecy confirmed beyond a shadow of doubt."*

7. "At *Threeburn Grange* on an after day,
There sall be a lang and bludy fray;
Where a *three-thumbed wight* by the reins
sal hald
Three kings horse baith stout and bauld,
And the *Three burns*, *three days* will rin
Wi' the blude o' the slain that fa' therein."

Thirty years ago this rhyme was very popular in the east end of Berwickshire, and about the time of the French Revolution a person of the name of Douglas was born in the parish of Coldingham, with an excrescence on one of his hands, which bore some resemblance to a third thumb. Of course the superstitious believed that this was to be the identical "three-thumbed wight" of the Rhyme, and nothing was looked for but a fearful accomplishment of the prophecy. *Threeburn Grange* or *Grains*, is a place a little above the Press, where three small rills meet and form the water of Ale.

We now proceed to another class of Rhymes, the most of which are still floating about among the peasantry.

8. "I stood upon Eyemouth fort,
And guess ye what I saw,
Fairneyside and *Flemington*,
Newhouses and *Cocklaw*;
The fairy folk o' *Fosterland*,
The witches o' *Edencraw*,
The bogle bo' o' *Billy Myre*
Wha' kills our bairns a'."

It would be a useless waste of time to form theories and conjectures as to the origin of the above Rhyme, for nothing certain is known concerning it, but that it has been in circulation from time immemorial. Were a person at the present day to stand upon the site of *Eymouth fort*, with the expectation of seeing all the places, not to say persons, enumerated in the Rhyme, he would certainly be disappointed, as from its situation it is impossible to see several of the places named. *Fairneyside*, *Flemington*, and *Cocklaw*, are farm places in the parish of Ayton. Of *Newhouses* we know nothing, and there is no place, we believe, in the neighbourhood now known by that name. *Fosterland* was an old farm place, its site, like many other old steadings, being marked out by a few ash trees near the eastern extremity of the

parish of Buncle. A small stream which rises on the moor, above that range of hills called Buncle Edge, is still called *Fosterland burn*, and is one of the numerous rills that discharges itself into *Billy Myre*. On the east side of this stream, where its banks are steepest, there formerly existed an extensive British encampment, the traces of which have been nearly obliterated of late years by the operations of the plough. The banks of this stream formed a favourite haunt of the fairies in bygone days, and I once knew an old barn-man, by name David Donaldson, who, although he never saw one of these aerial beings, constantly maintained that he had frequently heard their sweet music, in the silence of midnight, by *Fosterland Burn*, on the banks of the Ale, and on the *Pyperknowe*.* *Fosterland* is said to be a contraction of *Foresterland*, the name being derived from the forester of Buncle wood, who had his dwelling here, when all the hill side, from the *Whitadder* on the west, to this place, was covered with oak and hazel.

Of the witches of *Auchencraw* or *Edencraw*, we have not been able to glean many particulars. We have heard, indeed, one or two other rhymes regarding them, which would shew that, among other things, they delighted in horrid and wicked transactions; but the lines are hardly such as to be fit for hearing.

With regard to the last mentioned personage in the above rhyme, it is only necessary to say that the passage over *Billy Myre*, between *Auchencraw* and *Chirnside*, was long infested with a ghost, the "Bogle bo'" of the rhyme, which bore the cognomen of "Jock o' the Myre."

9. "The Rye kail o' Reston
Gar'd a' the dougs dee;
The browster gied us a' a gliff
Wi' his barley bree,
And gar'd Meg o' the Gurl hole
Awa' wi' Bawtie flee."

This rhyme has been often confounded with one of those alluded to. We are convinced, however, that it is altogether distinct from it, and refers to a totally different subject. It is, however, apparently imperfect. The village of West Reston is pleasantly situated upon the south back of the Eye, in the parish of Coldingham, and contains between two and three hundred inhabitants. In old time it was the seat of a baronial castle, and a chapel dedicated to *St Nicolas*, to which the beneficent *Davidde Quirwood* granted a yearly allowance of some *harts* from his territory in *Lammermoor*. The disaster to the dogs, which the rhyme relates, may have been caused by diseased rye, or rye infected with the *Secale cornutum*. The latter part of the rhyme is rather obscure. It is probable that the person indicated by "Meg o' the Gurl hole" shared the same fate of the dogs, as *Bawtie* is well known to be a sort of generic name for a colly or shepherd's dog, among the peasantry

* 'Pyperknowe,' so called from the pipings of the fairies heard on it, is a large knoll lying on the south bank of *Billy Myre*, behind the present farm-house of *Causewaybank*. It consists principally of gravel, and less than twenty years ago it was covered with a luxuriant crop of broom. It is now cultivated.

of Scotland. There is still a house in Reston known by the name of "the Gurl." What is the meaning of the term we know not, and a field on the farm of Greenhead, in the immediate neighbourhood of the village is still called "the Browster butts."

10. "St Abb, St Helen, and St Bey,
They a' built kirks whilk to be nearest the sea.
St Abb's upon the nabs,
St Helen's on the lea,
St Bey's upon Dunbar sands
Stands nearest to the sea."

"St Abb, or St Ebba, St Helen, and St Bey, were, according to the country people, three princesses, the daughters and heiresses of a king of Northumberland, who, being very pious, and taking a disgust at the world, resolved to employ their dowries in the erection of churches, and the rest of their lives in devotion. They all tried which should find a situation for their buildings nearest to the sea, and *St Bey*, or *St Ann*, succeeded, her church being built upon a level space, close to the water-mark; while *St Abb* placed her structure upon the points or *nabs* of a high rock overhanging the German Ocean, and *St Helen* pitched hers upon a plain near, but not exactly bordering upon the shore. It is obvious that the situation of these churches suggested the popular belief.* There are now no remains of *St Bey's* chapel: the ruins of *St Helen's* are still conspicuous in the parish of Coldbrandspath, and the churchyard surrounding them is still used as a burying-ground; but scarcely a vestige of *St Abb's* remains on the high and lonely point, to which she has bequeathed her name, and not a single grave-stone is now to be seen raising its grey head from among the nettles and thistles which cover the deserted spot, although some aged people remember to have seen it used as a place of sepulture about sixty years ago.

11. "Grisly Draeden sat alane
By the cairn and Pech stane;
Billy wi' a segg sae stout,
Says—'I'll soon turn Draeden out'—
Draeden louch, and stalk'd awa,
And vanish'd in a babanqua."

This rhyme, which I picked up when a boy from an old man (David Donaldson, referred to above), who possessed a rich collection of old sayings, songs, and rhymes, which I never heard anywhere else, evidently relates to a large cairn which was situated about half-way between two streams (Draeden and Billyburn), on the farm of Little Billy, in the parish of Bunce. The cairn was surrounded, except on the south-west side, by a circle of large whin stones, many of which would have weighed several tons. At the distance of about 200 yards to the east of this cairn stood a large block, of a reddish sort of granite, which the old man already mentioned used to call "The Altar." The cairn is now removed, but this stone still stands in its original situation. It is probable that the circle of stones surrounding the cairn

had constituted, in remote times, a place of Druidical worship: and it is also probable that the small stream, a little to the north of the site of the cairn, derives its name *Draeden*, from this circumstance; the affix *draed* being similar in sound to *Druid*, and *den*, a *dean* or *vale*—The *Druid's Vale*. When a moss, which skirted this stream, was begun to be drained about twenty years ago, many pieces of oak were dug out; and I recollect of being shewn, near its northern extremity, a quagmire or *babanqua*, with a slit or opening in the middle of it, on which no grass or any other plant grew, owing to the constant oozing of the water from its bottom, into which, it was said, a horse and his rider had sunk, and were never more seen. This story rests upon tradition only; but I have seen places of this description, into which, if a person had sunk, he would have been in eminent danger of losing his life; but, since the incalculable improvement of draining commenced, few of these shaking quagmires are to be seen in this part of the country. It is probable, I think, that this curious rhyme has some distant allusion to the introduction of Christianity into our island, to the discomfiture of a dark and horrid superstition, which formerly held in bondage the souls and bodies of our Pagan progenitors.

12. "Huntly wood—thy wa's are down,
Bassendean, and Barrastoun;
Heckspeth wi' the yellow hair,
Gordon gowks for ever mair."

"The people of *Gordon* were recently a very primitive race; some of them having lived in the same farms from father to son for several centuries. It was perhaps on this account they were stigmatized as the 'gowks o' Gordon' in the above popular rhyme.—*Chambers*. The other places mentioned in the rhyme lie in the neighbourhood of *Gordon*, but we know not to what circumstances the rhyme refers. In fact it is a rhyme without any obvious meaning—a rhyme without a reason.

13. "The hooks and crooks o' Lamden Burn,
Fill the bowie,* and fill the kirn.†"

Lamden is in the parish of Greenlaw, where there was anciently a chapel. The rhyme relates to the fertility of the banks of "Lamden Burn," remarkable for its many sudden turnings and windings. It is a tributary of the *Leet*.

14. "Bugthrig and Belchester,
Hatchet-knows and Darnchester,
Leetholm and the Peel:

If ye dinna get a wife
In ane ane o' thae places,
Ye'll ne'er do weel."

The places enumerated in this rhyme are all within four or five miles of Coldstream. The rhyme should be widely disseminated, for the especial benefit of all bachelors and widowers.

15. "Little Billy, Billy Mill,
Billy Mains, and Billy Hill,
Ashfield, and Auchencraw,

* *Chambers' Popular Rhymes*, p. 45.

* 'Bowie'—a wooden shallow vessel for holding milk.
† 'Kirn' a churn.

*Bullerhead, and Pefferlaw,
There's bonny lasses in them a'."*

The first five places enumerated in this rhyme are in the parish of Buncle. *Bullerhead* and *Pefferlaw* lie in the parish of Chirnside. About forty years since, all these places were separate farms; but *Little Billy*, *Billy Hill*, *Ashfield*, *Bullerhead*, and *Pefferlaw*, exist now only in name, their farm-houses and cottages being levelled with the soil; and the rhyme is worth preserving, if it was for no other purpose but to keep the names from perishing also.

16. "Hutton for auld wives,
Broadmeadows for swine,
Paxton for drucken wives,
And salmon sœ fine.
Crossrig for lint and woo',
Spittal for kail,
Sunwick for cakes and cheese,
And lasses for sale."

This rhyme was taken down only a few weeks ago, from the recitation of a girl of eight years of age, in Chirnside. All the places mentioned are in *Hutton* parish; but whether they are now famous for the articles enumerated in the rhyme, we have no means of ascertaining.

17. "I, Willie Wastle,
Stand firm on my Castle,
And a' the Dogs in your town,
Will no pull Willie Wastle down."

This is said to have been sent by T. Cockburn, Governor of Home Castle, as an answer to a summons of surrender by Colonel George Fenwick, under the Protectorate of Cromwell, in 1650. It is very popular among boys, who repeat it in a sort of game.

THE LAST CONFESSION OF MR ROBERT IRVINE,

Who was Execute, May 1, 1717, near Broughton, between Leith and Edinburgh, for Murdering JOHN and ALEXANDER GORDONS, sons to JAMES GORDON of Ellon, on Sunday, 28th April, 1717.

[Some account of this atrocious murder will be found in this Journal, vol. i. p. 128. This confession is printed from the copy, supposed unique, in the Library of the Faculty of Advocates.]

SOME ministers, desirous to assist as much as possible the above-named criminal in his preparations for eternity, went and visited him in the forenoon of the said day, in whose presence he confessed that he had, since he could distinguish between good and evil, been a great sinner, and had never spent so much as one day as he ought to have done.

That the horrid murder he had committed on the two boys, his pupils, he had projected three days before; but did not pretend that either the said boys, or the parents, had given him the least provocation; and affirmed that the servant maid, now in prison, knew not of the intended murder.

He confessed, also, that his sins, particularly this of deliberate and wilful murder, wore of so heinous a nature, and of so deep a dye, that he was afraid that God would not have mercy on

him, and had particularly this expression, *that snares, fire, and brimstone would be his portion, and that the tribulation and anguish threatened against the wicked would fall upon him*. He had some days before said to a minister whom he met with on the street of Edinburgh, that in partaking of the blessed sacrament, he had eaten and drunken unworthily, and consequently brought damnation on himself. This despondent temper he was in, kept him from exercising himself so much in prayer as became one in his circumstances, and from being so desirous as he ought to have been of the prayers of others, which he did not desire till it was proposed to him whether he would have them pray for him.

Being asked if he was sensible of the evil of that heinous sin he was guilty of, and the danger he was in: he answered that he had some sense of it, and sorrow for it, but not to that degree that were to be wished, and that he had a stoney and obdured heart. One of the ministers present, at his desire, prayed for him. About the middle of the prayer, when some petitions were put up, that God might grant him a sense of his sin, that of his infinite mercy he would vouchsafe him grace to repent, and have recourse to the merits and mediation of our Blessed Saviour; and that God, of his infinite mercy, for Christ's sake, would have mercy on this monstrous sinner. While these petitions were a putting up, and all the while till prayer was ended, he seemed more than ordinarily concerned, and discovered a greater concern for his eternal state than had been observed before.

After he had been asked what prompted him to so monstrous a crime, he could give no tolerable account of it: but when he was pressed a little on this head, he said, before many witnesses, that the Predestinarian principles had led him into it. And being asked where he learned these principles, he said from a book he had out of the College Library. And being asked what book that was, he answered one of Flavel's. He desired one that was present to take care of his books, and conceal his papers, for he said there were many foolish things in them.

He imagined that he was to be hung in chains, and showed some concern on that account.

He prayed the parents of the murdered children to forgive him, which they very Christianly consented to. He was always of a reserved and melancholy disposition.

At the sight of the bloody clothes in which the children were murdered, which were brought to him in the prison a little before he went to the place of execution, he was much affected, and broke out into groans and tears.

When he came to the place of execution, the ministers prayed for him, and he also prayed himself, but with a low voice. He owned that he had four times attempted to debauch the servant woman he was blamed with, but that he was not actually guilty with her, and declared he designed to have married her. Both his hands were struck off by the executioner, and he was afterwards hanged. While he was hanging, the wound he gave himself in the throat with the penknife when he was apprehended broke out afresh, and the blood gushed out in great abundance.

REGENT, OR PROFESSOR ROSS.

[In No. 23, p. 361, some account was given of Professor Ross in a letter by James Anderson, the antiquary. The following genealogy of his family will no doubt be interesting:]

JOHN, first Lord Ross, so created about 1503, of Hawkhead, in Renfrewshire, and of Melvill, in Lothian. He fell with most of the Scottish nobility at the battle of Flodden, in 1513, leaving, by Christian, daughter of Sir Archibald Edmonstoun of Duntreath,

1. Ninian, second Lord Ross, of whom afterwards.

2. Thomas Ross.

3. Andro Ross.

4. Elizabeth, was married to Thomas Lord Sempill.

Ninian, second Lord Ross, was one of the Scots nobles who, in 1515, were dispatched ambassadors to France to make Scotland a party in the negotiations with England.

He married, first, Lady Janet Stewart, daughter of the Earl of Lennox, about, or before, 1515; and, secondly, Elizabeth, daughter of Lord Ruthven, relict of William Earl of Errol. Issue,

1. Robert, Master of Ross.

2. James Ross.

3. John, who had parts of Tartrean, in Linlithgowshire, assigned to him. Of whom hereafter.

4. Margaret, married to Andro Murray of Arnack and Balvaird, without issue.

5. Christian, married to John Mure of Caldwell, and had issue.*

The lands of Kirkland lie in the parish of Renfrew. A part of those had (in 1710), for some considerable time, been in the possession of the ancestors of Robert Ross, portioner of Kirkland. They were descended from the Rosses of Tartriven—an old cadet of the noble family of Hawkhead. They have made inter-marriages with the following respectable families in Renfrewshire, viz. Sempills of Fulwood, Whytefurd of that Ilk, and Cuninghams of Quarrelton.†

Andro Ross in Linwood, in the parish of Kilbarchan, married a daughter of Stein Cochran of Clippings, about 1650, or before.‡ Issue.

1. Robert Ross, of whom hereafter.

* Mr Riddell's "Ross Pedigree."

† Robertson's Crawford, p. 64; and Semple's Crawford, p. 33.

‡ Clippings Genealogical Tree. This 'Stein' may have been the only son of William Cochran, who died at Linwood before 1624. Notwithstanding his want of education, for he could not write, he seemed a man of parts. He was a great smuggler. He invented a carriage, or a machine, to convey his smuggled goods. He was himself covered by this large vessel of wood, as well as the contraband goods. It was like a 'stack' of hay moving along in the dark. He was therefore considered a warlock. He gathered money by his unlawful traffic. He and the "black gentleman," according to the legend, made a pact, and Steinie got the better of "Sautan." He was called "Cheat the Deil" in consequence. The ignorant clergymen of those days accused Clippings of witchcraft, and confined him in an arched room over the porch entering the Abbey of Paisley, which still bears the name of 'Steinie's Chalmer.' His lineal descendant, Dr Peter Cochran of Clippings, gained about £149,000 in Madras. He died in France in 1831. His fortune is in Chancery.

2. James Ross, baptised at Kilbarchan in 1653.

3. George Ross, born at Linwood, and baptised in 1659.

4. Elizabeth Ross was married to John Allason, Kilbarchan parish, before 1672, &c.

Robert Ross, as above, of Kirkland, married, at Kilbarchan, Kathrin Hamilton, 26th April, 1677.

Mr George Crawford says, Robert Ross, portioner of Kirkland, married a daughter of Major Alexander Hamilton of Forehouse, in the parish of Kilbarchan, (descended of the family of Torrence, in East Kilbryde parish,) by whom he had Mr Andrew Ross, his eldest son, now Regent, or Professor of Humanity in the College of Glasgow.* Issue,

1. Andrew Ross, as above, of whom afterwards.

2. Grissell Ross, baptised in 1682 at Kilbarchan.

3. Elizabeth, born at Linwood in 1688.

4. Agnes Ross, born in 1692.

The said Robert Ross of Kirkland seemed to have, secondly, married Mary Colquhoun, by whom he had

5. Christian, a daughter, baptised in 1697, at Kilbarchan.

Mr Andrew Ross, born at Linwood about 1678. He was one of the Regents of Glasgow College from 1706 to 1735. His office is now changed in name to Professor of Humanity. The objects of study in the Humanity Class are the language (the Latin), literature, history, and antiquities of ancient Rome. It was called *the Humanity*, from the practice of the Italian and the French colleges.†

Wodrow, who has written the life of Mr Andro Boyd, a natural son of the Lord Boyd, says that he was minister at Eglisam in 1601, and consecrated Bishop of Argyle in 1613. "The Bishop," he continues, "was married, and had posterity. I know my good friend, Mr And. Ross, present Professor of Humanity in Glasgow, is descended from him; but the particular account of his children I have not yet met with."‡

He married Margaret, sister of James Brown of Monkton-Mains, in the year of —

They had, at least, one son,

1. William Ross, who was alive in 1750.§

A. C.

OPENING OF TUMULI IN CLEVELAND.

In the month of November, 1843, a number of gentlemen met on one of the Cleveland hills called "Eston Nab," which commands a beautiful view of the river Tees and the surrounding country for many miles. The occasion of the visit was in consequence of permission being obtained of the lord of the manor, Mr Martin Stapylton, to excavate two mounds, or tumuli, which are situated on the ridge of the mountain, and supposed to contain relics of antiquity. They first announced their operations by mounting a flag on the "light-house," contiguous to the scene of action. Having previously engaged a number of men, with the necessary implements, they proceeded to investi-

* Robertson's Crawford, p. 64.

† Glasgow University Calendar, p. 17.

‡ Wishaw, p. 118.

§ 'Scottish Journal,' No. 23, p. 362.

gate the western mound, which they found to be composed of small stones, slightly intermixed with earth, and having with much labour dug to the depth of about a yard and a half, they struck upon an immense stone, measuring upwards of seven feet long by four feet wide, and from 10 to 12 inches in thickness, weighing about a ton, shapeless and unhewn. This, by the aid of hand-spikes (obtained from a neighbouring quarry), was placed on one edge, when a hollow presented itself of a grave-like appearance, causing considerable excitement in the minds of those present, supposing it to contain the remains of some departed hero, or the urned ashes of the mighty dead; but to their surprise it contained neither skeleton, urn, coin, weapon, nor any other relic of antiquity. After clearing away the loose stones by which the slab was supported, the workmen struck upon another flat stone of immense size, but from the dangerous position in which they were placed it was deemed unsafe to proceed any further, or doubtless a discovery of some interest would have been made. They next directed their attention to the eastern tumulus, distant about 40 yards; proceeding in the manner before described by digging in depth about a yard and a half towards the centre. It was found to differ widely from the former one in the materials of which it was composed, consisting chiefly of white loamy soil. After three hours' labour they approached its centre, and in despair began to undermine the earth before they abandoned their researches, when one of the workmen struck his spade at what he considered to be a stone, and on repeating his ill-directed blow he exclaimed, "There's a bit a summit wi' sum carved wark on't," and was about to demolish the precious relic when Mr J. W. Ord—by whose invitation the party had assembled themselves—immediately arrested the arm of the destroyer. He then took the place of the workman, and with a small knife carefully cut away the soil, and on removing a flat stone which was placed on it, presented to the company a splendid Roman urn, containing a great quantity of human bones, several portions of the skull, small bones, and teeth: the latter were in excellent preservation, after being imbedded in the earth upwards of 2000 years. It was in height about 16 inches by 12 inches in diameter, composed of burnt clay, upwards of half an inch in thickness, and in colour resembling a common tile; it had a broad rim round the top, and its sides were marked in a curious manner by the point of some sharp instrument. On the under part of the stone which covered the urn was a rude device representing what was considered to be a shield of grotesque character. It may be added that in turning over the mound innumerable small heaps of burnt wood, or charcoal, which, no doubt, had formed funeral piles for consuming the remains of the dead, were thrown up. Some fifty yards due north of the tumuli is what has hitherto been considered a Saxon encampment, of a semicircular form and of considerable extent. The result of these investigations proves, that though the Saxons may have occupied this position, the Romans had also posted themselves at, or at no great distance from,

this place of rendezvous.—*Great Northern Advertiser.*

HEBER'S COLLECTION OF MSS.

THE sale of the eleventh portion of that celebrated collector's (Mr Richard Heber's) library, consisting of MSS., autographs, &c., took place in February, 1835, at Mr Evan's rooms, Pall-mall. This *recherche* and unique collection of ancient manuscripts, &c., naturally attracted great interest amongst the literati, and the produce of the four days' sale realized more than was anticipated by the most sanguine friends of the deceased. We have reason to believe that the four days' sale realised upwards of £4,000; and what must be gratifying to the lovers of the *antique*, the prices, generally speaking, bore a commensurate proportion to their variety.

"Chaucer's Canterbury Tales," a very fine and valuable MS. of the fourteenth century, in the original monastic binding, lettered on the side "from Kemble's Collection." "This ancient manuscript of 'The Canterbury Tales,' by Geoffrey Chaucer, was given to me by the Right Hon. William Gordon, 1807, J. P. Kemble," sold to Mr Thorpe for £41. Another valuable MS. of our first poet, in an imperfect state, fetched 16*l.* 10*s.*

"A Chartularium," upon vellum, written partly in the fourteenth and partly in the fifteenth century, containing an account of all the possessions of the Abbey in York, London, &c., and particularly valuable from the minute details of the former city—sold for 155*l.* to Mr Payne.

"La Divina Commedia." A very fine MS., from the library of the late Charles James Fox, in red velvet—sold for 14*l.* 14*s.* to Mr Techener.

"Croniques Abregoes de la Creation du Monde jusques à l'Incarnation de Notre Seigneur." Written in double columns, with illuminated capitals—8*l.* 8*s.*, to Mr Thorpe.

A collection of Advertisements and Paragraphs from the newspapers, relating to various subjects, by Daniel Lyons, illustrated by prints and portraits—5*l.* 15*s.* 6*d.*

Gray (Thomas) Notes and Corrections of the Greek Anthology, with Translations of one or two Epigrams. Purchased by Mr Heber for 50 guineas—sold for 15*l.* 5*s.* to Mr Pickering.

"A Chronicle of Bible History," in Flemish verse, on vellum of the fourteenth century—sold for 42*l.*

"The Abbey Leger" (Chartulary), of West Durham, Norfolk, wherein are entries of patents and concessions to the Abbot and Convent, of great use and antiquity; donations, &c.—sold to Mr Payne, for 194*l.*

Lot 477, "This book of accounts, made in the fourth year of King Edward the Sixth (1550) was wrote by Sir William Cavendish, Knight, and Elizabeth his wife," with autograph, &c., sold for 9*l.*

Catalogue of pictures, statuary, bronzes, plate, linen, tapestry, jewels, books, and other effects of King Charles the First, disposed of during the civil wars, but recovered by Colonel Wm. Hawley for Charles the Second, after the Restoration—sold for 16*l.*

A variety of curious and valuable series of original documents and autograph letters from Julius Cæsar, were sold at high prices.

Lot 458 for 53*l.* 11*s.*, the following lot for 74*l.* 11*s.*, and lot 461, a volume, containing 400 different articles relating to the Mint, for 53*l.* 11*s.*

Lot 456, "Julii Cæsaris Commentarie, Codex Sex. XIV. in Membranis"—sold for 52*l.* 10*s.*

"The Boke of Comfort, called in Laten Botious de Consolatione Philosophia," translated into English verse by John Walton—very ancient MS., upon vellum, slightly imperfect at the end—sold for 14*l.*

"A very ancient MS. upon vellum, containing several statutes and regulations relating to the Isle of Ely"—sold for 30*l.* 9*s.*

"The maner and the forme of the Coronation of Kings and Queens of England," on vellum and very curious—sold for 11*l.* 0*s.* 6*d.* to Mr Forshall.

"Cotton's (John) Poems, with a dedication in his own hand writing to his mother Lady Alice Cotton"—sold for 8*l.* 8*s.*

The "Bibel in Flemish verse call the *Rym Bible*, by Jacob Van Maerlandt, of damme, near Bruges, of the 15th century," upon vellum, with ornamented capitals—sold for 88*l.* 4*s.* to Mr Forshall.

"Thomas à Beckott"—the lot 322 contained, *inter alia*, "La Vie Saint Thomas le glorijs Martir de Canterbure, &c., sold for 111*l.* 6*s.*

Autograph Letters of Robert Burns, to Miss Peacock, of Edinburgh, &c., 1785, not printed, fetched 4*l.*

Nine Autograph Letters of English Nobility, between 1,600 and 1,602; amongst which are one of Cecil Lord Burleigh, and of Lord Clarendon—3*l.* 12*s.*

"Tasso" (Torquato)—Three Letters to the Prince of Parma, 1,589, entirely in his own handwriting, sold for 21*l.*

A collection of 53 Autograph Letters from Steevens to Malone, relative to the latter's edition of Shakspeare, and other matters of literature, highly interesting, 6*l.* 10*s.*, &c.

MODE OF LIVING AMONG SCOTTISH FARMERS DURING THE EARLY PART OF LAST CENTURY.

BY AN OLD FARMER.

My ancestors, so far back as I can trace them, (which I am proud to do to the reign of Charles II.) have been, like myself, "tillers of the ground." I shall not, however, attempt to carry you back to those evil times, when my great-grandfather suffered many severities for conscience sake; but I shall begin with quoting one or two family papers, to shew the frugal mode of living that prevailed about the beginning of last century among the people of our rank. The first of these is my grandfather's marriage-contract with his first wife, dated February 19, 1707. In this document, which is very formally drawn out in due legal style, the bridegroom engages to settle on his "future spouse, Margaret Paisley, lawfull daughter to the deceist Thomas Paisley, tenant in Brotherstanes, the soume of five hundred merks

Scots,"* as a competent jointure in the event of her surviving him; while she, on the other hand, makes over to him "all and hail the soume of one hundred pounds Scots money,"† as the reputable *tocher* of a substantial farmer's daughter.

My grandfather died in 1745, leaving a family of two sons and a daughter, in what were reckoned very comfortable circumstances. In fact besides the stock of a small farm, he left upwards £300 Sterling to be divided among his three children. This was no contemptible fortune in these times; but to understand its relative value, it will be necessary to make due allowance not only for the depreciation of money since that period, but still more for the mighty change in the mode of living among all ranks of society. As a curious evidence of this, I send you the subjoined inventory of my grandfather's household furniture, taken by one of his sons at the time of his decease.‡ There is now scarcely a respectable hind in that quarter of the country, who could not muster a more valuable array of moveables. And yet the worthy goodman who owned this frugal gear, was not in his day accounted either mean or miserly; but, on the contrary, maintained a reputable character for hospitality, and lived in habits of friendship and occasional family intercourse, not only with friends and neighbours of his own rank, but also with his landlord, (a small but respectable proprietor,) and with the minister of the parish.

My father, who was the eldest son, about this time entered upon an excellent farm of 500 acres, partly arable and partly pasturage, for which he paid a rent of £100 Sterling; and it was reckoned dear enough at the time. Yet the same farm was let sixty years ago to a worthy neighbour of mine (who now occupies it) for £1000 per annum. So much have times altered, and agriculture improved during the last 70 years. Soon after entering to this farm, my father married the daughter of a small laird or *portioner*, who brought him a handsome dowry of 100 guineas. With this addition to his patrimony, he thrived apace, and brought up a family of nine sons and two daughters; all of whom, except one, he had the satisfaction to see well married and established in the world, before his death, which happened about the year eighty.—But it is now time to give you some specimens of our mode of living, which entirely corresponded with that of our neighbours in the same station.

* £27, 15*s.* 6*d.* Sterling.

† £8, 6*s.* 8*d.* Sterling.

‡ An Inventor of ye Insight Flinishing belonging to my late father.—Taken the 16th of Feb. 1746: Four beds; two fitgans; three big chests; four small chests; two stands; one amrie and two cupboards; one wooln wheel; one lint wheel; one clak reel; one big table; one oval table; one langsettle; six shires (chairs); four stools; two meal arks; three tubs; a flesh boat; four butter kitts; three coags; six milk bowies; two stone 'fluets'; two stoups; two nail potts and a kettle; one brass pan; one salt fatt; one brander; one girdle; one ladle; a sonin seive; one babrick; one meal skep; two basons; one puther (pewter) stoup and jug; 6 puther plaits: three 'lim' (?) trenchers; a 'lim' dish; 11 timber trenchers; a stoupe; 3 pigs; six plaits; six timber caps; twelve horne spoons; eight puther spoons; two dozen of bottles; cruik and clips, tongs, and flesh hook.

Our farm employed three ploughs; and, besides the master and his family, our household usually consisted of four men and three women servants. The ploughmen (as is still the practice) slept in the stable loft. *Hinds*, or married servants with separate houses, were not then common; but the shepherd had a house and kail yard allotted him as at present. When all at home, our whole family generally amounted to from fifteen to eighteen souls—a number, perhaps, somewhat more than will usually be found now on a farm of the same extent—but maintained certainly in a much more frugal manner. Every farmer then killed his own beef and mutton, brewed his own beer, and maintained his wife and children, as well as servants, on home provisions. Groceries were little used—bakers' bread very little—and butcher meat from the market not at all. In regard to the last article, the uniform practice was to kill a bullock about Martinmas, (called from that circumstance, I suppose, *The Mart*), which, being well cured, and served out with great economy, kept the house in salted beef till the end of the following autumn. Pork occasionally, with a lamb or two in their season, and *braxy* mutton at other times, contributed to assist the *Mart* in bringing round the year. To support such a family in this manner would be quite impossible now-a-days; and even then it would have been impossible, had not the whole economy of a farm-house been upon a very different footing from our present system.

Little of the jealous distinction of *ranks* which now subsists between the farming class and their hired servants, was then known. Every household formed, in fact, but one society, as well as one family. Masters and servants dined at the same table—assembled round the same fireside—and conversed together on common topics. If there was less refinement in the one class than at present, there was also less vulgarity in the other, from this intercourse; and there was unquestionably more mutual kindness and reciprocal attachment.

A description of our common mode of living in my father's time will give you a pretty accurate idea of the system that prevailed about the middle of last century. A long stout table stood near the window of the kitchen, (an apartment also sometimes called the *Ha'*, and which was contrived to serve both purposes). At meals the goodman took his seat at the head of this table; next him sat his own family and relations; and below them the servants. At dinner two or three large wooden bowls of *kail* (or Scotch broth) were first served up, of which all partook largely, with the help of coarse horn spoons, or *cutties*. When this first *course* was over, a number of wooden trenchers were placed on the board, and a moderate piece of boiled meat was set before the goodman; who, taking out a clasped knife and fork, (which he always carried in his pocket), proceeded to carve it into very small pieces, and apportion it discreetly out too his eager guests. Very few knives and forks were used—the children always, and frequently the servants, helping themselves with their fingers, as is still the practice in some foreign countries. The *kail* was then replaced on the

table, and, with abundance of barley hannocks, supplied all deficiencies, and concluded the repast.

Even in this frugal fashion, however, the family were not regaled with butcher meat every day—but only twice, or at the most, thrice a week. On the other *maigre* days, its place was supplied by cheese, butter, milk, salt herrings, oatmeal dumpling, &c. You may imagine, therefore, with what high relish the savoury morsel of the well salted *mart* was always welcomed. Our breakfast and supper uniformly consisted of oatmeal porridge. Potatoes had been but recently introduced into the country, and had scarcely come upon the farmer's table as a dainty.

During harvest we fared somewhat more sumptuously. "Kail and flesh" was then the daily fare of the whole community. Although the labour was more arduous, therefore, this period was a sort of *carnival* compared with the rigid frugality of the rest of the year. The close of autumn was celebrated by a *kirn*, or harvest home, when all the shearers, servants, and cottars, were regaled with a warm supper, in which the "great chieftain of the pudding race" always formed a prominent dish, and was washed down with a moderate libation of home-brewed beer and whisky. Music and dancing sometimes concluded the entertainment—but not in my father's house, who, being a staunch adherent to the most rigid form of Presbyterianism, had unrelentingly proscribed all "promiscuous dancing" in his family, as one of the worst of those worldly fashions "which are not convenient." For similar reasons, *Halloween* was forbidden to be held in our house. Yet, besides the *kirn*, a few old holidays were still partially observed by us; and, among these, *Hansel Monday* was never forgotten. Early on that morning, all the cottars, as well as the farm servants, assembled at the *Ha'* to partake of a hearty breakfast of fat brose, which was duly prepared for them; after which (every sort of work being laid aside, except foddering the cattle), all were left at liberty to visit their friends, or dispose of the day as they thought proper.

Except among relatives, or near friends, nothing of what is now understood by visiting, was then practised. Formal dinners and tea parties were equally unknown. The use of tea, indeed, among people of our rank, was very limited. My father contemned it as an effeminate drug; and, though he could not prevent it from gradually gaining ground with the female part of our family, he forbade his sons to partake of it, and never deigned to taste it himself except when the minister came to visit us, either privately, or in the course of his ecclesiastical visitations. On these occasions my mother's homely tea equipage was triumphantly set out in the best apartment, where, in lieu of a carpet, one of the coarser bed-coverlets was spread on the floor, below the feet of our worthy pastor, and tea and buttered *scones* were liberally handed round to old and young.

You may probably be apt to suppose that the life of a farmer must have been very dull and stupid in these times; and looking exclusively at the austere strictness of our religious observances—the general proscription of wordly amusements,

—the defective education (seldom extending beyond common English reading, with a little exercise in writing and arithmetic,) the want of books and opportunities for study—and, above all, the want of refinement, which necessarily ensued from associating with the menial servants—you may naturally picture to yourself a state of society altogether clownish, monotonous, and melancholy. Yet this would lead to a very false estimate both of their enjoyments, and their general character.

Nothing could be more erroneous, indeed, than to imagine the life of a farmer of those times unenlivened by mirth and enjoyment. We had, in fact, much more leisure, and inclination also to be merry, than is permitted to us now. Spring and autumn were the only seasons that required arduous labour in the old system of farming; and, then, these seasons came round to us with an air of more festivity—had more of a heart-stirring aspect about them—and their toils were encountered (if I may so express it) with more of a military ardour, than in these days of regular rotations, machinery, and summer fallow. At other times of the year, we took matters easy enough. The winning of peats and hay, ewe-milking, sheep-shearing, and the management of the horned cattle, occupied the lightsome days of summer. In winter, our leisure was still greater, and our enjoyments more diversified. Field sports were eagerly followed by both masters and servants, in the intervals of labour, or after the short winter yoking was over; and the obnoxious game laws were not generally enforced to restrain the peasantry from this hardy amusement. Many sports, too, now confined to children, were then occasionally practised by full grown men, with all the ardour and hilarity of boyhood. Many a time have I seen my grave worthy father toss down the football, or the *kitticat*, to us and the servant lads, and sometimes take a hearty bout at these games himself. In winter, too, we beguiled the long evenings with story-telling, ballad-singing, tales of bogles and witches, (in which all devoutly believed); and to these the wandering beggar and the pedlar, always welcome guests, added other varieties of entertainment.

Some of these amusements were rather childish, perhaps, and fit only for a rude state of society: yet, with all our modern improvements, (and we have certainly made mighty advances in many important respects,) I am inclined to consider it at least doubtful if *all* that has been abandoned of our former manners has been equally well replaced—and whether some part of our present knowledge and refinement has not been purchased by the sacrifice of qualities still more valuable. But the consideration of this question would lead to discussions too extensive for me at present to attempt.

Selkirkshire, June 25, 1818.

LETTERS FROM W. FLEETWOOD TO LORD BURGHLEY.

Dyarium, —

UPON Michaelmas even, the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Commons, admitted the new Sheriffs unto their offices and swore them, at which tyme

they appoynted Mr Bland his sonne, the Queen's skinner, to be their Under-shereff of Middlesex, who was there sworn also. Upon Michaelmas date, the aforesayd assemblie met again, and did choose a new Lord Maior, who was Mr Thomas Pulison, Alderman, at which tyme he stood up and gave the common great thankes, disabling himself, as the order is, and after hym the old Lord Maior stood up and gave them his thanks in lyke manner, &c. At after-dinner the new Shereffs received the charge of the four prison-houses from the old by indenture. In crastino Michaelis, my Lord, the Aldermen, and many of the liveries went to the Exchequer, with the new Shereffs, viz. Layne and Billingsley, where I did present them in the name of the whole citie, who there were admitted by Maister Baron Sotherton; the court being full of officers. There we did such services as appertayned, viz. in bringing a number of great horse shoes and nailes, chopping-knives, and little rodde. After this is the Maior of Oxford sworne, and is yerelie invited to dyner with the elder Shereff, and at the same tyme are invited all the officers to dyner. Thursdaie, the next daie after, we kept the generall sessions at Westminster Hall for Middlesex. Surelie it was verie great! We satt the whole daie and the next after also, at Fynsburie. At this sessions, one Copple and one Baldwen,* my Lord of Shrowsburie's gent. required me that they might be suffered to indict one Walmesley of Islynton, an Inn-holder, for scandilation of my Lord their master. They shewed me two papers. The first was under the clerk of the counsel's hand of my Lord's purgation, in the which your good Lordship's speeches are specially set downe. The second paper was the examination of divers witnesses taken by Mr Harris; the effect of all which was, that Walmesley should tell his gests openlie at the table, that the Erle of Shrowsbury had gotten the Scottish Quene with child, and that he knew where the child was christened, and it was alledged that he should further adde, that my Lord should never go home agane, with lyke wordes, &c. An indictment was drawn by the clerk of the peace, the which I thought not good to have published, or† that the evidence should be given openlie, and therefore I caused the jurie to go to a chamber, where I was, and heard the evidence given, amongst whom one Merideth Hammer, a doctor of divinitie, and vicar of Islynton, was a witness, who had delt as lewdlie towards my Lord in speeches as dyd the other, viz. Walmeslye. This doctor regardeth not an oath. Surelie he is a verie bad man; but in the end the indictment was indorsed *Billa vera*. At this sessions, one Hawtrie Smith, two of the Halls, and one mo, committed in their rage of drinke, at Brinford, a verie great riott, using most lewd wordes and threatening to Mr Halley, being a justice, and because your Lordship had latelie writt that we should not deale with the Quene's men, I did therefore state the complaynt, and caused the Brainford men and also Mr Halley to put their doliances in writing, and to sett Mr Hal-

* Thomas Baldwin, many of whose letters to his master are given in Lodge.

† Before, ere.

ley his hand to the same, the which I have sent unto Mr Vizchamberlayn, because the offenders are of the gard. At this sessions fell out a contention. The matter was this: Mr Levetenant came to my howse over night, and desired me that he might give the charge at the sessions next mornynge. I agreed, and gave hym great thankes, and immediately after came in Justice Smithe, and he required the lyke, and I with the lyke thankes yielded. These two gents went merilie home, the one not knowing the other's intention. Both of them forsook their suppers, betook themselves to their studies, and spent neere hand the whole night in traveling of the charge. The next day the levetenant made offer to give it. "Stay," saith Mr Smithe, "for I am provided." "And so am I," said the levetenant. I was with Mr Levetenant, and all the rest with Mr Smithe, and therefore he gave the charge. At dyner, Mr Levetenant wold nedes have Mr Smithe to sitt uppermost at the table's end, because he gave the charge, and to end that strife I caused Mr Deane to take that place, as the fittest person for it. And thus your Lordship may see that in all our troublesome busines we make ourself as merie as we may. Upon Saterday, at Bridwell we had a minister's wife of Cardianshire. She confessed that she was greatlie sought unto by young women, maide servaunts she meant, when they were gotten with child. She confessed that she gave them saven, &c. One Higham, an old fellow, who is both excommunicate for putting away his wife, and also for such other lyke parts, he hath this yere gotten thre of his lawndres maidens with child in the Flete, being there a prisoner. He stowteth out the matter with us, and will not fynd the children, but writeth lewd letters unto us, &c. Upon Monday, at the sessionns of gaole delivery, we had two hundred there at the least. Most of them were pilferers. We had no matters of any importance, saving that one of Mr Docwraye's sonnes, of Chamber-howe, in Barkshire, was arraigned for stealing of a portmanteo, with 84l. in the same, taken out of an inne at Bardey, but he was acquitted thereof. There are three notable thieves reprived, one called Grene, the second Salisburie, the third is one Dudley. The two first are noted to be of the companie of them that robbed Mr Cofferer, and for that cause they are to be staid to be further examined by warrant from my Lord Chamberlain. Our gaole deliverie continued three daies.

Contrast with this another:

A SCENE IN PARLIAMENT.

(Dyarium a 22 Nov. usque ad 29.)

23. First, there appeared in the Parliament-house the knights and burgesses, owt of all order, in troops, standing upon the floore making strange noises: there being not past seven or eight of the old Parliaments. After this we were all called into the Whitehall, and there called by name before my Lord Steward and the rest of the counsell. And after that we were sworne, whereby we lost the oration made by my Lord Chancellor; and after that Mr Treasurer moved the howse to make an election of a Speaker, whereupon he himself named my brother Puckeringe, who sate next

me, and there was not one word spoken. And then I said to my companions about me, "Crie, Puckering! and then they and I begynning, the rest dyd the same. And then Mr Speaker made his excuse, standing still in his place, and that done, Mr Treasurer and Mr Controller, being by me called upon, sitting neere, they rose and sett hym to hys place, where indeed they should have sett hym eyther before his speeche, or els at the begynning, and his speeche should have been before the cheare. And that done, we all departed until Thursday, that the Speaker was presented. And after his allowances and return into the court, a bill was read for order sake, touching the due observation of the Sundaies, &c. The next daye, being Fridaie, the said bill was once agayne read and committed. The committees amounted in number to sixtie at the least, all young gent. And at our meeting in the afternoon, twenti at ones did speake and there we sate talking, and dyd nothyng untill night, so that Mr Chancellor was wearie, and then departed home. Upon Saterdag there were two other bills read, which were devised by my Lord Chieff Baron, one for trials, another for demurrers, and a third as touching recusaunts. After this, Mr Chancellor used a speeche for the space of one houre and more. Mr Chancellor's speech tended to a generalitie, concluding upon the safetie of her Majestie. Mr Vizcha followed, and his speeche was above two houres: his speeche tended to particularities, and special actions, and concluded upon the Queen's Highnes' savetie. Before this tyme I never heard in Parliament the lyke matters uttered, and especially the thinges contained in the latter speeche. They were *mag-nalia regni*. After this done, committees for this cause were appointed. But for what chaunced, a lewd fellow called Robenson, free of the skynners, and borne in Stawford, satt in the Parliament House all the whole daie, and heard what was said. He was searched, and nothing found about hym. Mr Wylcks, Mr Topclyff, Mr Beale and I, were sent to searche his lodging, but we found nothing. He is in the serjeant's custody. We have made as yet no report. This morning I have examined Coffen of the gard, and he hath made confession, the which I do leave with Mr Cofferer. (Nov. 29, 1584.)

PRIORY OF ARUNDEL.

AMONG the original ecclesiastical foundations of Arundel was the Alien Priory, or Cell of St Nicholas. Roger Montgomery, who had restored the Benedictine abbey of Seez, in Normandy, granted to the monks of that establishment liberty to erect a priory within the town of Arundel; and the building having been completed, five monks from the parent abbey arrived and took possession accordingly. In the early part of the same century (1102) the priory was vacated, and the rectorial residence adjoining the church, of which William de Albini was patron, was converted into a residence for the prior and four monks. Thus occupied, it continued for two centuries to be known as the Convent or Priory of St Nicholas. But Richard Earl of Arundel having resolved to con-

nect it with the chapel of his college about to be established, obtained from King Richard II. a grant for that purpose, and on the site of the ancient priory arose the College of the Holy Trinity.

It is a quadrangular structure. On the north side was the collegiate chapel, forming an apparent chancel to the parochial church. As the collegiate church was intended to be the family sepulchre of the founder, every preparation was made to ensure its monumental splendour, and the tomb of his son, Earl Thomas, was the first of a magnificent series. No stranger can enter the chapel without being strongly impressed with the classic beauty and elaborate sculpture of its family monuments. During the civil wars of Charles I. and his Parliament, these sacred walls were given up as barracks for Waller's soldiers, and many of the sepulchral antiquities with which the place was so richly adorned were wantonly mutilated. Six monuments, however, still remain to fix the attention and excite the admiration of all who are lovers of the arts, or given to the study of Gothic remains. In the centre is that of Earl Thomas, the son of the founder, and his Countess Beatrix, daughter of John, King of Portugal. It is a large sculptured altar-tomb of alabaster, formerly painted and gilt, and adorned with the effigies of the Earl and Countess in their robes of state. A rich canopy rises behind the head, and at the feet of the Earl is a horse, the Fitzallan cognisance. At the feet of the Countess two lap-dogs hold in their mouths the extremity of her mantle. Arranged in niches around the tomb are 28 priests, each with an open book in his hand, and guarding the rim is a series of 40 family shields, originally emblazoned.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SCOTTISH JOURNAL.

SIR,—In case you should happen, in your ensuing number, to be unprovided with a legendary ballad, wild and sublime as the country in which it originates, I have ventured to send you one of Horace's Odes, as translated by Francis. I imagine you will allow it to be quite equal to the smooth and pretty, but inanimate, poetry so characteristic of the country of its production. One favour I shall presume to solicit in return: that you will exert your best energies to supply your readers with further evidence of Scottish genius. To me at least they have a charm which I can discern in no other minstrelsy, and afford a pleasure unsurpassed by the perusal of similar productions of any other portion of the kingdom.

—Yours respectfully,

D. W.

Behold Soracte's airy height,
See how it stands a heap of snow!
Behold the winter's hoary weight,
Oppress the labouring woods below!
And by the season's icy hand
Congeal'd, this lazy river stand.

Now melt away the winter's cold,
Now largely pile the cheerful fire;
Quick pierce the vintage four-year-old,
Whose mellowed heart can mirth inspire;
Then to the guardian powers divine
The cares of future life resign;

For when the warring winds arise,
And o'er the fervid ocean sweep,
They speak—and lo! the tempest dies
On the smooth bosom of the deep;
Unshaken stands the aged grove,
And feels the providence of Jove.

To-morrow; with its cares, despise,
And make the present hour thine own,
Be swift to catch it as it flies,
And serve it up as dearly won;
Nor let thy youth disdain to prove
The joys of dancing and of love.

Beneath the grateful evening shade,
The public walks, the public park;
An assignation sweetly made,
With gentle whispers in the dark:
The laugh, which from the corner flies,
To tell yon where the fair one lies;

A ring or bracelet snatch'd away,
The sportive pledge of future joy,
When she with amorous, dear delay,
Shall struggling yield the willing toy,
While age, morose, thy vigour spares,
Be these thy pleasure, these thy cares.

Varieties.

FIRST PRESENT TO THE PRINCE OF WALES.—It may not be generally known that a Mr Thompson, a gentleman of enormous fortune, residing near Hampstead, had in his possession one of the most elaborately carved and superbly decorated ancient bedsteads in this or any other country. This bedstead is said to have belonged to Cardinal Wolsey. So great is its value considered that the son of the late Mr Rothschild offered but a short time since fifteen hundred pounds for it, which large sum was refused. To give anything like an account of its exquisite workmanship would be to write a chapter of this peculiar art of the fifteenth century. It must suffice to say that it is of ebony of the closest grain, carved into figures and various devices, both at the head and foot, with surpassing skill and knowledge of what would gratify and distract the eye. To give relief to the masses of sombre ebony carving tasteful friezes and scrolls are introduced of inlaid mother of pearl and ivory, and this addition, as it were, lights up a dark and beautiful picture, and at the same time gives great finish and brilliancy to it. The cornices and testers, both at the top and round the sides, are equally elaborately executed, and the hangings are of a rich purple satin damask. This valuable piece of furniture has been made a present to the Prince of Wales, the Queen having been graciously pleased to accept it in his name. It is to be removed at once to Windsor, together with the rest of the furniture of the apartment, the latter having been built and fitted up with appropriate additions exclusively for this splendid bed. The celebrated chair of Cardinal Wolsey is included in this magnificent present, and is remarkable for the beautifully pencilled drawings upon the mother of pearl, with which it is thickly adorned. Toilet tables of the most unique character, antique presses, ancient cabinets, and easy sofas and ottomans, covered with silver brocade, add to the value of the present, and will decorate the apartment in which the bed is to be placed in the royal castle.—January, 1842.

23 "A Constant Subscriber" is informed that the "Memoir of Kirkaldy of Grange" alluded to, is to be found in Dalziel's Poems, of the sixteenth century.

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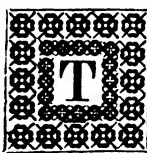
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THE PARISH CHURCH AND CHURCH-YARD OF KILBIRNIE.

BY WILLIAM DOBIE.



HE ancient parish church of Kilbirnie is situated about half a mile south of the village, at the base of a gentle rise forming the westward boundary of the fertile valley watered by the Garnock.*

The fabric is a simple oblong in form, measuring sixty-five feet in length, by twenty-nine and a half in breadth, with wings or aisles extending north and south from its eastern extremity, and a plain square tower of moderate elevation attached to the opposite gable. Both the church and tower are covered with deep roofs, and the west gable of the latter is crowned with a small belfry. The aisles, which are of unequal dimensions, have been added at different periods to the original structure, the oldest being the one projecting southwards. It is built of jointed ashlar, and ornamented with a few indifferently formed mouldings: the body of the church and the tower being of common masonry, with the quoins and facings of the apertures of roughly chiseled freestone. Over a window of this aisle, in a panel, are cut the armorial bearings of the name of Cuninghame, with the date 1597, and the letters I. C. and K. C., being the initials of Sir James Cuninghame of Glengarnock and his lady, Katherine, second daughter of William, seventh Earl of Glencairn. The north wing, which is considerably the largest, contains, besides the Crawford gallery, a private apartment and entrance lobby, and under these,

in impressive contiguity, is the family burial vault. This is the most modern and best built part of the church, having been erected by Sir John Crawford in 1642, as is testified by his initials, and the date being cut in raised characters on the gable of the aisle. That the main part of the edifice is of much older standing than the earliest of these additions seems obvious from the greater strength and simplicity of the masonry in that part of the building, and though not prepared to assign a date for its construction, yet, as the south or Glengarnock aisle was built only thirty-seven years subsequently to the Reformation, it can scarcely be doubted that the body of the structure was a place of public worship prior to that great era in the history of the country.*

The church is, however, chiefly remarkable on account of the carvings in oak with which the Crawford gallery and the pulpit are profusely decorated, and the numerous heraldic proofs on the former of the ancestral gentility of John, first Viscount Garnock, by whose commands all these adornments were executed early in the last century. The gallery in front is composed of a central part fourteen feet in length, and two less advanced ones, each of four feet; the former projecting between five and six feet into the church, and the others about two feet less. The elevation consists simply of the fronts or breasts of these divisions, and a corresponding crowning entablature. The last is supported by four Corinthian columns, two of which, sixteen feet four inches each in height, including their pedestals, rest on the floor of the church, and the others, which are only about six feet in length, stand on the extremities of the less advanced fronts. The entablature is of the most ornate description of Corinthian, every mould-

* About a mile west of the church stand the shattered ruins of Kilbirnie Place, the residence for nearly three hundred years of the Crawfords of Kilbirnie—a family, the memory of which must ever be associated with the subject of this paper. About the double of this distance from the church, northwards, on a rock overhanging the water of Garnock, are perched the still more ancient and picturesque remains of Glengarnock Castle, during several centuries “the very faire, stronge, ancient, and veill built castell of the Cuninghames, Lairds thereof,” the oldest branch of the “once fair spreading family” of Glencairn. Though in possession of the barony so lately as the early part of the seventeenth century, tradition is altogether silent regarding the place of sepulture of this stalwart race—a circumstance, indeed, that will not appear remarkable, considering that even their family name has been long forgotten in the locality. Timothy Pont, above quoted, who visited the district circa 1609, informs us, however, that Kilbirnie kirk was “the usual burial place of ye lairds of Kilburney and Glengarnock.”

* Should the fess, ermine, the bearing of the Crawfords, on the upper part of the south wall of the tower be coeval with the building, its construction cannot be referred to an earlier period than the latter part of the fifteenth century, it having been subsequent to 1470 that Malcolm Crawford of Greenock married Marjory, only daughter and heiress to John Barclay of Kilbirnie. It may be here mentioned that the armorials of Cuninghame of Glengarnock likewise occur on this part of the structure; and that the joughs, attached to its west wall, were found several years ago amongst some lumber in the tower, and have been thus preserved for the inspection and gratification of those to whom every object illustrative of the past is not without its interest. Happily, the power of inflicting so ignominious a punishment has long since passed away from the laird and the kirk-session, and our rustic population know nothing now-a-days of baronial jurisdiction or sessional inquisition.

ing of the cornice and architrave being appropriately carved, and the frieze ornamented with scrolls of foliage. A podimented compartment, formed over its centre, contains an elaborate representation of the Viscount's honours, below which the soffit of the entablature is richly sculptured with a running pattern of the vine, extending from the capitals of the principal columns to a central oval ornament.

The fronts are likewise decorated with a profusion of architectural ornament. The bounding feature of their depth, which is in all three feet seven inches, is a small enriched cornice, with a kind of Doric frieze, the metopes of which, however, have long since been despoiled of their alternating ornaments—the thistle and the rose. Above this cornice, and extending along the entire fronts, is a series of thirteen arcades springing from small pilasters placed against half columns of the Corinthian order. A richly carved composite entablature, though disproportionately deep, surmounts the miniature columns, and completes the design. This part of the elevation presents a very ornate appearance, the effect of which is considerably heightened by the shields of arms placed in the arcades. The bearings of these, with their accompanying coronets or wreaths, being sculptured as well as tinctured, not only add to the diversity of the carvings, but impart, by their bright and “various dyes,” an air of dignity and splendour to the whole interior of the lowly house of prayer. A small screen of pilasters, and other ornaments, occupying the right hand space formed by the projection of the gallery beyond the side wall of the church, as composing in some measure a part of the elevation, may be here noticed. The lower part of it consists of five small pilasters placed closely together, the centre one of which is composed entirely of waved foliage and flowers, ‘*percé à jour*’; the others are wreathed or twisted, and a third of their height, in the centre, is fluted spirally, a Viscount's coronet terminating the flutes. The pilasters carry a neatly carved entablature, over which, supported by thistles issuing from scrolls, is the figure of St Andrew bearing his cross, within an oval band, inscribed with the motto of the order, “*Nemo . me . Impune . Lacesset*.” A thistle, ensigned with an imperial crown, surmounts the band, and finishes this rich and singular composition.

The interior finishing of the gallery corresponds in style with the parts described. The walls are paneled in oak, and surmounted by a deep architrave cornice, ornamented with eight tiers of enrichments. The principal, or central ceiling, being about two feet higher than the range of this cornice, is surrounded by a congeries of mouldings, distinct alike in size and decoration from the other. The ceiling inclosed by these is thrown, by means of a few bold enriched members, into a deep compartment, much of which is covered with a centre ornament, composed of an enriched pendant, and four tapering scrolls, similarly foliated, each resembling in profile the contour of a console. The scrolls inclose rosettes, and are separated from one another by wreathed rods lying along the central length and breadth of the ornament. In the angular spaces of the compartment are placed flat mal-formed winged masks, intended to represent

the heads of cherubs, but which are among the most sorry attempts to embody this puerile invention of the Italian masters we have anywhere met with. The platfonds, right and left of this ceiling, and which are of the height of the cornice first mentioned, though small, have not been left without decided marks of the carver's patience and ingenuity. In the centre of each is a star of ten points, encircled by a row of eight raffled leaves, from between every two of which spring double stems of foliage, terminating in expanded scrolls. Detached sprigs of the like ornament occupy the angles of the platfonds instead of cherub heads, as on the other ceiling.

The front seat of the gallery is separated from that allotted to menials by a paneled partition of oak, four feet nine inches deep, on which are placed four columns, with a half one at each end, of about the same height as the incumbent partitioning. From the capitals of the columns extend pendant convolutions of foliage, and over the centre intercolumniation are affixed against the cornice and architrave his lordship's initials, interwoven with those of his lady. The characters are in full relief, and surmounted by a coronet, while below a cherub's head, with expanded wings, feigns the part of supporter. In illustration of the style of the time, it may be stated that these initials are repeated, though on a smaller scale and in a plainer form, on a cartouche at the intersection of the foliage between the capitals of the same intercolumniation. Other minor features and ornamental details we pass over, as any account of them would not render more distinct the general idea of this stately church seat, which we have in the above outline, as briefly as consistent with perspicuity, endeavoured to convey. There are, however, two paintings on the paneling of the walls at each end of the gallery, which, though but of slender artistical merits, it may be as well to mention to avoid the accusation of having overlooked. The right hand panel contains a representation of the Jewish legislator holding the Tables of the Law, and the other the High Priest, arrayed in his pontificals. Both of these paintings are so wasted that in a short time the decayed canvas will be unable to maintain its situation.

The armorial bearings, of which there are sixteen on the gallery, exclusive of two representations of the Viscount's, besides four disposed of in different parts of the church, now fall to be mentioned. Of these proofs of lineage there are thirteen in the arcades on the fronts, and five on the crowning entablature; four of the latter being placed above the capitals of the columns, and the fifth in the pediment over the centre. The last, as being the only complete achievement, as well as embodying, or representing as it were, all the other honours, claims priority of description. It is in all about three feet in height, and of a proportionate breadth, and is affixed in a slightly inclined position to the plane of the compartment. The bearings are as follow: two coats impaled, Baron and Femme; the first bears quarterly, first and fourth, azure, three cross pates, or, for Barclay; second and third, gules, a fess, cheque, argent and azure, for Lindsay; and by way of surtout, gules,

a fess, ermine, the maternal coat of Crawford: the second bears, or, a fess, cheque, azure and argent, for Stewart, his lordship having married Lady Margaret Stewart, only daughter of James, first Earl of Bute. The shield is timbered with helmet, coronet and mantling, befitting the quality of Viscount, and on a wreath of the principal tinctures of the coats, for crest, a stag's head erased proper, collared, ermine, and between his attires, or, a cross crosslet, fitché, of the last. On an escroll is the motto, "Hinc. Honor. Et. Salus." Supporters, on the dexter a man robed in green, striped with gold, and carrying on his right arm a shield charged with the fess, ermine, of the Crawfords, and on the sinister, a horse, sable, the whole standing on a compartment on which are the words, "Sine. Laba. Nota."*

The other representation of his lordship's honours alluded to, occupies appropriately the central arcade of the fronts. The bearings here are simply a repetition of the dexter coat above, viz., Barclay quartered with Lindsay, and Crawford on an inescutcheon. The shield is surmounted by a coronet only, and supported on the dexter by the like figure as on the achievement above, but on the sinister by a greyhound proper, collared, ermine: all of which rest on an escroll, on which is likewise inscribed for motto, "Hinc. Honor. Et. Salus." The eight shields of arms, including two on the entablature to the right of the armorials just described, present so many proofs of the illustrious descent of the Viscount by the maternal side of his house, and the like number, to the left, his still more noble lineage paternally.† The right hand series bear the following armorial ensigns, to the blazon of each of which is annexed the affinity to his lordship, as well as the name of the personage thus represented, so far at least as we have been able to ascertain them.

1st, Crawford and Barclay quarterly: Crawford as before, but Barclay with the addition of a chevron, or, between the three cross pattées of the same tincture.‡ The Viscount's mother, Margaret, se-

cond daughter of Sir John Crawford of Kilbirnie.

2d, Or, an eagle displayed, azure, beaked and membered, gules. Mother's mother, Magdalene, second daughter to David Lord Carnegie, eldest son of David, first Earl of Southesk.

3d, Argent, a shakefork sable. Grandfather's mother, Mary, daughter of James, seventh Earl of Glencairn.

4th, Quarterly, first and fourth, gules, on a chevron, between three cinque foils, pierced, ermine, a buckle, azure, between two spots of the second, within a bordure, or, charged with eight thistles proper, for Hamilton of Innerwick; second and third, argent, a fess waved between three roses, gules, as a coat of augmentation for the title of Melrose. Grandmother's mother, Margaret, daughter of Thomas, first Earl of Haddington.

5th, Argent, a saltier and chief, azure, the first charged with five mascles of the field. Great-grandfather's mother, Margaret, third daughter of John Blair of Blair. This bearing seems erroneous alike in the charges and tinctures, and represents neither Blair of Blair, as was meant, nor any other name, or family, that we are aware of in Scotland. Blair of Blair, one of the most ancient families in the west of Scotland, was in use to carry, till circa 1730, one coat only, viz. argent, on a saltier, sable, nine mascles of the first; and such, questionless, ought to have been this bearing. That these mistakes, and others previously noticed, should have been allowed to remain uncorrected, cannot be easily reconciled with the heraldic acumen ascribed in the foregoing note to the first coroneted chief of his family.

6th, Quarterly, first and fourth, gules, a fess cheque, argent and azure, for Lindsay; second and third, or, a lion rampant, gules, debased with a ribbon, sable, for Abernethy, and on an inescutcheon the ensign of a Baronet of Nova Scotia. We have been unable to ascertain any thing whatsoever relative to these bearings. If correctlyazoned, the affinity of the baronet they represent with the Crawfords of Kilbirnie, could not have been prior to 1625, the period of the institution of this order of knighthood.

* Lest the accuracy of any part of the above blazon should be called in question, we shall briefly notice what appears to be three errors committed in the 'getting up' of this handsome achievement. The first is the omission in the sinister coat of the double tressure flowered and counter-flowered with fleur-de-lis, gules, assumed by the first Earl of Bute in addition to the simple coat of Stewart. The second is in the tincturing of the supporter of this coat, viz., a horse, sable, whereas in the Bute achievement, from which it is taken, and of which it is the dexter supporter, the horse is argent, bridled gules: and thirdly, the mantlings, which are or, doubled sable, appear to be faulty, inasmuch as they are not of the tinctures of the arms within the shield, as was the rule of old with us, nor are they agreeable to the English practice, which of late, "says Nisbet, our heralds have followed, who have all the mantlings of gentlemen and knights red without, and lined or doubled with white within, and those of dignified nobility also red but doubled ermine."

† The right hand position assigned to the female side of the house, so unusual in the marshalling of arms, is explained by the settlement of Sir John Crawford, (maternal grandfather of the Viscount,) who entailed the estate of Kilbirnie on his second daughter, Margaret, and her husband, the Honorable Patrick Lindsay, on the condition that he should assume the surname and arms of Crawford.

‡ In reference to the bearings of the Barclays of Kil-

birnie, Nisbet, in his "Essays on the Ancient and Modern use of Armories," chap. vii. p. 108., makes the following observations: "Malcolm Crawford of Greenock, a branch of the old family of Crawford of London, Hereditary Sheriffs of Ayr, carried, gules, a Fess, Ermine, marry'd Marjory, Daughter and sole heir of John Barclay, Baron of Kilbirny, in the reign of King James III., and got with her that Barony, who carried, azure, a chevron betwixt three cross pattées, argent, which were impaled with his arms as Husband and Wife, and afterwards quartered as on their Seal of Arms; but the cross pattées of Barclay were so unskillfully cut that they were taken by those not well seen in Armorial Figures for Mollets, which, as I am informed, were sometimes quartered with Crawford, and sometimes composed by the Heads of the Family, and its Cadets, till John, first Viscount of Garnock, marshalled and represented them aright, thus, quarterly, 1st and 4th, Gules, a Fess, ermine, for Crawford; 2d and 3d azure, a chevron betwixt three Cross Patees, argent, for Barclay."

Our great heraldic authority is, however, himself incorrect both here and in his 'System of Heraldry,' in assigning argent as the metal of the charges in the coat armorial of the Barclays of Kilbirnie; at least every other writer on the "Art Noble" that we have consulted, blasons the chevron and cross pattées of the bearing in question or.

7th, Quarterly, first and fourth, girony of eight pieces, or and sable, for Campbell; second, or, a fess, chequé, azure and argent, for Stewart of Lorn; third, argent, a lymphad, sable, with oars in action. Grandfather's grandmother, Margaret, daughter of Sir Colin Campbell of Glenurchy.

8th, Argent, three bay leaves slipt, vert. Grandmother's grandmother, a daughter of Foulis of Collington.

The symbolical proofs, &c., of noble descent on the father's side are as follows:—

1st, Quarterly, first and fourth counterquartered, Crawford and Barclay as before; second, gules, a fess, chequé, argent and azure, and in chief three stars of the second, for Lindsay of the Byres; third, the single coat of Lindsay. Father of the Viscount, the Honourable Patrick Lindsay, second son of John, fourteenth Earl of Crawford and first of Lindsay.

2d, Quarterly, first and fourth, gules, three cinque foils pierced, ermine, for Hamilton; second and third, argent, a ship with her sails furled up, sable, for the title of Arran: surrounded with the principal ensign of the most noble Order of the Garter. Father's mother, Margaret, second daughter of James, second Marquis of Hamilton.

3d, Armorial the same as No. 4th on the right. Grandfather's mother, Christian, daughter of Thomas, first Earl of Haddington.

4th, Armorial the same as No. 3d on the right. Grandmother's mother, Anne, fourth daughter of James, seventh Earl of Glencairn.

5th, Quarterly, first and fourth, argent, on a bend, azure, three buckles, or, for Leslie; second and third, or, a lion rampant, gules, debriused with a ribbon, sable, for Abernethy. Great-grandfather's mother, Euphame, daughter of Andrew, fifth Earl of Rothes.

6th, Argent, a lion rampant, azure, armed and langued, gules, within a double tressure, flowered and counterflowered with fleur-de-lis, of the last. Great-grandmother's mother, Margaret, daughter of John, sixth Lord Glamis.

7th, Argent, three cinque foils, vert, within a bordure, gules. Grandfather's grandmother, a daughter of Borthwick of Newbyres.

8th, Armorial the same as No. 7th on the right. Grandmother's grandmother, Margaret, daughter of Sir Colin Campbell of Glenurchy.

Besides the above illustrations of the ancestral dignity of the house of Garnock on the gallery, there are on other parts of the church three repetitions of the conjoined bearings of Crawford and Lindsay. One of these, which is a painting in oil, and an exact transcript of the armorials in the central arcade, is on the front of a loft running across the western portion of the church, erected some seventy years ago. The second is on the pulpit, and bears simply the impaled coats of Crawford and Lindsay. The other is suspended over the Glengarnock aisle, and the shield, which is of an oval form, is tastefully inwreathed with palms, and ensigned with a Viscount's coronet, the bearings in every respect being the same as those first referred to. An empty picture frame, affixed against the moulding, above the armorials last noticed, contained, until lately, a beautiful specimen of the ornamental cipher, of

which there was occasion to mention two examples among the carvings. The one in question was a painting, or in other words, the letters J. C. M. S., composing it, were in gold, artistically shadowed on canvas of a bright blue colour. On its falling down, the cloth, when handled, crumbled into dust; and thus, as in countless similar cases, was lost that which, by a little timely attention, might have still withstood the wasting influence of many years. . . . In a state of decay, fast verging to the like condition, though their disappearance will not excite so much regret, are two funeral escutcheons placed against the opposite side walls of the church. That to the right of the Crawford gallery retains only one of its ghastly mementos, while of the other, which was probably put up on the demise of the first Viscount, one half of its blighted quarterings still retain their places, the number, form, and arrangement of which appear to have been, of course, precisely the same as those on the gallery.

There remains yet one coat armorial to be noticed before closing this part of our subject. Besides the peculiarity of being the only one within the church unconnected with the house of Garnock, its date shows it to be of considerably older standing than the more elaborately insculped and artfully emblazoned armorials of that family. It is cut on the back of the Ladyland family pew, and occupies only the dexter side of the shield, the other half having been left plain. The bearing is a mullet between three cinque foils, but the bordure, waved, the special mark of difference of Hamilton of Ladyland, has been omitted.* Over the shield is the date July, 1671, in raised characters, but the initials W.—C.—I.—G., planted against its sides, are those of the father and mother of the late Mr Cochran of Ladyland, and must have been put there since 1756, the year of their marriage.

[To be continued.]

THE ROYAL INFIRMARY, EDINBURGH.

[Continued from our last.]

NOTWITHSTANDING the liberality already noticed, the supplies afforded by the friends of the Institution in Scotland were found insufficient to provide all the accommodation originally contemplated. In this emergency, the Managers wisely decided upon making their wants generally known. This they could do the more boldly that, by their regulations, the Infirmary is open to the sick poor from all parts of the world. They accordingly dispersed copies of their plan, with a statement of their wants, throughout England, Ireland, and the British plantations—and were so happy as to find “considerable remittances,” showing that the sympathies of the benevolent in these quarters had not been solicited in vain. Another source of revenue, after the Institution was fairly set a-going, was derived from the fees of the students connect-

* “Hamilton of Ladyland, descended of the family of Torrence, a Cadet of Hamilton, now Duke of Hamilton, gules, a mullet between three cinque foils, all within a bordure, waved, argent. Lyon Office.”—Nisbet, vol. i. p. 171.

ed with the medical school in the University. It was then, under such professors as Dr Munro, and other eminent gentlemen, in the most prosperous condition. On the payment of a small gratuity yearly, the Managers permitted the students to attend the Infirmary, thereby, besides doing good to the Institution, benefiting the students. Before this period the medical curriculum contained no such thing as clinical lectures;—a want which had been long grievously felt.*

That part of the house which had been first founded, was opened for the reception of patients in December, 1741. The building consists of four stories, with cellars and garrets. According to records in our possession, the main or middle portion is 210 feet in length, and 36 in breadth, from which stretch out at right angles two wings equal in height to the main body; one on the east, and the other on the west, 70 feet in length and 24 in breadth. On the ground floor there is a spacious lobby or entrance; on the second floor, the managers' room; on the third, a consulting room for the physicians and surgeons, and a waiting room for the students; and on the attic, a large theatre, in which upwards of 200 students can find accommodation when called to witness operations, and which was made to serve the purpose of a chapel. Over this theatre there is a cupola, which is occasionally employed as an astronomical observatory, having windows facing the four quarters of our hemisphere. In the ground floor there were originally twelve cells for cases of *delirium tremens*, but as so many were found unnecessary, a few of them were converted to other uses, viz. two kitchens, larder, pantry, porter's, and other small apartments adjoining, laboratory and all its conveniences, and rooms for storing provisions. On this floor there are also a dining-room, the matron's apartments, those necessary for the physicians and surgeons' clerks, the apothecaries' assistants, &c. These last

* "While the more humble members thereof receive direct relief from the Infirmaries, these institutions prove beneficial to society at large, by the singular advantages which they present for the improvement of medical knowledge. Within a small compass, much more practice can be seen by a medical student, than by going round amongst the dwelling houses of the patients. Thus a larger portion of his time can be devoted to reading and other studies. With all the trouble and time he could expend, it would be impossible for him to see the same variety in private practice, as at an Infirmary. He not only sees those who are under the care of the physician and surgeon whom he follows; but an extraordinary case within the walls becomes generally talked of: and interesting surgical cases spontaneously strike the eye. The establishment of clinical lectures on the diseases of the patients, gives that completion to the knowledge of the student, which can only be obtained by a perfect combination of the theory with the practice—with the actual exemplification of the healing of disease, and the changes produced by remedies. The interests of the patients are not sacrificed to the object of medical instruction. On the contrary, they mutually promote one another. A practitioner who treats his patients in so public a manner, and lays himself under the pledge of explaining his reasons for every thing that he does, and for every omission, solicits new motives for the excitement of his diligence, and declines to screen his errors under those ambiguous pretexts for which private practice furnishes so ready opportunities."—Brewster's *Eucy. Article Infirmary*.

are so conveniently constructed that on any sudden call from the nurses, the clerks can be in immediate attendance. In the wards usually allotted to the patients, 288 individuals can be accommodated; every patient having a separate bed, at the head of which is attached a press for storing medicine and clothing. It is wisely provided that those who are under critical maladies, or who have undergone dangerous operations, should be lodged as far as possible from the more noisy parts of the house. On the same floor, a ward is appropriated for those who demand the care of the professor of midwifery. Twelve beds are in the salivating wards, set apart for such females as unhappily require this treatment, and who, for the best of motives, are not permitted to associate with the more virtuous portion of the establishment. The grounds around the Infirmary consist of two acres, laid out on the south into grass walks, for the convenience of the convalescent, the whole having a free and open exposure, with public gardens at each end, and a gravel walk parallel to the body of the house. The establishment is supplied with water from the city reservoir; and is happily in the most efficient state of ventilation.

We cannot recount the many instances of friendly feeling which from all quarters were shown an institution so calculated, as the foregoing details set forth, to benefit society. In 1742, the Earl of Hopeton assigned £400 sterling to be paid over to the Managers of the Infirmary, portioned out, as his last will and testament bears, in four different ways, for the good of the Institution. In the year 1743–4, the sick soldiers of the regiments quartered in the castle were accommodated, much to the satisfaction of all parties, with apartments that had till then been unoccupied. In the tumultuous times of 1745–6, its affairs, as did all other interests in the country, got unavoidably into confusion, and the house was necessarily converted into a great hospital for the reception of sick and wounded soldiers, to whom the utmost attention was paid. The surgeon-apothecaries had, since 1729 till 1748, given their attendance gratuitously, and on the same honourable principle had distributed the necessary medicines out of their own private shops. Very properly it was deemed by the Managers that, as not fewer than forty patients generally were in the house, this was too great an outlay for the surgeon-apothecaries, however generous; and on this account a laboratory was ordered to be fitted up in the establishment, and, according to the most accredited pharmacopoeias of the age, provided with a sufficiency of stores. At the end of 1748, after paying the area, building, furniture, &c., the stock of the Infirmary was found to be £5000 sterling; and in the year following, we find that forty patients, on an average, had been accommodated in the house. Sick poor, though not wishing to become resident patients, were invited to apply for advice on Mondays and Fridays, and were, in cases of need, admitted as supernumeraries at the rate of 6d. per day. But notwithstanding the large pecuniary proceeds to which we have referred, the Hopetonian bequest, the annual contributions of

the Assembly, and the amount from students' fees : these were found by no means adequate to supply the wants of the Institution. At this juncture, application was made to the benevolent public for an increase of their charity. The appeal was warmly responded to, and, besides money, it was gratifying to find the Institution supplied with various descriptions of victuals, coals, candles, linens, and many other items, so useful to the establishment. Liberty was obtained to deposit all the dead in Lady Yester's Churchyard, only separated from the Institution by a narrow street. In 1750, a legacy from Dr Archibald Kerr, of Jamaica, fell into the hands of the Managers, amounting to £218, 11s. 5d. annually, derived from property in that island. Hitherto, the physicians had, with the most exemplary fidelity, attended the patients by rotation. In January, 1751, the ordinary Managers being empowered by the general Court of Contributors, selected Dr David Clerk and Dr Colin Drummond, physicians in ordinary, with a small salary of £30 annually. The College made offer to the Managers of the continuation of their services, together with those of the ordinary physicians, which were gladly accepted. Though the practice has fallen into disuse, they were long continued in monthly rotation. It was left to the option of the two ordinary physicians to visit the patients either conjointly, or by each taking his own department. The latter course was adopted, though in doubtful matters they always had mutual consultations. It was their duty to sign the tickets of admission and dismissal. In case of any unforeseen occurrences, or dangerous distemper, the matron or clerks were permitted to use this authority—the physicians on their arrival, however, were expected to append their signatures to the tickets. The good economy of the house from the first induced the Managers to appoint two of their number to visit the Institution once every month, who were enjoined to inquire how far the patients were contented with their treatment, and to note what they found inconsistent with the ordinary regulations—their remarks to be entered in a book of reports, to come under review at the first meeting of Managers. Considerable abuses having prevailed in furnishing medicine to the out-door patients, greatly detrimental to the finances of the house, the Managers, in 1754, ordered that the distribution should be made more sparingly, and on a more judicious footing. "Application having been made for the invalide-money to be given to the Royal Infirmary, the Lords of the Treasury did, accordingly, in the beginning of the year 1755, agree to give this money, amounting to £8000, to the town of Edinburgh, on condition that the town should pay to the Royal Infirmary the interest of that sum at three and a-half per cent. In consequence of this, the Managers were obliged to keep sixty beds for the reception of sick soldiers, each of whom to pay to the Infirmary fourpence per day during his residence in the house—that money being stopped out of his pay."* In 1755, not including the Kerr bequest, or the invalide-money, which last had not been received, the neat stock of the

Infirmary amounted to £7056, 12s. 10d. sterling. The expenses of the whole fabric, as it then stood, with adjacent buildings and some needful repairs, amounted to £12,294, 14s. 4d. sterling. Application was this year made to the Town-Council, as well as to the Presbytery of the Established Church, to raise money at their several churches and chapels to provide a ward for sick *servants*—which has been found one of the most useful in the house. About the end of the same year, the Managers came into the possession of the invalide-money, the three and a-half per cent. on which was, according to bond and disposition, to be paid over to them by the Magistrates, at the terms of Martinmas and Whitsunday, by equal portions.

All along, the ministers of the city had, by monthly rotation, conducted the religious services. But, about the middle of 1756, the Managers proceeded to appoint a regular chaplain to the hospital, whose duty it was to preach every Sabbath in the theatre of the house, which, besides being used for chirurgical operations, was employed as a chapel. He had, moreover, to say prayers twice a week, and to hold himself in readiness to wait, when called, upon dying patients.* According to the order of the Managers several years before, a statue of his Gracious Majesty George II., in whose reign, and under whose auspices this Institution began to flourish, was brought from London, and erected between the two middle pillars above the great entry, where it still stands. On the pedestal there is this inscription : "GEORGIUS REX." On the front of the building, two very appropriate mottoes may still be read—"I was sick, and ye visited me"—and, "I was naked, and ye clothed me." A number of soldiers, in a state of great sickness and lameness, being disbanded upon the reduction of the army in summer 1763, applied for admission to the hospital. An extraordinary meeting of the Managers having been called, their application was granted, though the Managers considered themselves under no obligation to do so. In due time they were found able to return to their respective abodes. This year, Dr Adam Austin, in pursuance of an appointment he had received from the Commander-in-Chief, commenced a regular visitation of the military wards, and to make a due report thereof to the Adjutant-General. The neat stock of the Infirmary was found, not including the Jamaica estate, to amount to £23,426, 2s. 2d.

The Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons had been in the habit of giving their services in monthly rotation : but, this being found liable to great inconvenience, the Managers selected two

* Now, in 1848, the chaplain is required, according to regulations put into his hand, daily to read a portion of the scriptures, and engage in devotional exercises in every ward of the house ; duties which occupy generally five hours—he has also every evening to meet with the convalescent patients in the chapel for religious duties—and to be ready when called to wait upon the sick or the dying. In addition, he has to preach every Sabbath afternoon and evening, in the chapel, to the patients who are allowed to attend, and to the nurses and servants. Sixteen years ago, a few christian friends engaged a city missionary, at their own private expense, to assist the chaplain in his labours, whose services the Managers gladly allowed. These conjoint services have been found of great importance to the Institution.

* History of the Royal Infirmary.

regular physicians, and four surgeons, to whom they committed these various departments. These four surgeons, named substitutes, had to divide the year equally, so that each had his own quarter; the other surgeons, or ordinaries of the incorporation, attended by monthly rotation. The four substitutes, besides their quarterly attendance, had likewise their monthly courses with the rest, and when the month of any of the four fell in with his quarter, then, either the next substitute in order was to become his assistant, or he was to apply for the assistance of another for that month, that the attendance of two might at no time be wanting in the Infirmary. Besides these, the substitutes were enjoined by the Managers to be present at all consultations—to take charge of the dressers and dressings, the records of the chyrurgical cases kept by the surgeons' clerks, the inspection of the laboratory, the keeping in due order the instruments for the use of the house, &c.; and to each of these four surgeons was assigned a salary exactly proportioned to what the Institution could allow;—all which was enacted in 1766. After a trial of these regulations, and finding them not working well, a committee was appointed to confer with the Managers, and in 1769 the matter of difference, though somewhat long in dependence, was at length mutually adjusted. Under the proposed new arrangement, one of the substitutes was to be changed annually, and his place supplied by a brother duly elected from the Incorporation of Surgeons, according to seniority—at least in the order in which they could find any disposed to accept of the trust: all this was to be done under the authority of the Managers, and continue in force until they saw cause to alter it. On the 18th July, 1768, Dr John Hope, Professor of Botany, was elected instead of Dr David Clerk, lately deceased, Physician to the Hospital. This year, owing to certain dangers to which the house had been exposed from lightning, it was furnished with a conductor, which went from top to bottom. During these years, the ordinary patients, not including soldiers, or servants, averaged about 60; but the funds having assumed a more hopeful condition, it was found that 80 might readily be accommodated. If the physicians, on a due consideration of certain cases, thought otherwise, no more was to be admitted, and those taken in, as long as they remained supernumeraries, were expected to pay 6d. *per day*. On the 2d August, 1773, Dr John Steedman was elected in the room of Dr Drummond, in consequence of the removal of the latter to Bristol, which office, owing to infirm health, he retained only till October, 1775; on which Dr Black was unanimously elected in his stead; but finding, after a few weeks' trial, that his other duties would not permit him to give all the attention to the Infirmary which it required, Dr Hamilton was appointed to be his successor. The Managers had re-elected Dr Steedman to co-operate with Dr Black, and afterwards with Dr Hamilton. These high appointments were the more anxious to record, so as to render manifest how auspiciously, even then, the Infirmary was provided with medical and surgical advisers. That we may form some estimate of the good accomplished, we may note that, from 1770 to

1775, the numbers admitted yearly, at an average, amounted to 1567 one-sixth, and the number of deaths to 63 one-sixth; that is, leaving out the fractional parts, the deaths were to the numbers admitted as 1 to 25—a proportion extremely small. Such has been the excellent treatment experienced in the Infirmary, that parties, ever since its institution, have been known to seek a refuge within its walls from the most remote parts of the three kingdoms—from Shetland to Cornwall—and even from almost all foreign countries. As the harvest season approached, great bands of Highlanders, in search of labour, came to the south—not a few of whom fell sick, and found it necessary to enter the Infirmary. Few have experienced the advantages of this Institution more than soldiers, who, on account of debility or lameness, and various other causes, were totally unfit for military duty. When, in 1778, the records were drawn up to which we have been indebted for these details, it was found that, though the funds of the Infirmary had exceeded the most sanguine expectations of its friends, yet its annual revenue was no more than what its current expenses required. The number of the patients, with their necessary attendants, made up a family of 230. Even then, the Managers could not conceal their well-grounded fears that, if a charitable public did not prevent their realization, and, if sickness in the rural districts increased, they behoved either to limit admissions or encroach upon their capital stock—any one of which courses they were extremely unwilling to undertake. At this time, so amply had accommodation been provided that two wards, capable of receiving 50 patients, additional to those usually in the house, remained still unoccupied. The Royal Infirmary was thus justly entitled to be brought prominently before the public, as deserving the amplest provision for carrying out its benevolent object.

On this broad principle of benevolence, so much in unison with the Christian sympathies which, as we have already seen, led to its erection, did those honoured men in the management lay its claims once more before the public. "It would be a subject of great regret were a work, provided otherwise to do so much good, to fall into decline," the Report appropriately urges, "when the public may be supposed to stand most in need of it—in times of general sickness and dearth of provisions"—an announcement which, however applicable to the state of things in 1778, may with far more justice be applied to the calamitous state of things in 1848. Loud is the call which, at the moment we are giving these details, the charitable public are daily hearing from the walls of the same Institution, to put it amply in the power of the Managers to accommodate the unprecedented number of sick poor that are hourly applying for relief from one of our most inveterate maladies.

There is now (1843) living at Hildhausen, in Silesia, a man named Hans Hertz, of the extraordinary age of 142 years. He has not spoken for six years, but communicates his wants by inarticulate sounds, which are understood only by those who are constantly in attendance upon him.

SINGULAR LETTER FROM THE EARL OF TWEEDDALE TO OLIVER CROMWELL.

[This letter appears in No. 2 of the 'Public Intelligencer,' a newspaper printed at London "by Henry Hills, living at the sign of Sir John Oldcastle, near Pye Corner."]

A letter hath been written by the Lord Tweeddale, a Scottish Lord, to his Highness, upon occasion of a pamphlet that was published a while since, wherein the said Tweeddale's name was mentioned; which pamphlet was entituled, a Short Discovery of His Highness, the Lord Protector's intentions, touching the Anabaptists in the army, upon which there are thirty-five queries propounded for his Highness to answer.

The letter followeth as it was written:—

May it please your Highness,

Amongst the bad accidents of my life (as who will excuse himself) I account it not a small one, that my name is used to a Forgery, wherein many bitter expressions is cast upon your Highness, and the present government; and though God has raised your thoughts above the consideration of such, that possibly it neither has, nor should come to your knowledge bot for my boldness in the way I take to vindicate myself, and bear testimony against such an untruth as is contained in a printed paper relating a discourse of your Highness to me, the falshood of the thing being sufficiently known to your Highness. All I say for myself is, that if I had been a persone to whom your Highness had communicat any purpose of importance in reference to the Government, I wold not have been so unworthy of your favour, as to have divulged it without your Highness order of licens, much less to the prejudice of the peace and quiet of the people, or fomenting the jealousies of any. And I beseech your Highness to give this charity to my discretion or good consens I desire to keep towards all men; and likewise excuse the presumption of

Your Highness'

most dutifull and humble servant,

TWEEDDALE.

Edenbrought,
September 22, 1655.

THE LAST SPEECH AND CONFESSION OF EDWARD ASH,

Who was executed at Glasgow upon the 9th of April, 1718, for the murder of William Douglas and James Lang.*

It is customary from men under my wofull circumstances, to show to the world, partly the occasion, that it might be exemplary to others. Therefore I have taken into consideration the weakness of my memory, together with the thoughts of that dismal hour; knowing that all my spectators could not be truly sensible of my utterance, therefore I have referr'd it to writing, that many might see into it, and take up the right application thereof from the hand of a dying man.

I now consider that I shall in a short time give up my accompts to the great God who gave me a being in the world, and I now prize it as no small happiness that I had a sight of my sins; and I hope a hearty contrition for the same, by the great endeavours of the good ministers and other good Christians, which were very attentive to fulfill that great work, by the blessing of God, to me.

I think it convenient to shew forth my unexpressed sorrow in being guilty of the blood of William Douglas and James Lang, and that to my knowledge I never saw either of them: moreover, I think it convenient to let the world understand that I never designed to have taken the life of either of these two men: but unfortunately coming with my brother near the Cross, in order to go to my quarters, there called me by name Isobel Mitchel. I answered her, where she had been. She told me she had been waiting there an hour for me, for she had a mind to converse with me, which she durst not do in the presence of her mistress. Then I told her that I was going to my quarters, and asked her if she could come part of the way: she said she could, all the way, and tarry till eleven o'clock, this being about seven.

Then coming on the way, we went into an house in the New Wind, where we tarried until we had drunk one quart of ale; then we came to my quarters; and then taking her up into the window, there happened to see me a man from the street, who came in, and seeing me, told me I had a woman in the room, counseling me that I might refrain the like; he having some drink in his hand, drank to me, which I received and thanked him: then I returned into my room and hid the woman with the covering: the gentleman being gone, my landlady and her daughter came into the room after a very rude manner, and demanded the woman, protesting that they would, together with the neighbourhood, make an example of her. Then my brother and I entreated that they might let her go unmolested, but she proceeded more in her rudeness, sending a little boy out, bidding him make a narration in the street, and going herself to the door, or stear head, expressing these words several times, "Rise boys, rise:" then I opened the window and looked out, which was depon'd that I precented my gun out of the window, (which is false); then I went to the stearhead, and saw some people gathering about the door, then I came in and told my brother, bidding him charge his piece with a brace of balls (which they depon'd that my brother bid me charge, which was false). The word was suddenly said, but it was I that spoke the word.

Then I went down and took the woman with me, and left her at the west port, and turning bak, near the house, heard a great noise of strokes giving in the house, and I conjectured they had killed my brother. I fired the shot with an intent to have wounded them in the legs or shins, (and they depon'd that I put my gun up to my eye and took aim, but I declare that the butt of my gun, when the shot went off, was near my knees). I am not justifying myself, nor do I think that I am free of the guilt, yet I confess

* From the original in the Advocate's Library.

that I met with hardship in my tryal by my landlady and her daughter, whose harsh and provoking speeches chiefly caused the death of these two innocent men, for which I die.

Likewise I am sensible, that one cause of her cruelty was, she found that morning I had got a piece of money, and because she had it not all drunk in her house, she sought revenge, which she obtained, to my hard and miserable fortune.

O when I made that unhappy motion, my chief adversary, the devil, soon fulfilled the work, and the balls were directed the ready road to my hard and miserable fate. I oftentimes before suffered his temptations in me, by indulging many fleshly lusts. It was reported by many people in this town, that I or my brother had been guilty of murdering a woman before in Hamilton, but as I shall answer to God, I never was in Scotland till August last, 1717: nor am I guilty of the like anywhere. Neither am I guilty of incest, as many people talk: I am heartily sorry that I have been the cause that Francis Ash and his two sisters have been villified and reproached for me, but I declare that I never saw anything be them, or in his house, but what was good. They reproved me continually for swearing, begging that I would not direct no discourse to the prentice, Isobell Mitchell, for fear I should be blamed for bringing her up in that sinfull course of swearing.

I think it necessary to admonish those that has a prospect of life in this world, especially these in the army. There is no man has more time than they have to make their calling and election sure, and to disciple themselves in Christ than they; and to my sad experience, there is none (for the plurality of them) that minds it less. It's my desire, as a dying man, that they may not mock at religion, or scorn religious persons in their duty, or count them precise; but that ye may be diligent in the service of God, lest he give ye up to the lusts of your own flesh, and the devil get the mastery over you; and that you may not have that to say, which King Saul said, "the Philistines be on me, and the Lord has departed from me."

O be diligent in attending divine service, and keeping holy the Lord's day. When one gathering sticks on the Lord's day deserved death, much more have I deserved, that have never kept a Sabbath since I came to the knowledge of a youth, but whoring and drinking, cursing and swearing, till, by the justice of the great God, I am vanquished. My body has been a Sodom drowned in sin. I have defiled, with hellish corruptions, the image and handy work of God, and made it a nest of devils. That when I think of the loathsomeness of my sins, which formerly I took pleasure in, I am rushed into desperation; but returning to the sweet invitations that our blessed Lord holdeth forth to the greatest sinners, that is to lay hold on him by faith.

O let women, my former adoration, look to my ruin, and many others' ruin, caused by them, together with our first mother's sin, that it may hinder them of their being too flexible in protesting their bodies to the downfall of many one.

One of the speakers in court was pleased to say,

that it had not been the first time that me and my brother had been before a judge or jury; but I declare I never was tried in any case before, neither by civil or military, and several other stories; but my charity supports me in them. I am not a Papist as it's said; I was brought up in the way of the Church of England, though an unworthy member. I am not unwilling to die, for I owe my life in justice, and having no city of refuge to fly unto, but the death of that blessed High Priest, Christ Jesus, and his meritorious agony, to be the end of my fleshy hardships. The chief point of my hope is, that the Lord did not continue my heart hardened in sin. I wish my death may be a profitable sacrifice to others. If these few lines could reach over all Christendom, it would meet with many that could not but own it to be a spectacle to discern their way of living by.

I die in perfect charity with all men, forgiving all them that hath wronged me, as I desire forgiveness from God. As for the woman that was with me that night, when I committed that horrid murder, I never had carnal dealings with her in my life. I am sorry for all the transactions of my life, especially for this crime which I am now to suffer for. My disobedience to my parents, which is a crying sin, is a great grief to me. I am heartily sorry for being the cause of bringing my poor brother to be named in the action, knowing his innocency in the matter.

I have no more to say, but do beg that you may take warning by me, and wisheth that you may shun all appearance of evil. So I leave you to the mercy of God, in whose hands I commit my soul. O Father, receive your poor prodigal now coming to Thee, poor and naked I am, hungry and cold, cast me not away or I perish. I know thou art mercifull, and aboundeth in mercy. O let me obtain mercy through the intercession of thy blessed Son, Jesus Christ. Amen.

EDWARD ASH.

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE EXECUTION OF THE REGICIDES—1660.

[From a newspaper entitled "The Parliamentary Intelligencer," No. 37.]

Monday, October 15.

To-day, Mr John Carew was executed within the Rails where Charing-Cross stood. Before his execution, he spake much like what he did at his Arraignment, and that was after the rate and manner of Thomas Harrison. He quoted several places out of the Apocalyps, neither gave nor asked forgiveness of any friend or enemy. After he was hanged and cut down, he was quartered, and his quarters conveyed back on the same hurdle that brought him from Newgate.

While Mr John Carew was executed, Daniel Axtel, heretofore called Col. Axtel, was arraigned at Justice-Hall before his Majesty's commissioners of Oyer and Terminer, where, by divers witnesses, it was proved, That he guarded that abominable High court of Justice at the King's tryal. That when Bradshaw said his late Majesty was charged by and in the name of the people of England, and a Lady from the Gallery crying out it was a lie,

and not half the people, Axtel then gave command to his soldiers, that if one word more was spoken they should shoot her.* Whereupon the soldiers mounted the muzzles of their Muskets toward that place: that he stroke his soldiers for not crying out Justice against the King; and on the day when his Majesty was sentenced, he incited his soldiers to cry out Execution, Execution! That he commanded Lashuw Axtel to teach the Executioner, and was very active about the King's death. That he carried 16 or 17 soldiers, who formerly had served the King, to be examined by Cork as witnesses against His Majesty, compelling them to examination, being strangely eager to find out witnesses against the King. That he was one of the five who managed the King's Execution.

To which charge, upon oath, he answered, that he was a commissioned Officer under the Lord Fairfax, as he had been before under the Earl of Essex, and by commission was to obey his superior Officer, who commanded him that day to Westminster hall, according to the customs of war; so that he had disobeyed his superior Officer then he had died, and now must die for not obeying him.

But the Court told him he might have refused without any danger as well as Colonel Huncks, and that passive as well as active obedience was required from every man; and that neither his, nor his imperial Officer's Commission, bid him kill his Father, much less the Father of his Country. As for the Muskets mounted towards the Lady, he said, that if a Lady grew uncivil to disturb the court, he could do no less than check her—so he called shooting her dead. That his striking the soldiers for not crying Justice was a mistake, for he said he strook them because they did it, saying, I'll give you Justice. That his inciting them at the sentence to cry out Execution, was the Execution of Justice, and that could do no hurt. With such little evasions as these, repeated over and over, he took up three hours; but received so full and satisfactory answers from the Court, that the Jury observing how fully that high Charge was proved, stirred not from the Bar, where they brought him guilty. Then Mr Francis Hacker, usually called Col. Hacker, was tried, who, without calling witnesses, confessed he signed a warrant for Execution of his late Majesty; but pretended he was no lawyer, no contriver, but drawn in by the art of Cromwell, and said he liked not the fact so well to go about to excuse it. So as the Jury, from his own mouth, gave in their verdict that he was Guilty.

After Hacker came William Houlet, Alias Howlet, who was charged by his Majesties council as one of those disguised persons in a frock on the Scaffold which was proved by several witnesses who had heard it confessed out of his own mouth, he having several times glorified, That he was the man who had done the monstrous fact, which, though he with very much boldness denied, the Jury, after some little consultation, gave him in as Guilty.

* This was said to be Lady Fairfax.

Tuesday, October 16.

This day John Cook, of whose tryal you heard at large in our last, was executed at Charing Cross. He carried himself at his execution, as well as his tryal, much better than could have been expected from one that acted such a part in that horrid Arraignment of our late Sovereign; for, not to wrong him, he expressed exceeding much Penitence, and, which best became him, heartily prayed for His Majesty that now is; and taking notice of Hugh Peters, that was executed next after him, wished he might be reprieved, because at present, as he conceived, Peters was not prepared to die.

And in earnest Mr Cook in this was not mistaken, for when Hugh Peters came to die he was as far to seek as to Answer at his Tryal. And without any reflexion on the wickedness of the man, there never was a person suffered death so unpitied, and which is more, whose Execution was the delight of the people, which they expressed by several shouts and acclamations, not only when they saw him go up the ladder, and when the halter was putting about his neck, but also when his head was cut off, and held up aloft upon the end of a spear, there was such a shout as if the people of England had acquired a victory. And here we cannot forget how some years since he preached so often so vehemently, and indeed so fondly for the necessary pulling down of old Charing Cross, crying out it was as old as Popery itself, and that it had caused more superstition and done more mischief than any pulpit in England had done good, though amongst sober men the superstition was begotten only by pulling it down, and that now this trumpet of sedition should be hanged upon a Gibbet in the same place where the old cross stood, with his face towards the place where the scaffold was erected, and where Peters gave order for knocking down staples to tie our Martyr Sovereign fast to the block.

At the self-same time these two were executed there, one and twenty persons were again brought to the bar at the old bailey, viz. Sir Hardress Waller, William Heveningham, Isaac Pennington, Henry Martin, Gilbert Millington, Robert Tichborne, Owen Rowe, Robert Lilbourne, Henry Smith, Edmund Harvey, John Downs, Vincent Potter, Augustine Garland, George Fleetwood, Simon Meyne, James Temple, Peter Temple, Thomas Wayte, Francis Hacker, Daniel Axtel, and William Hewlet.

All such persons (except Mr Heveningham) were condemned to be hanged, drawn and quartered, seventeen whereof have their Execution suspended until His Majesty, by the advice and assent of the Lords and Commons in Parliament, shall order the Execution by act of Parliament, to be passed for that purpose.

Wednesday, October 17.

And this morning Thomas Scot, Gregory Clement, Adrian Scroop, and John Jones, who were excepted by Parliament, and last week were arraigned and condemn'd, were executed at the aforesaid place at Charing Cross.

Thomas Scott died as he lived: (there's few in England but knows how that was), who last year

publicly boasted that he was one of those that adjudged his late Majesty to death, and desired he might have that written upon his Tomb: in some sort now he hath his desire, only he hath no tomb, for after (according to law) he was half hanged, [he was] cut down, his members cut off and burn't in his sight, his Quarters were conveyed back upon the Hurdle that brought him, to be disposed so far asunder that they will scarcely ever meet together in one Tomb.

Gregory Clement at his death expressed a great deal of sorrow and penitence, confessing That he most justly suffer'd both from God and Man, and that his judges had done nothing but according to law, begging the Prayers of all Spectators.

Adrian Scroop, of a noble ancient Family, and of whose name there have been and are Gentlemen most eminent for their Loyalty to his Majesty and his Glorious Father, behaved himself at his trial as well as any guilty of so foul a fact, for he confessed, and saved Witnesses a labour, only he deny'd those words witnessed against him formerly in the house of commons, and again at his trial. He died somewhat pityed, as well in regard he was a comely person, as because he beg'd the Prayers of all good persons. Scrope's nephew visited him in his dungeon the night before he suffered, and said to him, "Uncle, I am sorry to see you in this condition, and would desire you to repent of the fact, for which you were brought hither, and stand to the King's mercy." The Uncle put out his hand and thrust the nephew away, using these words, "Avoid Satan."

John Jones (the last of the four) all along as he was drawn upon the hurdle, as well as at the place of execution, lifted up his hands and turned his head to all that beheld him, to gain their prayers, expressing very much sense of the horror of his fate, nor did he offer to justify it at his trial. He formerly, in Ireland, declared against that Monster, Oliver Cromwell, whereby he saw his own destruction designed, so as for an atonement he chose to marry Oliver's own Sister, which (were she like her brother, as 'tis said she is not) none were fit for but he that had his hand in the murder of a King.

NINIAN HOME OF BILLY.

IN No. 23, under the title of "Border Pilgrimages," the writer has given an erroneous account of Ninian Home of Billie. The following notes regarding Mr Home, (commonly called Ringan Home,) are taken from authentic documents.

Ninian Home was the son of Abraham Home, tenant of Bellshill in the parish of Home, Berwickshire, and Isabel Trotter his wife. He was born on the 5th of December, 1670. He was educated for the church, was schoolmaster of Preston, afterwards schoolmaster of Fogo. He got a presentation from the Marquis of Douglas to be minister of Preston and Bunkle, and was settled there in 1697. He married, for his first wife, Margaret Daes, daughter of the Laird of Coldingknows. In 1704, he was translated to the parish of Sprouston, which charge he resigned in 1718. His wife died in 1723: she had several children,

all of whom died unmarried except Alexander, who was Laird of Jardinefield.

Early in the eighteenth century he purchased the estate of Billie from James Renton. In 1714, he had several transactions with George Home, the eleventh baron of Wedderburn, who, having engaged in the Rebellion of 1715, was forfeited; but when the commissioners of forfeited estates met to ascertain Wedderburn's debts, Mr Home made a claim, which was allowed, and he appeared and took possession of the estate. Some years afterwards he made an agreement with David Home, (eldest son of George, above mentioned,) by which he agreed to dispose the estate of Wedderburn, by way of entail, to the said David and his five brothers in succession and their heirs. He afterwards married Margaret, the eldest daughter of the above George Home, who was murdered by Norman Ross, in 1751, at Lint-hill. His son, Alexander of Jardinefield, married Isabel, the second daughter; and John Tod, minister of Ladykirk, married Jean, the third daughter; the sons having all died unmarried, or without children, in 1766, the succession to the Wedderburn estate opened to Patrick, the eldest son of Ninian Home, by his second wife.

Patrick Home died in 1808, was succeeded by David Home, his brother, who died unmarried in 1809; Jean Home, his sister, died unmarried in 1812.

The succession thus opened to the family of Alexander Home of Jardinefield. Ninian, the eldest son, was governor of Grenada, and was murdered by the negroes, in 1793. After the death of Mrs Jean Home, George Home of Paxton, second son of Alexander of Jardinefield, succeeded; at his death, James Tod became proprietor of Wedderburn, and he having died unmarried, in 1820, was succeeded by John Foreman Home, the descendant of Jean Home and John Tod.

March, 1848.

W.

THE PARISH OF FORVIE.

IN THE COUNTY OF ABERDEEN.

THIS parish, long ago, conjoined to that of Slains, is a desert, having been overblown by the drifting of the sand, or by some sudden convulsion of the German Ocean. At what period this took place, neither tradition nor history can furnish any account. Various opinions have been formed on the subject, one of which is, that it was reduced to its present solitary and barren state in one night. It is supposed to have suffered from the effects of the same storm by which the princely estates of Earl Goodwin, in Kent, (now the Goodwin Sands,) were submerged. Boethius fixes the date of this storm at anno 1097, and Dr Trussler at anno 1100.

The popular tradition is, that in days long before "King Robert rang," and when might too often usurped the place of right, the estate fell into the possession of an heiress. A neighbouring chief, imagining that a lady would not be able to make any formidable resistance, attacked her retainers, and putting them to the rout, took forcible possession of the estate. The lady is said to have prayed that

"Nought might be on Forvie's land
But thistles, bent, and sand."

and next morning the once valuable parish of Forvie was found almost in its present state. This is called the "Maiden's Malison." The more reasonable conjecture appears to be that the sand had been gradually encroaching on it for ages, and when it reached the church, situated nearly in the centre of the parish, (originally small,) it had been annexed to Slains. The parish, or at least that part of it everblown, contains about 2500 acres.

In the charter room of Slains Castle, in Cruden, there are copies of several sasines, by the Erroll family, granted in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, in which the parish of Furvy or Forvin is mentioned. From none of these, however, can it be ascertained at what period Forvie proper was inhabited. It is mentioned apparently with the view of fixing the boundary of the estate, and as necessary for the legal completion of the instrument.

The church was dedicated to Saint Adamnand, abbot of Icolmkill, who died 23d September, A.D. DCC.IV., after having sat twenty-five years. The Collect for his day, in the breviary of Aberdeen, is "Sancti Adamnani abbatis patroni apud Furui, Aberdonensis dyocesis, &c. &c."

There is a ruin of a chapel on the estate of Pitlurg, in the parish of Slains, called St Adamnan's chapel. One gable, with Gothic window, are still entire. It is evidently of a much more recent date than the original church of Forvie, and was probably built after the destruction of the old church. It is situated upwards of two miles more inland, placed there, no doubt, with the view of being out of the reach of any further encroachment by the sand.

It is to be desired that, the sand was cleared from the ruins of the old church, as it is likely something might be found which would tend, in some degree, to fix the era, if not of the desolation of the parish, at least of its prosperity.

From the appearance of the walls, taken in connection with the surrounding sands, there is every reason to believe that they are entire, the roof only being awanting.

It appears that, in 1476, an action was raised by Elizabeth, Countess of Erroll, against William Mylne, one of her tenants, for refusing to pay to her "vij. Bollis of Vittale of the farm of Mill of Furvey;" but Forvey proper must have been laid waste at a period long antecedent to this.

The same storm is also said to have desolated, in the same manner, the once fertile and populous barony of Culbin, near Forres. By the agitation which the earthquake at Lisbon, in 1755, produced on our northern shores, a flock of sheep, in the parish of Forres, are said to have been drowned in their cot, although far distant from the height of ordinary tides.

W.

TRAVELS IN ENGLAND IN 1641.

[The following translation was contributed to the "Scots Magazine," in 1818, by the well known John Pinkerton.]

A SINGULAR MS. has fallen into my hands, elegantly written, in quarto, intitled, *Voyage d'Angleterre, fait en l'an 1641*. It is not only interesting from the critical period at which it was written, but because it is the production of the Secretary of the French Ambassador Extraordinary, dispatched in that year for the purpose of accommodating the differences between the King and Parliament, or perhaps to view and report the real state of the country, and, above all, to protect the Roman Catholics.

The whole work well deserves to be translated, on account of the views of manners and the political anecdotes derived from the first sources of information. I shall confine myself to extracts of striking passages. It opens thus:—

"J'ay tousjours esté du sentiment de ceux qui ont tenu pour certain qu'un jeune homme ne pouvoit jamais mieux employer un temps que nous perdons tous," &c.

"I have always been of the opinion of those who assert, that a young man cannot better employ that time which is often lost in our early years, amidst a thousand impertinent maxims and habits derived from the College, than in the fair theatre of the world, in studying new modes of life and the diversity of characters.

"It is thus that, in a few months, he may become an accomplished gentleman, and that, in, two journeys to Germany or Italy, he may be more improved than in passing ten years in the perusal of vast volumes written by pedants, and which, at the end, only produce embarrassment and confusion in the mind.

"This truth is so evident to all, that I must infer that I alone form an unfortunate exception, for, after eight or ten journeys to various foreign countries, I had returned as ignorant as before, so much had my College habits taken possession of me.

"Hence I was induced to yet another experiment, to try if the air of the sea might not have more effect than that of the land, or, if it must be so, to ascertain that these travels only served to satisfy my curiosity, while they augmented the shame of my deficiencies.

"Amidst these anxieties, I left Paris on the 10th day of May, to go to England, in company with the Marquis de la Ferté Imbaut, Marshal of the Royal Camps and Armies, Ambassador of France. The same day, travelling post, I arrived at Rouen, where I waited for him near a month with much impatience.

"He was then at his beautiful seat of Maulny, distant about six leagues, in the hourly expectation of new instructions from the King, concerning the events then taking place in England, on account of the States General or Parliament then sitting, composed of the nobles and of the populace, (commons,) the church being included in the former, and which had put to death the Earl of Strafford, Viceroy of Ireland, against the will of the King, who, though in London, did not dare to oppose the absolute power they had usurped."

He afterwards mentions a report that the embassy was to be deferred for three months, on account of the disorders of the London apprentices, who had dared to insult the house of the French resident.

"At length one of the *ramberges** of the King of England arrived in the road of Dieppe, commanded by Vice-Admiral Murray, very polite and gracious for a Scotchman, mounted with 38 pieces of cannon of the calibre of fifty-five pounds, an equipage of 300 men, and provisions ample enough for six months.

"A large cabin, with two smaller, and two closets enriched with azure and many paintings, formed the apartments of the Ambassador, while our former ideas concerning seamen suffered an entire change, for we found so much politeness and magnificence in this little floating palace, (*ce petit louvre flottant*), all his suite having each his cabin and bed, and being served with victuals so nice and delicate, that, lost in amazement, we rubbed our eyes, doubting if it were not a splendid dream, not conceiving it possible that, aboard a ship in the midst of the sea, and among a class of men regarded as rude and coarse, there should be such wealth, such order, such abundance and variety of food.

"The officers had received us aboard on the reflux of the tide, about eight in the morning, with repeated peals of cannon, and symphonies of trumpets, not forgetting pipes of tobacco, and brandy. We were all of us, however, constrained to pay the common tribute to Neptune, (by sea-sickness.) At two o'clock in the afternoon the sails were given to the wind with such success, that, on the morrow, before we were aware, behold us before Dover Castle, where ten little boats rowed us ashore, not without danger, as the waves ran very high.

"We went to see this fortress, esteemed one of the chief in England, but, in fact, more remarkable for its ruinous antiquity than its fortifications, consisting merely of high walls, without flanks or spaces, and little turrets so close, that scarce a musket can be used. Its situation is, however, so advantageous, that, with a little labour, it might amuse us for eight or ten days, after which there is no obstacle, even to the gates of London.

"We then began to remark the difference of the air, and manners of life and habitudes, particularly with regard to the women, who form such a contrast with ours in cleanliness, neatness, and graceful modesty, that we thought we had passed into another and a better world.†

"Next morning we departed for Canterbury, and on the road observed many country girls so nicely attired and decorated, that it was easy to see the difference between a kingdom so safe and tranquil, and one exposed, like ours, to continual invasions and civil wars.

"It was impossible to form a preference among so many beautiful faces as crowded all the windows to see us pass, having all generally such a sweet and polished hue and complexion, that I was in despair that, not knowing their language,

* The common term at that time for what is now absurdly called a 'man of war.' I suppose 'ramberge' is a Flemish term, as the Flemings were the great mariners of the period.

† The author's liberal sentiments on all occasions (religion excepted) form a striking contrast with the French scribblers.

I could not express to them the mingled admiration and astonishment of a stranger."

At Canterbury they went to see the Cathedral, and we must pardon the Catholic fanaticism of the author, who says, that we Protestants have turned into a mosque, for our criminal vows, a sacred temple, not a century before the refuge of the true religion. Such was a Catholic courtier during the reign of Cardinal Richelieu!

"At the break of day we departed for Gravesend, a distance of 35 miles, during which we saw a country as beautiful and fertile as the plain of St Denis. Touraine (called the garden of France) is not more interesting than this region—the villages more closely set, the houses better built, or the fields more covered; especially near the large village of Rochester, which is chiefly observable on account of its bridge, furnished with high iron railings, that drunkards, not uncommon here, may not mix water with their wine.

"On arriving at Gravesend, we found Gerbier, grand master of the ceremonies, who came with seven or eight gentlemen to compliment his Excellency, on the part of his British Majesty. There, passing into six royal barges, we were saluted with 200 volleys of cannon from two fortresses on the grand and celebrated river Thames.

"Although the river was agitated by a strong wind, we arrived at Greenwich in such haste, that we had little time to behold that amazing forest of masts of ships of war and trade which covers ten long leagues of the Thames, being anxious to give no delay to the Earl of Stamford, (*Stansfort*), a great English lord, who waited to receive his Excellency, at the head of twenty-five or thirty gentlemen, who seemed to be chosen for their handsome appearance.

"We had only time to throw a glance on the Queen's Palace, which seemed an enchanted mansion, designing to return and view it with other beautiful objects at our leisure. After dinner we mounted six other royal barges, more rich and decorated than the former, and came to the Tower of London with such celerity as not to be aware of our arrival, so much were we occupied with the striking novelties both on the water and on the land.

"A million of souls (Roman Catholics) had, for six months, anxiously awaited the arrival of his Excellency, that they might be delivered from a captivity and a persecution the most cruel that has happened in our times. They did not dare to show their inward joy, and the greater part were content, in obscurity and darkness, to make ardent vows for the prosperity of our Monarch, who well deserves his glorious title of Eldest Son of the Church, by his protection of its oppressed children.

"The Ambassadors of the King of Portugal* had already sent their sons, with numerous coaches and gentlemen, to congratulate his Excellency on the choice his Sovereign had made of such a proper representative amidst a nation so mutinous and difficult to manage; and they expressed such feelings and zeal, that the language of their hearts surpassed that of their faces and eyes.

* Braganza, 1640.

"The coaches of the King, Queen, of the three Princes, and of the Elector Palatine, of the Dukes of Lennox and of Northumberland, and of the Ambassadors of Venice, Sweden, and Holland, were all in attendance on our arrival, in number about sixty or eighty, each drawn by six horses. This grand train passed very slowly a space of about three miles through the chief mercantile street of the city, conveying his Excellency to his residence, where all separated, after a short compliment, that he might prepare for his audience, appointed the very next day at two o'clock, when all the same train again appeared.

"It seemed that all the elements conspired for the satisfaction of our Ambassador, the splendour of his suite, and the glory of our Master, as, in five days, he passed the sea, travelled sixty miles, and delivered his dispatches; so much had he at heart the liberty of a million of poor Catholics, who languished under the tyranny of the Parliament.

"We not only impart serenity to the countenances of those unhappy people, but to the very land, for this day and the following ones, allotted to visits of ceremony, were the finest in the year. His Excellency henceforth rode in the royal coaches, leaving his to a part of his suite, though, flattery apart, they were better drawn and more superb than those of their British Majesties, and our very horses seemed conscious of such a solemnity. All admired our handsome order and appearance, when eight pages preceded, all clothed in scarlet, enriched with strips of velvet of various colours, and loaded with vast plumes, followed by twenty-four tall lacqueys in the same livery. Eighteen handsome gentlemen preceded his Excellency, at the distance of only eight or ten paces.* They had not forgotten their practice at the court of France on such occasions, and after consulting their mirrors a thousand times, had each an idea of being favourably viewed by a sex not always mortal foes of our nation.

"The Earl of Lindsay, Grand Chamberlain, Holland, Master of the Stole and General, came to receive the Ambassador at the entrance of the grand hall, without hyperbole, the finest and largest in Europe, as well by its architecture as by the exquisite paintings of Rubens."

The audience is reserved for another article.
Paris, June, 1818.

J. P.

LETTER FROM THE REV. ROB. WODROW TO MR JAMES DAVIDSON, BOOKSELLER, FOR PRESENT AT LONDON.

Dear Sir,

I allow you taking up four sets of my History for a Tryall. I take your brother to be what you are an honest man and my friend, and so do not limit him. I would not have them sold under three pound: they tell me they give four pounds at London. I leave this to you and your brother.

* It must not be forgotten that the account is inscribed in verse to a lady whom the author courted in the view of marriage. The MS. is richly bound and probably the copy presented to her.

Send me a letter before you leave London, and hint when me may expect Burnett's second volume: what body of divinity Mr Cox is printing. Give my dearest respects to your uncle Mr Anderson, and let me know when we are to expect his four volumes on Queen Mary. The term of the first three is past, and that of the fourth drawing near. Give me the station and character of W. Gibson, whose history of the religious interests of Europe pleases me, were he not a little positive. Let me know if the memoirs of literature are like to continue, and whether they are write at London or only translated from the French.

I know not if you have heard that there were three other volumes of Gillespy on the Covenant made ready by him for the press; besides the two we have on the of grace and redemption; the third volume was in Mr Parkhurst's hands. I wrote to him and had a return of his offer to print it if I would secure him three hundred copies; when I was essaying this he died. You'll readily get notice of his executors—his warehouse you know was sold very cheap some years since. If you could discover the MSS. you would do good service to the Church and yourself. If you could fall on it you would get it very easy.

Mr Robert Trail, minister of London, published, you know, Gillespy's saving interest, with a hint of his life, though he tells us he had in his hands a good many letters betwixt his father, minister at Edinburgh and Mr William Guthrie, containing very remarkable things. You know my interest in Mr Guthrie, and could you recover Mr Guthrie's letters from Miss Trail or her relations I would not spare money to do it.

Mr John Cumming, minister of the Scots congregation at London, may keep you perhaps. Give my kindest respects, and tell him how much I long to hear from him. Bring any thing Mr Frazer has to send me. I am yours,

October 11, 1725.

Rob. Wodrow.

ANCIENT MS. RELATING TO THE HISTORY OF SICILY.

THE ambassador of the court of Morocco to Ferdinand IV., king of the Two Sicilies, discovered in a dusty corner of the library of the Benedictine monks, eight miles from Palermo, a valuable manuscript in the Western Moorish character, which contained the History of the Conquest of the Island by the Saracens in the year 827 to 1072. This manuscript was entrusted to the Abbé Vella, a man of learning, and a teacher of Arabic, who was judged capable of undertaking the task, and conducting it to its termination in a proper manner. His modesty, his learning, and his diligence pleased the ambassador so well, that he obtained from the library at Fez, a copy of the continuation of the history down to the conquest of the Normans, in which respect the Sicilian manuscript was defective. The first part was published in 1788 at Palermo, in folio, entitled, "Codex Diplomaticus Siciliae sub Saracenorum imperio, ab anno 827 ad 1072, nunc primum ex MSS. Mauro occidentalibus descriptus cura et studio Alphonsi Ayroldi, Archiep. Hernel. &c. Tom. I." A French translation of this work,

printed at Palermo, was published about the end of 1789.

The short preface of M. Ayroldi gives an account of the discovery. The MS. is well preserved in a beautiful cover, probably of cotton, with letters painted in red and gold. The character is not the Cufic-carmachian, and the dialect is very different from that of the eastern Arabs. The archbishop has also procured, after the most diligent search, a complete series of the Saracenico Sicilian coins, which were struck under the government of these Africans and of the first Normans, which support, in every respect, the authenticity of the MS. Indeed the different circumstances mentioned by historians relating to the Siculo-Saracenian conquerors, as well as the names of places still existing, contribute to the support.

This valuable volume has not the common form of a history: it is a collection of the dispatches of the commanders to the Muleys of Kairvan, which are inserted in chronological order; and it is sometimes a little tiresome, from the frequent repetition of exaggerated compliments, used by these Africans. The facts are, however, related with great simplicity and acuteness. The collection was made 162 years after the Saracens were established in Sicily, by the grand mufti, Mustapha Benhani, by order of the first emir of the Island, Rebdallah-ebu-Muhammed ben Abi Alhasan. It begins with the first report, on the 8th of April, 827, of the debarkation of the general Aadelkum. A specimen of this work was published by the Abbé Vella, which contains one year of the correspondence, and it is illustrated with a fac-simile of a page of the MS. and the first coin struck in Sicily, by the conqueror Aadelkum, with his own name.

When this essay appeared, M. de Guignes, a very able and competent judge, remarked, 'that the style of the MS. was very different from that of all the other Arabic authors, either orientals or Arabians; that it appeared to him unintelligible, not unlike the Maltese catechism, which is a very corrupt Arabic; that perhaps this language might have been the vernacular one of Sicily, during the Saracenian dynasty; that it appeared singular to see the muftis and chiefs of the nation write so incorrectly; and that he had never seen manuscripts dated by the year of Mahomet, but only those of hegeira.' These objections were retailed and enlarged in a Letter to M. de Guignes, of the Royal Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres, on the supposed authenticity of the Codex Diplomaticus, by M. L. de Veillant, probably an assumed name.

To these observations it has been replied, that the style and the orthography of the preface are very different from the style and the correction of the letters contained in the manuscript. The mufti wrote the preface 162 years after the invasion of Sicily; and the style might then have been corrupted by the language employed by the inhabitants, and might resemble the Arabico-Maltese style, rather than the Arabic of a century and a half before. That the mufti should not be able to write with elegance is a defect which may be imputed to many popes and Christian bishops of the same period; and it is well known,

by incontestible documents, that in treaties, contracts, and in coins, the African Arabs counted from the birth of the prophet, and not from his flight.—*Old Magazine.*

PARODY UPON GRAY'S CELEBRATED ODE OF "THE BARD."

BY THE HON. THOMAS ERSKINE,

Afterwards the first Lord Erskine in the British Peerage, and Lord High Chancellor.

[This Parody was written at Trinity College, Cambridge, near five and twenty years ago (1799), and arose from the circumstance of the author's Barber coming too late to dress him at his lodgings, at the shop of Mr Jackson, an Apothecary at Cambridge, where he lodged, till a vacancy in the College, by which he lost his dinner in the Hall: when, in imitation of the despairing Bard, who prophecied the destruction of King Edward's race, he poured forth his curses upon the whole race of Barbers, predicting their ruin in the simplicity of a future generation.]

THE BARBER.

A fragment of a Pindaric Ode, from an old Manuscript in the Museum, which MR GRAY certainly had in his eye when he wrote his "BARD."

I.

'Ruin seize thee, scoundrel Coe!
'Confusion on thy frizzing wait;
'Hast thou the only comb below,
'Thou never more shouldst touch my pate.

'Club nor queue, nor twisted tail,
'Nor e'en thy chatt'ring, barber! shall avail
'To save thy horse whipp'd back from daily fears;
'From Cantab's curse, from Cantab's tears!
Such were the sounds that o'er the powder'd pride
Of Coe the Barber scatter'd wild dismay,
As down the steep of Jackson's slippery lane
He wound with pushing march his tollsome, tardy, way.

II.

In a room where Cambridge town
Frowns o'er the kennels' stinking flood,
Rob'd in a flannel pow'd'ring gown,
With haggard eyes poor Erskine stood;
(Long his beard, and blouzy hair,
Stream'd like an old wig to the troubled air;)
And with clung guts, and face than razor thinner,
Swore the loud sorrows of his dinner.
'Hark! how each striking clock and tolling bell,
'With awful sounds, the hour of eating tell!
'O'er thee, oh Coe! their dreaded notes they wave,
'Soon shall such sounds proclaim thy yawning grave;
'Vocal in vain, through all this ling'ring day,
'The grace already said, the plates all swept away.

III.

'Cold is Beau * * tongue,
'That sooth'd each virgin's pain;
'Bright perfum'd M * * has cropp'd his head:
'Almack's! you moan in vain
'Each youth whose high toupee
Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-capt head,
'In humble Tyburn-top we see;
'Splash'd with dirt and sun-burnt face;
'Far on before the ladies mend their pace,
'The Macaroni sneers, and will not see.
'Dear lost companions of the coxcomb's art,
'Dear as a turkey to these famish'd eyes,
'Dear as the ruddy port which warms my heart,
'He sunk amidst the fainting Misses' cries—
'No more I weep—They do not sleep:
'At yonder ball, a slovenly band,
'I see them sit; they linger yet,
'Avengers of fair Nature's hand;
'With me in dreadful resolution join,
'To crop with one accord, and starve their cursed line.'

IV.

"Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
 "The winding sheet of barber's race;
 "Give ample room and verge enough
 "Their lengthen'd lanthorn jaws to trace.
 "Mark the year, and mark the night,
 "When all their shops shall echo with affright,
 "Loud screams shall thro' St James's turrets ring,
 "To see, like Eton boy, the King!
 "Puppies of France, with unrelenting paws
 "That crape the foretops of our aching heads;
 "No longer England owns thy fribbish laws,
 "No more her folly Gallia's vermin feeds.
 "They wait at Dover for the first fair wind,
 "Soup-meagre in the van, and snuff roast-beef behind.

V.

"Mighty barbers, mighty lords,
 "Low on a greasy bench they lie!
 "No pitying heart, or purse, affords
 "A sixpence for a mutton-pie!
 "Is the mealy 'prentice fled?
 "Poor Coe is gone, all supperless to bed.
 "The swarm that in thy shop each morning eat,
 "Comb their lank hair on forehead flat:
 "Fair laughs the morn, when all the world are beaux,
 "While vainly strutting thro' a silly land,
 "In foppish train the puppy barber goes;
 "Lace on his shirt, and money at command,
 "Regardless of the skulking balliff's way,
 "That hid in some dark court expects his ev'ning prey.

VI.

"The porter mug fill high,
 "Baked curls and locks prepare;
 "Rest of our heads, they yet by wigs may live,
 "Close by the greasy chair
 "Fell thirst and famine lie,
 "No more to art will beauteous nature give.
 "Heard ye the gang of Fielding say,
 "Sir John* at last we've found their haunt
 "To desperation driv'n by hungry want,
 "Thro' the crammed laughing Pit they steal their way.
 "Ye tow'rs of Newgate! London's lasting shame,
 "By many a foul and midnight murder fed,
 "Revers poor Mr Coe, the blacksmith's fame,
 "And spare the grinning barber's chuckle head.

VII.

"Rascals! we tread thee under foot,
 "(Weave we the woe; the thread is spun):
 "Our beards we pull out by the root,
 "(The web is wove; your work is done)."
 "Stay, oh stay! nor thus forlorn
 "Leave me uncurl'd, and dinner'd, here to mourn.
 "Thro' the broad gate, that leads to College Hall,
 "They melt, they fly, they vanish all.
 "But, oh! what happy scenes of pure delight,
 "Slow moving on their simple chains unroll!
 "Ye rapt'rous visions! spare my aching sight,
 "Ye unbra beauties crowd not on my soul!
 "No more our long-lost Coventry we wail:
 "All hail, ye genuine forms; fair Nature's issue, hail!

VIII.

"Not frizz'd and fritter'd, pinn'd and roll'd,
 "Sublime their artless locks they wear,
 "And gorgeous dames, and judges old,
 "Without their tates and wigs appear,
 "In the midst a form divine,
 "Her dress bespeaks the Pansylvanian line,
 "Her port demure, her grave, religious face,
 "Attemper'd sweet to virgin grace.
 "What sylphs and spirits wanton thro' the air!
 "What crowds of little angels round her play!
 "Hear from thy sepulchre, great Penn! oh hear!
 "A scene like this might animate thy clay.

* Sir John Fielding, the active Police Magistrate of that day.

† Coe's father, the blacksmith of Cambridge.

"Simplicity now soaring as she sings,
 "Waves in the eye of Heav'n her Quaker-colour'd wings.

IX.

"No more toupees are seen
 "That mock at Alpine height,
 "And queues with many a yard of ribbon bound,
 "All now are vanish'd quite.
 "No tongs, or torturing pin,
 "But ev'ry head is trimm'd quite snug around:
 "Like boys of the cathedral choir.
 "Curls, such as Adam wore, we wear,
 "Each simpler generation blooms more fair,
 "Till all that's artificial expire.
 "Vain puppy boy! think'st thou yon' easen'd cloud,
 "Rais'd by thy puff, can vie with Nature's hue?
 "To-morrow see the variegated crowd,
 "With ringlets shining like the morning dew.
 "Enough for me: with joy I see
 "The different dooms our fates assign:
 "Be thine to love thy trade and starve;
 "To wear what heaven bestow'd be mine;
 "He said, and headlong from the trap-stairs' height,
 "Quick thro' the frozen street, he ran in shabby plight.

Varieties.

WILLS OF SHAKESPEARE, MILTON, AND NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.—The last wills and testaments of the three greatest men of modern ages are tied up in one sheet of foolscap, and may be seen together at Doctors' Commons. In the will of the bard of Ayton is an interlineation in his own hand writing—"I give unto my wife my brown best bed with the furniture." It is proved by William Bryde, 22d July, 1616. The will of the minstrel of Paradise is a nuncupative one, taken by his daughter, the great poet being blind. The will of Napoleon is signed in a bold style of handwriting; the codicil, on the contrary, written shortly before his death, exhibits the then weak state of his body.

A NEW LIGHT ON THE GUNPOWDER PLOT.—At a meeting of the Antiquarian Society of England, in March, 1840, Mr Hudson Gurney, Vice President, in the chair, the reading of the Observations on the Reigns of Edward IV. and Richard III., by Mr James Halliwell, was concluded. Sir H. Ellis then read a communication from Mr John Bruce, on the subject of an unedited letter by Lord Montague, lately discovered by Mr Bruce in the British Museum. The letter in question, which was addressed to Catesby shortly before the discovery of the Gunpowder Plot, is in itself remarkable for its obscure and enigmatical character, but when read by the light which history throws upon it, goes far to establish a fact, which had previously been suspected—namely, that Lord Montague, who had been a participator with the conspirators of the Gunpowder Plot in a previous treasonable practice—the Spanish plot—possessed a guilty knowledge of this greater treason, and purchased his own safety, and the enormous pension bestowed upon him, not, as was pretended, by the trifling service of delivering the mysterious letter to the government, but in reality by betraying his associates. This supposition is confirmed by the observations of Garnet in his overheard conversation with Hall in the Tower:—"Well, I see they (the commissioners) will justify my Lord Montague of all this matter. I said nothing of him, neither will I ever confess him," and also by the government's extreme care for the reputation of Lord Montague, after the discovery of the plot, which is shown by the endeavours made to obliterate his name from those documents in the State-paper-office in which he had been described as one of the parties to the Spanish plot.—*Miscel.* 1840.

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THE BRIG O' BALGOWNIE.

IF any of our readers should ever be as far north as the city of Aberdeen, we would advise them not to let so good an opportunity slip without gratifying themselves by a visit to the Brig o' Balgownie. Not but that the "granite city" will amply repay a visit, even although this *lion* should be missed: but there are so many literary and other associations connected with it and the surrounding scenes, and they possess besides so many natural attractions, that, to use the common hyperbole, if the tourist has not seen these, he has seen nothing.

We will suppose our stranger in Aberdeen to have rambled "hyne up the Gallowgate," taking a passing look of some interest at the antiquated baronial residence about the middle of it, familiarly known by the name of the "aul' castle;" to have traversed "Mount Hooly," and "the howe of the Spital," and that he finds himself in a rather ominous locality (if he be, like us, a benedict)—at the end of Love Lane. Here of old stood the Leper House of Aberdeen. The existence of this hospital indicates, what history also bears out, that this loathsome disease, now almost unknown in Europe, was once common among us. "In the tenth and eleventh centuries (says Brown) this terrible distemper was common in Europe, introduced, I suppose, by the Arabs and Moors; and it is said there were about 15,000, or rather, according to Mathew Paris, 9000 hospitals for lepers." In Walter Cullen's "Bookes of Baptisme, Marriage, and Buriall" we find the following entry: "Ane lipar boy, in the Lipar Howiss of Aberden, departitt the xviii day July, 1589 yeris." In 1592 James VI. granted to the house one *peat* from every load exposed for sale either in Aberdeen or the Old Town, because the inmates were constrained in winter, "for halding in of their lyves, to retien thameselves to the townis amangist clene persones, throw the vehementis of the cauld, quherthrow they perrell the health of mony clene folkis." On the 13th May, 1604, the kirk session ordained "Helene Smyth ane pair woman infectit with Leprosie to be put in the Hospitall appoyntit for keiping and haulding of Lipper folkis betwixt the townis; and the keyis of the said hospital to be deliverit to hir." From this it would appear that she was then the only inmate, and we know that in 1661 both the

Leper House and a chapel connected with it, dedicated to St Anne, "quhom (says Gordon) the papists account patroness of the lepers," were both gone to decay, "and now scarce (he adds) is the name known to many."

Proceeding onward the 'Spital Burying Ground is passed on the right, and the Snow Churchyard on the left. The former of these is now a handsome and extensive cemetery, occupying the site of an hospital founded by Mathew Kynimundie, Bishop of Aberdeen in the reign of William the Lion. "It was dedicated (says Kennedy) to 'Saint Peter, the chief of the apostles:' and designed for the reception and support of indigent and infirm persons, who might resort to it."

Besides these charitable purposes, the institution was intended for celebrating masses in for the soul of King William, and of his ancestors and successors, as well as for the soul of the founder, according to the custom of the age." No vestiges of the ancient buildings now remain. The latter (the Snow Churchyard) now used as a place of sepulture by a few Roman Catholic families, once surrounded a church founded by Bishop Elphinston, about the year 1497, and dedicated to St Mary *ad nives*.

And now we are in full view of the beautiful ancient structure of King's College, with its still cloistered court, its buttressed walls, and great tower rising in form of an imperial crown, venerable and hoary, to the quiet sky. This College was founded by William Elphinstone, Bishop of Aberdeen, in the year 1500, and dedicated to the Virgin Mary. Its most ancient portion now standing is the chapel (part of which is now used as the library), which forms the north side of the quadrangle. In its pristine state this must have been a beautiful edifice. The celebrated Hector Boece, the first Principal of the College, thus speaks of its chapel: "In it (the College) is a church of polished hewn stone, with windows, ceilings, seats for the priests, and benches for the boys, in a most magnificent style; marble altars and images of the saints; pictures, statues, painting and gilding, brazen chairs, hangings, and carpets. The furniture for sacred occasions is of gold tissue, fifteen crosses, and chesubles, twenty-eight mantles of coarse cloth, all embroidered at the sides with the figures of the saints, in gold and purple, and other colours; seven of fine linen, adorned with palm branches, and the borders embroidered with stars of gold; twenty of linen, with palm branches and waves, for the boys.

Besides these, many others of linen and scarlet for daily use; a crucifix, two candlesticks, two censers, an incense box, six phials, eight chalices, a textuary, two pixes in which to expose the host, a third two cubits high of most curious workmanship; a bason, a vessel for the font, a holy-water-pot, with a sprinkler, all of gold and silver; several altar cloths of the finest linen, embroidered with gold, and flowers of various colours. A chest of cypress wood elegantly set with pearls and jewels, in which the reliques of the saints are lodged in gold and silver. The steeple is of great height, surrounded by stone-work, arched in form of an imperial crown over the leaded roof, and containing thirteen bells of most melodious sound."—But we must proceed onward.

This grey pile now before us, with the great western window, and the twin towers surmounting it, is the Cathedral of St Machar. Here John Barbour, author of the well-known and valuable metrical history of "The Bruce," was Archdeacon. The Cathedral was begun to be built upon the site of the old church about the year 1373, by Bishop Alexander Kyninmundie, and not finished until about the year 1522, by Bishop Gavin Dunbar. "He also ceiled the nave of the church, with the finest oak of excellent and curious workmanship, which may vie with anything of the kind in Scotland. It consists of three compartments of square panels, joining at the opposite angular points. On these panels are painted the arms and titles of the princes, nobles, and prelates, who contributed towards the expense of the building. Along the top of the walls are also inscribed the names of the successive sovereigns, from Malcolm II. to Queen Mary, on the south side; also of the several bishops, from Nectanus to William Gordon, the last Roman Catholic Prelate, on the north side." We are no Puseyite, yet when wandering about this ancient and massive pile, observing its empty niches, and the other tokens of its former grandeur, we cannot but mourn over the infuriate rashness of the ruthless Reformers, and can almost feel, when reading Clerk Spalding's account of their spoliations, as if mortal pangs had been inflicted by them in their mad zeal against statues or carvings, or anything else that they deemed "smacked of Poperie." "They came all (says he) riding up to the gate of St Machar's Kirk, ordained our blessed Lord Jesus Christ, his arms to be cut out of the fore front of the pulpit thereof, and to take down the portraiture of the blessed Virgin Mary and our Saviour in her arms, that had stood since the up-putting thereof, in curious work, under the ceiling at the west end of the pend whereon the great steeple stands unmoved till now; and besides, where there were any crucifixes set in glass windows, those they caused pull out in honest men's houses. They caused a mason strike out Christ's arms in hewn work, on each end of Bishop Gavin Dunbar's tomb, and sicklike chizel out the name of Jesus, drawn cypher ways, out of the timber wall on the fore-side of Machar's aisle, anent the consistory door."

"This Cathedral had the privilege of a sanctuary, or girth, and had a girth-cross on the Bishop's dovecot green, which was a sure refuge

for manslayers, or such as had committed slaughter by pure accident and misfortune, without any malice or design." The sacred ornaments and utensils for the altar of the Cathedral were very rich, consisting of two mitres enriched with pearls and precious stones; chalices, crucifixes, crosses and images of silver gilt; silver cases for reliques, silver phials and cruets, "one eucharist of silver gilt, in the form of a castle, with a beryl stone set in it, and, on the top, a jewel of gold, with the image of devotion;" images of the Virgin Mary, St James and St John, &c.—but it is time we had reached our destination,

The famous old Brig o' Balgownie, which we are now approaching, is a perfect Gothic arch over the river Don, about a mile from the sea; it is strong both by art and nature, being founded on a rock on either side. There is some diversity of opinion with regard to whom we are indebted for this fine old structure. Some ascribe it to Henry de Cheyne, Bishop of Aberdeen in the time of King Robert the Bruce, and some, with greater probability, to that monarch himself, to whom, during his struggles for Scottish independence, the inhabitants of Aberdeen had given the most decided proofs of their loyalty and attachment. In 1605 Sir Alexander Hay mortified a small property for the repair and preservation of this structure, which has accumulated to a vast sum, notwithstanding that £14,000 of it was expended in building a new bridge about half a mile nearer the sea.

But see! here is the Brig o' Balgownie, and we are sure you will confess that a sweeter scene you never looked upon. See how quietly the water glides through the deep salmon pool, and how the trees on the high precipitous northern bank pour down a very cataract of leaves, as it were, upon the stream below; while the rocks—here grey with lichen, there green with ivy—seem ever to contemplate their fairy reflection in the watery mirror,

"As if they slept beneath the wave,
Secure from trouble, toil and care,
A world than earthly world more fair!"

A local poet writes,

"A beauteous scene it looks upon,
This eve of light and glee,
Where latest flows the lovely Don,
By rock and glen and tree;
Where, as if loath to leave its groves,
It lingers in its ivied coves,
And seems sad in retiring;
Where rocks that stand and watch the scene,
Enchanted with its charms I ween,
Have grown grey admiring.
Where that old arch of Gothic mould,
Whose stern foundations, firm and bold,
Were by a monarch laid,
Hems in a spot so sweetly lone,
'Twould seem the place (in days ago),
Where silence on her poppy throne
Her dreamy sceptre sway'd,
Where Music's first enchanting tone
With infant Echo play'd,
And taught her many a fairy dreamer
Of money stane and lilied streamlet."

Here Byron says he used often to lean with such delight when a boy, that the recollection of it in after years was a source of infinite pleasure to him. "My heart flies to my head," he says,

"As 'auld lang syne" brings Scotland, one and all,
 Scotch plaid, Scotch spoofs, the blue hills and clear
 streams,

The Dee, the Don, Balgownie's brig's black wall,
 All my boy's feelings, all my gentler dreams
 Of what I then dreamt, clothed in their own pall,
 Like Banquo's offspring,—floating past me seems—
 My childhood in this childishness of mine:
 I care not—'tis a glimpse of 'auld lang syne."

And he adds in a note, "The brig o' Don, near the 'auld town' of Aberdeen, with its one arch and its black salmon stream below, is in my memory as yesterday. I still remember, though perhaps I may misquote the awful proverb which made me pause to cross it, and yet lean over it with a childish delight, being an only son, at least by the mother's side. The saying as recollected by me was this, but I have never heard or seen it since I was nine years of age:

"Brig o' Balgownie, black's you'r wa',
 Wi' a wife's as son, and a mear's as foal,
 Down ye shall fa'!"

This prophecy is ascribed to Thomas the Rhymer, and a poem (from which one of the above quotations is taken) has been written, realizing by anticipation its fulfilment. As, however, we see none of the accessory events of the poet's story taking place, we hope this may be long averted.

A facetious friend of ours, well-known in Aberdeen, has furnished us with the following ballad of his, also relating to this spot:

There was an auld farmer, my grandfather ken'd him,
 He wanted a house and some acres o' lan';
 His wife had deid, as a dother she sent him—
 They dwalt some way near to the auld Brig o' Don.
 A neighbour lad, Jock, cam' a-courtin' the lassie,
 And Jock was a canty, smart cutt o' a chiel,
 And Bess was a canker wench, tight, clean and dressy—
 My auld lunkie-daddie he ken'd them a' weel!

At twiff an' at amiddy ilk ane now was speakin'
 O' the waddin' tween Bessie and Jock takin' place,
 Bessie was spinnin' the yarn for the sheets an' the tickin',
 Jock, thackin' a house to be ready for Bess;
 When lo! frae the Aulton a barber cam' one day,
 Met Bess at a clyack, dan'd wi' her a reel,—
 She discarded poor Jock, an' stuck up to this dandy—
 My auld lunkie-daddie he min't on it weel!

Jock ran to the Brig, as fast's he could hobble,
 And, urg'd by despair, o'er the barmkin did jump,
 A man underneath that was rowin' a cobbler,
 By good luck was scar'd by the horrible plump;
 As soon as Jock's head 'boon the water appear'd O,
 The man got a claught o' the heart-broken chiel,
 But, when lan't, he sett aff, an' was never mair heard o'—
 My auld lunkie-daddie he min't on it weel!

But mark what befell this betray'd farmer's daughter,
 For peace or contentment she never ken'd mair;
 The dandy hang on till wi' wean he gat her—
 And syne ran awa'—but there's nae could tell where.
 She lay in of a monster, whose visage was horrid,
 Two arms were like oars, and, to close the sad tale,
 The Brig o' Don grich was mark'd on his forehead—
 My auld lunkie-daddie he min't on it weel!

Did our space permit we might multiply illustrations of this sort, but these must suffice. Indeed there is but one drawback to the pleasure of visiting the Brig o' Balgownie, and that we hope soon for see removed. We allude to the shutting up, by a neighbouring proprietor, of a pathway along the south bank of the river, a little above the bridge, from which a fine view was to be ob-

tained of this romantic spot. We have mentioned Byron's partiality to this scene, and there is nothing more likely than that the good Bishop William Elphinstone, the "man of Ross" of the "Aulton"; the credulous but erudite, Hector Boece; the amiable Henry Scougal, author of the "Life of God in the Soul of Man"; and a host of other ecclesiastics of the olden time, whose memories throw a halo around this locality, issuing from the "watergate" of the bishop's palace, "leading to the Don, and the Bow-butts," have often perambulated this path, which is now no longer patent to the public. Nay, who knows but that the splendid apostrophe to freedom, which occurs in Barbour's Bruce, was composed while the good archdeacon wandered or reclined on this very spot!

"A! fredome is a nobill thing!
 Fredome mayee man to half-liking!
 Fredome all solace to man giffis:
 He levys at ese that freely levys!
 A noble hart may huiff nane ese,
 Na ellys nocht that may him plesse,
 Gyff fredome faillythe; for fre liking
 Is yearnyt our all othir thing.
 Na he, that ay hase levyt fre,
 May nocht know weill the properte,
 The angyr, na the wrechyt dome,
 That is cowplyt to foule thyrldome.
 Bot gyff he had assayit it,
 Than all perquer he suld it wyt;
 And suld think fredome mar to pryse
 Than all the gold in warld that is."

Truly we envy not the man who could lock up from his fellow men a scene which might suggest such a host of fine remembrances! and if the Association lately formed to maintain the public "right of way" to this, and other appropriated spots, shall have to limit its operations for want of funds, the citizens of Aberdeen possess less taste for beautiful scenery and sweet reminiscences than we have ever given them credit for. Surely the enjoyment of one of these, and the indulgence of the other, should ever be regarded, like freedom, as

"Mar to pryse
 Than all the gold in warld that is."

THE PARISH CHURCH AND CHERCH-YARD OF KILBIRNIE.

BY WILLIAM DOBIE.

[Continued from our last.]

Let us now, for an instant turn to the pulpit, an object which, by its form and the peculiar style of its decorations, arrests more or less of the attention of every visitant. It is situated close to the angle formed by the Glangarnock aisle, and is constructed of Norway pine, which, though bearing many proofs of assaults from the worm, is still in a comparatively sound condition. In front the body of the pulpit is of a semi-octagonal form, the height of which is divided by a torus, and two enriched mouldings into a double tier of ornamented panels. The lower part of the back, which is four feet in width, is finished with Ionic pilasters surmounted by an appropriate entablature, and the wall is thrown into an enriched semi-circular headed panel with flowers in the spandrels. As the entablature, for the purpose of gaining breadth for the greater display of ornament

above, has been extended a foot beyond the line of the pilasters, to palliate or conceal this violation of correct design, the projecting space is partially covered with ornamental scroll-work, which gradually diminishes in breadth downwards, until it dies against the body of the pulpit. Above the cornice, and separated from it by a small moulding, runs a row of alternately raffed and plain leaves, and over these, from a projection of about a foot, springs a cavetto eleven inches in depth. The under face or soffit of the projection is carved with a recurring enrichment, to find a satisfactory name to which our vocabulary has been searched to no purpose, while the cavetto, besides the impaled coats of Crawford and Lindsay, is adorned with foliage, grotesque figures, and other ornamental fancies in bold relief. From the member thus enriched in lieu of the usual horizontally projected canopy, there rises a flat compartment in a sloping position, of the same inclination as the roof of the church, against which it is fixed. The breadth of the compartment is eight feet, and its height is nearly equal to five feet. Its outline from the returned points of the cavetto is perpendicular for two feet, at which height it is contracted a few inches, and above this is nearly of a semi-circular form. The area thus bounded is ornamented with an ingenious variety of singular carvings, "more circumspective," to use the quaint phrase of a local historian, "to be seen than described." The most prominent of the carvings is a winged female figure, the emblem of religion, standing on coiled serpents, and holding in her right hand an olive wand. Beneath the serpent is a richly carved ornament, in outline, resembling somewhat an ancient lyre. The lower part of the compartment is occupied by a kind of divided pediment, composed of two fillets, and finished with circular flowers, from which, across the last mentioned ornament, extends a festoon of bay leaves. The fillets, which are five inches apart, enclose three cherubs' heads on each side of the pediment, the field of which is decorated on the right hand with a thistle, and on the other with a rose. The space between the figure representing religion and the pediment is ornamented with wreaths of fruit and foliage, terminating in grinning masks, and doves with sprigs of foliage in their beaks; the interstices being semé of stars, while at each extremity of the canopy stands a half-draped juvenile figure blowing a trumpet.

Besides the gallery and pulpit there are several lines of carved cornices, scroll and other ornamental work, on different parts of the church, but the common-place form of these, and their indifferent execution, demand nothing beyond a passing notice. Little, indeed, if any of the sculptured work, which we have attempted to describe, is calculated, on account of spirited handling, or delicate finish, to elicit commendation from the fipical connoisseur; by much the greater part of it, though effective enough at some distance, bearing too many marks of the gouge and the chisel to stand a close inspection. The most obviously defective portions of the carvings—defective alike in the conception and execution—are the capitals of the columns and pilasters, much of the foliage, all of the cherubs' heads, and

though a small feature, not on that account the less absurd, is the Doric frieze noticed as forming the nether bounding line of the fronts of the gallery. Here the error of the workman has been such, that in having mistaken depression for elevation, (the channels of the triglyphs), he has, contrary to all precedent and principle, completely reversed the design. Having no desire, however, to indulge in verbal ostentation, or in other words to enact the critic, instead of more minutely dilating on the architectural and ornamental defects of the work, we shall only observe that the designs of the latter certainly merited a better style of execution. To the rough and unfinished condition of the carvings, generally, may not improbably be ascribed the origin of the tradition that the artist brought them all into their respective forms unaided by other implement than his knife. These strictures, though somewhat severe, have been deemed necessary, in case the description in the foregoing pages, which relates more to form than to style of execution, should have left too favourable an impression, and led the reader to the belief that the work in question approached in excellency the unrivalled and contemporaneous sculpturings in wood of Grinling Gibbons, or of some of his scarcely less illustrious pupils.

The interior of the church, as has already been observed, was formerly used by the Kilbirnie, Glengarnock, and Ladyland families, as their place of sepulture. Of this once common, though baneful practice, excepting a flag-stone forming part of the pavement of the passage between the gallery and the pulpit, there are now no visible indications. The stone bears only the engraved figure of a two-handed sword, with a slightly sunk fillet or groove cut around the margin. The memory of him who lies beneath it has long since sunk into oblivion; for, though we have heard it stated that this memorial denoted the last resting place of Sir John Crawford of Kilbirnie, who died in 1661, it does not seem at all likely that this distinguished person should have been buried elsewhere than in the vault erected by himself in 1642.

This vaulted dormitory of several generations of his descendants, the relics of whom, as their coffins became decayed, were from time deposited beneath the pavement, contains at present only the mouldering and commingled remnants of two skeletons, and the remains of John Lindsay Crawford, the late claimant to the titles and estates of Crawford and Lindsay. The former it would have been duteous long ago to have likewise consigned to the "lap of earth," as they were exposed to much rude usage, and even parts of them abstracted, when, as was the case for many years, the vault and the church were exhibited as joint spectacles. In regard to the occupant of the coffin, it would be out of place here further to allude, than to observe that he attained an honour at his death that he never could possibly for a moment dream would crown the close of his bold and unprincipled career.* Verily the impudence of the supporters of this arch knave, in requesting that

* For an unanswerable refutation of the pretensions of this individual, and a searching exposure of the malpractices to which he had recourse in supporting them,

his body might be interred in the funeral vault of the Crawfords of Kilbirnie, while his claims to any affinity whatsoever with that ancient family still were the most suspicious aspect,—claims, indeed, that these same supporters, some three years afterwards, were perfectly convinced had no foundation whatever in truth or probability—could only be matched by the pusillanimity that granted a request, to which it is difficult to conceive how a right thinking or firm-minded man could for a moment have lent an ear.* But we are travelling out of the record, our province being description, and not the expression of sentiment.

The apartment over the vault, which is entered by the same outside stair as the gallery, is in keeping with the desolate condition of every thing in this parish once belonging to the extinguished house of Crawfurd and Garnock.

"Now to the dust gone down, their houses, lands,
And once fair spreading family dissolved."

Shortly after the death of the last Earl in 1808, the apartment was denuded of its garniture by the order of his sister, the late Lady Mary Lindsay Crawfurd. Long previously, however, to this, it had ceased to be the resort occasionally on Sundays of noble lords and high-born dames, and was only used at the period adverted to as the rendezvous where the tenants of the Kilbirnie estates met on rent days to pay their devoirs to the factor. For several years past it has not even been thus employed, though it is not improbable it may yet serve some purpose still more at variance with its original destination. The pictures that once adorned its walls, and which are still remembered with garrulous regret by a few of the older parishioners, consisted of drawings in water colours of Kilbirnie House, Glengarnock Castle, and engravings of scriptural and allegorical subjects. That several of these possessed considerable merit we are induced to believe, by their having been deemed worthy of a place in so splendid a mansion as Crawfurd Priory; nor would the view of Kilbirnie House, unless it had exhibited a master's hand, been especially noticed in a description of that august residence, drawn up by the celebrated Delta

of Blackwood's Magazine. The only other matter regarding these specimens of the graphic skill of a former age that we can state with certainty is, that they were all dispersed by auction shortly after the demise, in 1833, of the noble person by whose orders they had been withdrawn from the apartment.

Before concluding this account of Kilbirnie Kirk, it may be remarked that its exterior, though presenting not a single architectural feature meriting a moment's attention, still its venerable simplicity of form, stained and time-worn with the tempests and rains of unnumbered years, along with the rural amenity of the locality, constitute a tout ensemble, possessing a charm that rarely fails to arrest the attention of the passenger of taste. It is, however, much to be regretted that, as an object of interest in the landscape, the church has of late sustained irreparable injury at the hands of the sordid-minded heritors, its legal guardians, and who as such ought to have been most anxious for the maintenance of the strength and beauty of the edifice unimpaired. Early in 1839, they caused all the fine old ashes and planes which surrounded two sides of the churchyard to be cut down, except a few of the most stunted and deformed—an act by which they have not only despoiled the fabric of its most picturesque accompaniment, but by laying it open to the stormy west, have considerably endangered its stability.

In justification of a transaction by which the petty lairds of the parish, headed by the Earl of Glasgow's factor, justly incurred the reprobation of every person of feeling and taste in the district, it was stated that the churchyard had become of too confined dimensions for the wants of the population, and that the site of the trees would furnish a supply of graves that would prove for a long time commensurate to the demand. On the other hand it was alleged by not a few of the parishioners, that these heartless wisecracks calculated more on warding off a paltry assessment in behalf of the poor, by the produce of the timber, than on accommodating the public by the required extension of the burying ground. Be this as it may, none were sorry, save, it may be supposed, the heritors, that the trees, on being cut down, proved but of small value—sixteen or seventeen pounds being the amount of what they brought by auction.

But by much the more remarkable circumstance relating to the church, that has come to the knowledge of the writer, is the fact, that this should be the first attempt made to describe it. Singular, certainly, the circumstance is, that of the many individuals who have visited it during the last fifty years, not one should have possessed the power, conjoined with the inclination, of making the public acquainted with a structure now decidedly unique in its kind in this quarter of the country. The statistical account of the parish, written in 1793, passes it over in silence, and more unaccountable still, Robertson, the professed topographer and genealogist of the district, in his quarto volume, published in 1820, makes not the remotest allusion either to the church or churchyard of Kilbirnie, though subjects more interesting to the local antiquary, or the family genealogist, are not

we refer to an "Examination of the Claims of John Lindsay Crawfurd to the Titles and Estates of Lindsay and Crawfurd," by James Dobie, writer, Beith, published by Blackwood in 1831.

The following notice of the death of this audacious aspirant to a peerage appeared in the 'Ayr Advertiser,' of the 28th January 1806:—"On Wednesday evening, the 26th inst., at six o'clock, at Mr Taylor's lodgings, Glasgow, John Lindsay Crawfurd, Esq., the long harrassed and still unfortunate claimant to the titles and estates of Crawfurd and Lindsay. There are three sons surviving who may yet inherit his titles and estates." A subsequent number of the same paper contains the following paragraph, apparently from the same pen as the above:—"both the absurd communications, evidently, of some ill-informed abettor of the defunct impostor:—'The late John Lindsay Crawfurd. This gentleman, whose death was mentioned in our last number, was one of the claimants for the Crawford Peerage. At present the Earl of Glasgow, the only other claimant, is in possession of the estates; but, notwithstanding the doubts which he still entertains of the late Mr Crawfurd's claims, he very kindly allowed the corpse to be interred in the family vault at Kilbirnie, where the sacred ashes of twenty Earls lie mouldering in the dust.'"

to be met with in any parish in this section of the country. The author of an "Examination of the Claims of John Lindsay Crawford," &c. already referred to, gives the only descriptive sketch of the church hitherto printed, though from its being merely incidental, it is, by its brevity, calculated more to excite than to gratify curiosity. Whether the foregoing account of the edifice shall be regarded as having adequately supplied the deficiency complained of, it would be but of small importance to know. Further concerning it, the writer has only to state that its existence may in a great measure be ascribed to the descriptive sketch alluded to, inasmuch as it was the means of directing his attention decidedly to a subject which he attempted first to illustrate by the pencil, and latterly, as above, by the pen. That these illustrations may survive their original seems not at present a matter of very questionable probability. Decay, fostered by neglect, has long since begun to leave deep traces of its power upon much of the work, and to all appearance will be permitted, step by step, to achieve its final triumph. The church, too, besides being somewhat damp, will perhaps in a few years become of limited enough dimensions for the population, and should a new one sooner or later be proposed, we are afraid that in these utilitarian days, few, if any of the heritors would advocate the claims of the gallery and the pulpit to preservation. Still we hope that the venerable edifice will not be supplanted, until at least it shall have been declared by competent judges incapable of receiving the extension demanded.

[To be continued.]

TRAVELS IN ENGLAND IN 1641.

[Continued from our last.]

In recurring to the memorable embassy of M. de la Ferté Imbault, Marischal of France, 1641, the following account is given of the first audience.* The king was under a canopy of a rich structure, attended by the Dukes of Richmond and Buckingham, the Marquis of Hamilton, the Earls of Arundel, Northumberland, Pembroke, and other lords of his court, all arranged according to their offices or birth.

On the left hand was the Queen, with the little princess Mary, recently espoused by the young Prince of Orange, accompanied by the Duchess of Richmond, Countesses of Digby, Carlisle, Caernarvon, Craff, (Crawford?) Harrison, and other ladies of her chamber, who appeared that day with all the pomp, splendour, and beauty of England.

At first we entered with some haste and confusion, which sufficiently declared us to be quick Frenchmen; (*faisoit assez connoître la promptitude du Français*;) but we afterwards, with great modesty, opened to right and left, to make way for his Excellency, who, after having made three

reverences to their Majesties, at three distances, presented his dispatches with a gravity which drew upon him all the eyes of this august assembly.

He complimented their Majesties on the part of his master, for half an hour, with so much politeness and gallantry, mixed with a certain natural gaiety, that he was regarded as much as a skilful courtier, as he is a great leader in war.

He afterwards presented us each in order to kiss their Majesties' hands. We then retired with somewhat less confusion than before, into an antichamber, where eighteen huge flagons of Spanish wine, in battle array, defied our attacks, according to the good custom of the country. The season inviting us to drink we endeavoured to show those noble wine-bibbers that we acquit ourselves of that duty with less noise, and more truth, than any nation in Europe, and that we are rivals even in this kind of glory.

We then departed, each agitated with different thoughts; and for my part, I must confess, that I must have been insensible not to have been affected for more than that day with the sight of so many pretty faces, though in so sacred and majestic a presence.

On the day after, his Excellency having been visited by the ambassadors of our allies, proceeded to a public audience of the Prince of Wales, and Duke of York, and entertained these royal children a long time with stories of the little amusements of our Dauphin and the Duke of Anjou, with which they remained highly delighted. They are two handsome little princes, who seem to show, by their good mien, and infantine courage, that they will one day re-establish the honour and glory of a throne which the insolence of a mutinous populace has dared to shake.

Soon after, we proceeded to Somerset House, the residence of the Princess, where that budding beauty, crowned with extraordinary and winning modesty, displayed qualities rarely possessed; by her able and quick answers. She has so much fire and sweetness in her eyes, and so much gaiety, though checked by prudence, that she is easily distinguishable from the young ladies of her chamber.

Next day his Excellency rendered some private visits with little train or noise, and gave the afternoon to the Queen mother,* who had sent her coaches and gentlemen, or indeed one of each, in no good plight. We found her in her chamber, seated in a chair of black velvet, with as much majesty and grandeur of mind as if she were still giving orders for the march of a powerful army, or for a magnificent tournament. She was chatting with Lady Le Coigneux, or rather reading in that fair face what she had been herself formerly, with thoughts that might humble the proudest spirits, for wide is the difference between her past and present days!

Nevertheless, she seemed highly pleased with a duty so little expected, and to be delighted with the numerous tales his Excellency repeated concerning her grandsons, the hope of France.

* Mary of Medicis. She died at Brussels in July 1642.

† It was at the risk of offending the implacable Richelieu.

* It may not be unnecessary to remind the reader that, upon the suppression of the dignity of Constable, the Marshals of France were regarded as the first men in the kingdom after the princes of the blood, and far superior to Dukes. In French it is Monsieur le Duc, but Monseigneur le Maréchal.

She remained standing a whole half hour, at the age of sixty-eight years, with as much ease and gaiety as if she had just received the news of a general pacification.

"We afterwards visited such Lords of the Court as their charges oblige to remain near the King's person, the greater part having retired, in complaisance to the Parliament whose insolence and credit were arrived at such a pitch, as to give laws to their master, to secure his person, and all the royal family, and to declare guilty of high treason those who even seemed to support the justice of his cause, and all this with a success that has astonished all Europe.

"I need not repeat how the royal family has been treated for six months at Whitehall, (*Quetzal*), without daring to leave it, nor its sufferings, from the menaces of a seditious cabal, nor its forbearance, amidst a thousand gibes of a Lower Chamber, composed of cobblers and leather-cutters, who, under the pretence of the public weal, and of the preservation of the ancient laws of the State, sport with the lives and fortunes of all that is powerful in the kingdom. Nor shall I speak to you of the cruel affronts and alarms given every moment to so many poor Catholics, nor the injuries offered to a nation which is never assailed without cause of repentance. Suffice it to say, that our arrival dispersed those bad reports, reassured the Catholics, and gave occasion to those brutal souls to remember that their Queen, a great and virtuous princess, has a brother who knows how to punish as well to pardon.

"An embassy, so marked and distinguished, made them think of their consciences, if this mob of natural enemies to good order and the crown can have any, and forced them to proceed with more coolness than before, for a fortnight has elapsed without any new resolution in their meetings.

J. P.

[To be continued.]

KILBIRNIE CASTLE.*

We recollect having visited this ancient residence many years ago. It was a beautiful day in the beginning of autumn; the yellow grain was falling under the sickle, and all nature seemed smiling around in the abundance of a plentiful harvest. After a short stay in the village, and some time spent in the truly interesting church and churchyard—the second part of a minute description of which, from the elegant pen of William Dobie, Esq., Grangevale, appears in the *Journal of to-day*—we proceeded to the Castle, or House, as it was anciently called, of Kilbirnie. It is situated at a considerable distance from the church, on the slope of the range of hills which rise from the valley of Kilbirnie, and commands an extensive view. The beautiful sheet of water called Kilbirnie loch—about two miles long, and half a mile broad, ripples beneath undisturbed, save by the water-fowl and the "springing trout," which make its bosom their home. At that time there was no railway, as now, skirting its south-

ern margin, nor busy iron works, and smoking coal-pits invading its boundaries. The scene was truly rural, and one of the finest to be witnessed in lowland landscape. A feeling of melancholy overcame us as we traversed the long, broad, and once magnificent avenue, formed of trees, which leads up to the castle. The pavement was overgrown with grass—and it wore a deserted and desolate look, still, however, bearing traces of comparatively recent good keeping. The garden still produced its crops, being under lease to a party in the village of Kilbirnie. The walls of the castle were so entire, that, but for the desolation of the interior, one might have supposed it habitable. Our correspondent is right in his description of the building. It was "erected at two widely different periods," and "consists of an ancient quadrilateral tower, and a modern addition, extending rectangularly from its east side. The tower is 41 feet in length, by 32 in width, and its walls are seven feet thick. Its height has been divided into four stories, the lowest of which is vaulted, and without a fire-place. The second, which consisted of a hall, 26 feet long, and 18 feet wide, has likewise been vaulted and lighted tolerably by a window in its south wall, and another facing the west. Above this have been two tiers of chambers; but of their subdivisions there are no traces left. Access to the different floors, and to the roof, has been gained by a narrow spiral stair in the east angle of the building. A way fenced with a parapet has gone round the top, all of which has fallen down, as well as every vestige of the roof, which was probably of the high triangular form, common to such castellated mansions. It is impossible, from any peculiarities in the masonry of this feudal tower, to ascertain the period of its construction. The absence of gun-ports in its walls, a provisional defence with which every stronghold erected subsequently to the use of firearms was furnished, seems to imply that it was built, at the latest, in the early part of the fourteenth century, and consequently, in the days of the Barclays, the most anciently recorded lords of the barony.

"The modern part of the edifice was built about 1627, and must have proved a satisfactory increase of light and airy accommodation, to that afforded by the sombre tower. It extends 74 feet, is 25 in width, and has been three storeys in height, besides the attics; the pedimented windows of which have risen above the lower line of the roof, as have likewise the hanging turrets at the extremities of the principal facade. * * * The building was entirely destroyed by fire, accidentally kindled on the 1st May 1757, and from which, as it occurred at an early hour in the morning, the Earl of Crawford, with his infant daughter, and the domestics, had little more than time to escape. Eighty years exposure to the weather have much lessened, and greatly enfeebled what the fire had spared; while, during this long period, all the contiguous pleasure-grounds have been torn up by the plough, or permitted to run waste. The noble straight-lined avenue, full twenty yards in breadth, has returned to a state of nature—the gardens situated to the west, instead of flowers and shrubs, are allotted to the rearing of potatoes and turnips."

* See letter of our correspondent, p. 384.

† Glasgow and Ayr Railway.

ground better orchard grounds no traces are now to be seen. The high walls with which they were enclosed are everywhere breaking down, and all the fine old timber, which had beautified and embellished the place for ages, and afterwards added much to the grandeur and interest of its ruins, has disappeared within the last thirty years.

The Barclays, as already stated, were the oldest proprietors of the barony of Kilbirnie, of whom we have any record. The first of this family, according to Crawford and Douglas, was a Sir Walter Barclay, descended from Sir Walter Barclay, Lord High Chamberlain of Scotland, in 1174. He married Margaret, daughter of Sir John Crawford of Crawford-John, by whom he obtained the half of these lands. Their son, Hugh Barclay, was in the possession of the half of Crawford-John in 1357. He was succeeded by his son, Sir Hugh Barclay, who is designed of Kilbirnie, as well as half the lands of Crawford-John, in 1397. Sir John Barclay of Kilbirnie and Crawford-John died without male issue in 1470, leaving an only daughter, Marjory, who married Malcolm Crawford of Greenock, whereby the heirs male and heirs of line of this family became united. This Malcolm got a charter from James IV. in 1499. "Malcolm Crawford de Greenock, terrarum de Kilbirnie, dimidiatat baronie de Crawford-John." The descendants of this marriage continued to possess the estate of Kilbirnie down to a comparatively recent period, and took a pretty active part in several of the feuds of the west country. In 1602 "the place of Kilbirnie" was broken into, and a number of valuable articles abstracted. "Johnne Crawford, indutyme in Auchincloch, now (1606) in Auchincloch" was put upon his trial for the robbery, 28 Feb. 1606. The indictment, which is curious, is as follows:

FORSAWKILL as he, accompanit with Thomas Wilson in Wallace, with divers vtheris their complices, cowdoun the wif, in the moneth of November, the yeur of God 1606, and the yelis, come to the place of Kilbirnie, the Laird being then furth of this realme, and his Lady being then in prison, the wyle distant fra the said place of Kilbirnie; and thair, ynder sylence and cloud of nycht, brak the said Place, at the North syde thair of, enterit within the saidis, and thiffenouslie stall, conceit, ressett and away-tuk, furth thair of, and furth of the cofferis then standing within the said Place, ane figurit velvet gowne, ane blow bend of taffetie, ane ryding cloik and skirt of broun cullerit clath, wrocht with siluer pasment; ane blak velvet dowblet, cuttit out and wrocht with silk cordons; ane pair of broun velvet breikis, wrocht with cordons of gold; ane lowse gown of grograne, ane skirt of broune satene, ane broun sattene dowblet, twa hwidis with craipis; togidder with ane pair of blankettis, quhairin he band all the saidis clathis and abulzements: Quhillis guidis and goin pertenant to the said Johnne Crawford of Kilbirnie and his sponis. LYKE as, att the samyn tyne, he with his complices, brak vp the said Johnne Crawfordis Charter-kh, standing within the said Place, and thiffenouslie stall, conceit, ressett and away-tuk, furth thair of, ane gret number of the said Laird of Kilbirnieis speciall euidents and writtis togidder with the saidis guidis and goin and abulzements, he and his complices had and conveyit away with thaim, and disposit thair upon att thair owne will, to the noyance and detrimment of the said Laird of Kilbirnie.

* New Statistical Account—article "Parish of Kilbirnie," drawn up by William Doble, Esq., Grangevale, Bath.
† Principal title-deeds and writings.

pleasoury and he wes art and part of the thiffenous stealing, conceit, ressett and away-taking of the saidis guidis, geir, writtis, euidents and otheris such writtis, and of the breking of the said Place, in manner, and att the tyme forsaid: quhill he wes notourlie knawin, to the takin, he, with his wyffe and seruand-wemen, deliuerit bak agane to the Lady Kilbirnie, within the dwelling house of Cuthbert Crawford in Parkfur, in presens of the said Cuthbert Crawford, Hew Gavin in Boig, William Allane in Manis, Thomas Harvie in Brocklirhill, Mungo Allane in Sarslie, Hew Starrie in Banksyde, and George Kelso in Brighill, the pertencier abulzements following, viz. the saidis cuttit out velvet dowblet, the broun velvet breikis, the lowse grograne gowne, the broun satene skirt, ane broune satene dowblet, the said figurit velvet gowne, the said broun ryding cloik and skirt, with the saidis twa hwidis, quhillis wer thiffenouslie stollin and away-brocht be him and his complices, furth of the said place, att the tyme forsaid: To the takin also, he being examine him self, in presens of the Minister, elders and deacons of the Kirk of Kilbirnie, he grantit and confessit the haiving of the said blew taffetie bend, with certane of the said Laird and Ladies writtis and euidents, bot wald nocht declair how he came be thame; as the Extract of his Confession, heirwith product to schaw, beris: To the takin lykways, the said Johane, being chargit of befoir to find cautione to haif comperit before the Justice, at ane certane day bygane, to vnderly the law for the forsaidis crymes, he than, for disobedience of the said charge, past to the horne; as the Hoirning lykways schawin beiris."

Notwithstanding the strong evidence here adduced "the assise, be the mouth of William Orr in Lochrig, chancellor, for the maist part, stand, pronouncet and declairit the said Johnne Crawford to be clene, innocent and acquit of air and part of the breking, &c."†

The John Crawford here mentioned was married to Margaret, daughter of John Blair of that ilk. He died, as the following extract from the Commissary Record of Glasgow shows, in 1622. "Testament dative and Inventar of the guidis &c. qik. pertenit to vmqle Johnne Crawford of Kilburnie the tyme of his deceis Quha deceist in the monethe of Januar the zeir of god 1622. 1rs. ffaytfullie maid and gevin vp be Johnne Crawford now of Kilburnie, lawfull sone to the defunct and excor. dative decernit to his guidis and gear be decret of the Commissary of Glasgow, 27th Merche, 1622, &c. Inventar—* * * Item, ane boitt wt. hir furnitur, Rowing and sailing graithe, estimat to jc li. Item, in the bornes and bornesairdis of Kilburnie, Grenok and Fairlie Crevoche, rextive, Sax scoir bolls aitts, price of ye bole vii. 6s. 8d. Cond. the penult day of May, 1622. Hew Crawford of Jordanehill, Cautr." It was the son of the testator, Johnne Crawford, who built the addition to "the Place of Kilbirnie" in 1627. He died only two years afterwards, and was succeeded by his son, Sir John Crawford of Kilbirnie, who was knighted by Charles I., and took part in the civil wars. Sir John died in 1661, leaving two daughters by a second marriage, the youngest of whom, Margaret, was married to Patrick Lindsay, second son of John, fifteenth Earl of Crawford and first of Lindsay, and succeeded him in the Kilbirnie property. Her husband, in virtue of the entail, assumed the designation of Crawford of Kilbirnie. Both Patrick Lindsay and his lady were carried off by a malignant fever. Their deaths are thus detailed

* In token, or record, a mort.
† Criminal Trials.

in *Law's Memorials*: "October 1680. In one week's time, dyed, first, the Lady Killburnie, daughter to the late laird of it, on the 12th of that instant; and her husband, the laird, second son of the Earl of Lindsay, who gott that estate by marrying this laird's daughter, dies also upon the 16th of that instant, both of a fever. The Sabbath before, they were at the celebration of the Lord's Supper at the kirk of Baith. On the day they sickened, the laird's dogs went into the closs, and an unco dog coming in amongst them, they all set up a barking, with their faces up to heaven howling, yelling, and youphing; and when the laird called upon them, they would not come to him, as in former times when he called upon them. The death of thir spouses was much lamented by all sorts of people. They left seven children behind them; within a few days after, the Lady Blackhall, her sister, being infected with the same disease, (for it was a pestilential fever), and coming to Kilburnie to wait on the funerals, she also dyes there." Pp. 165—324. It would appear that a considerable party of the citizens of Glasgow had attended the funeral of these distinguished individuals, for on the 21st December following, the town-council ordained "John Robesoun to have ane warrant for the soume of thrie hundreth sextie punds, nyne shilling Scots, payed be him for the expenses and hors hyres of these that went to the burial of Kilbirnie, his Ladie, and to the burial of the Ladie Blackhall." John, son of Patrick Lindsay Crawford of Kilbirnie, took an active part in the Revolution, and was created Viscount of Mount-Crawford in 1703, but he afterwards got the title altered to Garnock, from the neighbouring estate of Glengarnock, which had been purchased by his father about 1680. George, third Viscount Garnock, succeeded in 1749 to John, eighteenth Earl of Crawford and fourth of Lindsay, the title of Garnock merging in the more ancient honours of the house. George, fourth Viscount Garnock, and twentieth Earl of Crawford, dying, in 1808, unmarried, he was succeeded in his estates in Fiffe, Dunbartonshire and Ayrshire by his only remaining sister, Lady Mary Lindsay Crawford, who enjoyed the property till her death in 1833, when the estates fell to George, fourth Earl of Glasgow, in right of his descent from Margaret, the eldest sister of the first Viscount Garnock.

There have been various claimants of the honours and estates of Crawford—a sketch of the history of some of whom would be curious and interesting.

THE LAST SPEECH AND CONFESSION OF PATRICK M'NICOL, ALIAS CAMPBELL,

Who was executed at Mugdock, upon the 28th of March, 1718, for the Murder of John Graham.*

THE foresaid Patrick Campbell, being brought out of Prison, guarded by a Company of foot Soldiers and a troop of Dragoons, being about half way

to the place of Execution, halted, and had a long discourse to the Ministers in the Highland tongue. Being come to the place of Execution, he read the 55 chap. of Isaiah, and the 61 psalm.

And after prayer, being asked by the Ministers there present, viz. Mr John Anderson, minister in Drymen; Mr Livingston of Strathblane; Mr Robert M'farland of Buchanan; Mr Livingston beginning, said, Patrick you are now within an hour, or thereabout, by all probability, to appear before the great Judge of Heaven and Earth, to receive your sentence either of bliss or curse; for he that confesseth his sins and forsaketh them shall find mercy: and therefore, I would have you give all the satisfaction you can, to the Spectators, now when you are on the brink of Eternity, and would not that you would go down to the grave with a lie in your right hand; for more satisfaction, answer me these three questions:

Whether or not, was you in a combination with the rest of the prisoners to make your escape? He answered, Yes. Whether or not was you designed to murder any in case of opposition? He answered, No. Then he asked, whether or not did you strike at the deceased John Graham? He answered, No. Then he asked if he had any weapon in his hand? To which he answered, No, and as he should shortly answer before God he was free of his Death.

Then Mr M'farland prayed very fervently for him, that the Lord would assist and help him to bear up under that sharp tryal he was to undergo. Then he went up some steps of the ladder, and sat down, and then prayed very earnestly in the Highland tongue: he admonished all young men to keep good company, and to keep holy the Lord's day, which he, now to his great grief, had too oft profaned; and to beware of swearing and taking God's holy name in vain. He desired all good Christians there present, to put up their petitions to God on his behalf as long as they saw life in him.

He forgave all them that had wronged him, particularly the Jury. He forbade the ministers to pray for him as a murderer. He gave great satisfaction to all beholders of his well being. When he went up the ladder, he desired the Executioner not to put him off until he gave a sign, which accordingly he did, and so was cast over with these words in his mouth, Lord Jesus, Receive my Spirit.

And when he was cut down there was eight of his Relations put him in a coffin, and carried him away in a litter, to his father's Buriall place.

NOTES OF A FEW TESTAMENTS RECORDED IN THE COMMISSARY RECORD, 1574-5-7.

TESTAMENT of Robert Craig, burgess of Edinburgh, who died in June 1575, given up by Katharine Bannatyne, his relict, and Maister Thomas Craig, advocate, his son. 14th January, 1575.

[The existence of this testament completely negatives the supposition of Tytler, who, on the authority of Mr, now Sir James Gibson Craig, assumes that Sir Thomas was eldest son of William Craig of Craighfontroy. The fact is that,

* From a rare broadside in the Library of the Faculty of Advocates.

of whatever race of Cwiga Robert sprang from; he was himself only a decent Edinburgh tradesman.]

Testament of Thomas Norwell, October, 1673. Execution given up by John and Margaret, his lawful bairns, with consent of Margaret Norwell, their mother.

Testament of the Abbot of Balmerino, 24th May, 1574.

[This was John Hay, Master of Requests to Queen Mary.]

Testament of Sir George Clappertoun, Subdene of the Chapel Royal of Stirling, 21st Sept. 1574. Died in the month of April, 1574.

Testament of Mr George Creichtoun of Clunie, who died in March 1573 æira. Given up by Marian Creichtoun, his spouse. Andro Abercromby and Peter Creichtoun of Lugtoun his executors. One of the witnesses, David Creichtoun, brother to the Laird of Lugtoun. 9th October, 1574.

Testament of Sir Andro Bynnyng, Vicar of the Kirk at the brig of Hailes, who died in October, 1577.

STACKHOUSE ON BARROWS.*

THESE beautifully turned artificial hills, which are so copiously scattered over the downs, in different parts of the island, particularly in Wiltshire and Dorsetshire, seldom fail of exciting the admiration, even of the ordinary traveller; but to the antiquary they have long been objects of particular attention.

But this attention has, unfortunately, been solely directed to their sepulchral character, and confined to the excavation of individual tumuli. Considerable labour and expense have been, and still continue to be bestowed in searching after skeletons, urns, ashes, beads, and other relics: and no small degree of learning and ingenuity has been displayed in describing the result of these investigations.

That barrows were originally constructed for the purposes of interment, and that most, if not all, that we now meet with in different parts of this kingdom have been so applied is a fact which will not admit of any doubt or controversy; nor is this the object the writer has in view, but to show that they had a more extensive and important designation than that to which the inquiries of the learned have been thus exclusively directed.

To commit the lifeless body to the earth is acting in conformity with the sacred sentence: "Dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return;" but, in performing this last office of respect to the dead, it was natural to feel some repugnance in consigning the dear remains of a departed friend so entirely to a state of silence and oblivion, as that no memorial should remain of him, who once breathed the same vital air, and mingled in the cheerful walks of men.

The simplest and readiest mode of erecting such a memorial, was by raising a mound of earth over the grave of the deceased; or the body might perhaps be laid on the surface, then the earth spread

lightly over the corpse till the tumulus was raised to a proper height, and the verdant turf being laid over all, the primeval monument was completed.

Monuments of this kind are found in various parts of the world: in Asia, (where they probably originated), in Europe, Africa, and America; but with this difference, that such as were erected by a people retaining their simplicity of manners, retain also the primitive plainness of the ancient barrow; but where elegance and splendour had long obtained a place, not only the habitations of the living were distinguished by sumptuous magnificence, but even the silent mansions of the unconscious dead exhibited specimens of this prevailing taste for grandeur.

In Egypt, the cairn, or barrow, formed of loose stones, arrived at the summit of its greatness in the stupendous and celebrated pyramids, which are supposed to have been the burial place of the ancient kings of Egypt. In Greece, the barrow was long raised in its ancient simplicity over the bodies of distinguished personages, but with some splendid appendages; as to the corpse itself, the poet informs us in the following lines:—

"The snowy bones his friends and brothers place
With tears collected, in a golden vase;
The golden vase in purple palls they roll'd,
Of softest texture and inwrought with gold:
Last, o'er the urn the sacred earth they spread,
And rais'd a tomb, memorial of the dead."

POPE'S HOMER.

In process of time, the statues of animals, of pillars with inscriptions, in praise of the illustrious dead, were erected on the Grecian barrows.

Herodotus, describing the tomb or barrow erected to the memory of Alyattes, father of King Cræsus, who died 562 years before Christ, says it was inferior to the works of the Egyptians and Babylonians alone.

This barrow stands in the midst of others, by the lake Gygaüs, where the burial places of the Lydian princes were situated: the surrounding barrows are of different sizes; four or five are distinguished by their superior magnitude, and are visible as hills at a distance, but that of Alyattes is greatly super-eminent: Strabo informs us that it was a huge mound raised on a lofty basis, by the people of the city, and that it was three-fourths of a mile round, and 200 feet high: they are all covered with green turf, and all retain their conical form, without any sinking in of the top.

In Scotland and Wales barrows are numerous, but formed of loose stones; they are called Cairns: such as have been opened present urns, ashes, and sometimes entire skeletons, like those in the west of England.

Several barrows have been discovered in North America. The learned author of "The State of Virginia," gives a particular account of the opening of a very large one in his neighbourhood: this was dissimilar to the barrows in this country internally; for it consisted of thick strata of bones promiscuously strewed with alternate strata of earth. He mentions others that are gradually sinking under the plough; and one of the cairn kind is formed of stones, on the side of the ridge called the Blue Mountains.

* Illustration of the Tumuli, or Ancient Barrows, &c. By Thomas Stackhouse.

The same writer observes that, "on whatever occasion these barrows have been made, they are of considerable notoriety among the Indians; for, a party of them passing about thirty years ago through that part of the country in which this large barrow is, went through the woods directly to it, without any instruction or inquiry, and having staid about it some time, with expressions which were construed to be those of sorrow, they returned to the high road from which they had deviated about six miles, purposely to pay this visit.

It does not appear that the ancient Grecian barrows contained more than one person in each, nor have more than one or two been found in the greatest part of those which have been opened in Wiltshire or Dorsetshire: it is evident, therefore, that as the number of barrows in this kingdom must have been totally inadequate to the population of the country, which, according to the testimony of Caesar, was very great; and which is confirmed by the vast and extensive works still remaining, that they could not have been the ordinary burial places of the people at large, nor yet the tumulary receptacles of the soldiers slain in battle. They have therefore been the depots of the more illustrious and distinguished dead; probably the ministers of religion and justice were interred in the immediate vicinity of the temples—their warriors and chieftains in view of their camps.

Having sufficiently noticed these barrows in their monumental capacity, it remains to take a view of them in their military character.

The British barrows, at least those in the western counties, when taken collectively, exhibit the most complete system of vigilatory and communicating points that perhaps ever did, or ever will exist: they are like so many mirrors, placed with such optical skill and accuracy, that they conduct the visual ray from point to point, through all the windings and recesses of those circuitous dells, which they are evidently intended to overlook. That the Gauls, from whom the Britons descended, had amongst them a regular system of speedy communication, is plain from the words of Caesar, "*Celeriter ad omnes Galliae civitates fama perferitur; nam ubi major atque illustrior res incidit, clamore per agros regionesque significant hunc alii deinceps excipiunt, et proximis tradunt, ut tunc accidit; nam quæ Genobii oriente sole gesta essent, ante primam confectam vigiliam, in finibus Arvernorum audita sunt, quod spatium est millium passuum circiter est.*" *Cæs. l. 7, sec. 3.*

"They convey intelligence" says he, "with great celerity through the fields and cantons by shouting with all their might; thus the intelligence is communicated from one to another, so that what happened at Orleans at sun-rise was known at Auvergne before nine in the evening, though the one place is 160 miles from the other."

This shouting was certainly not addressed to casual or chance auditors, but to persons regularly stationed for the express purpose, otherwise these dispatches must have been liable to considerable interruption and delay.

To this purpose, and to a much more speedy communication, the barrows are admirably adapted, as must be obvious to any one who shall examine them according to the principles subjoined.

The principles on which the barrows are constructed and arranged are these:

1. They form intermediate points of direct communication, either between the castles and the beacons, or between the temples and the nearest castle.

2. They communicate reflectively from one to another through all the winding of those dells, which intersect the downs.

3. One or more barrows are placed at the extremities of a long and straight valley, so as to command a longitudinal view of the same.

4. Barrows are sometimes ranged on the sides of these long dells, so as to command a lateral view of the opposite declivities.

4. The magnitude and position of each barrow is determined by the point to which its visual line is directed; and not, as some have supposed, by its monumental office, or according to the dignity of the person interred within it.

6. Groups of barrows are uniformly limited to the downs only, but eminent stations are occasionally distinguished by one or two barrows; in parts of the country to which the barrow system is not adapted, and where, of course, they can only occur in this detached manner.

7. A barrow is never found larger than its station, that is, the point to which its visual line is assigned, requires.

8. No labour is spared where a barrow of extraordinary magnitude was necessary.

9. Barrows are seldom found in low situations; but where a barrow is erected in a hollow or valley, it is almost always a very large one; as in the instances of Silbury Hill, Glastonbury Tor, Barrow Bottom, Suffolk, and some others: on Glastonbury Tor, a tower has been built, but that is, comparatively, a modern erection.

10. The visual lines from the barrows on the summit of a ridge, often terminate at a distance from the foot, so as to leave room for a body of men to move along unseen: this is remedied by placing one or more barrows, so as completely to command the whole range of the declivity at its base.

11. The whole of these particular principles are concentrated into this general one; that there is not a single spot, within the barrow district, left unexposed to at least one of these all-pervading points; and such is the perfection with which this great design is executed, that I believe I am safe in asserting, that even a single individual could not proceed twenty yards in any direction without being seen, supposing the watch on the barrows to be set.

The best way of putting these assertions to the proof, is to walk or ride along the valleys, and endeavour to get wholly out of sight of every barrow; having walked considerably above a hundred miles, in different directions, among the barrows in the vicinity of Weymouth and Dorchester, I can confidently say, that this can only be done in two or three instances; where the

plough has wholly levelled, or considerably depressed; the tumulus assigned to that particular station; in these cases, the furrows of the plough will account for these partial defects in the system.

One instance of this kind will occur in a deep valley, north-west of Maiden Castle. The three large barrows on the ridge, which formerly commanded this valley, are considerably reduced by frequent plowing; they are easily distinguished by their whiteness, the chalk being turned up by the plough; the land is enclosed by a stone fence where these barrows are.

Another instance occurs in going along the valley from Ridgeway towards Dorchester, by the road side; about half-way down, there ought to be a low barrow on a swell of the land next the road; but this being low has soon given way to the plough-share, and is blended with the surrounding clouds.

I take my illustration* from the Dorchester Downs, because they exhibit the most perfect specimens of these military works in every kind: I mean that ridge, which, extending from St Albans Head towards Abbotbury, divides the marshes on the Weymouth side, from the meadows on the Dorchester side.

To those who visit Weymouth in the season, these downs would form delightful excursions, from the compass and variety of the prospect, as well as the nearer view of rich valleys enlivened by villages, which, presenting themselves on a sudden, form an agreeable contrast to the monotony of the hills: but to those who have a taste for contemplating these vestiges of ancient times, there cannot be a more interesting spot in the kingdom; the whole is in such an admirable state of preservation. I wish I were not under the painful necessity of remarking that this will not long be the case; what the incessant silent efforts of all-consuming Time have not been able to effect in many centuries, the plough-share will accomplish in a very few years.

If there can be an instance in which we reluctantly hail the plough in its progress, it is in such a case as this, when, if the public benefit were put into the scale, against the irreparable loss of these ancient monuments, it must appear lighter than the dust of the balance.

For the only portrait of some eminent and interesting character—for the only memorial of some important event, we should lament the irretrievable loss; and is it of less importance to preserve, at least one perfect specimen, of the identical form and feature of our native country as it appeared in times prior to the most ancient history extant.

But, however we may deprecate such mutilations as these, they will be continued till not a single trace is left; the barrows have already begun to moulder under the hand of the cultivator; the terraces are blending into each other; and those strong bold lines, by which they are now so conspicuously defined, will soon become imperceptible.

* Referring to the Plate which accompanies the work.

THE LEPROSY IN SCOTLAND.

A more revolting or loathsome spectacle, than that of a human being infected with the leprosy cannot well be conceived; and those who have witnessed it invariably describe it under feelings of the most unmitigated horror and disgust. Commiseration for the sufferer can in no degree diminish the loathing which his frightful distemper excites in the minds of his fellow men. All other diseases throw the person infected, in a manner, upon our compassion; and in accordance with the universal laws of humanity prompt our assistance and aid; but the leprosy at once casts the unhappy wretch from beyond the pale of society. The alarm created by the appearance of the plague, and the corresponding fear of coming into contact with those infected, are as nothing when contrasted with that natural instinct which leads to an utter abandonment of the leper.

This horrible disease, which is indigenous to the east, may well be termed a scourge, and a most humiliating one to poor human nature. We are told by Caluret that "the Jews regarded the leprosy as a disease sent from God, and Moses prescribes no natural remedy for the cure of it. Those who have treated of this disease, have distinguished a recent leprosy from one already formed and become inveterate. A recent leprosy may be healed, but an inveterate one is incurable. Travellers who have seen lepers in the east, say that the disease attacks principally the feet. Maundrell, who had seen lepers in Palestine, says that their feet were swelled like those of elephants, or horses feet swelled with the farcy. Leprosy," continues the same venerable author, "is very easily communicated; and hence Moses has taken so much precaution to prevent lepers from communicating with persons in health. His care extended even to dead bodies thus infected, which he directed should not be buried with others. We can hardly fail of observing the character, and terror in consequence, of this disease; how dreadful is the leprosy in scripture, how justly dreadful, when so fatal and so hopeless of cure!"

Throughout the east, and other tropical countries where this disease prevails, the same precautions are taken, with equal strictness, for the prevention of all communication with the diseased, as among the Jewish people of scripture. According to the law of Moses, lepers were banished beyond the camp, and deprived of all intercourse with their friends and fellow-countrymen. Driven from human dwellings, and the face of man, they found refuge in the wild expanse of the desert, the savage wilderness, and the gloomy solitude of ancient sepulchres and burial places. At "Morocco," says Jackson in his "account" of that state, "there is a separate quarter, outside of the walls, inhabited by lepers only. Those who are infected with it are obliged to wear a badge of distinction whenever they leave their habitations, so that a straw hat, with a very wide brim, tied on in a particular manner, is the signal for persons not to approach the wearer."

Strange as it may appear to the reader of the present day, our own country was, for several cen-

turies infected with this eastern "pest." Various causes are assigned for its propagation here; but the more probable one is that given by some of our old writers, that it began to make its appearance in Scotland sometime about the period of the Crusades, owing, in a great measure to those crusading adventurers who returned from the Holy Land and other eastern climes where the disease abounded, bringing it along with them. In those times, the miserable state of the Scottish people, and the total absence of any sanitary regulations for the cleansing and sewerage of the considerable towns, afforded ample scope for the ravages of any infection the most loathsome.

In Scotland, the leprosy increased to such an extent that the successive governments were compelled to take some steps to retard its progress. They ordered the erection of "Lodgings," or Hospitals, throughout the country generally, for the reception of those who had had the misfortune to be infected, in order to prevent their communicating the disease to others, and thereby, in the course of time eradicate, or at the very least mitigate the ravages of this frightful tropical scourge. However, it seems these measures were ineffectual to accomplish the end for which they were adopted.

From the time of the Crusades to the end of the fifteenth century, the leprosy continued to be prevalent in Scotland. The reader need scarcely be reminded that this was the distemper of which the great King Robert Bruce died, being brought on him, says Sir Walter Scott, "in consequence of his distress after the battle of Methven." "It is said," continues Sir Walter, "he experienced benefit from the use of a medicinal spring, about a mile north of the town of Ayr, called, from that circumstance, King's Ease, (King's Case," i.e., *Casa Regis*). "After Robert ascended the throne, he caused houses to be built round the well of King's Ease, for eight lepers, and allowed eight bolls of oatmeal, and £28 Scotch money, per annum, to each person. These donations were laid upon the lands of Fullerton, and are now payable by the Duke of Portland. The farm of Shiels, in the neighbourhood of Ayr, has to give, if required, a certain quantity of straw for the lepers' beds, and so much to thatch their houses annually. Each leprous person had a drinking-horn provided him by the king, which continued to be hereditary in the house to which it was first granted. One of these identical horns, of very curious workmanship, was in the possession of the late Colonel Fullerton of that ilk."—Notes to "Lord of the Isles," p. 249.

In the year 1497, during the reign of the ill-fated but accomplished James I., the Scottish Parliament passed an act regarding those infected with leprosy, to the following effect, which will sufficiently explain, without any farther observations from us, the means adopted to check the spread of the infection.

ANENT LIPPER FOLKE.

"Item, That na lipper folke, nother man nor woman, enter nor cum in air burgh of the realm, but thrise in the oolk, that is to say, Mondaye, Wednesday, and Fridaye, frae ten hours to twa afternoone; and when fairs and mercaates fallis

on thair dayis, that they leave their wives in the burrowes, and gang on the morn to get their living, and only to be in the burrowes at the night.

"Item, That na lipper folke sit to thair noother in kirke, nor in kirkessaid, nor other place within the burrowes, bot at their awin hospitall; and at the porte of the town, and inther places outwith the burrowes.

"Item, That the bishoppes, officialles, and deanes inquire diligentlie in their visitation of ilk paroche kirk, gif onie be unitted with lipper. And gif onie sic be foundin, that they be delivered to the king, gif they be seculars; and gif they be clerkes, to their bishoppes. And that the burgeses gar keepe this statute under the paine contained in the Statute of Beggars. And quhat leprous that keipis net this statute, that he be banished for ever off that burgh, quhair he disobeyis, and in likewise to landwart."

The gradual elevation of the social and domestic condition of the masses at length extirpated the disease more thoroughly than could have been done by all the hospitals which were built; and acts passed; and thanks to providence that "lipper folke" have now become a nonentity in our country, and leprosy unknown among modern distempers.

Crossheads. A. W. J.

ACCOUNT OF EXPENSES

INCURRED AT THE FUNERAL OF A SCOTCH BARONET, AT THE INN OF THE COUNTRY TOWN IN WHICH THE BURIAL PLACE IS SITUATE, COMMUNICATED BY ONE OF HIS SUCCESSORS.

[THE following account, of funeral expenses in the year 1722, we have carefully copied from the original, obligingly transmitted to us by the lineal descendant of the knightly personage, to whose last earthly concerns it relates. It is somewhat odd that, in one item, guineas should be mentioned, while the whole is stated in Scots money, as the receipt bears.]—*Old Mag.*

Acct. of Contingencies in Alexr. Bailie's House, in —, Alexr. M. of —, during his stay and attendance upon the obsequies of the late Sir John —, of —, with himself and company, and out to refreshment and other expenses, from the 5th to the 11th of March 1722.

Munday's Night, 5th March 1722.

Incident spendings, theny two chappens sack, two drams brandy, one bottle of ale at supper £3 3 6

Tuesday Morning

Two drams brandy; and two bottles of ale 0 9 0

To furraight to the square wright, half a hundred double plensins nails; 6s. as

many single, 4s. as many doo nails, 12 6

Att dinner, four bottles ale; and one dram 0 9 0

More in company, six bottles ale; and one dram 1 1 0

Att night, ten chappens claret 7 10 0

Att supper, two drams, and one bottle ale 0 7 6

Carry forward - £12 12 6

Brought forward	-	£12 12 6
Ordered to lads one gallon ale	-	0 16 0
To ordered more to runners and others,		
nine bottles ale, and other incidents	-	0 15 6
To 1 quire and half paper	-	0 10 6
Wednesday Morning,		
To two drams, and on bottle ale	-	0 7 6
To att dinner, three drams, and eleven		
bottles ale	-	1 5 6
Afternoon.		
To nine bottles ale, two drams brandy,		
and one chappen wine	-	1 14 6
At Night.		
To lads, two bottles ale	-	0 3 0
Thursday Morning—The Burial Day.		
Three bottles ale, two bottles wine, one		
bottle and half mutchkin brandy	-	3 4 6
To the cook, one mutchkin vinegar	-	0 4 0
To sent to your chamber of stores, four-		
teen bottles ale	-	1 1 0
To twenty-four bottles claret	-	18 0 0
To twelve bottles sack	-	10 16 0
To three pints brandy	-	7 4 0
To sent to the house of entertainment		
at R—, twelve bottles ale	-	0 18 0
To sex bottles sack	-	5 8 0
At Night.		
To twenty-four bottles claret	-	18 0 0
To sex bottles ale	-	0 9 0
To 9 bottles ale	-	0 13 6
To deterioration of new napry, attend-		
ance, dyet, and lodgeing, two guineas	-	25 4 0
		£109 7 0

Returned of the within liquids consumed,		
Thirteen bottles of sack at the rates		
within charged	-	£11 14 0
Thirteen of claret	-	9 15 0
Two pints of brandy	-	4 16 0

Summ of rebateables - £26 5 0

Remains ballance £83 2 0

Or £6, 18s. 6d. sterling.
Nynth of March M. vije. & twenty-two.—The
above ballance, extending to eighty-three pounds,
two shillings, Scots money, payed by Alex. M—
of L—, to, and discharged by

ALEX. BAILLIE.

THE "SPIRIT OF THE WELL."

In the beginning of the fourteenth century, and two or three centuries afterwards, Castle Gloom was a strong and almost impregnable fortress. At that time it was in the possession of Ranald, one of the chieftains of the McCallum line. Boldness, generosity, and humanity, were his distinguishing characteristics. He never made a *creach*, or foray, into another territory without provocation, and seldom had he recourse to strength of arms to defend his own. Every one that knew him respected him, and not one among his whole clan but would have done anything to serve him. His flocks were numerous, and plenty reigned within his halls.

During two or three years of his chieftainship

he had continued single, but at last married a beautiful and accomplished young lady, who died in giving birth to her first child—a boy. The chieftain was so much grieved at the death of his wife that he remained a widower till the day of his death. His little son was given over to the rough but careful hands of one of his clansmen's wives, under whose nursing and kind treatment he became a stout healthy child—ruddy-cheeked, blue-eyed, and fair-haired—the pride as well as the delight of his father, who, after a few more years had strengthened and knit his little limbs, taught him every manly and warlike exercise, such as running, leaping, wrestling, lifting and throwing heavy weights, shooting with the arrow at a target, and practising on horse-back with the spear—in all of which young Edwin excelled. Justly proud was the chieftain of his son, and he often said that he had the consolation of leaving one behind him who was in every way capable of filling his place. These fond anticipations, however, were fated never to be realized.

A little to the north of the castle is situated the glen, or pass, of Glenqueich. Hills rising on both sides give it a very gloomy appearance. A few stunted hazel bushes, and sometimes a solitary "rantle tree," are the only objects to cheer the eye of the traveller as he makes his way through the narrow and difficult defile, rendered doubly difficult from the great quantities of *debris* which fall from the rocks above. Near the middle of it is the "Maiden Well." As to how it obtained this appellation, tradition is silent. It is a natural basin of the purest water, rising from beneath a huge fragment of rock. Grass of a very peculiar nature grows around its margin. It keeps green throughout the whole year, and for this reason it is supposed to have been a favourite rendezvous of the fairies. The well was the haunt of a genii, or spirit, who, when invoked, rose from it in a thin vapour, which, on dispersing, a lady of the most ravishing beauty was revealed to view. Many an attempt was made to carry her off, but they invariably proved abortive.

On Edwin's attaining his twenty-first year, his father gave a splendid feast, at which attended knight, baron and serf. The ample halls were open to every one—mirth and jollity reigned supreme—care was a stranger there—the sword was exchanged for the goblet, and the din of battle for the songs of minstrels and the soft voice of beauty. Day had departed and night came down upon the earth. On both sides of the long oaken table were seated a company of the most distinguished guests. Over the wine-cup the conversation happening to turn upon the spirit, Edwin, flushed with wine, in an unguarded moment, said he feared no danger, and would bring away the spirit, or perish in the attempt. This unwary boast was immediately caught hold of. His father tried to dissuade him from it, but his word of honour being pledged, there remained no other alternative but to put into execution what he had said. Hastily bidding them all good night, he left the castle, and began his toilsome journey—

He pass'd the auld grey mossy cairn,
Whaur heroes mould'ring lie,

And o'er the birch the birken trees
In safety pass'd he by.

At last he reached the narrow dell,
But all was silence there—
The voices of the midnight blast
All sunk and silent were.

Twice he invoked the spirit's name,
But yet no shape was seen;
Again the fearful sprite appeared
In robes of dazzling sheen.

Adown her breast her tresses hung
In beauty passing fair;
But from her wild and piercing eye
Flash'd passion's kindling glare.

A chill crept Edwin's bosom through,
He grasp'd his trusty brand;
But something on his shoulder laid
Withheld his manly hand.

Again he tried—his strength was gone—
A lifeless corpse he fell;
And with the victor spirit sunk
Down in the crystal well.

13, Dalrymple Place.

J. C.

THE GREAT DUKE DE BIRON.

CHARLES GONTAULT, Duc de Biron, Peer and Marshal of France, was condemned to death, and his effects confiscated, the 31st of July 1602. Of the justice of his sentence there can be no question; but when his former services to Henry IV. are remembered, we cannot help thinking that it might have been commuted. "The executioner," says Pierre Mathieu, "struck him so high above the nape of the neck as he glanced upon his two-bones, and left a great tuft of hair on his neck. Being dead, he shewed choller in his countenance, as they write of the souldiers which died at the battle of Cannas. Every one departed, commending the King's justice, and lamenting the misery of so valliant a man, believing that of long time they should not see his equal." Grimeston's translation of the General Historie of France [Lon.] 1624. Folio, p. 1049. When Baron de Biron, he consulted a magician at Paris as to his future fortunes, who told him, "That only a back blow of the Bourguignon would keepe him from being a king." This prediction was remembered when in the Bastile, and having learned that the executioner of Paris was a Bourguignon, he exclaimed "I am a dead man." That admirable old poet, Chapman, wrote a tragedy in two parts, entitled "The Conspiracie, and Tragedy of Charles Duke of Byron, Marshall of France, acted lately in two playes at the Blackfriars and other publique stages." London, 1625. 4to. It contains, in common with all the other dramas of that writer, passages of surpassing beauty. A collection of the dramatic productions of Chapman would be a most valuable addition to our stock of ancient dramatic literature.

HOUSEHOLD BOOK OF JAMES V.

THE Right Honourable the Earl of Aberdeen, the president of the Society of Antiquaries of London, exhibited at a meeting, in November, 1826, the household book of James V. of Scot-

land, containing the accounts of his household, from September 14, 1533, to September 13, 1539. This book is a folio volume of no inconsiderable size, and is legibly written, though in a contracted hand. It is divided into four parts: the first giving the general consumption and expenditure of the household: the second, that of the spices; the third, the wines; and the fourth, the stables. Each part is subdivided into four sections, presenting, respectively, the accounts of the pantry, the buttery, the cellars and the kitchen. The whole furnishes the names, as well as the uses and prices, of a great variety of articles in use among our ancestors.

From this very remarkable and interesting volume a selection of entries was subsequently privately presented to the members of the Bannatyne Club, by Lord Mackenzie and his brother, James Mackenzie, Esq. W.S.

THE AGED LOVER RENOUNCETH LOVE.

FROM LORD SURREY'S SONNETS.

THE following lines are not only highly interesting from their own quaintness and beauty, but are doubly so from a portion of them having been quoted by our great dramatist in his tragedy of "Hamlet." The verses sung by the gravedigger in this play differ slightly from those I now send, and which, I may mention, are extracted from the "Gentleman's Magazine" of September, 1797.

Glasgow.

E. C.

I lothe that I did love,
In youth that I thought swete,
As time requires for my behove,
Methinks they are not mete.
My lustes they do me leave,
My fancies all be fled,
And tract of time begins to weave
Grey heares upon my hed.

For age with steling steps
Hath clawed me with his crouch;
And lusty life away she teapes
As there had been none such.
My muse doth not delight
Me as she did before;
My hand and pen are not in plight,
As they have been of yore.

For Reason me denies
This youthful idle rime:
And day by day to me she cries,
Leave off these toys in time.
The wrinkles in my brow,
The furrowes in my face,
Say, limping age will hedge him now,
Where youth must give him place.

The harbinger of Death
To me I see him ride,
The cough, the cold, the gasping breath,
Doth bid me to provide
A pick-ax and a spade,
And eke a shrouding shete,
A house of clay for to be made
For such a guest most meet.

Methinkes I heare the clarke
 That knolles the carefull knell,
 And bids me leave my woefull warke
 Ere nature me compell.
 My keepers knit the knot
 That youth did laugh to scorn;
 Of me that clene shall have forgot,
 As I had not been borne.

Thus must I youth give up,
 Whose badge I long did weare;
 To them I yield the wanton cup
 That better may it beare.
 Lo! here the bared scull,
 By whose balde signe I know
 That stooping age away shall pull,
 Which youthfull yeres did sow.

For Beauty with her hand
 These crooked cares hath wrought,
 And shipped me into the land
 From whence I first was brought.
 And ye that bide behinde,
 Have ye none other trust,
 As ye of claye were cast by kinde,
 So shall ye waste to dust.

Varieties.

THE GIPSY KING.—Will Faa died at Kirk-Yetholm, last week, (19th Oct. 1847), in the 96th year of his age. Up to a very recent period he was in the enjoyment of a hale old age—pursuing his favourite amusement with the fishing rod, and taking long rambles, but within these few months back his iron frame indicated quick-coming decay. His death was made the occasion of a gipsy-wake, which consisted of more than an ordinary bouse among such of the clan as were in the village and neighbourhood. At one time he kept a public-house in Yetholm, and was a man pretty well to do in the old border village. With Will the ancient name of Faa becomes extinct. The tribe have appointed a successor of the name of Blythe. At this moment there are about 120 gipsies resident or belonging to Yetholm. Their occupations consist mostly in selling clay-ware, picked up at the Newcastle potteries, as also in making horn-spoons, and white tin water-cans.—Monday last, (Nov. 1847), being the day appointed for traversing the boundary of the common, and for the coronation of Charles Blythe, successor to the late Willie Faa, King of the Gipsies, Charles was solemnly crowned in the centre of the village, the band playing "God save the King," and the crowd cheering "Long live Charles the First." After drinking his Majesty's health, and some other preliminaries, the cortege proceeded to the common, where a long-tailed white horse was in readiness for his Majesty, and where three or four bottles of whisky (a good supply having been provided for the common riding) were quaffed previous to his mounting. The procession then moved on their way round the marches in the following order:—The king upon his white palfrey, led by two grooms—attendants, retainers, &c. followed by his squire mounted upon a donkey—crowd following. In going down a hill, some of his Majesty's attendants, more merry than wise, kept tickling the horse behind, when he broke away from the grooms, and Charles the First embraced his mother earth. Fears were entertained that his Majesty (who is upwards of 70 years of age) was hurt; but Dr Turner, who was upon the common, was in immediate attendance; and after feeling his pulse, prescribed a glass of whisky, after which his Majesty gradually recovered. To give expression to the general joy at the harmless result of the accident, the band struck up a merry tune, and a lady and gentleman of the court danced a jig upon the turf. After his Majesty had been again mounted, the procession moved on. A hare was then started, which being pursued by the Royal retinue, was quickly run down. On arriving at the

Stob Stone, the procession halted for a few minutes, when his Majesty dismounted from his palfrey, and mounted the huge block of stone, when he was decorated with the said hare, which was tied across his shoulders (his Majesty being a keen sportsman), as a trophy of game killed upon his own land, and which he continued to carry during the remainder of the procession. Here, also, while seated upon the stone, his Majesty's head was anointed with whisky, instead of oil, and his health drunk in deep potations of the same, amidst immense cheering. The procession then returned to the village, where his Majesty was loudly cheered. Being arrived at the inn, and comfortably seated at the festive board of Mrs Govanlock, with bumpers flowing, &c. the chairman gave "The King," which was drunk with three times three, the band playing "Welcome Royal Charlie." His Majesty briefly responded to the enthusiasm of his retainers in an energetic manner, expressing his determination to promote such measures as would be most conducive to the welfare and prosperity of his most loyal and affectionate subjects, and likewise to maintain their right to the common inviolate—which announcement of his most gracious Majesty was received with deafening cheers. Toasts and songs followed in rapid succession, amid a scene of boisterous mirth, which no pen can describe.

OLD FASHIONED BEER, &c.—The following account of old fashioned beer is from the 'Manners and Household Expenses' in the Thirteenth Century:—"It may be remarked that in the thirteenth century the English had no certain principle as to the grain best suited for brewing. The roll shows that beer was made indiscriminately of barley, wheat, and oats, and sometimes of a mixture of all. As the hop was not used we may conjecture that the produce of their brewing was rather insipid, and not calculated for long keeping: it was drunk as soon as made. To remove the mawkish flatness of such beer it was customary to flavour it with spices and other strong ingredients; long pepper continued to be used for this purpose some time after the introduction of hops. The period at which the last-named plant became an ingredient of English Beer is not precisely known. It was cultivated from a very early date in Flanders and Belgium, where it was both employed in brewing and eaten in salads; and from those countries it was imported into England, while the produce of our own hop grounds was inconsiderable. It would appear, however, that hops were used in this country for brewing, in the beginning of the fifteenth century, as Gilbert Kymer, in his 'Dietary,' pronounces beer brewed from barley, well hopped, ('bene lapulata'), of middling strength, thin and clear, well fined, well boiled, and neither too new nor too old, to be a sound and wholesome beverage. It is pretty certain, nevertheless, that in his time the hop was not 'grown' in England. In ancient days brewing was almost solely managed by women, and till the close of the fifteenth century the greater part of the beer-houses in London were kept by females, who brewed what they sold.—What will our modern Epicures think of the following Recipe for a Delicate Dish—a Porpoise Pudding:—Pudding of Purpaysse.—Take the blode of hym and the grece of hym self, and ote mele, and salt, and pepir, and gyngere, and melle these to gederys wel. And than putte this in the gutte of the purpaysse, and than lat it sethe easyli, and not hard, a good whyle; and than take him uppe, and broyle him a lytli, and then serve forth."

RACING STATISTICS OF GREAT BRITAIN.—Were the capital vested in horse flesh to be taken into consideration, and the incidental disbursements to which the amusement inevitably leads, we feel persuaded that more than one million of money per annum is 'bona fide' circulated. In round numbers, it appears that during the past season about 1,000 horses have been in training, and that 1,050 races have been contested, whilst £150,000 were distributed amongst the winners.—1847.

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A DESCRIPTION OF RENFREWSHIRE.

FROM THE

MSS. OF WALTER MACFARLANE OF THAT ILK.*

THIS country, antiently a part of the Sheriffdom of Clydsdail, was the patrimony of the Great Stewart of Scotland, and upon the succession of King Robert the 3d to the crown, erected in a shirefdom in the fourteenth year of his reign, 1404, in favours of James, Prince and Stewart of Scotland, his son. The family of Semple were hereditary shirefs, which they enjoyed till Hugh, Lord Sample, sold the shirefship, in 1636, to Bryce Semple of Cathcart, who afterward sold the same to the Lady Ross.

It is bounded on the East with the shirefdom of Lanrick, on the north with the countrie of Lennox, separate by the river Clyde, and lies all upon the south side of that river, save the lands of Jordanhill,† Scotstoun, and Blairhill, with their pertinents, little above a myle in length, and about a mile broad, and is a part of the parochin of Renfrew; and upon the lower part of this country, to the west, opposite to the shyre of Argyle, to the west-south, all bounded by the Bailiary of Cuninghame, shirefdom of Air. The rivers of most note ar, White Cart, which hath its rise above the head of the paroch of Egilsbam, upon which stands first, the Castle of Dunoon, the antient seat of the Montgomeries; lower upon the same river stands, the Castle and Barony of Cathcart, the inheritance of antient barons of the same surname, from whom, in 1547, it came to the Semples. Then we have Pollock and Pollockshaws, a clachan at which ther is a brydge of two arches over the river, the possession of a very antient family of the Maxwells, descended from Carlaverock, in the reign of King Alexander the 3d; and then upon the same river we meet with the Castle of Cruxton, pleasantly situate in a pretty rising ground, and overlooks most of the country. The seat of the Stewarts, Lords of Darnley, not far descended of Allan Stewart of Dreghorn, son of Sir John Stewart of Bonkle, which family still florished more and more, till at last it produced many noble Branches.

Hard by is Cardonald, an antient inheritance of the Branch of the Stewarts of Darnley and Cruxton, and a little to the southward lyes Raiss, the antient possession of Alex. Stewart, son of Darnley, from whom issued the Stewarts of Halrig. Lower upon the same river of Cart, pleasantly stands Halkhead, the possession of the Barons Ross of Halkhead,* [who] derive their dessent from Robert Ross of Wark, in the reign of King William the Lyon, [who] were barons of great estate and account, till Sir John Ross was created Lord, by King James the 4th, 1492. Below which, pleasantly situate upon the same Cart, stands the Tour of Whiteford, which gives title to an antient family of the same surname, now decayed.

To the northart of which lies the lands and barony of Ralstoun† (a family of good note in this country, from the reign of king Alex. the 2d), with pleasant woods, near to which, upon Cart, stands the monastery of Pasley, founded by Alex. High Stewart of Scotland: who erected it in a temporal Lordship, in favours of James Hamilton, son of Claud, Commendator of Pasley, with the title of Lord Pasley, 1604; Earl of Abercorn, 1606. A little to the westward of Paislay, lyes Woodsyde, a little pretty house pleasantly situate upon a rising ground. Hard by is Stannly, an old castle belonging to Gentlemen of the name of Maxwell, and family of Newark, but now belongs to William, Lord Ross, near to which is Falbar, the inheritance of an antient family of the name of Hall, instructing their possession from the time of David Bruce. Below which is Elderstey Castle, the patrimony and designation of the renowned champion, Sir William Wallace, but returned again to the Wallaces of Oralgie and Ricarton; and about the eff of King David the 2d reign, came to a younger son of that family, who have made a good figure since. Hard by is Cochran Tour, the old seat of the Cochrans in this country, ancestors of the Earls of Dundo-nald. There is upon the river Cart, at Pasley, a very handsome new built bridge of two large arches, joyning the Smidyhills and the abbey of

* This description was transcribed "from some loose unbound sheets."

† Long the patrimony of the Crawfords, now belonging to the Smiths of Jordanhill.

* Now belonging to the Earl of Glasgow, the heir of line of the Lords Ross. The gardens, once the pride of Renfrew, are now utterly destroyed.

† The estate has now passed from this antient family, which, however, still exists in the male line.

‡ The ruins of this castle are still in fine preservation. It was unroofed in 1714.

Paslay, with the toun. Below the bridge of Paslay, we have the Easter and Wester Walkingshaws, both sometime the estate of antient Gentlemen of the same name, [which] came to heiresses, who were married, one to a gentleman of their own name and family, [who] obtained thereby Wester Walkingshaw. The other married to Mortoun of Leven, from whose heiress Easter Walkingshaw came to the Algoes, people of good respect in this country, but now decayed. Opposite to which, upon the same river, is Knox, the antient possession of the Knoxes of that Ilk,* and memorable for Margory Bruce, wife of Walter, Great Stewart of Scotland, [who] by a fall from her horse at hunting, broke her neck; at which place there is large stone erected, with stairs round it, in the common moor of Renfrew, the ordinary place of Randevous of the militia of that country. Within a myle is the brugh of Renfrew, the only Royall burrough in this country, where the Stewarts of Scotland had a castle and palace; the place where it's said to have been, retains the name of Castlehill; and below the King's Meadow, about a mile below Renfrew, Cart empties itself into the Clyde. Upon a point betwixt the rivers of Clyde and Cart, stands pleasantly situate, Ranfield, in a pleasant plain, weel planted, [and] is the possession of Colin Campbell of Blythswood, acquired from the Hays, who obtained these lands at the Reformation; and he and his successors wore, for 4 generations, parsons of Renfrew. A little above Ranfield stands the kirk of Inchinnan, antiently belonging to the knights Templars. Upon the bank of Clyde, after Cart hath emptied itself into it, the first place we meet with of note, is the palace of Inchinnan, one of the antientest possessions of the family of Lennox. It is pleasantly situate in an open plain field, and the place that is now ruinous was built by Mathew, first Earl of Lennox, and Helen Hamilton his spouse. The principal entry bears that inscription.

Below Inchinnan is the old tour of the Bar, the dwelling-place of the Stewarts of Barscube, a branch of Lennox; a family of good account now decayed, and acquired by Donald M'Gilchrist of Northbar, 1671, from Tho. Stewart of Barscube, last of that race, who, being a merchant of considerable business, founded a harbour upon Clyde, and built a very pretty house hard by, with pleasant garden, which he called North Bar, which is now the designation of James M'Gilchrist, his son and heir.

A little below this, upon the very brink of the river of Clyde, stands the sweetly situate house of Erskine, the possession of the antient Barons of Erskine, when they took surname and designation of Barons and Lords,† were sold in the reign of King Charles the first, by John, Earl of Mar, to Sir John Hamilton of Orbistoun; and by his grandchild, William, lately, to Walter, Lord Blantyre. It is nobly adorned with fine gardens, and abundance of excellent stately barren planting, with pleasant woods. Hard by, opposite to Erskine, upon the Lennox side, is the regality of Killpatrick, which

belonged antiently to the abbacy of Pasley, but after the erection in favours of James, Earle of Abercorn, it gave the title of Lord to that family; and was from them acquired by Orbiston, and so came to Blantyre lately. Below Erskine standith Bishoptoun, the inheritance of a very antient race of gentlemen of the surname of Brisbane: nigh to which is Bargaran, the seat of an old little family of the Shaws, which hath been possessed by them for several hundreds of years. Three miles below, upon the river Clyde, upon a stately rising ground hard by the river, is Finlathoun, the antient dwelling place and inheritance of the Deniestons of that Ilk, who are making a considerable Figure in the reign of David Bruce, 1360; which failed in King James the first time, Sir Robert leaving two daughters his heirs, Margret married with Sir William Cunningham of Kilmours, with whom he had Finlathoun Castle, &c.; and — Sir John Maxwell of Calderwood hath with her Finlathoun, afterwards called the barony of Newark, which from the year 1477 was possessed to by George Maxwell, son and heir of Sir John Maxwell of Calderwood, [who] was first of the Maxwells of Newark, and is lately sold by them. They were a race of brave Gentlemen, and in reputation inferior to none in this country. Hard by is Port-Glasgow, a feu of the City of Glasgow from the Lairds of Newark, where they have built many stately houses, and a harbor for ships. This length the river of Clyde is navigable, and there is the Custome-office, and Port-Glasgow is dissolved lately from Kilmalcolm, and erected in a parish. A mile below Port-Glasgow is Inch Gren, a little Iland belonging antiently to the Crawfords of Kilbirney, opposite to which, upon the Continent, they had a good estate, and an antient possession of their family, weel known by the name of Easter Kilberny, alias Kibery-Greenock, sold, 1667, by Dame Margret Crawford, to Sir John Shaw of Greenock. Below this is Crawforddyke, a part of the estate of the Crawfords of Cartsburn, hard by, erected in a burgh and barony, where there is a good harbour for ships, and a very pretty little toun, most built by Thomas Crawford of Cartsburn, merchant in Glasgow, a son of Jordanhill, who was a son of Kilbirney. and feued to his servants.

A very little lower is Greenock, a weel built toun and a braw large harbour—building by Sir John Shaw, of Greenock—and a fine commodious new church, built by Greenock and Cartsburn, and their vassals. Upon a rising ground stands the house of Greenock, the old dwelling of the Shaws of that race since the days of James the 3d, and are now Barons of an opulent fortune. Two myles lower on the Firth lies Garioch toun and castle, with a harbour for ships, the possession of Sir William Stewart of Castlemilk; but then the shore winding southward we meet with Leaven, the antient inheritance of the Mortons, sold by Adam Morton of Leven, in 1547, to William Lord Semple, from whom it was sold to the Stewarts of Ardgowan. Then below Leven, we have Ardgowan, a pleasant seat of Stewart of Blackhall, situate upon a point rising high, weel planted with goodly orchards, and a most stately magnificent house. Near this a little rivulet, Kip, which empties itself into the sea, and gives denomination to that paroch it waters, for

* Now represented in the direct male by the Earl of Ranfurly of the kingdom of Ireland, and Baron Northland of the British Peerage.

† Ancestors of the Earls of Mar.

some miles, called Inerkip, upon which, hard by Ardgowan, there is a bridge over it: then shews itself at Dunrod, the antient dwelling and designation of the Lindsays of that race. Two myles lower we have Kels, the estate of Archibald Banatyne, near to which is Skelmoray water, that separates Renfrew and divides it from Cunningham. To the west, above Cochran's tower, we have next the old castle and tower of Eliestoun, the antient designation of the barons Semple in this country, near to which is a bridge over Black Cart, at the mouth of the Loch of Semple, above which lyes Beltrees, antiently belonging to the Stewarts, but now a possession of the Semples. Here is Semple Loch, above a mile in length, and about a half in breadth; [it] has communication with the Loch of Kilbirny by a little rivulet. On the east side of Semple Loch, lyes the tower of the Barr, which belonged to a race of Gentlemen of the name of Glen, now decayed,—pleasantly situate upon a high ground above the Loch, and below good meadows. Little lower, upon the same Loch, is the clachan of Lochunnoch, belonging antiently, with a good pairt of that paroch, the abbey of Paislay, but consists now of a great many wealthy fewers, vassals to the Earle of Dundonald. A little below is the Castle and Barony of Semple, the Inheritance of the Lord Semple, Baron of Eliestoun, to whom the Jurisdiction of this country belonged as hereditary high sheriff, till Hew Lord Semple was obliged to pairt with it in King Charles the first's time. There is a colligial church here, consisting of three Prebends, founded by John first Lord Semple, anno 1506. [Here] is the burging place of that noble family, with some of the gentry in the neighbourhood, their relations, where they have a vault below ground. Some of the family are wrapt in lead.

Out of this Loch comes Black Cart river, which empties and conjoins itself in White Cart above Inchenan, at the head of which is pleasantly situate Thridpart, the dwelling of the Semples of Beltrees, beautified with most pleasant meadows. Below, a little from the river, upon a high rising country, is Auchennames, the seat of the Crawfords of Corsby; and Auchennames is a very high tower, 6 or 7 stories high; below which, is Johnston, an old possession of the Nisbets; came from them to the Wallaces, continued six generations a house of good account; now decayed. Near to Johnston, is the Clachen of Kilbarchan,—with a paroch church—the town belongs to Craighends and Auchennames. Upon Black Cart, below Johnston two miles, is Blackstoun, the summer's dwelling of the Abbots of Paisley, built by George Shaw, Abbot of Paisley, where his arms are to be seen: but upon the reformation, the house was improved and much beautified by James Earl of Abercorn, and Dame Marion Boyd, his Lady. From Abercorn, Blackstain was transferred to Sir Patrick Maxwell of Newark, and given to John Maxwell, his 2d son, his patrimony; from whose heiress, Katherine, it came by marriage to Alex. Napier, now of Blackstoun.

A little below where Black Cart falleth into Grieff, and conjoins upon a pleasant point betwixt the meeting of the two rivers, is Walkingshaw-house, the possession of the family of the same name, mightily by pleasant fyne orchards and

gardens, and excellent regular avenues of barren timber, and is one of the pleasantest seats in this country, a very handsome house and well adorned. [It] was burnt lately, but is now rebuilding. Here, as I said, Black Cart and Grieff Joyn. Grieff hath its rise in the Moor and Parish of Kilmalcom, at the head of which stand the old castle and fort of Duchall, the antient Inheritance of the Barons Lyle of Duchall, made Lords of parliament by K. James the 3d, failed in the reign of Mary, in the person of James, Last Lord Lyle, dead about 1550.* The Lands of Duchal came to Mr John Porterfield of that ilk, also an antient family in this Country, from the tyme of Alex. the 2d. This river gives denomination to the whole county of Renfrew, by the Barony of Strath Grieff, but after the erection unto a Sheriffdom, it gives only name to that country it waters for some myles, upon which is situate the stately high tower and castle of Houston, the barony and designation of a very antient and powerful family in this tract, who have been seated here since the times of king Malcolm the 3d. Houston is situate upon a rising high ground, overlooks a good part of the country most excellently adorned with orchards and gardens, with woods hard by, and vast number of barren timber, with which this country abounds. Below Houston, upon Grieff, stands Craighends, the possession of a very worthy family of the Cunninghams, a branch of the noble family of Glencairn, descended of a younger son of the first Earls, admirably well planted both by art and nature. Not far from Craighends up toward the rising country, the house of Barochan, an antient family of the Flemings, from the time of king Robert Bruce, and has ever since been a family of good note.

Upon the high Country above Grieff, stands Ranfurly, the antient dwelling place of the family of the Knoxes of that ilk; above 400 years standing, and was original of the worthy and renowned John Knox, the great Instrument of our reformation. The last of this race, Ochter Knox of Ranfurly, died in king Charles 2d's time, leaving a daughter his sole heiress, married John Cunningham of Caddell, and belongs now to the Earl of Dundonald. Below this is Waterston, an antient Possession of the Cunninghams, a Cadet of Glencairn, but are now decayed in this country. Lower upon the bank of Grieff, pleasantly situate in a plain country, is Fulwood, the possession of an antient and honourable race of the Semples, a branch of the noble family of Semple, before the reign of K. James the 1st, who were gentlemen of a plentiful fortune. [This estate] was sold lately by John Semple of Fulwood, to John Porterfield of that ilk, and is now the patrimony of Alexr. Porterfield, his second son, now of Fulwood. Not far from Fulwood, to the North, is the house of Boghall, the old Estate of the Flemings descended of Wigtoun, but returning to the house of Fleming, in the minority of King James VI., John Lord Fleming gave Boghall in patrimony to James Fleming, his 2d son, from whose posterity it was acquired by the Earl of Dundonald. Near where

* The title was claimed and assumed by the Montgomeries of Lainshaw, the heirs of line, until their impoverishment.

Grieff runs into Black Cart, is Selviland, antiently belonging to the Knoxes, a branch of Ranfurly, but aquired from them by the Brisbans of Barnhill. After Grief and Black Cart are conjoined, it hath its course for near two miles, untill it meet with White Cart at the kirk of Inchinnan, an half a mile below which it empties itself into Clyde at the tower end, whereof upon the river Clyde is situate Inchinnan, and so downward upon the wast till I come to Kelly bridge.

The country of Renfrew to the south is both mountainous and moorish, and is, in resemblance, like a hedge, which makes the lower country all like an Inclosure, and is remote from any river, there being in the paroches of Mearnes and Neilstoun nothing memorable. In the Mearns is an old tower belonging antiently to the Lord Maxwell, but is now belonging to the Stewarts of Blackhall. [It] is pretty and pleasant, overlooking the Country of Renfrew a good way, and some parts of Lanrick, with the view of the City of Glasgow. To the west of Mearns, Lyeth Pollock, the antient patrimony and Inheritance of a race of gentlemen of the same surname, who were considerable here since the days of Alex. the first, whose linneal successor is Sir Robert Pollock of that ilk; but who hath mightily improved his house by stately new Building, and fyne gardens, and stately dykes, and summer houses, and Pigeon houses, for magnificence inferiour to few in this Country. To the west of Pollock is Balgray, the possession of Tho. Pollock, of the family of Pollock; weel planted. A little above Balgray, to the south, is Fingletown, the possession of the Hamiltouns of Prestoun, but now belongs to one Oswald. Near Fingiltoun, in the Parish of Neilstoun, is Glanderstoun, which is the Inheritance of William Muir, the 6th in descent from William his predecessor, a younger son of the antient family of Caldwell of Glanderstoun, [from which] many respectful people are decended. To the west of Glanderstoun, lyeth the barony of Syde, the old Possession of the Montgomeries of Skelmorly. Sir Robert is now of Skilmorly; but the barony of Syde is the extremest south part of Renfrew, bordering with the paroch of Dunlop. To the north of Syde, is the Castle [which] antiently belonged to Barons of the same surname, but went most part with an heress in the reign of — whom married with a brother of the Muirs of Abercorn. The Muirs of Caldwell have been always a family of good consideration, and Gentlemen of great bravery, and possessed of a very competent Estate here, and elsewhere. William Muir, late of Caldwell, being forfeited (1668), the gift of Caldwell Estate was given to Genl. Dalziel, who ruffled the house, and now stands ruinous; but his heirs were restored at the revolution. Hard by, to the westert, is little Caldwell, the only remaining Gentleman's family of that name in this Country, and they say they are [descended from] a son of the old Cawdwells of that ilk. The lands of little Caldwell are lately aquired by the Earl of Dundonald. The little Caldwell is bordered with Dunlop to the south, and Beith paroch to the west, and Lochunnoch to the south.

Mistilaw is upon the confines of Renfrew, and near to these is the Queen's Loch, out of which issues Care, that separates Kilbirney and Loch-

unnoch; the first thing we have is Milbank, which antiently belonged to the Semples, and was the patrimony of James Semple of Milbank, Airthury, Nilstansyde. Houshill, belonged to Minto,* now to Dunlop, Dargevill, Roslin, Freeland, Flaterton, Southwood, Quarlton, Privich, Brunchels, Achinbelly, Wadeslaw, Achinlot-Blair, Achingoun, Logans, Raiss, Staneley, Fulbar, Newton, Fergusly, Gildersly, and lately failed. There is also Brunchels, once belonging to the Semples, now to Dundonald. Above Kilbarchan is Lochunnoch; to the westert and to the northert, Kilelan, antiently a depending on the Monastery of Pasley.

In this paroch there are several seats, as the Fulwood and Boghall.

THE PAROCHES AND PATRONS.

Egilsham, of which the Earl of Eglington is patron.	
Eastwood,	the Earl of Dundonald, patron.
Cathcart,	the Earl of Dundonald, patron.
Mearns,	Laird of Blackhall, patron.
Renfrew,	A Burgh Royale.
Pasley,	the Earl of Dundonald, patron.
Kilbarchan,	
Inchenan,	Duke of Montrose, patron.
Erskin,	Lord Blantyre, patron.
Kilmalcom,	Earl of Glencairne, patron.
Port-Glasgow,	
Greenock,	Laird of Greenock, patron.
Innerkip,	Laird of Blackhall, patron.
Lochunnoch,	Earl of Dundonald, patron.
Kilelan,	Laird of Barochan, patron.
Houston,	Laird of Houston, patron.

THE PARISH CHURCH AND CHURCH-YARD OF KILBIRNIE.

BY WILLIAM DOBIE.

[Concluded from our last.]

THE CHURCHYARD.

"Earth walks on earth like glittering gold—
Earth says to earth, Thou art but mould;
Earth upon earth builds castles and towers—
Earth says to earth, All shall be ours."†

THE burying-ground, which lies chiefly south of the church, has evidently, from its broken-up appearance and general occupancy, become of too limited dimensions for the wants of the population. That it should no longer present the orderly and comparatively unwrinkled aspect it bore previously to the introduction of public works into the parish, by which, within the last fourteen years, the population has been more than trebled, may be ascribed as much, perhaps, to its confined extent as to that detestable slovenliness so generally exhibited in the management of our funereal repositories. The pleasing and tender melancholy which the decently kept churchyard is naturally apt to inspire, is with us but too often put to flight, or sadly impaired, by the revolting manner in which they are upheld; their confused and over-crowded condition, the marks of neglect and decay everywhere apparent, and the unsightly rubbish which

* Stewart of Minto; not the modern family ennobled as Earls of Minto.

† Epitaph in Godalming Churchyard, Surrey.

not unfrequently obstructs the visitor's approach to the more conspicuous memorials. At present, the prevailing sentiment which the greater part of our country burying-grounds tend to excite, is one almost of unmitigated disgust. Wild weeds of the rankest growth encumber the graves, where they are permitted to rot, as if in emulation of the corruption which they cover; while in too many, from the broken down state of their inclosures, animals of every description have unrepelled admission—nay, even into some securely protected, we have witnessed driven the minister's whole family of kine to banquet among the tombs. More destructive, however, by much than the bestial, is wanton mischief, which in many cases, through want of guardianship, may work its wicked will at pleasure on the monuments, and otherwise desecrate a spot regarded in almost all civilized countries, but our own, as hallowed ground. It would take us at present too much out of our way to inquire into the causes of this neglect of their cemeteries, by a people than whom none can more fervently reverence their ancestors, or have a higher pride in recalling their memory. To the investigation of this subject we may, on some future occasion, apply more willing powers, and information more concentrated, than can, at present, be commanded.

The churchyard under review was surrounded by substantial walls about thirty-five years ago, before the construction of which it lay open to every intruder, and was even patent, at the great annual fair, to itinerant vendors of every description, vulgar gamblers, and all the motley *rif-raff*, formerly attending these noisy and not unfrequently riotous assemblages. To Mr Urquhart, the late respectable minister of the parish, the credit is due of having extinguished so disgraceful a profanation of the sanctuary of the dead. After repeated representations of a usage so revolting, the heritors, if not convinced of its indecency, granted, at least, the necessary outlays for building the walls; and since their construction the churchyard has ceased to be polluted on the annual occasion referred to, by being made the scene of low roguery, of noisy quarrellings, and of boisterous hilarity.

By much the most interesting monument in the burying-ground is the "stately tomb," erected in 1594, by Captain Crawford of Jordanhill, for himself and his lady. It stands a few yards south of the church, and is of a quadrangular form, measuring nine feet and a half in length, six feet in width, and six feet six inches in height. It is built of chiseled freestone, and covered horizontally with the same material; and, though still entire, has been long in a state ripe for repairs. The walls are finished at the angles with columns composed of three bottles, separated by hollow curves, which are enriched with the Gothic astrated ornament, and over each of the bottles is carved a mask, by way of capital. The only other decorated external feature of this "pretty stone monument," as it was designated by Timothy Pont, already quoted, is a cornice composed of alternating *cima-reversas* and quarter-rounds, surmounting the walls. Through an aperture in the east end of the monument, aided by a faint

light admitted through slits in the south and west walls, are seen the recumbent statues of the gallant captain in military garb, and of his spouse in the costume of the time. The figures have the hands joined on the breast as in prayer, and, though at first look but indifferently seen, the light soon becomes strong enough to repress all regret that these rude efforts of the untutored stone-cutter are not more distinctly visible. On the exterior of the north wall, the following inscription, which has been cut in large raised characters, may still be traced:—

GOD . SCHAW .
THE . RIGHT .

Heir . Lys . Thomas .	And . Jonet . Ker . His .
Crawfurd . of . Ior .	Spous . Eldest . Doc .
danhil . Sext . Son .	Hter . To . Robert . Ker .
To . Lawrence . Crav .	Of . Kerrisland .
furd . of . Kilbirny .	1 . 5 . 9 . 4 .

In the centre of the inscription is engraved a shield bearing, quarterly, Crawford and Barclay, and for crest, a figure, by its irregular outline meant probably to represent a rock, in allusion to Dumbarton Castle. The motto, "God . Schaw . The . Richt." was conferred on Capt. Crawford by the Earl of Morton, in memory of the conflict at the Gallow-lee, in 1571, betwixt the factions of the King and Queen. Captain Crawford died 3d January, 1603, and was buried alongside of the inscribed wall of the monument, as is still indicated by a flat stone bearing his name.

There is no other memorial in the churchyard of so old a date as the one just described, by nearly half a century; but there are three or four flat stones, bearing the figure of a sword, to which we would not hesitate to assign an antiquity considerably more remote. These stones are each seven feet in length, and one foot nine inches broad at the top, and three inches less at the lower end. Between the handle of the sword and the upper verge of the stones, is cut, within a circle sixteen inches in diameter, a figure seemingly intended to represent a cross, with an annulet in each of its quarters. On account of these figures, but especially of that of the sword, it has been alleged that these unlettered memorials commemorate at least the fact of so many Knight Templars having been buried here, though there is no other evidence, nor even a whisper from tradition, adduced in support of the notion. The inference, however, from such data seems to be purely gratuitous, as anciently the sword on the tombstone was not restricted to a particular class or order, but denoted only, in a general manner, feudal dignity, or military authority. To us it appears a much more probable supposition, that the memorials in question may have marked the graves of some members or connections of the ancient families of Barclay, or Crawford of Kilbirnie, or of Cunningham of Glengarnock, than that they were tributes to the memory of an order of knights, whose existence in this quarter, at any period, is altogether hypothetical, and that too not even in this airy sense, until within the last thirty years. But whatever may have been the rank held by the individuals whose last place of rest these sepulchral stones once indicated, they have long since been removed from their original bed, and have

become, by right of unchallenged possession for many years, the property of the ignoble persons on whose burying-grounds they are to be found.

The subjoined selection includes the full amount of the epitaphs adapted for transference to these pages. The three first are on table-stones, the fourth is on a throch or flat oblong stone lying immediately over the grave, and all the others are on head-stones. None of these memorials are adorned with figures allusive to the vocation of those they commemorate, or with any of the lugubrious emblems of mortality so much in vogue with the tombstone sculptors of the last century.

1.

Heir . Lys . Ane . Good . Gentlewoman . calid . Lvcres .
Seringgeovr . Spove . To . Master . William . Rvssel . Mi-
nister . at . Kilbirny . who . deceased . 3 . of . September .
1637 . A . D .

The above inscription is cut round the margin of the stone, and incloses the engraved outline of two shields, one of which is charged with the initials M. W. R.; and the other is flanked with the letters L. S., and bears, in the second and third quarters, some non-heraldic fancies of the stone-cutter.

2.

The following epitaph is said to have been composed by Patrick, second Viscount Garnock, who died in 1735—an eccentric nobleman, of whom many anecdotes are still current among the villagers. Between the record of the death and the quotation from Job, are sculptured a winged cherub on the right, and a mortal in pilgrim's guise on the left of the stone. On a level with the feet of the latter,—for the former seems poised in air,—are a skull and cross-bones, to which both the figures point; and above are engraved, as if spoken by the unearthly juvenile, the following words from Ezekiel: "Son of man, can these dry bones live?"—Both the composition and workmanship of this bas-relief are much superior to the common-place carvings formerly lavished with tasteless profusion on similar memorials, whenever the stone-cutter seems, as the saying is, "to have got in his hand."

Bethia Barclay erected this monument in memory of her dear husband, Mr James Smith, Minister of the Gospel in Kilbirny, who died 11th of February, 1733.*

And though after my skin, worms destroy this body, yet
in my flesh shall I see God.

Buried . here . Lys . a . worthy . man .
Whose . life . alas . was . but . a . span .

* This worthy couple had a daughter named Elizabeth, (what other progeny we know not,) who was married to Robert Dallas of Kensington, Middlesex, who died in 1796, and had issue, viz.: 1. Sir Robert Dallas, who was Chief Justice of the Common Pleas; married Charlotte, daughter of the late Lieutenant Col. Alexander Gardine, by whom he had a son and daughter; 2. Harriet Dallas; 3. Isabella Dallas, wife to William Rae, surgeon; 4. Sir George Dallas, created a Baronet 21st July, 1798; seat, Petask, county Stafford; married in 1788, the Hon. Catherine, daughter of Sir John Blackwood of Ballyleidy, county Down, (Ireland); issue four sons and three daughters; 5. Mary Dallas; 6. Elizabeth Dallas; 7. Anne Dallas; 8. Lucy Dallas.—Abridged, by Dr Crawford, *Lochwinnoch*, from Debreit's *Baronetage of England*, vol. ii., p. 960.

He . pleasure . took . by . Gods . Command .
To . lead . us . to . Emanuel's . land .
He . was . blessing . to . our . place .
Where . he . did . preach . by . power . of . grace .
Bidding . us . Jesus' . footstaps . trace .
And . from . all . sinning . strive . to . cease .
To . us . alas . he . is . no . more .
His . soul . triumphs . in . endless . gloire .
Why . should . we . then . his . loss . deplore .
Who . joined . has . the . heavenly . choir .
To . make . his . character . complicit .
Nature . bless'd . him . with . temper . sweet .
Grace . and . manners . in . him . did . meet .
Kind . to . his . owa . to . all . discreet .
All . who . do . love . his . memory .
Must . like . him . live . and . like . him . dy .
Then . ye'll . enjoy . Eternity .
In . ever . praising . the . most . High .

3.

Erected to the memory of the Rev. Robert Urquhart, Minister of Kilbirnie, who died on the 22d Sep. 1845, in the 83d year of his age, and 51st of his Ministry.

His son, Robert Morris Urquhart, who died on the 20th May, 1843, in the 16th year of his age.

His daughter, Jane Fulton Urquhart, who died on the 24th February, 1846, in the 32d year of her age.

4.

In memory of William Miller, of Dykes, who died the 12th of October, 1753, and Mary King, his spouse, who died the 9th of May, 1754.

Though tombs prove faithless to their trust,
And bodies moulder into dust,
A good man's name shall ever last,
In spite of every nipping blast.

5.

Erected by James Orr, weaver in Scarslie, in memory of Agnes Allan his spouse, who died 5 May, 1775, ag'd years 37, months 9, days 11.

Affliction sore, with meekness long I bore,
Physicians were in vain,
Till God did please, that death should seize,
And eas'd me of that pain.
Here also lys 2 girls and 2 boys?
They were part of my earthly joys?
But life's a jest and all things shew it?
I once thought so, but now I know it.

On the opposite face of the stone, beneath a bas-relief representing a herald, sluggard and skeleton, and the references, Prov. vi. 6, Rev. xxii. 12, are the following rhymes:—

Awake, thou sluggard of the dust,
The eternal Son doth cry,
Forth into judgment come thou must,
Thine actions for to try.
O all ye saints, who's full of wants,
Love God and sin abhor;
From sin I rest, and every blast,
In this my silent bower.

The stone bearing the above inscriptions and carvings, which were all composed and cut by the ingenious person who erected it, albeit a weaver by vocation, having been lately accidentally broken, has been supplanted by one of the plainest form, and which tells us only of its being "Erected in memory of James Orr, late farmer in Cockstone, who died on the 28th Feb. 1813, aged 77 years."

6.

The following record of deaths and epitaphian verses, will probably likewise soon disappear from

the churchyard, the stone having been felled by the down-come of one of the trees, during their sacrilegious destruction by the heritors. As it has lain ever since on the soil, the lettering is wasting, and will in a short time become quite illegible.

This Stone is erected by John Allan, Farmer in Lochcad, in the parish of Lochwinnoch, in memory of Robert Allan, his Father, who departed this life, Dec. 11th, 1772, aged 82 years, and Margaret Aiken his Spouse, who departed this life, Jan. 20th, 1781, aged 66 years. Also the remains of David Allan, his eldest Son by a former marriage, who departed this life April 20th, 1784, aged 56 years :

Remember Man as thou goes by,
As thou art now so once was I,
As I am now so must thou be,
Therefore prepare to follow me.

And on the west face of the stone :—

Likewise James Allan their son departed this life, 24th April 1786, aged 34 years :

An Opening flower, at brightest hour,
In spite of every phisic power,
Was suddenly cut down ;
This blossom rare, which promised fair,
Beyond all temporal repair,
Fell by the deadliest frown.

And along the top of the stone,—

MORTEUS DUM EST OMNIUS.

7.

Jean Bain, Spouse to the Revd. Mr Sinclair, Minr. in Balfrone, died 20th April, 1784, and lies interred here. Also Mary Tod, daughter to the Revd. Mr Tod, Dreghorn, who died Jan. 14th, 1787, aged 4 years.

8.

To the memory of the Revd. Malcom Brown, Minister of Kilbirny, who died Dec. 1794, in the 100th year of his age, and 62d of his Ministry. Also Mrs Ann Bain, his Spouse, who died November 1792.

They were highly respected, esteemed, and regretted.

9.

1820.—Erected in memory of Jas. Steel, Weaver, Kilbirnie, who died May 29th, 1815, aged 77 years ; of Elizabeth Leitch, his Spouse, who died March 6th, 1802, aged 56 years ; of James Steel his Son, who died Feb. 12, 1789, aged 21 years ; and of James Allan, his Grandson, who died Janr. 15th, 1820, aged 17, and ly here interred.

Pause, Reader pause, whoe'er thou be,
Thus age, thus youth admonish thee,
Think on the tomb, prepare for home,
To Death, to Judgment thou must come.

10.

This Stone marks the spot where are deposited the remains of George Allan, late Farmer in Balgray, of this parish, who departed this life on the 29th of April, 1822, in the 75th year of his age. Also Margaret Anderson, his wife, who departed this life on the 18th Oct. 1827, in the 79th year of her age.

Reader, if the possession of those Virtues of the heart which make life valuable in any station, claim respectful and affectionate remembrance, venerate the ashes here entombed.

To their united and beloved memory, this stone was erected by their surviving children.

11.

Erected by John Allan of Lochcad, in memory of his

father, James Allan of Bridge-end, Kilbirnie ; born 26th of February, 1773 ; died 8th September, 1834. Also Janet Fife, his spouse, daughter of the late John Fife, Kilbirnie ; born 2d April, 1772 ; died 15th June, 1822. Also my Sister, Margaret Allan, Spouse to Alexander Spiera, Surgeon, Beith ; born 23d September, 1810 ; died 6th July, 1841.

Such fully are the inscriptions in this receptacle of the dead deemed worthy the preserving, or rather from any peculiarity in their composition meriting transcription. The other inscribed stones are destitute of all interest to the stranger, as they merely inform him of the name and years of the obscure and forgotten individuals to whose memories they were dedicated.* Instead of making any comments on those selected, or indulging in reflections suggested by the scene in which they were culled, we shall close this paper, not altogether inappropriately it is opined, with a few stanzas from "The Auld Kirkyard," by Miss Aird of Kilmarnock, whom some have termed "a poetess of Nature's own making;" and certainly not a few of her effusions bid fair "to fix her an immortal name" in the poetical annals of Ayrshire.

"Calm sleep the village dead,
In the auld Kirkyard ;
But softly, slowly tread,
In the auld Kirkyard ;
For the weary, weary, rest,
Wi' the green turf on their breast,
And the ashes o' the blest
Flower the auld Kirkyard.

"Oh ! many a tale it bath,
The auld Kirkyard,
Of life's crooked thorny path
To the auld Kirkyard ;
But mortality's thick gloom
Clouds the sunny world's bloom,
Veils the mystery of doom,
In the auld Kirkyard.

"A thousand memories spring,
In the auld Kirkyard,
Though Time's death-brooding wing
Shade the auld Kirkyard.
The light of many a hearth,
Its music and its mirth,
Sleep in the deep dark earth
Of the auld Kirkyard.

"Life's greenest leaf lies low
In the auld Kirkyard,
Swept from the giant bow
To the auld Kirkyard ;
And the sere leaf, 'neath our tread
Whispers, o'er the dreamless dead,
As a leaf we all do fade
To the auld Kirkyard."

* The remains of Tam Giffen, the reputed warlock of the district, and of whom several anecdotes are given in p. 351 of the Journal, lie beneath the hearthstone of the Watch-house, erected about twenty-five years ago in the south-east corner of the churchyard. A few of his ridiculous sayings, by means of which he "kept the country-side in fear," and procured a ready amon, are still preserved in the parish, and certainly convey but a low idea of the intelligence of the peasantry in this quarter a hundred and fifty years ago, when a sturdy beggar's idle tales could

"Touzo a' their tap, and gar them shako wi' fear."

22040202 of DRYBURGH ABBEY.

The following account of Dryburgh Abbey appeared in Hayley's "Graphic and Historical Illustrations," published in 1834,—a most estimable periodical, but of which the circulation was next to nothing in Scotland. As the paper is very ably written, being indeed by much the best we have met with on the subject, and may, we think, be regarded as a model of writing in its way, we do not hesitate, in compliance with the request of a correspondent, at transferring it to the pages of the *Journal*.

"The echoes of its vaults are eloquent!

The stones have voices, and the walls do live.

It is the house of memory!"—*C. R. Maturin*.

Walter Scott and Dryburgh Abbey will be enshrined in our hearts with Shakspeare and Stratford-on-Avon. Its aged ruins are situated in a land renowned in song and story: the district is rife with historical mementos and classic associations; but the name of him who has been taken from us, alone confers a deathless interest over the spot hallowed with his remains,—had it been the most barren in the world. The literary pilgrim from every civilized land will draw nigh the last earthly dwelling-place of the great, and what is more, the good, Sir Walter Scott, with deep and overpowering interest; and it is with similar feeling that we sit down to describe the ruins of "Dryburgh's dark Abbaie."

It has been conjectured that the name of Dryburgh takes its derivation from the Celtic *Darach-Briach*; "the bank of the sacred grove of oaks, or the settlement of the Druids." Some vestiges of pagan worship have been found on the Bass Hill, an eminence in its vicinity,—among which was an instrument used for killing the victims for sacrifice, that was in the possession of the late Earl of Buchan.*

In the early part of the sixth century a monastery was founded here by St Modan, one of the first preachers of Christianity in Scotland. This brilliant man was abbot in 522, but it is supposed that after his death the community was transferred to Melrose, since no subsequent mention is made of the monastery by the ancient historians, and many centuries must undoubtedly have elapsed between its desertion and re-establishment. Mr Morton observes, that it "was probably destroyed by the ferocious Saxon invaders under Ida, the Flame-bearing, who landed on the coast of Yorkshire in 547, and after subduing Northumberland, added this part of Scotland to his dominions by his victory over the Sesto-Britons at Catraeth." Part of the original monastery is supposed to remain in the sub-structure of the existing ruins.

The present structure was founded by Hugh de Morville, Lord of Lauderdale, the district in which

* See "Monastic Annals of Teviotdale," by the Rev. James Morton, p. 290, fol., 1831. To that splendid, and at the present period, doubly interesting work, we have been greatly indebted for the present paper.

† Vide Sir Nicholas Carlisle's "Scotland." Relics of St Modan were long preserved in a church dedicated to him at Rosneath; and he was patron saint of the High Church at Saffron.

it is situated, and Constable of Scotland, about the year 1150. According to the *Chronicle of Melrose*, Beatrix de Beauchamp, wife of the above, obtained a charter of confirmation for the new foundation, from David I., a munificent patron of religious establishments in Scotland. The cemetery was consecrated on St Martin's day, 1150, "that no demons might haunt it;" but the community did not come to reside here until the 13th of December, 1152. The monks were Premonstratensians, who came from Alnwick; and they styled, says Mr Pennant, "the Irish abbies of Drum-le-Croix and Woodburn, their daughters." This Abbey fell under a heavy calamity in 1322. "Tradition says, that the English under Edward II., in their retreat in that year, were provoked by the imprudent triumph of the convent in joyfully ringing the church bells at their departure; the sound of which made them return and burn the Abbey in revenge. King Robert the Bruce contributed liberally towards its repair; but it has been doubted whether it ever was fully restored to its original magnificence.*" Certain flagrant disorders, which occurred here in the fourteenth century, drew down the severe censure of Pope Gregory XI. upon the inmates.

Many of the abbots of Dryburgh were persons of high rank and consequence. James Stewart, who was abbot in 1545, occasionally exchanged the cowl for the helmet. Having united his retainers with those of some neighbouring nobles, they boldly determined on making a raid on the English border, and crossing the Tweed, burned the village of Hornecliffe in Northumberland, with a great quantity of corn; but the garrisons of Newham and Berwick, assisted by other hearts of oak, attacked and drove them across the border with considerable loss, before they could effect much more damage. In the same year Dryburgh Abbey was destined again to be laid in ruins, it being plundered and burnt by an English force under the Earl of Hertford;—the market-town of Dryburgh had been previously destroyed by the troops of Sir George Bowes. The last head of this house (the lands and revenues of which were annexed to the crown in 1587), was David Erskine, natural son of Lord Erskine, who is described as "an exceeding modest, honest, and shamefast man." The Abbey and its demesnes were then granted by James VI. of Scotland to Henry Erskine, Lord Cardross, the second son of John, Earl of Mar, the Lord Treasurer, and Mary, daughter of Esme Stewart, Duke of Lennox, the direct ancestor of David Stewart Erskine, Earl of Buchan, elder brother of Thomas, Lord Erskine, Lord Chancellor, and uncle to the present proprietor, Sir David Erskine.

Dryburgh, in Berwickshire, is situated about four miles from Melrose, on the north bank of the Tweed, in the most delightful part of the vale, famed as it is for beauty along its whole extent. The Abbey stands amidst the gloom of woods, on a verdant level, above the high banks of red earth which confine the course of the river, whose rapid

* This conjecture is greatly strengthened by the fact, that masses of melted lead and vitrified glass have been recently found in clearing out the rubbish from the interior of the church.

stream makes a bold sweep around in its passage onwards. In this back-ground, hills covered with luxuriant foliage, rise in picturesque beauty; and whether we contemplate the time-worn ruin, the harmony of nature, or the remembrance of the past, the scene (particularly when viewed from the opposite banks of the river), is one of singular interest.

Mr George Smith, architect, states that the ruins are so overgrown with foliage, that he found great difficulty in taking accurate measurements of them. "Everywhere you behold the usurpation of nature over art. In one roofless apartment, a fine spruce and holly are to be seen flourishing in the rubbish; in others, the walls are completely covered with ivy; and even on the top of some of the arches, trees have sprung up to a considerable growth, and these, clustering with the aspiring pinnacles, add character to the Gothic pile. These aged trees, on the summit of the walls, are the surest records we have of the antiquity of its destruction." The structure was originally cruciform, "divided, in the breadth, into three parts by two colonnaded arcades; the cross or transept and choir have all been short; a part of the north transept, which is still standing, is called St Mary's aisle; it is a beautiful early English Gothic work." Perhaps the most striking feature in the remains is a fine Norman arch, which was originally the western doorway. Its enrichments are in the style of the twelfth century, and little affected by time. The monastery is a complete ruin. Nothing of it is entire but the chapter-house, St Modan's chapel, and the adjoining passages. The chapter-house is forty-seven feet long, twenty-three feet broad, and twenty feet in height. At the east end there are five early English pointed windows; the western extremity contains a circular-headed centre window, with a smaller one on either side. The hall is adorned with a row of intersected arches. Mr Smith concludes his valuable description with the following remarks:—"From a minute inspection of the ruins, we are led to believe that there are portions of the work of a much earlier date. The arch was the distinctive feature of all structures of the middle ages; as the column was of those of classic antiquity; and among these ruins we observed no fewer than four distinct styles of arches, namely, the massive Roman arch with its square sides, the imposing deep-splayed Saxon, the pillared and intersected Norman, and last the early English pointed arch. These differ not only in design, but in the quality of the materials, and in the execution. The chapter-house and abbot's parlour, with the contiguous domestic dwellings of the monks, we consider of much greater antiquity than the church.*

These structures were built of "hard pinkish-coloured" sandstone (which is in fine preservation), and they exhibited a remarkable diversity in their levels.† Near the ruins still flourishes a

fine tree, which there is good reason to suppose was planted seven hundred years ago.

The late Earl of Buchan was devotedly attached to this place. At a short distance from the Abbey, he constructed an elegant wire-suspension-bridge over the Tweed, two hundred and sixty feet in length. His Lordship also erected a colossal statue of Sir William Wallace, on the summit of an adjoining hill, which was placed on its pedestal 22d of September 1814, the anniversary of the victory at Stirling Bridge, in 1297. "It occupies so eminent a situation," says Mr Chambers, "that Wallace frowning towards England is visible from Berwick, a distance of more than thirty miles." The statue is twenty feet high, and is formed of red sandstone, painted white. Upon a tablet there is an appropriate inscription. Lord Buchan fitted up one of the ruined apartments of the Abbey in a style corresponding to the original, to which he loved to resort; Sir David Erskine, who resides close to the Abbey, preserves the ruins, we are told, with great care.

Sir Walter Scott, in the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," gives an interesting account of the Nun of Dryburgh, an unfortunate female wanderer, who took up her abode, about eighty years ago, in a vault, amongst the ruins of the Abbey, which, during the day, she never quitted. It was supposed, from an account she gave of a spirit who used to arrange her habitation at night, during her absence in search of some food or charity at the residences of gentlemen in the neighbourhood, that the vault was haunted; and it is still regarded with terror by many among the lower orders. She never could be prevailed upon to relate to her friends the reason why she adopted so singular a course of life; "but it was believed," says Sir Walter, "that it was occasioned by a vow that during the absence of a man to whom she was attached, she would never look upon the sun. Her lover never returned. He fell during the civil war of 1745-6, and she never more beheld the light of day.

Allan Cunningham tells us, that the late Earl of Buchan waited upon Lady Scott in 1819, when the illustrious author of Waverley was brought nigh to the grave by a grievous illness, and "begged her husband to do him the honour of being buried in Dryburgh." The place, said the Earl, "is very beautiful—just such a place as the poet loves, and as he has a fine taste that way, he is sure of being gratified with my offer." Scott, it is reported, good-humouredly promised to give Lord Buchan the refusal, "since he seemed so solicitous;"—but the Peer, dying the first, was himself laid the first in Dryburgh churchyard.*

stone work" (similar to that at Jedburgh). "These remains are not inelegant, but are unadorned. The refectory fell after Pennant's visit, leaving little else but the gable-ends remaining.

* Vide "Athenæum" No. 258. The last resting place of Sir Walter Scott is a small spot of ground in an area formed by four pillars, in one of the ruined aisles which belonged to his family. We derive the subjoined particulars from the valuable memoir which has appeared in "Chambers's Edinburgh Journal." The ground originally belonged to the Halyburtons of Merton, an ancient and re-

* "Mon. Ann. of Teviotdale," p. 323.

† Pennant in his "Tour in Scotland" in 1769, thus describes the ruins:—"There are scarce any relics of the church, but much of the convent; the refectory supported by two pillars; several vaults, and other offices; part of the cloister walls, and a fine radiated window of

We cannot attempt to describe, nor even to enumerate, all the beauties of this enchanting district. Melrose, whose stately Abbey has risen again in fresh beauty under the poet's magic pencil,—the venerable ruins of Jedburgh and Kelso,—the vale of Glendearg with its towers and wonders,—Abbotsford,—and the Eildon Hills, (once one lofty eminence, but cleft into three by the wizard wand of Michael Scott), from whose summits we are told by the immortal author himself, that “you may see the scenes of forty-two songs and ballads, and battles all of old renown”—that have been elsewhere immortalized.

“Even as the tenderness that hour instils
When summer's day declines along the hills,
So feels the fulness of our heart and eyes
When all of Genius which can perish dies.
A mighty spirit is eclipsed—a power
Hath pass'd from day to darkness, to whose hour
Of light no likeness is bequeath'd,—no name,
Focus at once of all the rays of fame!”—Byron.

SUPERSTITIOUS CURES.

In a former paper,* when considering the “Charms and Spells” which were in vogue among the Scotch witches, we gave a few of the *charms* which they practised with the humane intention of alleviating disease, and mitigating the sorrows of afflicted human nature. The subject was, in that article, scarcely touched upon, and its surface barely skimmed; for it truly presents a most inexhaustible mine for those who have been blessed with a relish for the interesting and amusing curiosities to be found in antiquarian lore. At present, however, we do not intend to go back upon that subject, and merely recapitulate or enlarge; but to glance shortly at the various *cures* which prevailed among the people of Scotland generally, as well as among the witches.

The mysteries of medicine in our days appear to have become so much simplified and *popularized* (if the expression be relevant), that, if we could only bring ourselves to give credence to the blatant quacks who regularly blazon forth their

nostrums in the public prints, every disease—indeed every “ill that flesh is heir to,”—may be cured by some one “Universal Medicine,” whether it be Parr's, Holloway's, or Morrison's Pills. These are held out, and strongly certified to be the true and genuine *Elixir of Life*, which the ancient alchemists laboured in vain to discover—the very *Fountain of Youth*, which the stout hidalgos and men-at-arms of Herman Cortes and Francisco Pizarro spent their best blood searching for in the wild regions of Florida and Mexico! In former times, when the popular belief in spells and “*Cantrips*” was at its height, resorting to mysterious and uncommon means of curing disease drew down the direst vengeance of the executive upon the head of the unfortunate mortal who “wrought by forbidden spell;” but now the vending of “Life Pills,” “Cordial Balsams,” and a thousand other medicaments, has become a ready way of making money, by imposing upon the gullibility of a patient public. *Tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis!* Quack doctors have now supplied the place of *White Witches*. When Burns lampooned the poor schoolmaster of Tarbolton, we daresay he had no idea of the countless fraternity of “Doctor Hornbooks,” which futurity was to bring upon the stage; and the character he so inimitably drew, may serve as a portrait of all such quacks to the end of time. The nostrums of our great-grand-dames, stupid as they were, could scarcely be more absurd than the

“new uncommon weapons,
Urinus-spiritus of capons;
Or mite-horn shavings, filings, scrapings,
Distill'd per se;
Sal-alkali of midge-tail clippings,
And mony mao,”

which their successors, in our own times, are in the habit of recommending to the notice of the public.

With these observations we will now address ourselves to a sketch of several of the most celebrated “Superstitious Cures” in bye-past days.

“Nothing,” says the author of *Curiosities of Medical Experience*, “could be more absurd than the notions regarding some of these supposed cures. A ring made of the hinge of a coffin had the power of relieving cramps, which were also mitigated by having a rusty old sword hung up by the bedside. Nails driven in an oak tree prevented the tooth-ache. A halter that had served in hanging a criminal, was an infallible remedy for a head-ache when tied round the head; this affection was equally cured by the moss growing upon a human skull, dried and pulverised, and taken as cephalic snuff. A dead man's hand could dissipate tumours of the glands, by stroking the part nine times; but the hand of a man who had been cut down from the gallows was the most efficacious. To cure warts, one had nothing to do but to steal a piece of beef from the butcher, with which the warts were to be rubbed, then interring it in any filth, and as it rotted the warts would wither and fall. The chips of a gallows, on which several had been hanged, when worn in a bag round the neck, would cure the ague. A stone with a hole in it, suspended at the head of a bed, would effectually stop the night-mare; hence it was called a hag-stone, as it prevents the troublesome witches from sitting upon

spectable baronial family, of which Sir Walter's paternal grandmother was a member. On a side wall is the following inscription “Sub hoc tumulo jacet Joannes Haliburtonius, Barro de Mertoun, vir religione et virtute clarus, qui obiit 17 die Augusti, 1640;” below which there is a coat of arms. On the back wall, the latter history of the spot is expressed on a small tablet, as follows:—“Hunc locum sepulture D. Senechallus, Buchani Comes, Gualtero, Thomæ et Roberto Scott, Nepatibus Haliburtoni, concessit, 1791;”—that is to say, the Earl of Buchan (lately proprietor of the ruins and adjacent grounds) granted this place of sepulture, in 1791, to Walter, Thomas, and Robert Scott, descendants of the Laird of Haliburton. The persons indicated were the father and uncles of Sir Walter Scott; but though all are dead, no other member of the family lies there, except his uncle Robert, and his deceased lady. From the limited dimensions of the place, the body of the author of *Waverley* has been placed in a direction north and south, instead of the usual fashion; and thus, in death at least, he has resembled the Cameronians, of whose character he was supposed to have given such an unfavourable picture in one of his tales. May no unhallowed hand ever violate his sepulchre!

* Scottish Journal, vol. i. p. 324.

the sleeper's stomach. The same amulet, tied to the key of a stable door, deterred witches from riding horses over the country." To these we may add that a "bannock" or cake baked with the blood of a red cock, was considered by the "Horn-books" of old to be an infallible remedy for almost every disorder which could affect the human frame!

"Alesoun Peirsoun," a Scotch witch who was tried before the Justiciary on 28th May, 1588, and thereafter burned on the Castlehill of Edinburgh, and whose *Dittay** contains some of the most strange and curious revelations of "*Fairy-Land*" extant, was consulted on her reputed skill of curing by no less a personage than Patrick Adamson, Bishop of St Andrews, at the period when he was afflicted with "mony seiknesses, [such] as the trimbling fewer, (fever and ague), the palp, (palpitation), the rippillis, (weakness in the back and loins), and the flexus, (flux)." Previously to consulting her, it seems, he had tried many means of cure, generally of a superstitious kind, but found no relief; these are well described in a coarse but cutting satire under the title of "*Legend of the Bishop of St Androis*:"—

"Sic ane seiknes hes he tane,
That all men trowit he had been gane;
For leitchis mycht mak no remeid,
There was na bute to him bot deid.
He seeing weill he wald nocht mend,
For Phetanissa hes he send,
With Sorcerie and Incantations,
Raising the Devill with invocaciones,
With herbis, stanis, buiks and bellis,
Menis memberis and south-ruining wellis;
Palme-croces and knottis of strease,
The paring of a preistis auld tees;
And in *principio* socht out ayue,
That vnder ane alter of stane had lyne,
Sanct Ithones-nutt, and the foure-levit claver,
With taill and mayne of a baxter aver,
Had careit hame heather to the oyne,
Cuttit off in the cruk of the moone;
Hailie water, and the lamber beidis,
Hyntworthe and fourtie vther weidis:
Whairthrow the charming tuik sic force,
They laid it on his fat whyte horse.—
As all men saw, he soon deceisit:
Thair Saga slew ane saikles beast.
This wald not serve."

The poor bishop seeing that all this "wald not serve," determined upon an application to the witch, as a last resource. Alesoun is described as being—

"Ane carling of the Queen of Phareis,
That ewill-won geir to Elphyne careis,
Through all Braid-albane scho hes bene
On horsback on Hallow-evin."

The "*Legend*" then proceeds to state that—

"Now being tane and apprehendit,
Scho being in the Bischopis care,
And keipit in his Castell sure,
Without respect of warldlie glamer,
He past into the Witchis chalmor,

for the purpose of testing her abilities, knowing by report that "a thousand maladies scho" had "mendit." She, nothing loath, and perhaps hop-

ing that should she succeed in removing his disease and restoring to health a person of so much consequence in society, it might tend to her advantage by his intercession with those in power, is stated to have made "ane saw," and rubbed "it on his cheiks, his craig, his breist, stonimak, and sydis." She also

—"Tuik some part of white wyne dreggis,
Wormed rayne and blak hen eggis,
And made him dreggis that did him gude."

These "dreggis" were chiefly composed of "the zow mylk, or waidrane, (the herb woodroof,) with the herbis, claret wyne:" and "with some vther thingis scho gaif him ane sottin (sodden) fowll, and scho maid ane quart at anis, quihik he drank att twa drachtis twa sindrie dyetis." Such potions had no beneficial effect upon the bishop's disorder; and his intercourse with the witch having at length been discovered and noised abroad, an outcry was raised against both him and her.

"The Kirkmen called him and accused him,
And sharplie of this pointis reproved him,
That he in Sorcerie beleavit him,
Whairthrow his saul mycht come to skaith."

Alesoun herself fared far worse. Though the bishop escaped with a sharp reproof, there was not so much mercy shown towards the poor witch. She had the mortification to find the giving of the above "dreggis" to the distressed churchman turned into a "point" of *Dittay* against her,—was compelled to confess impossibilities, and last of all was "carreit" and burnt "at ane stake."

A superstition prevailed in Scotland from early ages, that fits were only capable of being cured by partaking of the "hell broth," in which a human skull had been boiled.* We find that this detestible and loathsome cure was resorted to no further back than about sixteen years ago, and that near the town of *Dunkeld*, as the following paragraph from a newspaper of the time will show:

"CANNIBALISM."

"*Dunkeld*.—A very extraordinary circumstance, illustrative of the distressing remains of the most dark and debasing superstition still to be found lingering in some parts of Scotland, occurred within a few miles of this, some eight days since. A young girl of about sixteen, supposed to have over-fatigued herself by working in the field, had been seized with fits, which some wise seer declared could only be removed by her partaking of brose made from the 'broo of a doad man's skull.' What was the horror of the neighbours on discovering that this dreadful prescription had been actually resorted to, and that a human head had been obtained and boiled, and the liquid administered to the patient! One person who partook of it, has suffered so severely from the nausea resulting from the unhallowed participation, as to have been confined ever since. The skull having been seen by several persons after it had been used,

* It has often struck us that this superstition may have occurred to the mind of James I., when, on being annoyed by complaints against the notorious Earl S.ulis, he exclaimed, "Deil gin he were sodden and supped in broo!"—A remark which led to the murder of that obnoxious nobleman.

* Pitcairn's Criminal Trials, vol. i. Part 2nd, p. 164.

was said to have appeared so fresh and new, that it was believed that a worse crime than even the violation of the grave had been resorted to, to obtain it. The procurator-fiscal, however, having investigated the matter, was able to establish no capital guilt, though the most melancholy exhibition of a superstition, supposed to have been long extinct and unknown, was brought under his notice.

The above circumstance shows, as clearly as could be wished, that the superstitions of old, which we are flippantly told by the apostles of education and "progress," have now been consigned to "the tomb of all the Capulets," still retain a hold on the minds of many who are not wholly to be classed among the "ignorant masses of the community," in our own days. Though the school-master be "abroad," he has not performed a tithe of his duty.

It may be worth while to quote the opinion of a writer deeply versed in all the mysteries of demonology, who undertook to "prove evidently against the atheists of his age, that there are devils, spirits, witches, and apparitions!" Professor Sinclair gravely remarks:—"Charms and spells have been first taught to men and women in confederacy with the devil; many of which are received by tradition, and used by witches and ignorant persons too; the virtue of curing must be from the devil's active invisible application of their to such and such a disease, as the curing of a universal gout, by this unintelligible charm:—

Etter sheen etter sock, et ta leur etta pachk wipper fi caan easemitter in shi, so leish in shi corne, ora shep thea till one curht mach a mainshore.

There is, in some part of Galloway, a charm for curing a disease called the ling, in these words, *Oathart, Duiml, Chini, Brini*. Another there is, which some use for effectuating that which others do by casting three knots, *Far si far, fa far fay u, far fair na furti kay u, mak strait it a pain foun kung crey allt mak smeoran bun bagie*. This language cannot be interpreted." There can be no doubt of that, we believe, nor that the worthy Professor had been hoaxed by some way who knew his follies and lore of the incredulous. His charms smell too much of the "*Fee, fa, fum*," school, for our belief. Neither witch, warlock, nor "ignorant person," ever used such meaningless jargon; but, at the same time, it must be allowed that the rhymes repeated by these persons might, if recited hurriedly, which they always were, have something of the sounds given by the Professor.

In conclusion, we may remark, that the Professor's charm of "casting three knots" is probably the same with that given by the minister of Sandsting and Aithsting,† in the "New Statistical Account of Scotland."

"*Wresting Thread*. When a person has received a sprain, it is customary to apply to an individual practiced in casting the 'wresting thread.' This is a thread spun from black wool, on which are cast nine knots, and tied round a sprained leg or arm. During the time the operator is putting

the thread round the affected limb, he says, and in such a tone of voice as, not to be heard by the bystanders, nor even by the person operated upon:

"The Lord rule,
And the foal made gairward (Gairmond)
He lighted,
And he righted,
Set joint to joint,
Bone to bone,
And sinew to sinew.

Heal in the Holy Ghost's name!"

Crossheads,

A. W. E.

TRAVELS IN ENGLAND IN 1641.

(Concluded from our last.)

DESCRIPTION OF LONDON.

"DURING this time, curiosity led us to visit the chief scenes of the capital.

"It is, in truth, extremely well situated in a great plain, which permits extension to right and left. The famous Thames traverses it from end to end in the figure of a crescent, supplying in abundance all that is necessary to human sustenance. Fifteen thousand little boats cover it with passengers, so as to delight strangers as it were a perpetual bridge, or rather a sea-fight in miniature, from the various courses they steer, with a skill and celerity quite wonderful.

"The streets are somewhat narrow, the houses rather smaller than in France, as the space was restricted by the river, and built with such economy as to leave a little garden and pleasing prospect of the diverting scenes of the Thames. It possesses not all the advantages that render Paris so glorious, we must ingenuously confess that this capital surpasses our's, and that in cleanliness, neatness, and the surety of strangers for one may walk at midnight with a purse in one hand, and a pipe in the other, without any fear of mud or assassins. Nor is this the case only in the well-ordered towns of England, but in the most distant provinces, where even paltry thieves are chastised in a most exemplary manner.

"London may boast, with good reason, over and above its excellent harbour, and affluent commerce, of the longest street, the most superb taverns, and the greatest number of shops that exist in any city of Europe. It is even scarcely possible to find four coach-doors,* as commerce reigns equally among the nobles and the commons.

"To begin with the Tower, which stands at one extremity of the city, it resembles our Bastille in its fortifications, and in its being employed as a state prison: but, in other respects, it differs, as being more spacious; it contains the arsenal, the magazines, and treasures of the English sovereigns. A soldier of the guard showed us the rarities of this little fortress, and regaled us with three lions and a lioness, a Virginia rat as large as a dog, a wild cat mottled with black and white like a panther, and a small antelope.

* "Satan's Invisible World discovered," p. 144.
† A parish of Shetland.

* A "porte cochère" at Paris marks an hotel, or great house, as it opens into a court, inclosed with the iron and wings, stables, &c.

where his boats fight against dogs when their majesties choose that amusement. In an open space, capable of holding 5000 or 6000 men, were three powerful pieces of artillery, 'de fonte verte,' (bronze,) throwing balls of sixty-four pounds; and this sight led us to desire to see the magazines, which we instantly opened with a golden key, the English being enchanted with the colour of that charming metal. We entered the magazine of artillery, containing more than one hundred and twenty cannon of all sizes, ranged in complete order, with all their carriages, cordages, and carts. They did not fail to show us two of fir-wood, ('bois de sapin,') which were made in one night, and with which they took the city of Boulogne by the cowardice or treachery of our governor, who only desired to see their cannon to deliver that important place. They bear for device *MARTE QUID OPUS, EST CUI MINERVA NON DEEST?* We also saw a rare piece, which discharges seven balls either at once or successively, and a beautiful culverin of twenty-two feet in length, Spanish fabric, taken at the celebrated day of Cadiz. An upper floor was full of arms, very well kept, and sufficient for 10,000 musketeers, 4000 pikemen, and 6000 cavalry. They also boast of 2000 cuirasses, which they took in the war of Rochelle, coming from Holland, for the Isle of Rhé, and bearing the name *Thouars*, in front, wishing, perhaps, by those poor spoils, only disputed by naked mariners, to cover their shame, their flight, and the signal losses they suffered in many fair encounters by that great general. They imagine, perhaps, that his name, like that of the Cid, is capable of carrying confusion into any opposing ranks!

Having examined their ammunition for a long time, we went into the Donjon (inner tower) to see some of their treasures; for the kings of England may, with reason, boast, that in rich tapestries, and excellent paintings, they far surpass all the monarchs in Christendom. We were first shown the tapestries of St Stephen and St Paul, and those of Henry VIII., having a bold relieve of more than an inch in pure gold, with borders of the most exquisite fabric; above all, one of cloth of gold, newly brought from China. A large cover for a table in three departments, of crimson velvet, profusely studded with the largest pearls and rubies, made us doubt for a while the evidence of our senses. We were advised to pass lightly the rich plate which accompanied the king on his amorous travels in France and Spain, that we might view, at leisure, the plate-chamber. Here we were struck with six chandeliers of massive silver, each weighing a hundred and fifty marks, (a hundred weight), and a vast basin of silver gilt, on a pedestal of the richest workmanship, which serves for the baptism of the royal children. They also boasted of an unicorn's horn, covered with plates of silver, and estimated at 40,000*l.* sterling, equal to 400,000 *livres* of our money. We were more struck with the sword sent by the Pope to Henry VIII., with the fine

title *Defender of the Faith*, which he violated so soon after. The sheath is of gilt silver, four fingers in breadth, and five feet long, resembling those of the Swiss at present. The arms of the Pope, with his portrait, appear on one side, with these words, '*Julius Tertius, Pontifex Maximus, pontificatus sui, 1554.*' [Here are two slips of the memory, which we shall not stop to rectify.] On the other side, St Peter's at Rome, '*Petro Apostolorum Principi,*' and beneath, a goddess surrounded with laurels, a cornucopia in her hand, trampling on Envy, Carnage and Ambition, while a label from her mouth bears '*Publica Hilaritas.*'"

These ideas of English opulence are exceeded, if possible, by the description our author gives towards the end, of the pompous return of Charles I. from Scotland; and the whole work far surpasses Hentzner's account of the magnificence of Elizabeth.

J. P.

LAST AND EARLY DAYS OF DR WOLCOT —(PETER PINDAR.)

It is a lamentable fact that some persons, even at the very close of existence, perceive not the necessity of making some atonement for a long neglect of the duties of religion, and are even displeased at having the probability of life's speedy termination suggested to them by their dearest friends. Dr Wolcot was of that caste. Though once a clergyman of the Established Church, he had apparently little sense of religion, and still less of the awful terrors of a future state. For some time previous to his decease he resided at Montgomery's Gardens, Somers's Town, of which, in consequence of the recent improvements, not a vestige now remains, with the exception of the house. His eye-sight had entirely failed him, though he had submitted to an operation, which was performed by Sir Williams Adams, in the hope of saving one eye; as he remarked, "a rush light was better than no light at all." In this situation he was compelled to have recourse to the aid of others to read his letters to him, and one of the daughters of the person in whose house he lodged, generally performed this friendly office for him.

During his last illness, when conscience, whose voice sounds like a prophet's word,

might have been supposed to have held some influence over the passions of a man worn down by the weight of years, his fair secretary delivered into his hands a large sealed packet which she informed him, had been left with an injunction that it might instantly be delivered into his hands, by a gentleman in black, who left word that he would call again. "Open it, my dear," said the Doctor, "and let us hear what it is." It proved to be a long and closely-written exhortation to an amendment of life, and a preparation for eternity, which some well-meaning person had sent, to awaken the dormant recollections of the satirist, and urged him to consider that his period of time was quickly approaching the verge of eternity. The reader had not more than half waded through this prolix epistle, when the patience of Dr Wolcot, who liked not the reflections which had been thus called

* Governor of the Isle of Rhé, at the time of Buckingham's ill-directed invasion; a weak man, like other favourites, for talents, far from gaining favour, are sure to offend as eclipsing the monarch.

forth from their hiding place, interrupted her in the task she had undertaken in compliance with his request, and exclaimed, with all the impetuosity of wrathful feeling, "Burn it—burn it—I will not hear a word more—put it in the fire directly, and tell the fellow in black if he comes here again, to go about his business. He may be the Devil for aught I know, and he shall not catch me so easily."

Though in the early part of his life liberality was not a prominent trait in his character, in his latter years, suffering seemed to give an impulse to charitable feelings, and he was ready to give his mite to any one whom he was told stood in need of assistance.

Wolcot had a life annuity, and as he drew it for many a year, the party paying it no doubt supposed that it would never come to an end. On this subject Wolcot used often to joke. He averred that every time he went to take his annuity, he expected to hear the bell toll for those from whose pockets it proceeded, as he knew mortification had taken place, in consequence of his living so many years longer than they had anticipated.

A Mr Daniel, of Lyme, in Dorsetshire, who was a young man of extraordinary corpulence, and remarkable for his appetite, had an instinctive dread of coming in contact with Dr Wolcot; but as he formed a fine subject, as he expressed it, for his "crumbs of wit," he found it impossible to escape the lash of his satire, and he thus addressed him:—

"Daniel, thou fattest of all men,
Hadst thou been in the lions' den,
Thou' they had let thee dine and sup,
Thou sure hadst eat the lions up."

One of the liberal maxims of Dr Wolcot, who was an able raconteur himself, and not very particular as to the veracity of the tales he related, as long as they produced mirth, was, whenever a story is told that exceeds the bounds of probability, always to assure your auditors that you were yourself an eye and ear witness to the fact. This he generally practised himself, and therefore knew the value of such an assertion, though he was one of the last persons in the world to permit such an insult to be offered to his own understanding.

He was sometimes very severe on writers whose merits he envied, and particularly on the beautiful commencement of Addison's Cato, "The dawn is overcast," &c. "Punch gives the idea," said the Doctor, "in a happier and much plainer manner, when he says, 'a hazy morning, Master Noah.'"

Dr Wolcot deserves the thanks of the admirers of the fine arts, for introducing the talents of Opie to the public. He discovered his genius by accident. Happening to take shelter from a shower of rain in a cottage, he found the walls sketched over in all directions with humble attempts in charcoal of the likeness of the mistress, who was the mother of Opie; and one attempt, that of his parent sleeping, excited his attention so much, that he desired to see the youth, and, perhaps anticipating his future fame, took him at once under his protection, and taught him the rudiments of the art. The Doctor was himself a respectable artist, and his pupil's progress certainly did honour to his instructions.

DISCOVERY OF HUMAN REMAINS AT GRANTON.

On Tuesday week, while some workmen were employed in the formation of a drain in front of the brick cottages at Wardie, near Granton Pier, they came upon a rudely-formed tomb, which, on subsequent examination, was found to contain the bones of two persons. The tomb was about five feet in length, and two in breadth. The stones used in the construction of this singular place of sepulture were brought from the flat bedded rocks on the adjoining shore, and while they appeared not to have been hewn or carved in any way, it was evident, at the same time, that they had been fitted and joined into one another with something like mechanical exactness. The top of the tomb would not be more than eighteen inches from the surface; and as one of the corner-stones protruded some inches above the ground, it is conjectured that it was intended as a mark to indicate where the bodies were interred. All the internal part of the tomb, except the space occupied by the bodies, was filled with sand. One of the persons was buried with the head towards the east, and the other towards the west. They were in a sort of sitting posture, the head being considerably elevated above the rest of the body; and in the case of one of them, the right arm was raised above the head. The skeletons of both were evidently very entire; but as the workmen, on the first discovery of the tomb, did not use much care in scooping out the sand, the skull and some of the principal bones of one of them were considerably broken. The skeleton of the other body was removed from its resting-place with more trouble and deliberation; and was of course in a more perfect state for the inspection of the curious. The teeth of both were in fine preservation, and perfectly white. One of the skulls is a good deal larger than the other. The fact of a rude and curiously-formed ring and buckle having been found among the sand which came out of the tomb, favours the conclusion that the remains were those of persons in a state of demi-civilization. The ring is apparently formed either of brass or copper, and consists of three rudely-formed hoops. The buckle is more ingenious in its construction, and approximates very closely to those in use among us at the present day. Mr Howkins, the resident-engineer at Granton, is in possession of these articles; and we have no doubt will be very glad to allow those interested in such matters a look at them. The tomb must originally have been only about 20 or 30 feet from the old high-water mark, and is not above thirty that distance from Wardie Burn. A number of absurd rumours were afloat, when the remains were first discovered, that a murder had been committed; but there is nothing whatever to warrant this conclusion. Indeed, the fact of the burying-place having been finished with such care and labour, affords an evident contradiction to all such surmises.—*Scotsman*, Aug. 1845.

WEALTH AND SPLENDOUR OF THE SCOTTISH COURT IN ANCIENT TIMES.

If we make allowance for the rudeness of the period, the personal state kept up by the Scottish

sovereign was little inferior to that of England. The various officers of the household were the same; and when encircled by these dignitaries, and surrounded by his prelates, barons, and vassals, the Scottish court, previous to the long war of liberty, and the disastrous reign of David the Second, was rich in feudal pomp. This is proved by what has already been observed as to the condition of the royal revenue, when compared with the inferior command of money which we find at the same era in England; and some interesting and striking circumstances, which are incidentally mentioned by our ancient historians, confirm this opinion. As early as the age of Malcolm Canmore, an unusual splendour was introduced into the Scottish court by his Saxon Queen. This Princess, as we learn from her life by Turgot her confessor, brought in the use of rich and precious foreign stuffs, of which she encouraged the importation from distant countries. In her own dress she was unusually magnificent; while she increased the parade attendant on the public appearance of the sovereign, by augmenting the number of his personal officers, and employing vessels of gold and silver in the service of his table. Under the reign of Alex. I., the intercourse of Scotland with the East, and the splendid appearance of the sovereign, are shown by a singular ceremony which took place in the High Church of St Andrews. The monarch, anxious to show his devotion to the apostle of that name, not only endowed the religious house with numerous lands, and conferred upon it various immunities, but, as an additional evidence of his piety, he commanded his favourite Arabian horse to be led up to the high altar, whose saddle and bridle were splendidly ornamented, and his housings of a rich cloth of velvet. A squire at the same time brought the king's body armour, which were of Turkish manufacture, and studded with jewels, with his spear and shield of silver; and these, along with his horse and furniture, the king, in the presence of his prelates and barons, solemnly devoted and presented to the church. The housings and arms were shown in the days of the historian who has recorded the event. On another occasion, the riches of the Scottish court, and, we must add, the foolish vanity of the Scottish monarch and nobles, were evinced in a remarkable manner. Alexander the Third, and a party of a hundred knights, were present at the coronation of Edward the First; and in the midst of the festival, when the king sat at the table, and the wells and fountains were running the choicest wines, he and his attendants dismounted, and turned their horses, with their embroidered housings, loose amongst the populace, to become the property of the first person who caught them—a piece of magnificent extravagance, which was imitated by Prince Edmund, the King's brother, and others of the English nobles.—*Tytler's History of Scotland, cheap edition, now publishing.*

THE MARVELLOUS LIGHT.

THERE is a tradition in Carrick, Ayrshire, still related by the inhabitants, that King Robert Bruce, while in the Island of Arran, despatched

one of his confidential followers to the Carrick coast, to watch the most fitting time when the Castle of Turnberry, which was held by an English garrison under Percy, might be seized by surprise. The signal to Bruce and his followers was to be a fire kindled on the shore near Turnberry. Shortly after, on a dark night, a strong, red light was perceived on the Carrick shore: immediately Bruce crossed the frith with his small band of warriors, and, after a skirmish with the garrison, retired and encamped on Hadyet hill. Not long afterwards he expelled the English from Carrick. The light which guided him to the enterprise, and which blazed with so much brilliancy when first seen from Arran, gradually grew fainter, according to report, as they approached it; and at last rose from the coast, and ascended far up in the dark sky in the form of a huge ball of fire, to the wonder and amazement of Bruce and his followers. The celebrated antiquarian, Joseph Train, in a letter to Sir Walter Scott, thus speaks of the marvellous light:—"It is religiously believed and reported by the inhabitants of Carrick, that the fire seen by King Robert Bruce from Arran on the Carrick coast was really the work of supernatural power, unassisted by the hand of any mortal being; and it is said that, for several centuries, the flame rose yearly on the same hour of the same night of the year on which the King first saw it from the turrets of Brodick Castle; and some go so far as to say, that if the exact time were known it would be still seen. That this superstitious notion is very ancient is evident, from the place where the fire is said to have appeared being called the Bogle's Brae (or Knowe) beyond the remembrance of man. In support of this curious belief, it is said that the practice of burning heath for the improvement of land was then unknown; that a spunkie (Jack o' Lanthron) could not have been seen across the breadth of the Firth of Clyde between Ayrshire and Arran; and that the courier of Bruce was his kinsman, and never suspected of treachery." Of the "Marvellous Light," Barbour, in his quaint manner, thus speaks—

" Into that time the noble King,
With his fleet and a few men-kye—
Three hundred I trow they might be—
Is to the sea out of Arrane,
A little farouth even gone.
They rowed fast with all their might
Till that upon them fell the night.
That wax myrk up on great manner,
So that they wist not where they were,
For that they na needle had, na stone,
But rowed always intill one,
Steering all tyme upon the fire
That they saw burning light and schyr.

Then said the King, in great ire,
' Traitor, why made you the fire? '
' Ah! Sir,' said he, ' so God me see,
The fire was never made by me.' "

Turnberry Point, in the parish of Kirkoswald, is a rock which projects into the Firth of Clyde—the top of which is about nineteen or twenty feet above high water mark. Upon this rock was built the castle, the length of which has been sixty, and the breadth forty-five feet. It was surrounded with a ditch, but that is now nearly filled up. The top of the ruin, rising between forty and

fifty feet above the water, has a majestic appearance from the sea.

The bold Bruce stood on Arran's shore,
And looked far o'er the North
Where rose proud Turnberry's grey towers,
The cast'e of his birth.
He saw the rocky Carrick shore,
That once was all his own,
Held by proud Edward's vassals, who
Had seized his lawful throne.
No sigh escaped his manly breast,
Indignant as he viewed
His birth-place and inheritance
By tyranny subdued;
But turning to his little band
Of warriors, firm and true,
He said, "we yet will win our homes,
And Edward's arms subdue."

"My friends are summoned to attend—
The tried in many a fight—
And we will cross the deep blue firth
When flames the warning light.
High on yon rock, now growing dim
With evening's gathering gloom,
My friends will light the signal fire
That will yon cliffs illumine.
When Percy idly guards the hall
The beacon flame will rise,
And like a flaming meteor, gleam
Between the earth and skies,
Then will we haste with vengeful brand,
To win again our own,
And drive the vile usurper from
Our fathers' Scottish throne."

"When forced to leave my father's halls
My faithful friends were few;
But there are friends in Scotland yet
To bonny Scotland true.
Though loudly rung the sleuth hound's yell
On my departing track,
Yet many a Scottish heart will joy
In welcoming me back."
Lo! as he spoke, far in the north,
In the dark coming night,
On Carrick shore, with ruddy gleam,
There shone a marvellous light:
And brighter shone the widening flame
That wavered to and fro—
The floating clouds grew red above,
Red gleamed the waves below.

"Embark, embark—man every boat,"
The gallant Bruce exclaimed;
"The hour is come, my father's halls
By us will be reclaimed."
And soon along the sandy beach,
Upon the wave afloat,
Filled with the hardy warriors,
Lay many a ready boat.
The word is given, to bear away,
And leave the Arran shore;
And many a gallant oarsman hangs
Upon his bended oar.
As far they bound on broken waves
Through the dark gloom of night,
And near the rocky Carrick shore,
Where burns the marvellous light.

Not like a star of twinkling ray,
Nor like the yellow moon,
Nor like a comet's fiery flame,
But like the sun at noon,
Shone forth the wavering, lurid light
On sea, on rock, and plain;
The peasant thought 'twas day, and rose,
To join his toil again.
Lo! as the boats approach the strand,
The red mysterious light
High in the heavens rises slow,
Magnificently bright,

Till, like a meteor in the sky
That shines with ruddy ray,
It rose above the curling clouds,
And eastward bore away.

King Edward's vassals fall beneath
The Scottish daring brand.
They came to conquer, but they find
A grave in foreign land.
On Bannockburn lies many a foe
That fell beneath the glave,
Keen, wielded by the Scottish arm,
In battle true and brave.
The bold Bruce wins his lawful throne—
He reigns o'er Scotland fair:
The vanquished English dread his name,
Nor dare they venture there.
To win his own fair hills and plains
From the invaders' might,
The noble Bruce was guided on
By a mysterious light.

J. D. B.

Varieties.

EXTRAORDINARY CIRCUMSTANCE.—The brig "Lord Bruce" of Limekiln, when on her voyage in the end of last month from the West Indies to Liverpool, suddenly sprung a leak without any apparent cause. It was considered advisable to return to Jamaica; and the cargo being taken out and the vessel examined, it was found that the damage was occasioned by a sword-fish. Strange to say, the sword or bill of the fish had passed through the copper sheathing, then through the planking in a slanting direction to the extent of five inches, and also about eight or ten inches into the dead wood of the keel, leaving an opening in the planking in each side sufficient to admit the hand of a boy. A piece of the sword retained by the captain is 6 inches long, and 1½ inch thick of solid bone, but a longer piece remains in the keel. The strength of the sword-fish must be very great, and it may have been the cause of the loss of several vessels. The vessel referred to was carried into port with very great difficulty.—Oct. 11, 1845.

PRIVILEGES OF A DANCING MASTER.—At the Central Court in September, 1837, on the names of the persons summoned to serve as petty jurors being called over, a certain individual having been called upon, tripped into the witness-box, and having been sworn, said he was a professional man, and that his duties, which were very pressing and important, precluded him from acting as a jurymen.—The Recorder: May I ask what profession you follow, and the nature of your important duties?—Applicant: My Lord and gentlemen, I am a dancing master [loud laughter], and having to attend my pupils daily in four different counties, my business would be completely at a stand-still if I were compelled to give my attendance in this place. I assure your Lordship that it would be attended with great loss, not only to myself but my pupils. [Renewed laughter.]—The Recorder: It would certainly be a pity that your active professional duties should be put to a stand-still, but surely you might abandon the grace and "poetry of motion" for a week without incurring any serious loss, either to yourself or to the numerous pupils who profit by your skill on "the light fantastic toe." [Great laughter.]—Applicant: My Lord, it will ruin my profession. I have thirty-six pupils to attend in the course of a week, and unless I keep them, on the score, I think, some other practitioner would soon be found to supply my place.—The Court, after considering for a short time, admitted the plea of the master of the moving art, and excused him from the graver duties which he had been called upon to perform, and the votary of Terpsichore acknowledged the favour by one of his most approved drawing-room bows.

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BASILICON DORON,

OR,

THE INSTRUCTIONS OF KING JAMES VI. "TO HIS DEAREST SONNE HENRY THE PRINCE."

THE ARGUMENT.

"God gives not Kings the stile of Gods in vaine,
For on his Throne his Sceptre doe they sway :
And as their subjects ought them to obey,
So Kings should feare and serve their God againe :
If then ye would enjoy a happie raigne
Observe the statutes of your heauy King,
And from his Law make all your Lawes to spring ;
Place his Lieutenant here ye should remaine,
Reward the just, be stedfast, true, and plaine ;
Repress the proud ; mantayning aye the right ;
Walke alwayes so as euer in his sight
Who guards the godly, plaguing the prophane ;
And so ye shall in Princely vertues shine,
Resembling right your mightie King Devine."

SUCH is the sonnet with which King James commenced the most famed of all his treatises, "The Basilicon Doron," a work that contributed more than any other to obtain for him the cognomen of the "Scottish Solomon." In a former number of the *Journal* we endeavoured to give a digest of his treatise on "Demonology and Witchcraft;" but, lest our readers should be led to form too mean an idea of his ability as an author, or his character as a king, if left to judge by that work alone, we are desirous to lay before them another specimen of his writings, which will show his capacity in a more favourable light. We are the more anxious to do this as his works have long since become scarce, and are beyond the reach of the general reader.

Historians have been seldom more divided in opinion on any subject, than on the character of James the VI. of Scotland, one party characterising him as rude, tyrannical, imperious, and at the same time, weak, irresolute, and inconsistent; while another will have him to shine as a paragon of moderation, generosity, and wisdom.

Without fully coinciding with the latter opinion, we incline to it rather than to the former. The political position of the King compelled him at times to appear inconsistent; but the charge of weakness cannot be supported. That he could be firm and determined in his purposes of government we have the most ample proof. That he was moderate, according to the times, and even, in this

respect, far in advance of his age, is indisputable. That he was generous to a fault to many who really ill deserved his favour, is equally true, and the able manner in which he moulded the rude materials around him, and made them subservient to his will,—poised the different contending factions against each other, so that he could with facility balance the political beam, compelling respect where he could not command affection; and often from the ignited elements of civil war cause peace to arise, triumphing at his bidding,—are powerful evidences of his sagacity and ability to rule. James was eminently a man of peace. Tytler justly observes, "James' labour to preserve peace was incessant, and but for his vigour and courage, the various factions would have torn the country to pieces."

It is a popular error concerning his character, that his love of peace proceeded from an absence of personal courage; of this we can find no trace, while numerous instances occur where his courage, in the moment of danger, was conspicuous. Witness his spirited conduct after the "Raid of Ruthven," when he was only seventeen years of age. His threatening his ferocious nobles into a seeming reconciliation, on his attaining his majority. His quelling the insurrection of 1589, when he placed himself at the head of a hastily raised army, led them to the north, and by his personal hardihood, and the military spirit he exhibited, completely subdued the rebel chiefs, although nearly the whole of Scotland north of Aberdeen had revolted, while Bothwell threatened him in the south. In 1593, when surprised in his own bedroom at Holyrood, by the Bothwell conspirators, who, with drawn swords, had surrounded their naked and defenceless monarch, did his bearing show any lack of personal courage? "Come on," said he, "Francis, you seek my life, and I know I am wholly in your power. Take your king's life. I am ready to die. Better to die with honour than live in captivity and shame. * * * You have plotted my death, and I call upon you now to execute your purpose, for I will not live a prisoner and dishonoured." If this will not bear a comparison with the brave action of the man who bared his breast and cried, "Soldiers, fire upon your Emperor," at least it betrays no sign of that pusillanimity with which King James has so often been charged.

As we are merely treating of his talents as a ruler and an author, his private character as a man and a Christian does not fall under our con-

sideration; although, we doubt not, it would bear comparison with that of many who have obtained more credit for their virtues. But that, by a passing glance, we may throw as much light as possible on the subject, we shall quote a sketch of James by Nicholson, ambassador from the English Court, in 1596, who, from personal observation, had the best opportunity of knowing the truth. He states, "That in severity he began to rule as a king. There was still, indeed, about him much that was frivolous, undignified, and capricious; much favouritism; much extravagance; an extraordinary love of his pleasures, and a passion for display in oratory, poetry, theology, and scholastic disputation, which was frequently ridiculous; but with all this, he was dreaded by his nobles, and compelled respect and obedience." It must be admitted that some of these failings were real blemishes in the character of James; but contrasted with the failings of more recent kings, he appears as much superior to them, as he was to the semi-barbarous hordes which then surrounded his throne. His "love of pleasures" was confined to a passion for horses, dogs, and hunting, and his "favouritism" to a few who served him faithfully, and on whom he could firmly rely.

It is a very easy matter to be a king now-a-days, compared with the time of James VI., although recent events have shown, that all kings who wish to retain their crowns, must move on with the march of intellect and the progress of knowledge. Therefore, in our estimate of his character, we ought to consider well the nature of the times in which he lived, and the parties by whom he was surrounded.

Beset with a haughty, rude, turbulent, and ambitious nobility, who thought little of sometimes resorting to fistycuffs in the very house of God, and during the time of public worship, hedged in by a clamorous and intolerent clergy scrambling for power, impatient of the royal prerogative, and panting for a war of extermination against the Catholic portion of the community, it was no easy matter to hold the reins of government with an impartial hand. In the work we are about to notice, some glimpses of the extreme difficulty of this task appears occasionally, and will be noticed as we proceed; but these were not all the adverse circumstances against which James had to contend.

In later days, the crowning difficulty of our rulers has been Ireland; in those days, and to

As Maxwell was come to Edinburgh to answer for himself, upon the second day of Februar, (1592,) he came to sermon in St. Gelis Kirk, whar came also after him, in and upon the same furme, the Lord of Dalkeith, intituled the Earl of Mortoun, and because Maxwell was alredie set down in the first place, Mortoun set down nixt him, because he could nather cum by him for straytness of the place, nather aboon him for lak of room. Thair was in companie with his sone, Archibald Dowglas, wha was heighlie offendit that his father, being a nobleman of eadge, could have ane inferiour seat to Maxwell; and tharfor he preassit to prefer the father per force, but he was repulsit be Maxwell's men, wha was thair in great number. The people seeing this was affrayit, and rayse with a great noyse. The magistrates convenit, and removit them from the temple to thair awin lodgingis, and by this mene thay was separt for the tyme.

Life of King James the Sixth.

James, it was England. The conduct of Elizabeth towards Scotland was one tissue of intrigue and heartless treachery. Indeed, treachery and craft were in that age regarded as the most essential principles of political wisdom. Elizabeth and her advisers were wholly actuated by these principles in reference to Scotland. The more of civil discord that could be introduced, the more firmly it was conceived her own power was established. To carry out this idea, no sacrifice was deemed too valuable, nor any atrocity a crime.

One of the insidious means used to carry out the machinations of Elizabeth, was the employment of hired private spies. With these James was surrounded on all hands as by a net. His most secret words and actions were faithfully reported to Elizabeth, as soon as the tardy conveyance of these days permitted; and where hired spies could not enter, the English ambassadors at the Scottish court, the representatives of the royalty of England, descended to the level of common informers. Fit representatives truly of such a sovereign! It is a fact, that every ambassador sent by Elizabeth was uniformly intrusted with two missions, one ostensibly to the sovereign of Scotland, and another secretly to his enemies—the rebellious factions—encouraging them in their rebellious courses against the King! Indeed, there was no conspiracy, or disturbance, however disgraceful, no outrage however atrocious, nor any sacrifice of human life in Scotland during the entire period of Elizabeth's reign, but can now be traced fully to the wicked influence which she then maintained in that kingdom. Can it be wondered at, then, that the country should be kept in a state of perpetual turmoil, and that James was often driven to shifts, for the purpose of maintaining his authority, to which he would not have had recourse, had he not been made the victim of such a dastardly and cruel system; and all this malevolent wickedness was coolly perpetrated under the specious pretext of keeping up a Protestant party in Scotland, and promoting the interests of religion!

The clergy of that day, of course, merit our sympathies, as they were then working out the great problem of the Reformation. But still we must not forget that the Catholic portion of the community had equal claims on James, as their king, for the protection of their lives and property; and no attentive and impartial reader of history can fail to be convinced of the fact that had the clergy been more tolerant towards their monarch and their Catholic brethren, they would not have had to complain so bitterly of his estrangement from their cause, and his consequent desertion of Presbyterianism for Episcopacy.

They charged him with inconsistency, but was it not themselves who taught him the lesson? They educated him in duplicity, and only complained when he grew such an apt pupil that he could foil them with their own weapons. As an instance of this. When he was in the power of the Ruthven Lords,—Lennox, from his retreat in Dumbarton, published an indignant denial of the accusations brought against him, and demanded a fair trial before the three estates of the realm. He alluded to the King's captivity, and retorted against the Ruthven Lords the charge of treason;

but the associates fulminated a counter declaration—repelled this as an unfounded calumny, and insisted, that to say the King was detained against his will, was a manifest lie, the contrary being known to all men. What shall we say or think of the Kirk, when we find its ministers lending their countenance and assent to an assertion which they must have known to be utterly false.* No wonder that the stripling monarch of sixteen, after ten months' tuition under such adepts at deceit and falsehood, had learned his lesson so well, "that he dissembled his feelings so artfully as to make them imagine that he was content." Nor can we doubt that the impression then made on his youthful mind, by this sacrifice of the truth to expediency by those whom he had hitherto regarded as incapable of moral impurity, was a lasting impression, and influenced in no small degree the actions of his future life.

The early education of James was ample, even to severity. Although he had good natural talents, only think of the drilling he must have gone through before attaining the proficiency noticed by Walsingham, Elizabeth's ambassador, when only a child of eight years old. Walsingham says, "The King seemed to be very glad to hear from her Majesty, and could use pretty speeches, as, how much he was bound unto her Majesty, yea more than to his own mother. His Grace is well grown, both in body and spirit since I was last here. He speaketh the French tongue marvelously well, and that which seems strange to me, he was able extempore (which he did before me), to read a chapter of the Bible out of Latin into French, and out of French after into English, so well, as few men would have added anything to his translation. His schoolmasters, Mr. George Buchanan and Mr. Peter Young—rare men—caused me to appoint the King what chapter I would, and so did I, whereby I perceived it was not studied for.† Thus early trained in the paths of literature, he maintained in after life a predilection for them; and in the temporary calms which his firmness and moderation occasionally produced amid the storms of political strife, he frequently gave indulgence to his literary tastes.

The Basilicon Doron was not written with the intention of its ever meeting the public eye—as the author himself informs us in the preface, "Amongst the rest of my secret actions which have (unlooked for by me) come to public knowledge, it hath so fared with my Basilicon Doron, directed to my eldest son," which "I thought it nowise convenient nor comely that it should be to all proclaimed which to one only appertained;" "and therefore, for the more secret and close keeping of them, I only permitted seven of them to be printed,—the printer being first sworn for secrecy,—and these seven I dispersed among some of my trustiest servants, to be kept closely by them." But, as we have already seen that the King's most secret words and actions were narrowly watched and recorded, so there were not wanting of those about him who made common property of this secret also, containing, as it did, the secret sentiments of James on the character of the clergy, of whom he

treats rather more plainly than was agreeable, it was considered too favourable an opportunity to let slip for creating a dissonance, and accordingly the work was shown by Sir James Semple to Andrew Melville, who took offence at some passages, took extracts, and laid them before the Presbytery of St Andrews, through the agency of an obscure minister at Anstruther, named Dykes. The author was not then made public, but the anonymous writer was accused of having bitterly defamed the Kirk. As may be expected, the affair made no small stir; and the rumour getting abroad that James was the author, it was judged the best way of silencing the clamour to publish the whole book. The work made its appearance in May 1599, and was received by the ministers with a paroxysm of rage and indignation; a general fast was proclaimed, which was rigidly held for two entire days, and the ministers, as was usual on such occasions, thundered from their pulpits—the King instead of the Gospel. In England the effect of its publication was quite the reverse, as Spottiswood informs us, that it did more for James' title to the English throne, by the admiration it raised for the piety and wisdom of the royal author, than all the discourses on the succession which were published at this time.

South College Street.

[To be continued.]

JOHN A'BOE.

A TALE OF THE DOUGLAS WARS.

Widow A'Boe was a portioner on the Abbey lands of Dundrennan, and was owner of some cows and sheep. All her sons were followers of Archibald, the Grim, but her youngest *baire* John, who wanted the military ardour of his brethren, and during every conscription after he came of age, had hid himself amongst the whins and broom, or in some of the caves on the sea coast of Monkland. It was said by some that he must have been of the lineage of the Black Douglas, for like them he was of gigantic stature, huge of limb, a large head with long black hair and beard, and a visage fierce and grim. But although, in external appearance, the resemblance was great and striking, yet he wanted the martial spirit of that gallant race, and no spark ever came from his large dark eye of that electric lightning which is said to have glanced flash after flash from the Black Douglas in battle with his English foes. On the contrary, John A'Boe was lazy, chicken-hearted, and a coward, and he liked better to lounge about the Abbey gate, and devour the beef and bread, distributed daily by the charitable monks.

It was a summer day, hot and sultry, when Widow A'Boe sent her wayward son with a large butter pig—her annual offering to the Lord Abbot. She wrapped it carefully in an old sail, the remnant of some shipwreck, and tying it firmly on his back, gave him many directions how to behave, and principally, on no account to unloose or meddle with the butter pig. On then trudged John, until he reached the hill of Hether Hayfield, when being weary and thirsty, he set down his burden, and drank deep of the running stream. He then lay down on the grass, opened up the pig,

* Tytler, vol. viii. p. 120. † Tytler, vol. viii. p. 9.

and was thinking, no doubt, what a glorious morsel it would make if spread thick on the sweet bread of the holy monks. A swarm of flies soon covered the butter plg at least half an inch deep, but John instantly despatched them with one *fluff* of his bonnet: he then picked and counted them to the number of one hundred and more. I will astonish the Abbot, said John to himself, he will think my valour has slain a hundred southrons, and great will be my reward; and Earl Douglas will make me a knight, and I shall become the dread and terror of all the king's enemies; so taking the old sail, he printed thereon, with a bit of *keel* in large red letters, these words—

Here am I, John A'boe,
I killed a hundred at a blow!

Stretching himself on the grass, John in a few minutes was fast asleep; but how great must have been his surprise and consternation, upon being awakened, and roughly laid hold of, by Sir Adam Cairns, of Orchardton Tower, who at that moment came up with a party of horse, which he was trotting across the country to intercept a body of English, who had penetrated as far as Kirkcudbright, and were carrying off some cattle and sheep. Knowing the strength and character of John, Sir Adam ordered him to be mounted, and bound securely, on a strong war-horse—the sail flag was displayed on a spearstaff as a banner. No sooner was this done than the enemy appeared at the foot of the hill, on which the Abbot had lately set up a large gallows to hang some rebellious vassals. Sir Adam ordered the horns to sound a charge, and crying his war slogan, "A Douglas! a Douglas!" descended upon the English horse at full speed. First and foremost was the mettlesome steed which bore the renowned John A'Boe. Galloping over the hill where stood the gallows, John in desperation, caught hold of it with both hands, thinking thereby to stop the horse, and save himself from the deadly swords of the English—but in vain! He caught the "gallows tree," and on rushed the war steed, side by side galloped on Thomas MacCartney, with the sail banner fluttering in the breeze. The blighted English, reading the terrible banner, and seeing fierce and giant-looking John A'Boe, armed with a ponderous gallows, turned their horses' heads and fled, all but their leader, the renowned Sir Andreas De Harcla, who fell fighting sword in hand. All the English were cruelly slaughtered; not one, it is said, escaped alive. John A'Boe was knighted by Archibald the Grim, and got a grant from the Abbot of Dundrennan of the lands yet called the "Gallows Hill," and there are yet people of the name of Boe in the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright. (R. T.)

Auchencairn, Dec. 1, 1836.

LETTER TO KING JAMES VI.*

May it please your most excellent Maiestie,
It is an unspeakable regret unto me, that by so confident a Minister, as Mr Bruce hath assured

* The original letter is in the Library of the Faculty of Advocates. It is signed by cypher, and the parties referred to are all indicated by cypher. Unquestionably the com-

me Captaine Preston to be, I am comforted by a sodaine violent defluxion in my eyes (which surprised me after I had written the enclosed toppies of 5, three last letters to 7, for 10 satisfaction and 7 discharge) to constrain my selfe to those few remonstrative pointes that resulte out of 5 letters, and to referre generall occurrents to 3 and 7 joynte letter, which 3 had promised, but after vpon sodaine and vnexpressed apprehension refused and excused: which alteration of minde in 3 as 7 will forbear to censure, so, for 3 sake, hee wisheth that hee could out of iudgement iustifie it. Hereby it may please your Maiestie to measure 7 impartiall integritye in tribuendo suum cinque, without amplifying meritts or consealing defectes either in 5 or 8, when it is question to performe hes maine vowe and principall duty. First, the impossibilitye of 5 and 7 meeting, and the causes thereof, as also of 5 not wrighting according to his dutye and desire. His confidence to make full reparation of such forced defaultes at a seasonable tyme: his inuolable vowe to make good whatsoever 7 hath ingaged himselfe for himselfe for him: his hope to meete and conferre with 7 securely before three weekes passe, which being donne, 7 will not faile to aduertise 10 by a confident messenger, well knowne to 5, who disclameth (as your Maiestie seeth) vtterly to truste or employe your new agente, of whose good wit, learning and scope sufficiente I haue hearde and conceane well of. Many, for correspondence, considering the ticklishnes and treacherye of the tyme, your Maiestie I hope will rather allowe then censure my forbearance, without your royall expresse warrantals I had for Mr Symple. And so most humbly beseeching your Maiestie to pardon my present constrained shortness, and to accepte my most cordiall and dutifull congratulation of God's miraculous protection, and deluerye of your sacred person from the execrable and imminent late treacherye, and, withall, my zealous and dayly prayers to the deuine Maiestie, that sic periat quisquis moliri talia pergit. I rest perpetually,

Your Maiesties most humbly,

most faithfull and most intyrelly,

denoted beadesman,

CURIOUS EXTRACTS FROM THE "OBSERVATOR" OF SIR ROGER L'ESTRANGE, FROM APRIL 13, 1681, TO MARCH 9, 1686.

"APRIL 24, 1682. Strayed or stolen out of a Silver Antependium of her Majesties at Somers House, 36 Silver Screws, and, by Art-Magicque, as many Brass Screws put in their places.—Strayed or stolen out of another Silver Plate of Altar-work, (no Mortal knows When or Where) a great number of Brass Screws, and, by Art-Magicque also, Silver ones conveyed into their places.—Whoever shall give notice of the same (in such manner that they may be re-converted) to R. Duke Queenshead-Alley, R. B. or H. C. in the Old Bailey, L. C. at

munication may be referred to the latter part of Queen Elizabeth's reign, when James had a secret correspondence with various persons in England; it may either be from some of the English, aspirant to the Scotch King's favour, or from some Scottish emissary.

the Godfrey's head, F. S. at the Elephant and Castle, or J. S. within a stride of the Devil, shall have Country-Apprais: Vox-Patriæ's, Kingdom's Right, Jest and Modest Vindications, Black-Box Letters, Replys upon Second Returns, Bacon's, Dolemans, Popish Successors, Sacrament Protestations, Paquets, Courants, Impartials, Mercuries, Narratives, innumerable, for his pains."

"April 14, 1683. Bishop Walton's* famous Library will be exposed to Sale by Auction upon the 30th day of this present April. By Samuel Carr, at his House at the King's-Head in St. Paul's Church-yard. Where Catalogues of it will be distributed, Gratis."

"Nov. 17, 1683. The Library of Mr John L'Loyd, together with the Historical Library of Sir Thomas Raymond deceased, late one of the Justices of the King's Bench, will be expos'd to Sale by way of Auction, Munday the 3d of December, 1683, at the Auction-House in Ave-Mary-lane near Ludgate-street. Catalogues are given Gratis at Mr Notts in the Pall-Mall, &c."

"Dec. 17, 1683. On Munday last, his Majesty and his Royal Highness were pleased to do Sir William Jennens the honour to see his new-erected Bagnio in Long Acre, and very well to approve thereof."

"Jan. 16, 1683-4. Whereas in a book by Me lately published (called the pleasant art of Money-watching), the Author, amongst other Collections (to make his book sell the better), indiscreetly ventured to set forth the Methods of the Penny-Post, as it is now managed; without the Consent or Leave of the Comptroller of that Office, or consulting any of the Offices thereunto belonging. These are therefore to desire all persons that have bought the said Book, to look upon that part as false and erroneous: And for Satisfaction of the Injury done to the Office, I have taken it out of all these that are unsold, and look upon my self obliged by this Publick Confession to own my Error."

JOHN DUNTON."

"Jan. 6, 1685-6. Mr Michael Wright, Picture-Drawer, being upon his Departure for Italy, intends to dispose of his Collections of Paintings and Pictures, both ancient and modern. With several Drawings, or Designs of the most famous Italian Masters; Prints, Plaisters, and Wax-Figures; Books of Painting, Architecture, Perspective, Opticks, &c. Antick Seals, and choice Colours, as Ultra-marine, Lake, &c. All which will be expos'd to Sale by Outcry or Auction, upon Munday next by Ten in the Morning, at the House of the late Sir Peter Lely, in the Great-Piazza, Covent-Garden: and continued every day, forenoon and afternoon, till the whole be disposed of."

"Jan. 30, 1685-6. Paradisus Amissa, Poema Heroicum, quod a Joanne Miltono Anglo Anglice Scriptum in Decem Libros Digestum est: Nunc autem a Viris quibusdam Natione eadem oriundis in Linguam Romanam transfertur. Liber Primus. Londini: Impensis Thomæ Dring, ad Insigne Oves in Vico Fleetstreet dicto. 1686."

"Sept. 18, 1686. The Library of the Right Honourable Arthur Earl of Anglesey deceased,

containing Variety of Bibles in the Oriental Languages; Fathers, Ecclesiastical History, &c. with a large Collection of Historians of all Ages and Nations; as also Books of Coins, Descriptions of great Houses; and in Physic, Philosophy, Mathematicks, Civil, Canon, and Common Law, &c. will be exposed to Sale by Auction, the 25th day of October next, at the Black Swan over against the South-gate of the Cathedral of St. Pauls in Pauls Church-yard. Catalogues will be distributed at Mr Notts in the Pall-Mall."

"To Sir WILLIAM COURTLY on his Ministerial Dependence. [Sept. 1738.]

Will you be free? You will not tho' you may;
Would you be free, this Courtly, is the way;
You will be free, if you at home will dine,
And drink good Port instead of Champagne wine;
If you the gilded chariot can despise,
If you plain cloaths instead of lac'd can prize;
If 'stead of silk your miss a linen wears,
If you to sleep can mount two pair of stairs;
If to such maxims you your mind can bring,
You'll live more free and happy than a King."

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

WHILE glancing over the contents of a very large collection of old magazines a few years ago, I found so many curious gossiping accounts of the singular "Births, Marriages, and Deaths" of the day, in the columns devoted to such topics, that I was induced to copy a number of them into my note-books. I will now transcribe a few of the more remarkable extracts from the compilations then made, and should they be deemed acceptable as characteristic sketches of the manner in which our ancestors, of the last century, thought and wrote. I may, on a future occasion, forward a few others for insertion in the *Scottish Journal*.

Glasgow.

Sept. 29, 1735.—Mrs Gambin, of Stoke Newington, was delivered of three sons, christened by the names of *Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob*, and all likely to live.—*Gent's Magazine*, 1735.

July 15, 1747.—At Eddlecastle, Staffordshire, the wife of Mr Prescott, an excise-man, being killed by a flash of lightning, was opened, and a living male child taken out. He was immediately baptized *Jonah*, and is like to live.

Feb. 20, 1748.—The wife of Mr Thomas Price, of Fulham, of a daughter, who, in forty-eight hours after she was born, turned all over as black as a coal, yet remained in perfect health.

Aug. 4, 1750.—At Knottingly, near Ferrybridge, Yorkshire, the wife of Adam Halcroft, a carpenter, delivered of three daughters, who were baptized *Sarah, Rebekah, and Rachel*, and are likely to live.

Nov. 14, 1751.—At Old Brentford, the wife of James Pierce, a labourer, delivered of three sons; baptized *Matthew, Mark, and Luke*. She was, that day, eleven months delivered of three sons and a daughter; and the father has had a child by his maid.—*Old Scots Magazine* of these dates.

May 15, 1791.—The wife of Richard Smith, a day labourer, of Lee Buckhurs, in Shropshire,

* The celebrated editor of the Polyglot Bible.

+ The Duke of York, afterwards James II.

of three daughters. All of them are as well as can be expected; but they are so extremely small and delicate, as to admit a ring of an ordinary size being put over the foot, ankle, and almost up to the knee—Gents. Magazine, 1791.

On the 23d of October, 1749, the noted Blue-Gown—Hamilton, a bachelor, and about 80, was married in the Canongate, Edinburgh, to Jean Lidday, aged about 20, a blue-gown's daughter. This man is one of the most deformed creatures, perhaps, in the world, and is well known all over Britain, having of a long time been carried about on an ass as an object of charity. He is so bowed together, that his breast lies between his ankles; his knees on each side are higher than his back; and almost every member of his body is distorted—Old Scots Magazine, 1749.

Feb. 12, 1748.—At Ross, in the county of Wexford, aged about 31, James Rogers, who was of such prodigious bulk, that though four men and a woman lay in his coffin with ease, and the lid on them, they were forced to open him, and take six stones of fat from him, before they could put him in. A little before his death, he threw off his stomach about 21 quarts of blood—Old Scots Magazine, 1748.

March 12, 1754.—In Glamorganshire, Wales, of mere old age and a gradual decay of nature, aged 17 years and 2 months, Hopkins Hopkins, the little Welshman, lately shown in London. He never weighed more than 17 pounds, but for three years past not more than 12 pounds. The parents have still six children left, all of whom no way differ from other children, except one girl of 12 years of age, weighing only 18 pounds, and bearing upon her most of the marks of old age, and in all respects resembling her brother when at that age. Perhaps such another family was never before known among the human species—Old Scots Magazine, 1754.

Wednesday, Nov. 30, 1763.—A young married lady, who died a few days since, was, at her own request, buried in all her wedding garments, consisting of a white negligee and petticoats, which were quilted into a mattress, pillows, and lining to her coffin; her wedding shift was her winding-sheet, with a fine point lace tucker, handkerchief, ruffles, and apron; also a fine point lace lappet head, and a handkerchief tied closely over it, with diamond ear-rings in her ears, and rings on her fingers, a very fine necklace, white silk stockings, silver spangled shoes, and stone buckles—Gents. Magazine, 1763.

Nov. 30, 1793.—At Beaumaris, William Lewis, Esq., of Llandisman, in the act of drinking a cup of Welsh ale, containing about a wine quart, called a *tumbler* of ale. He made it a rule, every morning of his life, to read so many chapters in the Bible, and in the evening, as a digestion of his morning study, to drink full eight gallons of ale. It is calculated that in his lifetime he must have drunk a sufficient quantity to float a 74 gun ship. His size was astonishing; it is supposed the diameter of his body was no less than two yards. He weighed 40 stone. He died in his parlour; a lucky circumstance, as it would have been almost impossible to have got him down stairs; as it was, it was found necessary to have a machine, in form

of a crane, to lift him on a carriage; and afterwards to have the same brought into the churchyard to let him down into his grave. He went by the name of the King of Spain, and his family by the different titles of Prince, Infante, &c., but from what circumstance we know not—Gents. Magazine, 1793.

BOUGHT FOR THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE EARLE OF BUTE.*

BY MR ANDERSON, THE PARTICULARS FOLLOWING.

London, May, 1712.

To a fine portable Barometer with feet for standing,	4	0	0
To a Box for it and shipping it,	0	2	0
To a case of Fine Bath Metall Spoons, Knives, Forks, and Shagreen case,	4	0	0

PRINTS.

To the 4 Elements,	0	10	0
To the lives of Albanus,	0	10	0
To Duke of Marlborough's hangings,	0	15	0
To Sett of Cartoons,	0	15	0
To the Galleries of Windsor and Kensington,	0	16	0
To 12 Cesars on horseback,	1	05	0
To 14 Double Sheets of Comical prints by Landy,	0	10	0
To 4 Prints after Reubens,	0	12	0
To a fine Crucifix,	0	07	6
To head of the French King—fine,	0	15	0
To 12 sheets of Comical prints by Landy,	0	12	0
To the Alter Piece of St. Peters at Rome,	0	1	6
To the 4 Seasons,	0	4	0
To 5 views of the inside of St Pauls,	0	6	3
To view of the inside,	0	1	0
To the view of Edinburgh,	0	01	4
To the heads of the Royal Family and some others, with Pastors is no more, being in number 23,	1	10	0
To head of D. Moamouth and Ben Jonson,	0	02	0
To Box, paper, and cords for them,	0	03	0
To Porter for carrying them to the corner,	0	01	0

£18. 8. 3.

LETTER—LORD BINNING, AFTERWARDS EARL OF MELROS AND HADDINGTON, TO JOHN MURRAY, AFTERWARDS EARL OF ANNANDALE.

SIR,—I have sene so many pruffs of the towns of Edinburghs ower reddie affection and forwardness in all his maiesties services, as I might be accounted more undewtfull to his maiestie nor to thame, if I could not beare witnes thair of at all occasions. Thay an informed that John Young is gone to Court with commission from Leith to inform his Ma^{ty} sinistrasie of thame, and thair

* From the original MS. in the Library of the Faculty of Advocates.

qure things to their protection: whairby they are
 modest to add this bearer Mr John Hay their
 Clerk to advise for thame, with warrant of traeth
 and reason: Your favour in the help of his gude
 advice and your assistance in their laifull affaires
 may greatly please thame and ablois thame to
 you. At your being with thame they expressed
 their love and respect, and professe their deayre
 and honest intention to give you better pruiſ, if
 you haue occasion to imploy thame, which makis
 me the more willing to recommend their agent to
 your favour and gude assistance, because I know
 thame ever faithfull to his Ma^{tie} and am assured
 that they will alwayes be dewtiful when your af-
 faires shall requyre pruiſ of their thankfulness. So
 hoping that you will friendlie assist the bearer ac-
 cording to your wounted kyndnes and the expec-
 tation of your freinds and comburgessis, I com-
 mit you to the protection of God. Edr. 4 Oct.,
 [1615?]

Your most affectionat and obedient
 freind

BINNING.*

To the right wourshipfull,
 John Murray of Lochmaben,
 one of his Maesties bod chamber
 at Court.

FIRST ENGLISH TRANSLATION OF THE BIBLE.

MILES COVERDALE WAS A native of Yorkshire,
 where he was born in 1487. In early life he was
 a zealous Papist, and became an Augustine monk.
 From the recantation of Thomas Topley, a friar,
 at Stoke Clare, in Suffolk, we find Coverdale at
 Bimstead, in Essex, in 1523, where he declared
 openly against the mass, the worship of images,
 and private confession. Coverdale appears very
 soon to have devoted himself to the important
 work of translating the Scriptures into the Eng-
 lish language. He was on the Continent in 1580,
 where he had gone to escape the persecution then
 commenced. While there, he assisted Tindal in
 his translation of the Pentateuch after the first
 copy had been lost. He continued to take part
 in the biblical labours of that Reformer, and
 though Tindal fell a victim to the malice of his
 enemies, Coverdale pursued these studies till
 1535, when the first complete translation of the
 English Bible appeared. It seems to have been
 printed at Zurich. On the last page of this first
 edition of the English Bible is the following
 imprint:—"Printed in the yeare of our Lord
 M.D.XXXV. and finished the fourth daye of October."

In 1538 Coverdale was employed in France in
 superintending another edition of the English
 Scriptures, then printing at Paris. The attention
 of the Papists, however, was attracted to the work,
 and the "Lientenant-criminel" was ordered to
 seize the edition, consisting of 2500 copies. The
 greater part were burned; some copies, however,
 escaped which had been sold to a haberdasher.
 The types and workmen were then removed to
 London, and, in 1539, Cromwell's, or the "Great
 Bible," appeared, with the advantage of farther

corrections from Coverdale. They were assisted
 in these labours by the protection of Cromwell,
 Keeper of the Privy Seal, against the opposition
 of the Prelates to the English translation of the
 Bible.

In August 1551, Coverdale was nominated to
 the see of Exeter, in the place of Vaghey, a decid-
 ed Romanist; to this he was presented on account
 of his knowledge of the Scriptures, and his uns-
 blemished character. Immediately after Queen
 Mary came to the throne, Coverdale was deprived
 and imprisoned. He was confined with the other
 leading Reformers, and signed with them the Con-
 fession of Faith. During his imprisonment he
 wrote "An Exhortation to the Cross," which is
 noticed by Strype. It was intended that he should
 suffer martyrdom, but he had become related by
 marriage to the chaplain of the King of Denmark,
 who interfered in his behalf. His release having
 been procured with some difficulty, not till twelve
 months after the first application, and on condi-
 tion of his leaving the kingdom, Coverdale went
 to Denmark, where the king wished him to re-
 main; but this he declined, being unable to
 preach in that language. He then proceeded
 to Geneva, where he occupied himself partly
 in preaching and partly as a teacher. But
 labours connected with the English Scriptures
 again claimed his attention; with the assistance
 of several fellow exiles, he set forth the English
 Bible, usually called the Geneva Bible, with brief
 explanatory notes. His coadjutors in this work
 are said to have been Gilby, Goodman, Whitting-
 ham, Cole, and Sampson; to whom some add
 Knox, Bodleigh, and Pallain. This version is in
 some respects superior to our present translation,
 it passed through above thirty editions during the
 reign of Queen Elizabeth, mostly set forth by the
 royal printers. It was sanctioned by Archbishop
 Parker and Bishop Grindal, and continued to be
 very generally used in families during a great part
 of the 17th century. The first edition of the
 New Testament, printed in 1557, was the earliest
 English translation in which the verses were
 numbered.

On the accession of Queen Elizabeth, Coverdale
 returned from the Continent. Experience had
 tended to make him anxious for a more thorough
 reformation from Popery than was agreeable to
 many leading characters in Church and State at
 that period. He, therefore, with Fox, Jewel, and
 others, regretted much the futile efforts made
 to conciliate the Papists, and was in consequence
 ranked among the moderate Non-Conformists; this
 for some time preventment was not offered to him.
 Coverdale's advanced age also unfitted him for
 resuming Episcopal duties, but he preached re-
 peatedly at Paul's Cross. Grindal being much
 attached to him, was uneasy at his neglect of the
 who, as he expressed it, "was in Christ before
 them all, and now was left without support." The
 Bishopric of Llandaff appears to have been
 offered to Coverdale in consequence of this in-
 ference; but his age and infirmities with the re-
 sons above mentioned, decided him against ac-
 cepting it. Grindal then presented him to the
 rectory of St. Magnus, London; Bridge; this
 poverty prevented him from entering upon it.

* From the original in the Advocates' Library.

first fruits were forgiven. He wrote to Archbishop Parker, in January, 1564, requesting him to favour his suit to the Queen for this benefit, urging the destitute condition in which he had been since his bishopric was violently taken from him. In affecting terms he notices that he was not likely "long to enjoy this benefice, going upon my grave as they say, and not likely to live a year." Soon after he wrote to Cecil for his interest to the same effect, adding, that if now poor old Miles might thus be provided for, he should think "this enough" as good as a feast. The Queen granted Coverdale's request. He lived till February, 1563.

The Orkney Papers.

Be it kend till all men be yir pnt. lettrs., We, William, be ye mey. off God bischope off Orknay and Schetlande, Till haif seyn, reyde and deligentli to haif studyt ane lettr. off assidation and tak of thre penyland. off Stanbust., witht ye ptinen., maid to our suande. and man, Thome off Cowpland, be our pdecessour. off gude mynd, lord bischope thomas, nocht rayssit nor zeit schorin, nair ony part off it faulty, ye forme off ye quhilk fowluss in yis man. Be it kende till all men be yir pnt. lettrs., We, Thomas, be ye mey. off god, bischope off Orknay and of Schetland, Till haif sett, and be yir pnt. lettrs., with ye consent off our Chapt., fully settis till our luffit Suande and man, thome cowpland, for all ye days off his liif, thre penyland. lyand in Stanbust., within ye pochane. off Sant Andross, witht all fredomys, portints, and lauchfull qmoditeyss; ye saide thome payand zherli till ws, and our successors, bischopis of Orknay, for ye said place, ane barale off butt., ande four of malt, batht for maill ande for tenide, and to bring it fre till our place off Kyrkwaw; ande we mak kende at ye said thome has payit ws to gersome for ye saide place and tak aucht mark off silur. to ye uphalde off Sant. magis. work, ande to be dispoit be ye will of ws. ye feirsaidde lorde bischope thomas. In ye witness off ye quhilk thing we haif set our seil to yir pnt. lettrs., togider witht ye seall off our chaptair, at Kirkwaw, ye xii day of Julii ye zher of gode A. M.CCCC. fifty and fyiff zhers. And we, ye forsaid bischope Williame, approvis, ratifies ande fully confermys the tak ande settyn and. Writt yat our pdecessor. sett to our man thome off cowplande, in all and sondry prnts., articulis, and ceustances, in forme and offet forsaid. We, offorme. be yir pnt. lettrs., Gyffin ond. our seall autentick at Kyrkwaw ye twenty day off ye moneth off marcht, ye zher off god ane thousand four hundredth sixty and fyiff zheris.

The following is a dome, or decision, of the ancient Head Court, or Lawting, of Orkney and Schetland, and has reference to lands bequeathed to one of the parties by the testament of Sir David Sinclair, Knight, a copy of which testament appeared in a former number of the *Journal*:

"Be it kend Till Al men be this present lettrs. the, nichol lawe, lawman off Schetlande, yt. yair

copert. befor me and ye wordlost in Orkney the farsday in ye lawting in Kyrkwaw. Sir David Sinclair of versatr., Knit., and for Justice Ryehert Sinclair, in ye embuss of Jhone Adesone one ye tayne part, and Vilain set in ha. awyne umbuss on ye toyr. part, as anet. ye qui callit hurre, liand in Sant andross parissand, ye quhilk land Sir David Sinclair, quhen god assilse, had equist. fra ye said Jhone Adesone. * *

* * ye said lawman, and xiii of ye wordeast, haif dempt yat ye said vilzem and Jhone sal cpear. bat. in Zetland, on the feist of Hallowmex nex. est. ye dait of yis pnt. vrit, and gif ye said Vilzem can mak ye said land of myn. fra to ye said Jhone of ye edition. ves betwix Sr David and ye said Jhone, sua sal ye said Vilzem bruk ye said land of hurre; and gif he apeir not, and frenr. not ye land pertainin. to ye said Jhone, sua sull ye said Jhone and hyss bruidr. sone lauchful gottine ent. to ye said lands of hurre ppetual. for evirmair, wt. al profets and ogang, sein Sr David deit, and becaus ye said Vilzem apperit not. to varand ye said lands of myn as vess dempt, I, ye said lawman, and thoral hedarsone. of bury, heidfold of Schetland for ye tym, Jhone of Quendal, lawrytman. of Durosnes, Jhone of Strom, magnes bolt, ondfold. in wavis, braxam. Anone., lawrytman. of ye samyn; wt. others god, wordy men, giffs for dome and decreits. ye said Jhone and hys brury. sone, sal gang peccible to ye lands of hurre, vtout. ony impedimnt. for eumair. In vitnes of ye quhilk thing, I, ye said lawman, and forsaid psonis., hef set to our selis to yis pnt. vrit, at tinguell ye xxiii day off July, ye zeir of god an. M.V. and x zers."

The following postscript is appended to a letter dated Leith, May 19th, 1656, subscribed by J. Baynes, and addressed thus: "For his honoured freind Major Hubblethorn, Governor of Orkney Island, These—." The letter itself is about the cess leviable from the county.

"This day our Sittidail heir hath its beginning when ye ending of itt will be is not so well knowne."

THE STANDING STONES IN ORKNEY.

Since the former communication on this subject was sent to the *Journal*, the writer has discovered a fragment of an old document, supplying additional evidence in support of the opinion which he formerly ventured to express on the probable uses of the Standing Stones in Orkney.

The paper referred to appears to have been the minutes of procedure of a court held at Tankerness, by the Sub-Foud, or bailie, of the parish of Saint Andrews, assisted by his Lawrichtmen, or "Assyse," to give a "Dome," or decision, in a matter of dispute about some lands in that parish. The only part of the date which remains is as follows—"fyfy iil zers." On comparing the fragment with other old documents, it seems probable that the date has been 1553, though possibly it may have been 1453. But this is of minor importance. The chief thing to be noted is the first few words of the minutes, which run thus: "Ane Steine haldit at Tankerness, yea . . .

of Sæter Androis, þowoe, ye fifty iii zeris." In this it would appear that the Courts were identified with the places at which they were held, that the term, "a Staine," had become synonymous with that of "a Court," and it was used accordingly in the minutes of procedure.

The evidence formerly adduced left little doubt that the single standing stones, which are still to be seen in many of the parishes and islands of Orkney, had at least been used for publication of sales of land, and other similar purposes; while the paper now referred to and quoted, affords strong presumptive proof that they also marked the places of meeting of the Sub-Foud, or District Courts. It is important to keep this in view, along with the quotation in a former number of the *Journal*, from a description by the editor of Mallet's "Northern Antiquities," of the Circle of Stones in Iceland, called the Doom Ring, where the Courts, or "Things," met for the administration of justice. And when it is further remembered that Iceland and Orkney were subject to the same laws, and that the Lawting of Orkney corresponded to the All Thing, or Head Court, of Iceland, it is not too much to infer that, as the single stones were used for places of meeting for the Inferior, or District Courts, so the Circle of Stones at Stenness may have begun in ancient times the place where the Lawting, or Head Court, assembled in Orkney in the same way that the All Thing met at a similar circle in Iceland.

STANZAS

WRITTEN ON GLENGARNOCK CASTLE, AYRSHIRE.*

INSCRIBED TO DR A. CRAWFURD, LOCHWINNOCH.

"Fall'n fabric, pondering o'er thy time-traced walls,
Thy lonely, mould'ring, melancholy state,
Each object to the musing mind recalls
The sad vicissitudes of varying fate."—*Souley.*

I.

WHEN o'er the sky the shades of eve,
Blend with the fading light of day,
'Tis sweet the vulgar haunts to leave,
In yonder sylvan glen to stray:
There, where bold rocks and ruins gray
Hang frowning o'er the murmuring stream,
The enthusiast oft will find his way,
Of heroes and old times to dream.

* The ruins of Glengarnock Castle stand on a precipitous ridge or knoll overhanging the Water of Garnock, about two miles north of the village of Kilbirnie. This brawling moorland river skirts two sides of the knoll, and as the ravine through which it flows is fully eighty feet in depth, the position, under the ancient system of warfare, must have combined security with the means of easy defence. The only access to the castle is from the east, in which direction the ridge upon which it is perched slopes gently upwards to the adjoining fields. At the distance of thirty yards from the ruins, a depression in the ground indicates what is believed to have been the course of a dry moat, by which, and a draw-bridge, the approach may have been protected. The ground-plan of this ancient stronghold may still be traced; and as a considerable portion of the exterior walls maintain their original height, its appearance when entire may with little difficulty be yet shadowed out. It may, in general terms, be described as having consisted of a

II.

To him such scenes are doubly dear,

When gloaming draws her dusky veil,

Nor sound of aught falls on the ear,

Save stream rejoicing down the dale,

Or curlew's notes borne on the gale,

Sounding afar the flight of time;

O! then, o'er all the mind prevail

Mild peace and solemn thoughts sublime

quadrilateral tower, with an attached court of wider but less elevated buildings. The entrance has been from the eastern extremity of the latter. This façade is forty-six feet long, and has been about twenty-five feet in height. A court or passage sixty feet in length ran between the entrance and the tower, on each side of which has been a range of apartments, partly of one and partly of two stories. The tower is forty-five feet long, thirty-three feet wide, and its height has been above forty feet. It consisted of two vaulted apartments, occupying each the whole extent within the walls; the ground story serving probably the purpose of a general store, while the upper one has been the hall, the imbowed ceiling of which has been twenty feet in height. The latter has been lighted both from the court and the exterior walls. One of the windows overlooks the chasm through which murmurs the Garnock; and from two narrow apertures facing the south, the eye may yet revel over a beautiful extent of the district bearing the same name as the old lords of the castle. From the hall, a narrow circular stair, constructed in the angular thickness of the walls, led to the upper part of the building, which has been surrounded by a parapet wall. The ruins show neither the arrow-slits nor gun-port of defence, so common in similar old houses. Perhaps the situation was of itself so secure, as to render unnecessary the ordinary means of repelling an assault. The uniformity of style in all castellated mansions erected prior to the discovery of gunpowder, renders it hazardous to be precise regarding the date of their construction. Few, however, conversant with such remnants of feudal architecture, would hesitate at assigning to the ruins of this stronghold an antiquity as remote as that of any remains of masonry in the west of Scotland. It is not, therefore, improbable, that a portion of Glengarnock Castle may have existed in the time of the De Morvilles, though the conjecture of its having been the residence of these ancient lords of Cunningham, appears entitled to nearly the same consideration as that of its having been the castle of Hardyknute.

The castle is said to have been abandoned as a residence, and shortly afterwards to have fallen into ruin, early in the last century. Besides exposure "to the injuries of stormy weather," it has suffered more from the destructive shock of violence; the materials for building several farm-houses having been at different periods torn from the structure. The heaviest blow, however, inflicted on the ruins within the present century, was by the storms of January 1839, which overthrew the north wall of the tower, containing between four and five thousand feet of solid masonry, besides weakening considerably the more elevated parts of the remaining walls. But though thus long dismantled, and yearly lessened and enfeebled, the ruins still maintain, from various points, a bold and stately aspect, and present, along with their accompaniments, a variety of views calculated to gratify the admirer of picturesque scenery, while, at the same time, they strikingly illustrate the truth of the observation, that the broken pile, "stern and hoary," possesses in itself, and imparts to the landscape, a higher charm than could vastly more imposing structures, when entire. Not without reason has the poet observed,—

"There is a power

And magic in the ruined battlement,

To which the palace of the present hour,

Must yield its pomp, and wait till ages are its dower."

III.

And thou fair moon! night's lovely queen,
The theme of many a poet's lay,
What splendour brightens up the scene,
When o'er the heavens thou bearest sway;
On far-seen height who would not stay
Thy rising full orb'd pomp to view,
While countless worlds in bright array,
Bespangle wide the ethereal blue?

IV.

How softly fall the silvery rays
Upon thy ruins mould'ring down,
Glengarnock! stronghold, in old days,
Of knightly chiefs, now faintly known:

Since 1840, the date of the foregoing remarks, we feel no little satisfaction in being enabled to state, that much has been recently done by the spirited and enlightened proprietor of the ruins, Wm. Cochran Patrick, Esq. of Ladyland, to arrest their further dilapidation. The foundations, where undermined, have been secured; wasted portions of the walls taken down and substantially restored, the whole of which have been carefully pointed with mortar; while the interior has been cleared of the rubbish and soil accumulated during more than a hundred years of abandonment and degradation. But for these timely repairs there is little doubt that, in the course of a few years, the bed of the Garnock would have received the greater part of the time-worn remains, and nought been left of the towers that frowned defiance to decay on its banks for ages, but an unintelligible mound invested with verdure, or overgrown with the nettle, the briar, or the sapling. Now, however, they have been so judiciously strengthened, as will enable them yet, in all probability, to withstand the pressure of several centuries.

The immediate environs of the ruins are highly picturesque, and are of themselves enough to redeem the banks of the Garnock from the charge of general tameness and insipidity. The prospect, too, from the heights to the north of the castle is beautifully varied and extensive. It includes the fairest portion of this section of the country, rising gently with an eastward exposure from the fertile valley enlivened by Kilbirnie Loch and watered by the Garnock. Surveyed from this distance, the face of the country resembles a vast garden; its inclosures dwindle to the semblance of tiny rows of box-wood; and its clumps and belts of plantation, to patches and pathways of ornamental shrubbery. Villages, with their guardian spires, preside in various quarters over the scene; while the ministered mansion, and many a rural abbey, half hid amidst embowering trees, and surrounded by fertile fields, "beautiful in variety of aspect," with intervening bosky dingles, "speaks of meadow," the gleaming lake, and the swelling hill, richly diversify its surface. So fair a prospect is well entitled, especially when its features are all brought out in strong relief by the glowing glory of the sinking sun, to the commendation of him who "knows great nature's charms to prize." In the distance to the west the spacious estuary of the Clyde is visible; as are elsewhere the lofty impurpled peaks of Arran and the giant rock of Airt; while to the south and east, the splendid landscape is bounded by the "upland clads in colours of the air," that, in these directions, encircle the head of Wallow and of Burns.

"Ever charming, ever new,
When walk the landscape dire the view!
The fountain's fall, the river's flow,
The woody valleys, warm and low;
The windy summit, wild and high,
Roughly rushing on the sky!
The pleasant seat, the ruined tower,
The naked rock, the shady bower;
The town and village, dome and farm,
Each give each a double charm,
As pearls on an Ethiop's arm."—*Dyer*.

Thy tottering walls with moss o'ergrown,
Echo no more the minstrel's song;
Nor in thy courts, with quips and jests,
Is seen the steel-clad martial throng.

V.

Yet fancy oft will wing her flight,
Thine ancient aspect to behold,
When 'neath the witching moon's pale light,
Frown'd o'er the steep thy massy hold;
And battlement, and turret bold,
And warded portal proudly rose;
Whilst Garnock then a safeguard roll'd,*
And draw-bridge mock'd the threat of foes.

VI.

Stern time hath laid thy grandeur low,
Thy turrets no more greet the skies!
The winds all through thy chambers blow,
And echoing vaults prolong their sighs.
In halls the lowing herd now lies,
Graced erst by high-born beauty's charms;
Soft music there no more will rise,
Nor bard recite bold "faytes of arms."

VII.

Loud would these walls with joy ring, when
Thy gallant Hervey and his train,
Return'd triumphant up the glen,
Cumber'd with spoils won from the Dane,
The banner of that foe again
Was ne'er unfurled on Scottish ground,
And in their rout thy chieftain's name
Rank'd high among the most renown'd.

* What is here predicated of the Garnock, it would have been more correct to have assigned to its channel immediately around the site of the ruins. Like other mountain rivers, a heavy fall of rain renders, in a short time, the Garnock an impassable torrent, a little way from its source while during the summer months, it is frequently fordable at nearly every point of its course to the sea. It rises close by the base of the hill of Staik, situated on the northern confines of the county, and traverses the district of Caningbarn in the direction of south-east. About a mile and a half from its source, it forms a wild and romantic fall, called the Spout of Garnock, which, after heavy rains, presents an animated spectacle, strongly in contrast with the immobility and stillness of the surrounding scenery. Nearly three miles further down, it winds in melancholy murmurings round two sides of the knoll on which stand the ruined walls of Glengarnock Castle. Descending thence for a short distance through a wooded ravine, it hastens over a rocky channel, and after skirting the village of Kilbirnie, pours its accumulated waters through a strath of great beauty in the lower part of the parish. If then pursued its devious course through the parishes of Dalry and Kilmaurs, and, after being considerably augmented by many tributary rivulets, falls into the sea at Irvine. The Garnock, as a trouting stream, is in good repute with anglers; and in this respect it is believed that it would be equalled by few rivers in the county, could the unprincipled destruction of the fish during the spawning season be prevented.

The banks of the river are tame, presenting in their whole extent, no charms to the admirer of picturesque scenery, excepting a short stretch at Glengarnock Castle and the incasing rocks of the waterfall situated to

† Of the Riddels, the most ancient possession of the lords of Glengarnock on record, all that is known with certainty is, that the line terminated in an heiress, who, some time previous to 1266, had espoused first, Sir Caningbarn, and Kilmaurs, to whom the Peerage writers have assigned the

VIII.
With scenes of joy, hope, guilt, and fear—
With feuds, plots, love, and rancour keen—
With all that can deflect or cheer,
Thou hast, lone tower! familiar been;
But o'er thee never hung, I ween,
So dark a cloud of dread dismay,
As when thy lord, on Pinkie's green,
Fell midst the hottest of the fray.

IX.
Thy eventful day has long since sped,—
Thine now the loneliness of the grave;
Nor aught have legends chronicled
Of thy fair dames and chieftains brave:
Thy chiefs, aye prompt to draw the glove
'Gainst Southron fierce and cruel Dane,
Who madly strove a land t' enslave
That Roman arms essay'd in vain,

X.
Tradition notes not; yea, unknown
Their names now in their natal place;
Nor marketh mound or tribute stone,
The spot where rests one of their race.
Alas! how soon doth time efface
The illustrious dead from memory;
Full off they pass, nor leave a trace
Of what they were, or aim'd to be.

XI.
How many a patriotic band
Unnoticed in the rolls of fame,
Have bled for thee, my native land!
Preferring death to slavery's chain:

honour of having gallantly distinguished himself at the battle of Largs in 1263. Galfridus, the second son of this marriage, was the ancestor of the Cunninghams of Glengarnock. The early annals of this ancient and powerful family are, however, very meagre, and unless it be to the genealogist, altogether uninteresting. During the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, they become more extended, and of the feuds, rencounters, and conspiracies in which the *Lords* of Glengarnock were frequently, and evidently with no aversion, engaged, there are many notices on record. The most restless and enterprising spirit of his race, seems to have been William, the thirteenth possessor of the barony, who closed his turbulent career at the fatal battle of Pinkie, 10th September, 1547. His will, an interesting document, made on the eve of his departure from his house of Glengarnock for that disastrous field, but too long for insertion here, may appear in a future article expressly allotted to a genealogical deduction of this ancient and honourably connected, but long since extinguished line.

Sir James Cunningham, the sixteenth in descent from Galfridus, who married Katherine, second daughter of James, seventh Earl of Glencairn, assigned, in 1609, the lands of Glengarnock in behoof of his creditors, and went to Ireland, where he had got a grant of 12,000 acres of land from King James VI. A few years afterwards, the estate was sold to Cunningham of Robertland, whose son being unable to retain it, it was acquired in right of a wadset by Adam Watt, Clerk to the Signet. From this person's successor it was purchased, about 1630, by the Honourable Patrick Lindsay, husband of the heiress of Kilbirnie, and has ever since formed a valuable part of that estate. The castle, however, and the adjoining grounds on the left bank of the Garnock, belong, as already stated, to Mr Cochran Patrick, by whose lady's ancestors they were acquired early in the last century.

O! ever may thy sons maintain
The heroic spirit, that of yore
Rose at its country's stirring claim,
And swept her foes from shore to shore.

XII.
When sets the fiery star of day,
And sinks to calm sound after sound,
When 'neath the moon eye melts away,
And soothing fragrance floats around,—
Glengarnock! then let me be found
Betimes among thy ruins drear;
'Midst desolation's haunted ground
Fancy may solemn warnings hear—
Warnings most meet for musing frailty's ear!

W. D.

Grangevale, 21st March, 1848.

TWO LETTERS FROM SOMERVILLE THE POET, TO MRS. AFTERWARDS, LADY SUNDON.

SOMERVILLE the poet, and Lord Somerville, represented the English and Scotch portion of the Somervilles, having one common ancestor. The relationship ultimately led to the union of the estates, for, upon the poet's death, his landed property, which was good, went by settlement to his hundredth cousin, the poor Scotch Peer.

William Somerville, Esq., to Mrs. Clayton.

Edson, June 5, 1733.

Madam,—I could never yet think any of my poetical trifles worthy your perusal; but as I heard you once in conversation say that you preferred blank verse to rhyme, indulge me in the vanity of laying this poem at your feet. You will readily observe that I imitate Virgil's *Georgics*, particularly his third, upon cattle; and I have endeavoured to follow Mr Addison's instructions in his essay on this manner of writing. Hunting has been the diversion of the most consummate heroes of antiquity, and is now the entertainment of every polite court abroad; but has received its greatest mark of honour by the encouragement which has been given it by our whole royal family at home. I hope, therefore, an old huntsman may be excused if, in the fulness of his heart, he has scribbled on this subject.

But I know not what apology to make for presenting so mean a performance to a lady of your refined taste. I shall have at least this advantage—if you approve, it will do me honour; if not, I have had my amusements, and shall suffer only a fate with the rest of my poetical brethren, who have the mortification to see their works die before them. Have the goodness, Madam, to accept it from the hands of my Lord Somerville, with whom I have the honour of an intimate friendship, and believe me to be, with all possible respect,—Your most obedient, and most humble servant,

W. SOMERVILLE.

"I beg my most humble service to my cousin Clayton.

William Somerville, Esq., to Mrs. Clayton.
Edinburgh, July 7, 1753.

Madam,—I had the honour of yours this morning, enclosed in a letter from Lord Somerville. I am very much at a loss in what manner to return my most humble thanks for your great goodness to me upon this occasion; but I know you will receive my poor acknowledgments, because I can assure you they come from a most grateful heart. Your being pleased with my poem, is stamping such a merit upon it, that I shall no longer fear to make it public; and if his Royal Highness will permit me to lay it at his feet, I shall very justly be proud of so great an honour. I am very sensible that "The Chase" by no means deserves such a patron; but here also your goodness comes to my aid, and has found out the best way in the world to improve it, by submitting it to the correction of the most knowing judge of works of this nature that, perhaps, any age has produced. I should, indeed, tremble at Dr Friend's reading my poor performance, did I not know his candour to be equal to his judgment.—I am infinitely obliged.

OLD HIGHLAND LETTERS.

A GENTLEMAN has favoured us with the following letter, addressed to one of the Grants of Urquhart in 1737, by another member of the clan. It is curious, as illustrating the manner in which any weak branches of a Highland clan were almost compelled to enter into compacts with the powerful clans in their neighbourhood. The same influence that was tried on this occasion, afterwards led the Urquhart Grants to join in the rebellion of 1745:—

"Leick, in Glengarry, 9th May, 1737.

"Dear Sir,—Glengarry came home on Tuesday last, at which time I happened to be at Invergarry, where I had the pleasure to receive your kind letter, and where I stayed for almost the space of two days. I had frequent opportunity of speaking with Glengarry on the subject I wrote to you about, and I must say I found him too much in the same tune. For notwithstanding all I could do or say in order to withdraw him from insisting on your entering into a bond of friendship with him, in the same terms that Glenmorriston has entered, yet I could not prevail, although I told him that if he should allow a clause of this nature—that you, the gentlemen of Urquhart, should bind and oblige yourselves to assist and support Glengarry by espousing all his quarrels against all Scotland excepting the Laird of Grant and his followers, in as far and for as much as nothing prejudicial or derogative to the right and prerogative the Laird of Grant has over you, as master and chieftain, should be required or exacted; I told him, I say, and assured him in your name, that, providing such a clause as this were allowed to be inserted in the bond, you were all ready and heartily disposed to come into his proposal. But that to yield to him or any other mortal on other terms was a thing you could not do, but as the expense of your chief's eternal indignation, which you would not be assailable to incur, for the

pleasing of any subject alive; and that the Laird of Grant would take it much amiss if you came into his measures. I told him, he might easily judge of that by himself, seeing he could not chuse but be highly offended if any of his people or vassals should bind themselves to any man, in write, without clauses expressly preservative of his rights and prerogatives as chief and master.

"Moreover, I gave him to understand that if you should bind yourselves to him, as Glenmorriston did, you could not miss to land yourselves in great inconveniences, and give ill-wishers too much grounds to talk; for seeing what Glenmorriston did was in consideration of what happened in his brother Allan's hands, for which it was looked upon by the world as satisfaction done to Glengarry for the loss of his friend Lundie's brother: if now, at this juncture, you should do the like, it would be looked on as a satisfaction done him for the cropping of Donald Bain's son's ears, which was a thing you had no hand in.

"This and many other things I alleged for this purpose, but all to no effect; and my thoughts about the matter are, that you should keep quiet for the present, and that any agreement betwixt you and him be just drépt, and I know he will not attempt anything to your loss. And for the common people, Angus M'Ian and I will take all the care imaginable to manage them, and make them refrain from stealing your cattle, which is all that you need be afraid of; so that you need never be at the trouble to come and visit him as yet; but I would have the Bailie come, and see the Lady, as soon as his conveniences will allow him, for she longs to see him, and he will be heartily welcome to Glengarry. If Corriemaclean come and wait on us (as I think he should), about the debt that Evan Bailie is craving against him, let him come with the Bailie. Glengarry promises faithfully to do Corriemaclean service, as also does Drynachan, in regard of Evan Bailie. If anything of new occurs betwixt Glengarry and me on this affair, you shall hear of it from me. Dear Sir, your most humble servant and most affectionate cousin,

"PATRICK GRANT" to

This seems to us a genuine picture of life in the olden time in the north. The fear to offend Glengarry, a powerful neighbouring chief, and yet preserve the most absolute and almost religious submission to their own chief or sovereign, the Laird of Grant, perplexed and confounded the Urquhart men, who were situated between the two. The allusions in the letter are very characteristic. The "accident that happened in Allan's hands," was nothing less than the fact that Allan killed Lundie's brother in a duel on the hill of Mealfourvone. They fought with broadswords, both being very tall and powerful men, and remarkable as expert swordsmen. Allan was always called by the Highlanders, *Allan MacMhadrak*, Allan the son of Peter. "Cropping Donald Bain's ears," is another trait of the times, as is also the mention of cattle stealing; while the hint that "the Bailie" might come and see Glengarry's kelp, is a sly political touch, evincing the cunning that

was then mingled with bravery. The little episode about Evan Baillie's debts is also curious. There would have been some trouble in enforcing payment in opposition to Glengarry and Drynahan, who would have thought very little of putting Evan Baillie, or any one else craving money, into Loch Oich, to serve a friend. The party to whom the above letter was addressed joined Prince Charlie in 1745, along with Glengarry's men, and, escaping the slaughter at Culloden, was taken prisoner, and died in the Tower of London, in July, 1746. He was decoyed into Inverness and delivered over to the Duke of Cumberland by the Laird of Grant, who was his near relation, and who, by common report, kept the Strathspey Grants at the back of a hill in sight of Culloden Moor, waiting to join whichever party should prove victorious! The snuff-mull of this devoted but ill-requited and unfortunate clansman is in the possession of his great-grandson, Mr W. Grant, Hazel Bank.—*Inverness Courier.*

CROMWELLIANA.

No. I.

THE following is a letter from Oliver Cromwell to Colonel Valentine Walton, his brother-in-law, announcing the death of Colonel Walton's eldest son at the battle of Marston Moor. Colonel Walton was a republican of the most rigid stamp; he signed the death-warrant of King Charles the First. The consequences, as may be supposed, were ruinous to him, at the Restoration. The estates which his alliance with the Protector had enabled him, during the troubles, to add to his patrimony, were, of course, confiscated. He fled at first to Hannau, in Germany, where he became a Burgess; but, fearing he should be given up, he went to Flanders and there lived in privacy, under a borrowed name, till 1661, when he died of fear, anxiety, and disappointment.

DEERE SIR,—It's our duty to sympathize in all merces; that wee praise the Lord together, in chastisements or tryalls, that soo wee may sorrowe together. Truly England, and the church of God, hath had a great favor from the Lord in this great victorie given unto us, such as the like never was since this war begunn. It had all the evidences of an absolute victorie obtained by the Lord's blessinge upon the godly partye principally. Wee never charged but we routed the enemy. The lefte winge, which I commanded, being our own horse, saving a few Scottes in our reere, beat all the prince's horse. God made them as stubble to our swords.—Wee charged their regiments of foote with our horse (and) routed all we charged. The particulars I cannot relate now: but I believe of twenty thousand, the prince had not four thousand left.—Give glory, all the glory, to God. At Sir, God hath taken away your eldest son by cannon shot. It brake his legges. We were necessitated to have itt cutt off, whereof hee died. Sir, you know my tryalls this way, but the Lord supported mee with this; that the Lord took him into the happiness wee all pant after and live for. There is your precious child, full of glory, to know sinne nor sorrow any more. He

was a gallant younge man, exceedingly gracious. God give you his comfort. Before his death hee was soe full of comfort, that to Franke Russell and my selfe he could not expresse it, itt was soe great above his paine. This he sayd to us. Indeed itt was admirable. A little after hee sayd, one thinge lay upon his spirit; I asked him what that was; hee told mee that it was that God had not suffered him to be noe more the executioner of his enemies. Att his fall, his horse beinge killed with the bullett, and as I am informed three horses more, I am told hee bid them open to the right and left, that hee might see the rogues runn. Truly hee was exceedingly beloved in the armie of all that knew him. But few knew him; for hee was a precious younge man, fitt for God. You have cause to blesse the Lord. Hee is a glorious saint in Heaven, wherein you ought exceedingly to rejoyce. Lett this drinke up your sorrowe. Seinge theise are not fayned words to comfort you, but the thing is soe real and undoubted a truth, you may doe all thinges by the strength of Christ. Seeke that, and you shall easily beare your tryall. Lett this publike mercy to the church of God make you to forgett your private sorrowe. The Lord be your strength; soo prayes

"Your truly faythfull and lovinge brother,

"OLIVER CROMWELL."

"July 5th, 1644.

"My love to your daughter and my cozen Percevall, sister Desbrowe, and all friends with you."

[The above is from the original, formerly in the possession of Mr. Langton, of Welbeck Street.]

No. II.

The following notice is from an old magazine:—
"At the late sale of Rawle's antiquities, the sword with which Oliver Cromwell dissolved the Long Parliament sold for nine potts and fifteen shillings."

No. III.

PETITION.

To his Highness the Lord Protector of the commonwealth of England, Scotland, and Ireland;

The humble petition of Marjery, the wife of William Beacham, mariner, sheweth; That your petitioner's husband hath been active and faithfull in the wars of this commonwealth, both by sea and land; and hath undergone many hazards by imprisonment and fights to the endangering of his life; and at last lost the use of his right arm; and is utterly disabled from future service; as doth appear by the certificate annexed; and yet hath no more than forty shillings pension from Chatham by the year; that your petitioner, having one only sonne, who is tractable to learn; and not having wherewith to bring him up, by reason of their present low estate, occasioned by the publique service aforesaid, humbly prayeth, that your highness would vouchsafe to present her

and some Randolph Beacham, to be scholar in Sutton's hospital, called the Charter-House.

OLIVER P. We referre the petition, and certificate to the commissioners of Sutton's hospital.

July 28th, 1655.

A letter sent by Oliver to his Secretary on the above Petition.

"You receive from me, this 28th instant, a petition of Marjery Beacham, desiring the admission of her son into the Charter-House. I know the man; who was employed one day in a very important secret service, which he did effectually, to our great benefit and the commonwealth's. The petition is a brief relation of a fact, without any flattery. I have wrote under it a common reference to the commissioners, but I mean a great deal more; that it shall be done, without their debate, or consideration of the matter; and so do you privately hint to —

"I have not the particular shining bauble or feather in my cap, for crowds to gaze at or kneel to; but I have power and resolution for foes to tremble at. To be short, I know how to deny petitions; and whatever I think proper, for outward form, to referre to any officer or office, I expect that such my compliance with custom shall be also looked upon as an indication of my will and pleasure to have the thing done.

The following *jeu d'esprit* was written by Professor Porson during the alarm of the French invasion.

LINGO DRAWN FOR THE MILITIA.

Ego nunquam audiui such terrible news
At this present *tempus* my *sensus* confuse,
I'm drawn for a miles—I must go *cum marte*,
And, *concinus esse*, engage Buonaparte.

Such *terrore* *nunquam* *videbant* majores,
For them their opponents had different mores,
But we will soon prove to the Corsican vaunter,
That times may be changed—Britons never *mutantur*.

Per mare I rather am led to opine,
To meet British *naves*, he would not incline,
Lest he should in *mare profundum* be drown'd,
Et *cum alaga*, *non laeva*, his *caput* be crown'd.

But allow that this boaster in Britain should land,
Multis cum aliis, at his command,
Here are lads who will meet, aye, and properly
work em.

And speedily send him *ni fallor*, in *Orcum*.

Nunc let us *amici*, join *CORDA ET MANUS*,
And use well the *vir*, *Dii boni* afford us;
Then let nations combine—Britain never can fall,
She's *multum in parvo*—a match for them all.

Relics of Literature.

A CONGRATULATORY POEM

UPON THE HAPPY NUPTIALS OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
CHARLES HOPE, OF HOPTOUN,
AND THE VERY VERTUOUS LADY,
HENRIETTA JOHNSTON,
DAUGHTER TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE EARL OF
ANNANDALE, WHICH WAS SOLEMNIZED ON THE 31ST
AUG. 1699.*

In Autumn when *Segetes* decors the fields,
And *Phœbus* all plentiful desires yeelds,
These creatures who did formerly bewail
Their hard estate, sing now in *Annandale*.
There's *Hope* that *Heavens* will crown the year with good,
And *Hoptoun* blessed with all manner of food.
Whilst sun and moon endure, so that there may
Never be want of *Hope* that grace decay.
For 'tis by *Hope*, that *Love* and *Charity*
Are still upheld, without it both do dye.
May *Hoptoun* flourish still with *Lady Hen-*
Rietta, and have a stock of good children, †
That thro' all ages there may never fail
The memory of *Hope* and *Annandale*.
Whose noble fame doth add to *Hoptoun's* honour,
He being by good fate bestowed upon her.
Who like to *Flora* in *Spring* of the year,
Sends forth a fragrant smell both far and near,
To the solace of all that see or hear.
Of these choice virtues, wherewith her tender breast
Is richly endu'd, wheroin true *Hope* doth rest,
And full assurance may always obtain
Of human pleasure, Beauty pure and clean,
Her noble predecessors ever have
Prov'd, in all ages, pious, wise, and grave,
And famous in such actions as might tend
Their country's good, and interest to defend.
So all who know the bridegroom and the bride,
Hope they will prove in time (if good betide),
Which is the hearty pray'r of *Muses*, when *Amor* they see
They are encouraged *Virtue's* praise to pen,
But if they find their labour quite neglected,
To pray or praise they cease, being dejected,
Yet still there's *Hope* they may revive again,
And not always improve their time in vain.

**NOTICE OF THE ADMIRABLE CRICHTON'S
PUBLISHED AT VENICE IN 1580.**

[FROM "THE SCOTS MAGAZINE," 1818.]

MR EDITOR,
WHATSOEVER light can be thrown upon the history of the celebrated James Crichton, (whose extraordinary qualifications justly obtained for him from his contemporaries the appellation of the Admirable Crichton), will be welcomed by your readers, and by those more especially who feel proud that he was a Scotchman. A book lately came into my possession, from the collection of an amiable and accomplished amateur of Italian literature, into which has been inserted a single printed leaf, of genuine date and originality, published when Crichton was at Venice in 1580. Of this leaf, as it serves to clear up what has been matter of doubt, and to give credit to what has been thought exaggerated concerning that wonderful man, I send you an exact copy. The book, in which it is inserted, is the second Aldine folio edition of the *Cortegiano di Castiglione*, printed in

* From the unique original in the Library of the Faculty of Advocates.

† Altered by the author's own hand to "children."
‡ Mr S. W. Singer of Fulham.

1545. The book belonged to Francesco Melchiori of Venice, who made it the depository of some other curious papers, as well as of this interesting document.*

It will be seen that Lord Buchan's account of Crichton's age is here confirmed, and that even the day of his birth, the 19th of August 1560, is ascertained. Lord Buchan has not, I believe, cited upon what ground he differs as to this point from Mackenzie and others;† but his inquiries seem to have been made with diligence, and his authorities good. The paper was, no doubt, one of those challenges which were placarded, and probably too circulated by hand, in Venice, inviting the scrutiny of an intelligent public, into the merit and solidity of those various pretensions, both mental and corporeal, which Crichton did not affect to conceal. After suppressing what may surpass credibility, his qualifications appear, upon incontestible evidence, to have been (as Dr Hawkesworth has observed) "enough to rank him among prodigies."‡ I am, Sir, your most obedient servant,
GEORGE HIBBERT.

Clapham Common, 15th June 1818.

"Lo Scozzese, detto Giacomo Critonio, è giovane di 20 anni finiti à 19 di Agosto passato; ha una voglia nell' occhio destro; possiede dieci lingue; la Latina et l'Italiana in eccellenza, Greca et ne fa epigrammi; Hebreica; Caldea; Spagnuola; Francese; Flaminga; Inglese; Scota; et intende anche la Tedesca. Intendentissimo di filosofia, di teologia, di matematica, astrologia; e tiene tutti i secoli fatti sin' hoggi per falsi; di filosofia et teologia ha moltissimi volte disputato con valent' huomini con stupore di tutti. Ha cognizione perfettissimi della cabala, di memoria tale che non sa che cosa sia il dimenticarsi et ogni oratione udita da lui recita a parola a parola, fa versi Latini improvvisi in qual si voglia sorte di versi e materia; e ne fa anche cominciando dall'ultima parola del verso, par improvvisi: orationi improvvisi e belle; ragiona di cose di stato con fondamento: di bellissimo aspetto: cortigiano, compitissimo a maraviglia; et è il più gratoso che si possa desiderare nella conversazione. Soldato a tutta posta, et due anni ha spesi alla guerra di Francia con carico honorato. Salta, balla, sceleratamente; armeggia, gioca di ogni sorte d'armi et ne ha fatto prove. Maneggiator di cavalli; giostatore singolare; di sangue nobile; anzi per Madre Regale, Stuarto. Ha disputato con Greci nella materia della processione dello Spirito Santo con grand' applauso et con grandissima copia di autorità di dottori Greci, e Latini e concilj, come uno fa quando tratta di filosofia a teologia, havendo tutto Aristotele e commentatori alle mani, e

* At the end of the book is preserved, in manuscript, a complimentary sonnet, addressed by Melchiori to Torquato Tasso, on the publication of a continuation of the *Gl'indebiti* by Camillo, together with Tasso's sonnet in reply, in his own hand-writing. These verses Mr Singer has given to the public in his new edition of the translation of Tasso by Fairfax.

† Biographia Britannica, new edition, vol. iv. p. 442. The account of Crichton in this article is comprehensive and judicious.

‡ Advertiser, No. 18.

recitandoli, le facciate, non che le righe, Grabe. Ha tutto S. Tomaso Scoto, Tomisti et Scotisti a mente e disputa in utramque partem. Il che ha fatto molte volte felicemente. Ne ragiona mai di materia alcuna che non sia proposta da altri. Vole il principe et la Signoria udirlo et ne stupirono: fu honorato da S. serenita di un presente. In somma è un mostro de' mostri; et tale che alcuni vedendo così fatta qualita ridotte in un solo corpo, benissimo proportionato et lontano dalla maninconia, fanno di molte chimere. Hora si è ridotto fuori in villa, per stendere 2000 conclusioni le quali, in tutte le professioni, vuol sostenere in Venetia, nella Chiesa di San Gio: e Paolo fra due mesi; non potendo egli soppire alla volontà delle persone che desideranno udirlo tutte giornie et a suoi stadi.

"In Venetia, appresso Domenico et Gio Battista Guerra fratelli, MDLXXX."

TRANSLATION.

James Crichton, a native of Scotland, is a youth who, on the 19th of August last, completed his twentieth year. He has a birth-mark over his right eye. He is master of ten languages. The Latin and Italian in perfection; the Greek so as to compose epigrams in that tongue; Hebrew, Chaldee, Spanish, French, Flemish, English, Scotch, and understands also the German. He is most skilful in philosophy, theology; the mathematics, and astrology, and holds all the calculations hitherto made in this last to be false. He has frequently maintained philosophical and theological disputes with learned professors, to the admiration of all present. He is well acquainted with magic;—of a memory so retentive that he knows not what it is to want recollection; and can recite word for word that which he has once heard.* Latin verses, whatever the subject or the measure, he produces extempore; and these, too (equally extemporaneous), commencing with the last word of any verse. His orations are fluent and beautiful; and he reasons profoundly upon political subjects. In his person he is eminently handsome; most courteous in his manners; and winning, to the height of your wish, in conversation. A soldier at all points, he served two years with distinction in the French wars; unvalled in the dance, and all sorts of activity; most dexterous (as he has sufficiently proved), in the use of arms of every description, in horsemanship, and in tilting at the ring.

He is noble;—by the mother, indeed (who was a Stuart), of royal blood. On occasion of the procession of the Holy Ghost, he maintained, with signal applause, a dispute with learned Greeks, adducing, in his argument, a host of authorities from Greek and Latin doctors, and from councils, as he is wont to do when treating of philosophy or theology, having, at his finger ends, all Aristotle

* There is an early testimonial in favour of Crichton's power of memory, in a work entitled *Gazophylacium artis Memoriae per Lambertum Schenckium Dussidrum. Argenterati, 1616*, p. 35, in the following terms:—"Jacobus Crichton, Scoticus, in omni scientiarum genere, et nobilium artium clarus, tam fuit in eadem (arte memoriae) excellens, ut nulli vetarum, aut recentiorum pederet; minuchius mundi futurus, hinc in ipso statim flore in Italia obliuiscit."

and his commentators, and placing before us not an outline merely, but the full front of the Greek doctrine.* St Thomas and Duns Scotus, with their adherents, the Scotists and Thomists, he has all by heart, and is ready to engage on either side the contest, as he has often done; nor, indeed, does he enter upon a discussion except when the subject has been dictated by others. It has pleased the Doge and his illustrious lady to hear him, when they were struck with astonishment; and he received from his Serene Highness a present. In a word, he is a prodigy of prodigies, insomuch that some persons, observing qualities so wonderful and various united in one body, so elegantly formed, and of habits so amiable, have thought the phenomenon supernatural. He is now shut up in retirement, for the purpose of expounding two thousand propositions in all the different classes, which he designs, two months hence, to demonstrate at Venice, in the church of Saint George and Saint Paul, having found it impossible, with due attention to his studies, to comply with the wishes of persons who would gladly listen to him through the whole day.

Printed at Venice for the brothers Dom. and Gio Batt. Guerra, MDLXXX.

THE RESSONING BETWIXT DETH AND MAN.

[From "Ancient Scottish Poems, published from the MS. of George Bannatyne, 1668." Printed in Edinburgh by John Balfour, 1770.]

DETH.

O mortall man! behold, tak tent to me,
Quhillk sowld thy mirrour be baith day and nicht;
All erdly thing that evir took lyfe mon die,
Paip, emperour, king, barroun, and knyght,
Thecht they be in their roiall stait and nicht,
May not ganestand, quhen I pleiss schute the derte;
Wal-townis, castellis, and towris nevir so wicht,
May nocht resist quhill it be at his herte.

THE MAN.

Now quhat art thou that biddis me thus tak tent,
And mak ane mirrour day and nicht of the,
Or with thy dert I sauld richt soir repent?
I trest trewly off that thou sall some lie.
Quhat freik on feld so bald dar mannis me;
Or with me fecht, outhir on fute or hors?
Is non so wicht or stork in this cuntry,
Bot I sall gar him bow to me on fura.

DETH.

My name, forsuth (to say) sen that thou speiris,
They call me Deid, uthly to the declair,
Calland all men and woman to thair beiris,
Quhen evir I pleis, quhat tyme, quhat place, or
quhair.

In name sa stout, sa fresche, nor yit sa fair,
Sa ying, sa ald, sa riche, nor yit sa peur,
Quair evir I pass, outhir lait or air,
Mon put thame haill on furs andir my cure.

MAN.

Sen it is so, that nature can so wirk,
That yung and awld, with riche and peure, mon die;

* Of the dispute here alluded to, I do not see any explicit mention in the memorials we have of Crichton. The passage in the original is, I confess, to me somewhat obscure.

In my youthheid, allace! I was full irk,
Could not tak tent to gyd and governe me,
Ay gude to do, fra evill deids to fle,
Trestand ay yowthheid wold with me abyde;
Fullfilland evir my sensualitie
In deidly syn, and specially in pryd.

DETH.

Thairfoir repent, and remord thy conscience;
Think on thir wordis I now unto the cry;
O wrechit man! O full of ignorance!
All thy plesance thou sall richt deir aby;
Dispone thyself, and come with me in hy,
Edderis, askis, and wormis meit for to be;
Cum quhen I call, thou ma me not denny,
Thocht thou war paip, emperour, and king all thre.

MAN.

Sen it is swa fra the I may not chaip,
This wrechit warld for me heir I defy.
And to the deid, to lurk under thy caip,
I offer me with hairt richt humilly;
Beseking God, the divill, myne ennemy,
No power half my sawill till assay.
Jesus on the, with peteous voce, I cry,
Mercy on me to half on domisday.

ROBERT HENRYSTONE
a very ancient Poet.

Varieties.

CHINESE TAILS.—On the subjugation of China by the Tartars, an edict was issued, requiring the whole nation to shave the front of the head, and to plait the *restis* of the hair into a tail, the length and size of which is considered in China a great mark of masculine beauty; in consequence of which great quantities of false hair are worked up with the natural hair, the ends being finished off with black silk cord. To the lower orders it is a useful ornament. I remember, on one occasion, to have seen a Chinaman flogging his pig along with it; while, on another, the servant was dusting the table; and when their belligerent propensities are excited, which is not very often, they will twist each other's tails round their hands, pulling with all their strength, and enduring the most horrible torture, until one or the other cries out *peccavi*.

DISCOVERY OF EARLY FRENCH GOLD COINS.—At a meeting of the Numismatic Society, in November, 1843, Lord Albert Conyngham in the chair, a paper by Mr Akerman was read on some Merovingian and other gold coins discovered in the parish of Crondall, Hants, near an ancient encampment called "Cæsar's Camp." With the coins were found some jewelled ornaments and a gold chain. The coins belong to the first race of the French kings and their moneyers. Many are capable of being satisfactorily appropriated to a variety of towns, such as Quentovic, Maral, &c.; others are evident imitations of Roman coins. Many are quite new to the numismatist, and among these are some remarkable ones, having on one side a full-faced beardless head and a cross, and on the other the word "LVNDVNI," with a cross within a circle. It is well known that at the period of the Merovingian dynasty the coinage of England was in silver, but the coins in question seem to be an exception to the rule. Mr Akerman remarked, that whatever may be their date, it will not be doubted that they are of English origin, and that their place of mintage was London. The fortunate possessor of the coins is Mr C. E. Lefroy, of Ewshot.—Nov. 23, 1843.

EDINBURGH: JOHN MENZIES, 61, Prince's Street.
GLASGOW: THOMAS MURRAY, Argyle Street.
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SCOTTISH JOURNAL

OF

Topography, Antiquities, Traditions,

&c. &c.

No. 33.

Edinburgh, Saturday, April 15, 1843.

Price 2d.

ASSEMBLY IN EDINBURGH IN 1723.

THERE is a curious pamphlet in the Library of the Faculty of Advocates, entitled "a Letter from a Gentleman in the Country, to his Friend in the City, with an Answer thereto, concerning the New Assembly," which affords a remarkable instance of the bigotry of the period. This very harmless congregation of persons for the innocent amusement of dancing, is denounced as contrary to religion, and the Bible is ransacked for adverse passages; these, as is usual in such controversies, are brought in by the neck and shoulders, and not unfrequently made to mean what was never intended to be conveyed.

With the arguments used it would not be worth while to trouble the reader, but a few extracts, giving some sort of account of the Assembly itself, may not be without interest; and we can only regret that the information on the subject is so extremely meagre.

The country gentleman prefaces his letter with a quotation from Horace, an author one feels surprised that a Presbyterian of the period could ever admit having looked into—and, after a few remarks of little moment, proceeds in the following strain:—

"I am informed that there is lately a society erected in your town, which I think is call'd an Assembly. The speculations concerning this meeting have of late exhausted the most part of public conversation in this country side: Some are pleased to say, That 'tis only designed to cultivate polite conversation and genteel behaviour among the better Sort of folks, and to give young People an opportunity of accomplishing themselves in both: while others are of opinion, That it will have a quite different Effect, and tends only to vitiate and deprave the minds and inclinations of the younger Sort."

The writer says, that his thoughts on the subject had been very much influenced by the approaching solemnity of the Lord's Supper, which was shortly to be celebrated. He then adds, "I happened the other day to meet with a Gentleman, who had been lately in town, and, among other things, I presumed to enquire his thoughts of this new assembly; he was pleased to tell me, That the people in town were as widely different in their opinions about it, as we are in the country: some approving, others disapproving of it: But

that, for his part, he believed it would soften and effeminate the Minds of our young Nobility and gentry, and that in some measure it had already this Effect: for he observed That they, instead of employing themselves in the useful Arts and sciences, that might some time render them capable to serve themselves, their Friends and their country, now made it their greatest Care who should be best equipp'd and dress'd for an Assembly night, and to strain their Fancies to invent some agreeable love tale to tell the Belle Createur, whom they shall happen most to admire in the meeting: they spend the first Part of the week in the rendering themselves accomplished in some country dance, and the other part of it in admiring the charms, and in discanting upon the features, shape, and Mein of each Lady that they saw in it. Sir," added he, "I am informed that the first design of this meeting was to afford some ladies an opportunity to alter the station that they had long fretfully continued in, and to set off others, as they should prove ripe for market." In this strain the country inquirer proceeds, assuming that the luxury of dress and pride of apparel had been the inductive reason of establishing the assembly—forgetting always the notorious passion of the Scots for dress which previously existed, without the excuse of any assembly, and which was so very preposterous as to call for the interference of the legislature.

The town gentleman informs his friend that the ties "of particular friendship," as well as "of Christianity," obliges him to open his mind without reserve, concerning "the Dancing Assembly. I cannot pretend," says he, "to define it exactly, but shall give you the description I had of it at its first rise, which is a weekly society of persons of quality and others of note, meeting for the improvement of polite accomplishments, particularly that of dancing, to be managed under the direction of certain ladies, to be overseers of the decorum of this Assembly. The time agreed upon for this public recreation is only from four to eleven o'clock at night, once a week. The members are allowed access upon their producing of Tickets, which they procure at half-a-crown a-night, as they are provided with a variety of music, so also with abundance of fine fruits, confections, cooling liquors and cordials, for recruiting their spirits, when exhausted with fatigue of dancing."

Then follows several very dull pages, filled with common-place remarks, duly seasoned with invectives against the assembly, which is characterised

as "dishonourable to God, scandalous to religion, and of dangerous consequence to human society."

One argument in support of the first proposition is singularly absurd:—"God," says the writer, "hath allowed us six days of the week wherein we may follow our lawful business;" the seventh day is reserved as a "holy sabbath to himself." Now, continues this inimitable twaddler, "the ordinary time spent in public worship each Lord's day" will "come far short of the 7 hours spent in the assembly." The result thus coming to be, that because the time spent in an assembly on a secular day may exceed that devoted to divine worship on a Sunday, it is necessarily a profane and disgraceful concourse of persons, and one that ought not to be tolerated among Christians.

The reader has had quite enough of this sort of stuff; but the observations tending to prove that an assembly is of "dangerous consequence to society," meaning thereby the society of Edinburgh, are worth extracting.

"It is also well known, That the city of Edinburgh is, at present, a place, which excels in the means of virtuous and liberal Education, and wherein all the parts of learning are taught to great perfection, by gentlemen of great abilities, sufficiency, and diligence, and that there may be great proficiency made by youth in the studies of Divinity, Law, Philosophy, in all the parts of it, History Ecclesiastick and Civil, Physic, Anatomy and Music,* as also the different Languages are exactly taught. Yea it is owned that we have such a body of well accomplished Professors of these sciences as would make no mean Appearance in any place of the learned world. We have also good means of improvement for young Ladies and Gentlowomen. And such as incline to Merchandising or Mechanical employments have their Education in these here also. Upon which considerations persons of all Ranks send their children to this place for instruction, which is a considerable advantage to the body of the inhabitants as well as to the students; and whatever mars the progress of youth in these virtuous, necessary, and useful studies and applications to business, does in so far hurt and endanger human society, and is a loss to the common-wealth. But this new formed assembly has such an infectious air of levity, prodigality and idleness about it, as already appears visibly hurtful to the progress of that improvement which parents might readily expect from their children, who are in danger to acquire (to say no worse) very unprofitable habits. As for instance a student of one or other of the above mentioned sciences or improvements, is diverted by the dazzling splendor of the assembly from the pursuit of his studies, and intertains his thoughts how he shall accomplish himself in Dancing, and be provided in fine clothes; forms projects of his being an accomplished Beau, and dreams of his being admired by some of the fine ladies, and that he may thereby get a fortune," &c. &c. "After he has paid his complaisance to the ladies, who dismiss at eleven o'clock at night, he

goes to a tavern with some of his acquaintance who want a bouse," and so on.

Further extracts from this preposterous manifestation of uncalled for abuse would be tiresome. The "sum total" as a great reformer says, just comes to this—that because assemblies may induce a taste for dress and a waste of time, they are both morally and religiously objectionable. But dinner parties, tea parties, supper parties, or any relaxation from the ordinary course of business or study, are equally liable to censure. Indeed, both dinner and supper parties would be infinitely more so, because, in Scotland especially, the more substantial part of the entertainment used to be followed by potations deep and strong; and we should think that even such righteous folk as the Town Citizen and his rustic friend, would hardly venture to deny, that more mischief arose daily through the excess of strong liquors, consequent upon entertainments to which even clergymen did not scruple to come, than would be effected by attendance at a dancing party which terminated at eleven o'clock, and by the chance that a few of the young men present might, after it was over, take a bottle at a tavern, in place of going home directly, like good boys, to their respective papas and mammas.

M.

BASILICON DORON,

OR,

THE INSTRUCTIONS OF KING JAMES VI. "TO HIS DEAREST SONNE HENRY THE PRINCE."

[Continued from our last.]

THE work is divided into three Books, the first "Treating of a King's Christian Duty Towards God," the second "of His Duty in his Office," and the third "of a King's Behaviour in Indifferent Things."

The first is entirely devoted to the exposition of Scripture doctrine, parental injunction, religious duties, and moral responsibility—and is written in a style and spirit highly creditable to the author. One extract from this part of the work will suffice: "Remember that as in dignitie God hath erected you above others, so ought ye in thankfulness towards him goe as farre beyond all others. A moat in another's eye, is a beam into yours; a blemish in another, is a leprouse byle into you; and a veniall sinne (as the Papists call it) in another, is a great crime into you. Think not, therefore, that the highnesse of your dignitie diminisheth your faults, much less giveth you a licence to sinne, but by the contrary, your fault shall be aggravated according to the height of your dignitie; any sinne that ye commit not being a single sinne, procuring but the fall of one, but being an examplare sinne, and therefore drawing with it the whole multitude to be guiltie of the same."

In the "Second Booke," the first matter treated of is the making of good laws, and their just execution "against all breakers thereof without exception." "For," observes the author, "since ye come not to your reigne *precario*, nor by conquest, but by right and due discent; feare no vproares

* This is very curious. The taste for music must have gradually decreased, for even at the present date genuine music is but little appreciated by the Modern Athenians.

for doing of iustice, since ye may assure yourselve the most part of your people will euer naturally favour Justice: providing alwaies that ye doe it oneley for loue to Iustice, and not for satisfying any particular passion of yours vnder cloud thereof; otherwise how iustly that euer the offender deserue it, ye are guiltie of murther before God: For ye must consider that God euer looketh to your inward intention in all your actions. And when ye haue by the seueritie of iustice once settled your countries, and made them know that ye can strike, then may ye thereafter, all the daies of your life, mixe Justice with mercie, punishing or sparing as ye shall find the crime to haue bene wilfully or rashly committed, and according to the byepast behauiour of the committer. For if otherwise ye kyth your clemencie at the first, the offences would soone come to such heapes, and the contempt of you grow so great, that when ye would fall to punish, the number of them to be punished would exceed the innocent, and ye would be troubled to resolve whom at to begin; and against your nature would be compelled then to wracke many, whom the chastisement of few in the beginning might have preserved. But in this my oure deare bought experience may serve you for a sufficient lesson. For I confesse, where I thought (by being gracious at the beginning) to win all mens hearts to louing and willing obedience, I by the contrary found the disorder of the countrie, and the losse of my thanks to be all my reward." In the latter sentence of this rather lengthy extract, we have the key to what was at first termed James's "weak" government;—while he was trying to win his subjects to obedience by lenity and love, they were plotting schemes for their own aggrandisement and his overthrow. His measures were too far in advance of the age, although, had the mischievous spies and traitors of Elizabeth not been constantly at work, secretly stirring up rebellion in his kingdom, there is no doubt that his lenient and tolerant government would have been much more successful than it otherwise was. Our author next treats of the pardon and punishment of crimes, especially the crime of "unreuerent writing or speaking of malicious men against your parents," and counsels him as to whom he should trust, after which we have this remarkable passage—"I never found yet a constant bideing by me in all my straites, by any that were of perfect age in my parents daies, but only by such as constantly bode by them; I mean specially by them that served the Queene my mother; for so that I discharge my conscience to you, my sonne, in revealing to you the trewth, I care not what any traitour or treason-allower thinke of it." Here also we have his secret reason for his toleration and lenity towards those who had been the heads of the Queen's faction; and we cannot but admire the liberal spirit of the man who, in that age, could see and appreciate merit even in an enemy; and who, for the sake of their honesty of purpose alone, would conciliate and make them his friends, instead of pursuing them with persecution.

After discoursing on "the trew glory of Kings," which he states to be that they embrace the quarrel of the poor and distressed as their own, to "re-

press oppressors, and care for the pleasure of none," calling to remembrance "the honourable stile giuen to my grandfather of worthie memorie, (James Fifth) in being called the *poore man's King*," he goes on to speak of the different diseases to which the three estates of the realm are subject. The first in order is the Church, of which he remarks, "The naturall sicknesse that hath euer troubled and been the decay of all the churches since the beginning of the world hath been Pride, Ambition, and Auarice;" and here we get some insight into the cause of the "two days fast" proclaimed by the clergy on the publication of the work—for he characterizes the Reformation in Scotland as the offspring of "popular tumult and rebellion of such as were blindly doing the work of God, but clogged with their own passions." That "some fire spirit men in the ministrie got such a guiding of the people at that time of confusion, as finding the gust of government sweet, and having been ouer well baited upon the wracke first of my grandmother, and next of my own mother, and after usurping the liberty of the time in my long minority, settled themselves so fast upon that imagined Democracie, as they fed themselves with the hope to become *tribuni Plebis*, and so by leading the people by the nose to bear away all government;" that they had been the leaders of every faction since that time, and opposed his measures simply because he was a king; and finishes his sweeping censure in the following remarkable philippic, "Take heede, therefore, my sonne, to such Puritanes, verie pests in the church and common-weale, whom no diserts can oblige, neither oaths nor promises binde, breathing nothing but sedition and calumnies, aspiring without measure, railing without reason, and making their owne imaginations (without any warrant of the word) the square of their conscience. I protest before the great God, and since I am here upon my Testament, it is no place for me to lie in, that ye shall never finde with any Hie-land or Border theenes, greater ingratitude, and more lies and vile perjuries than with these phanaticke spirits: and suffer not the principals of them to brooke your land if ye like to sit at rest, except ye would keep them for trying your patience, as *Socrates* did an evil wife." With such sentiments as these, it is easily seen that James did not consider himself safe, exposed to their intolerant projects, and that his anxiety to establish Episcopacy, was to effect a more equal balance of power; for he goes on to enjoin him to cherish no man more than a good pastor, to see that all the churches be planted with good pastors and schools, that doctrine and discipline be preserved in purity, pride be punished, and humility advanced, and to be at war with both extremities, "the proud Puritan, and the Papal Bishops."

The next in order comes the "sickness of the Nobilitie," which had been, to his cost, their "barbarous feides," which he counsels him to "roote out, that their effects may be as well smoared downe, as their barbarous name is unknowne to anie other nation;" and then passing on to the third and last estate, "the Burghes," which embraces the merchants and the craftsmen, both of whom are subject, he says, to their own infirmities.

The merchants he censures for buying the worst wares, and selling them at the dearest prices; and "albeit the victuals fall or rise of their prices, according to the abundance or scantness thereof, yet the prices of their wares always rise but never fall." It is curious here to observe, that King James holds the principle so long contended for by the leaders of the free trade movement of our own day, and now universally admitted to be just, namely, that the abundance or scarcity of provisions regulates the price, without reference to the price of labour, or any other marketable commodity whatever. It appears the "craftsmen" were considerably independent in those days, too, for he says, "they thinke we should be content with their worke how bad and deare soeuer it be; and if they in anything be controlled, up goeth the blew blanket."* For the remedy of this evil, he advises "the inbringing of strangers," and the "taking of strict order for preventing of ours from muiteining at them."

In poring over the history of those bygone times, one is instinctively led to the reflection, that it is for the general wellbeing of society that they have given place to a better order of things; but yet we must not imagine that the "fair ladies and brave men" of the sixteenth century had no pleasure wherewith to sweeten their bitter draught of semi-barbarous existence; far from it; they had more leisure on their hands than this plodding, business, money-chasing age will permit us to have, and that was filled up in a manner which we almost regret is now disappearing for ever. The more to "open the mouths" of the common people in the king's praise, he prescribes as follows: "In respect wherof, and therewith also, the more to allure them to a common amitie among themselves, certaine dayes in the yeare should be appointed for delighting the people with public spectacles of all honest games and exercise of armes, as also for conueening of neighbours, for entertaining friendship and heartlines by honest feasting and merrinesse, making playes and lawfull games in May, and good choere at Christmass, so that always the sabbaths be kept holy, and no unlawfull pastime used."

It is curious to notice that, amidst all the refinement of the present day, the worst and wickedest rag of barbarism—the duel—should still be clung to by our aristocracy, although it was declared by our

royal author to be unlawful, two hundred and fifty years ago. He says, "Neither comit your quarrell to be tried by a duel, for all duel appeareth to be unlawful, committing the quarrel as it were to a lot." We have noticed before King James's personal courage in the hour of danger; hear now his own sentiments on this interesting and much disputed point in his character. In reference to going to war, he says, "And once or twice in your own person hazard yourself fairly, but having acquired so the fame of courage and magnanimity, make not a daily souldier of yourself, exposing rashly your person to every peril; but concerne yourself thereafter to the weal of your people. As I have counselled you to be slow in taking on a warre, so advise I you to be slow in making peace; looke that the ground of your warres be satisfied in your peace, otherwise an honourable and just warre is more tolerable than a dishonourable and disadvantageous peace." But after giving sundry counsels as to the choosing, ruling, and rewarding of servants, and admission of his own frequent failures in this respect, he comes to the important subject of instructions to be observed in choosing a wife.

On this head, as well as on some of the others, we nearly despair of giving an adequate idea of the author's sentiments, the subject being so fully treated of, while our extracts are necessarily limited. We shall endeavour, however, to cull a few of the most prominent ideas.

After "laying down the law" of Scripture on the matter, three desirable "accessories" are appointed to be sought for in the person of a wife, viz., "Beauty, Riches, and Friendship by alliance, which are all blessings of God. For beauty encreasith your love to your wife, contenting you the better with her, without caring for others; and riches and great alliance doe both make her the abler to be a helper unto you. But if our great respect being had to these accessories, (which is over oft practised in the world)—as of themselves they are a blessing, being well used, so the abuse of them will turne them into a curse. For what can all these worldly respects avail, when a man shall finde himselfe coupled with a diuel, to be one flesh with him, and the halfe marrow in his bed? Then (though too late) shall he finde that beautie without bountie, wealth without wisdom, and great friendship without grace and honestie, are but faire shewes and the deceitfull masques of infinite miseries." Again, "I would ratheer haue you marie one that were fully of your owne Religion. * * * Disagreement in religion bringeth euer with it disagreement in manners. * * Besides the peril of euil education to your children. Neither pride you that you will be able to frame and make her as you please; that deceived Solomon the wisest king that ever was. As for your behaviour to your wife, the Scripture can best give you counsell therein. Treat her as your own flesh, command her as her lord, cherish her as your helper, rule her as your pupil, and please her in all things reasonable. * * Ye are the head, she is your body; it is your office to command, and hers to obey; but yet with such a sweet harmonie, as she should be as readie to obey as ye to command. * * And to conclude,

* The Edinburgh populace was noted during many ages for its readiness to rise in tumultuary fashion, whether under the prompting of religious zeal, or from inferior motives. At an early time they became an impromptu army, each citizen possessing weapons which he was ready and willing to use. Thus they are understood to have risen in 1482, to redeem James III. from restraint in the castle; for which service, besides certain privileges, "he granted them," says Maitland, "a banner or standard, with a power to display the same in defence of their king and country, and their own rights." The historian adds, "this flag, at present denominated the *blew blanket*, is kept by the Convener of the Trades, at whose appearance therewith 'tis said that not only the artificers of Edinburgh are obliged to repair to it, but all the artisans or craftsmen within Scotland are bound to follow it, and fight under the Convener of Edinburgh as aforesaid.—*Chambers's Traditions of Edinburgh*.

keep specially three rules with your wife, first, suffer her neuer to meddle with the Politicke gouernment of the Commonweal, but hold her at the œconomie rule of the house, and yet all to be subject to your direction; keep carefully good and chaste company about her, for women are the frailest sexe; and be never both angry at once, but when ye see her in a passion, ye should with reason danton yours, for both when ye are settled ye are meetest to judge of her errours, and when shee is come to herselfe, shee may be best made to apprehend her offence and reuerence your rebuke." The "Second Booke" winds up by enjoining temperance, humility, and to avoid all extremes in rule and in conduct:—"Foster trew humilitie, in banishing pride, not only towards God (considering yee differ not in stufte, but in use, and that only by his ordinance, from the basest of your people) but also towards your parents; and if it fall out that my wife shall out-lie me, as euer you think to purchase my blessing, honour your mother." Some of his allusions to the leading clergy of the day are very sarcastic. He had been very roughly and uncereemoniously handled by them, and he hits them hard in turn on every opportunity. On the subject of moderation he says, "And what is betwixt the pride of a glorious Nebuchadnezzar, and the preposterous humilitie of one of the proud Puritanes claiming to their Puritie, and crying, We are all but vile wormes, and yet will judge and give law to their king, but will be judged nor controlled by none? Surely there is more pride under such a ones blake bonnet then under *Alexander* the great his Diadem, as was said of *Diogenes* in the like case."

The "Third Booke," being devoted to "a king's behaviour in indifferent things," embraces a variety of subjects, such as rules for "eating, sleeping, raiment, speaking, writing, and gesture; also pastimes or exercises, and using of company for recreation." On all these topics our royal author discourses eloquently, and in fact, his idea of how those matters should be managed seem to be fully up to the mark of even our own enlightened age. Our hosts of books on the "science of etiquette," now so much in requisition, offering little or anything new more than he wrote two hundred and fifty years ago; while a decidedly higher moral tone runs through the whole than characterizes the famous letters of Lord Chesterfield to his son, which have been, for the last hundred years, the *vade mecum* of our youth of all ranks. We shall quote a few of the leading ideas in his own quaint and interesting style. Regarding eating and he says, "But beware of with vsing excesse of meat and drinke; and chiefly beware of drunkenness, which is a beastly vice, namely in a king, but specially beware with it, because it is one of those vices that increaseth with age.—In the forme of your meate-eating, be neither vnuciuell, like a grosse cynicke, nor affectatie mignarde, like a daintie dame, but eate in a manlie, round, and honest fashion. It is nowise comely to dispatch affairs, or to be pensive at meate, but keep then an open and cheerful countenance, causing to read pleasant histories unto you, that profit may be nixed with pleasure, or entertain quicke but

honest discourses. And because meat prouoketh sleeping, be also moderate in your sleepe, for it goeth much by use; and remember, that if your whole life were divided into foure parts, three of them would be found to be consumed on meat, drinke, sleep, and vnnecessary occupations." And again, "use yourselfe so that anytime in the foure and twentie hours may bee alike to you for any of them, that thereby your diet may be accomodate to your affaires, and not your affaires to your diet."

Knowing James's dread of the supernatural, one would be apt to imagine him subject to superstition, and we are scarcely prepared for the following, which is even far in advance of the great mass of the minds of the 19th century.

"Take no heede to any of your dreames, for all prophecies, visions, and prophetic dreames are accomplished and ceased in Christ: and therefore take no heede to freetes, either in dreames or any other things, for that error proceedeth of ignorance and is unworthie of a Christian, who should be assured, *omnia esse pura puris*." Through his instructions concerning "apparell," "armour," "language," and "gesture," we need not follow him; in all these matters he enjoins moderation and decorum. His rules for authorship, however, are so just and to the point, that we cannot resist making a quotation.

"Now as to writing, which is nothing else but a forme of en-registrate speech; vse a plaine short but stately stile, both in your proclamations and missions, especially to forraigne princes. And if your engine spur you to write any workes, either in verse or in prose, I cannot but allow you to practise it, but take no longsome workes in hand, for distracting you from your calling. Flatter not yourself in your labours; but before they be set fourth, let them first be priuily censured by some of the best skilled men in that craft that in these workes you meddle with. And because your writes will remaine as true pictures of your mind to all posterities, let them be free of all vncomlinesse and un-honestie, and according to Horace his counsell, *Nonumq; premantur in annum*, I mean both your verse and your prose, letting firste that furie and heate wherewith they were written, coole at leasure, and then, as an vnacouth judge and censour, reuising them ouer again before they bee published, *quiescat vox missacurti*."

"If you would write worthilly, choose subjects worthie of you, that be not full of vanitie but of virtue; eschewing obscuritie, and delighting ever to be plaine and sensible; and if ye write in verse, remember that it is not the principal part of a poem, to rime right and flowe well with manie prettie words, but its chief commendation is, that when the verse shall be shaken sundrie in prose, it shall be found so rich in quicke inventions and poetic flowers, and in faire pertinent comparisons, as it shall retain the lustre of a poeme although in prose."

Of gambling James was no faviourer, but allowed games of all kinds, if simply for amusement, or not for more money than "yee care to cast among pages," and providing that "yee play alwaies fair play precesely;" for he pertinently remarks, "for neither a madde passion for losse, nor false-

hood used for desire of gain, can be called a play."

But we must now draw to a close, as our attempt to review James's character, in connection with the treatise we have been considering, has already outgrown its intended limits; hoping, however, that we have been successful, to some extent, in placing before the reader the character of that great man, in the earlier part of his reign, in its proper light, and in giving some idea of his enlightened views of men and things, we finish by another extract from one of the concluding paragraphs:—"And for conclusion of this my whole treatise, remember, my sonne, by your true and constant depending upon God, to look for a blessing to all your actions in your office, by the outward using thereof, to testifie the vprightness of your heart, and by your behaviour in all indifferent things, to set forth the viue image of your vertuous disposition; and in respect of the greatnesse and weight of your burthen, to be patient in hearing and constant in your resolution, taking the pattern thereof from the microcosm of your owne body, wherein ye have two eyes, signifying great foresight and prouidence, with a narrow looking in all things; and also two ears, signifying patient hearing, and that of both the parties; but ye haue but one tongue for pronouncing a plaine, sensible, and uniforme sentence; and but one head and one heart for keeping a constant and uniforme resolution according to your apprehension; having two hands and two feete, with many fingers and toes for quicke execution in employing all instruments meete for effectuating your deliberations. And, above all, let the measure of your love to every one be according to the measure of his virtue, letting your favour to be no longer tyed to any than the continuance of his vertuous disposition shall deserve." J. H.

South College Street.

LETTER—PROFESSOR M'LAURIN* TO THE REV. R. WODROW.

January 18, 1725.

REVEREND SIR,

I shall transcribe to you Dr Mackail's own words, in a letter to me of July 12:—"as for Mr Woodrow's queries," he says, "the manuscript I

* Colin M'Laurin, was, as is well known, a very eminent mathematician and philosopher. He was the son of a clergyman, and was born in Scotland, 1698. In 1709 he was sent to the University of Glasgow, where he remained five years. In 1717 he offered himself as a candidate for the chair of mathematics in the Marischal College of Aberdeen, and obtained it after ten days' trial with a very able competitor. He was invited, in 1725, to take the place of Mr James Gregory, whose great age and infirmities had rendered him incapable of teaching; but from this letter, now for the first time printed, it would appear that at the outset an obstacle arose from the extravagant demands of Gregory; this difficulty, however, seems to have been ultimately got over, as he received his appointment in November, 1725. He married, in 1733, Anne, daughter of Walter Stewart, Solicitor General for Scotland, by whom he had two sons and three daughters, who survived him. He died at the age of forty-eight, in June 1746. His eldest son became an advocate,

have contains Mr Livingston's journal of the treaty of Breda, some copies of letters sent by some of our ministers to Cromwell, with some other papers, and the acts of Assembly from the 1560 to the 1604. I presume to offer my service to Mr Woodrow, tho' unacquainted. My mother got this manuscript from a near relation of his. That the journal is his, is plain, he always speaking of himself in the first person." These are the Doctor's words. Please to let me know if you want to be satisfied as to any thing else as to the manuscript.

I have read the artical History of England, and am satisfied, from the style and thoughts, that it is from Mr West, the present chancellor of Ireland. But I have had so much business on my hands since I came here, of great consequence to me, that I have not found time to renew my correspondence with Mr Gibert Burnet, but I design to write next post. The affair of my settlement here meets with difficulty from Mr Gregory's extravagant demands. I came into town from Collington yesterday, where I left your friends in good health.

I take this opportunity to give you my hearty thanks for your kindnesses to me when I was at your house. Give my humble service to Mrs Woodrow, and shall think it my honour if I can be at any time of any use to you; being, with great esteem and respect,

Reverend Sir,

Your most obedient, most

Humble servant,

COLIN M'LAURIN.

To the Reverend

Mr Robert Woodrow,

Minister of the Gospel at

Eastwood, to the care of the

Postmaster of Glasgow.*

PROCLAMATION BY THE PRIVY COUNCIL, 1688.

Edinburgh, the fourteenth day of December, 1688.

THE Lords of his Majesty's Privy Council, considering the present distempered condition of this Kingdom, have thought fit to authorize the Lord Privy Seall, the Lord Duke of Hamilton, the Duke of Queensberry, the Earle of Mar, the Earle of Linlithgow Lord Justice General, the Earle of Strathmore, the Earle of Balcarres, the Earle of Bradalbane, the Viscount Tarbat, the Lord President of Session, the Lord Advocate, and Lord Justice Clerk, and others of their number, who shall have occasion to wait on his Majesty, Humblie to offer it as the Councill's opinion, that a free Parliament be called for further securing the Protestant Religion, and for establishing the lawes and putting them to due and vigorous prosecution in this his ancient kingdom, as being the proper expedient for these great ends.

and was subsequently raised to the Bench, when he took the title of Dreghorn, an estate in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh.

* Wodrow Correspondence, vol. 21.

Sic subusbitur, Atholl, Glasgow, Douglas, Mar, Linlithgow, Strathmore, Lauderdale, Bradalbane, Tarbat, Strathnaver, G. Lockhart, Geo. Mackenzie, Jo. Dalrymple, J. Lockhart, Ale. Malcolm. Extracted furth of the Records of his Majesty's most honourable Privy Council by me,

WILL. PATERSON.
Clericus Secreti Concelii,

From the original, which belonged to the late J. A. Maconochie, Esq., Sheriff of Orkney.

LONDON IN PAST TIMES.

IN the time of Henry VIII. the present Portman estate was let at an annual rent under £10. But far later than this, at the beginning of the last century, Mary-le-bone was so little in town, that Mr. Smith tells us it was the practice of "travellers" to stop for refreshment at the White Hart, at the corner of Welbeck-street, "and examine their fire-arms, previously to crossing the fields to Lisson-green."—Even Oxford-street is described by Pennant, who was born at the same period, as "a deep hollow road, full of sloughs, with here and there a ragged house, the lurking place of cut-throats; insomuch (says he), that I never was taken that way by night, in my hackney-coach, to a worthy uncle's, who gave me lodgings at his house in George-street, but I went in dread the whole way." The famous Tyburn gallows, at the end of this street, stood "on the identical spot where a toll-house has been erected by the Uxbridge-road trust." It is even extant in the shape of "stands for beer-butts, in the cellars of a public-house in the neighbourhood, viz. the Carpenter's Arms, in Adam-street." At least a carpenter bought and converted it to that purpose in 1733, when it was taken down. Under this gallows Charles the First's haughty Queen, Henrietta Maria, once did penance at the command of her confessor. Among others, Felton, who, killed the Duke of Buckingham, was executed at this spot; Dr Dodd; Hackman, who shot Miss Ray for "love;" and Ryland the engraver. Ryland was the last that suffered.—Tyburn ought never to be forgotten, if it were only for the song in the "Beggar's Opera," the moral of which has been getting strength and echo in the public voice ever since. We will repeat it here, and imagine it sung in Mr Bradley's tap:—

Since laws were made for every degree,
To curb vice in others as well as in me,
I wonder we haven't better company
Upon Tyburn tree.

But gold from law can take out the sting,
And if the great men were like to swing,
'Twould thin the land such numbers to string
Upon Tyburn tree.

—Tyburn was called from a bourne, or brook, which ran from Hampstead to the Thames, and is now a sewer. From this bourne, and a church near it, the parish was called "St Mary at the Bourn," subsequently corrupted to "Marybourne," "Marybone," "Mary-la-bonne," and now, by a most ridiculous misnomer, and to the confusion of all genders and tongues, "St Mary-le-bone;" that is to say, "St Mary the good man, or Saint Mary with a masculine French 'the,' and a 'bone!'"

CURIOUS MEMORANDA FROM RUDDIMAN'S MAGAZINE. 1768.

WE learn from Anstruther that, on Wednesday 30th Nov., 1768, being the Collar-day of the most püssiant and honourable order of the BEGGARS' BENNISON, the knights' companions being met there for the choice of a sovereign for the ensuing year, unanimously re-elected Sir John M'Nachtane, sovereign of that most honourable order; being the twenty-fourth year of his guardianship.

On Friday, Dec. 2, the roof of the Abbey Church fell in, by which means the inside of that ancient and once beautiful building, where many of the remains of the noblest families in this kingdom are deposited, is now almost an entire heap of rubbish.

Dec. 29. The ten thousand pound prize last drawn in the State Lottery, we hear with pleasure, is the property of the Right Honourable the Earl of Errol. We hear of no prizes, beyond £30, being the property of any person in Scotland, except the above.

SKIRMISH WITH THE HIGHLANDERS IN SEPTEMBER 1722.

THEY write from Scotland that Captain Mack-Nil marched from Inverness with a detachment of his Majesty's Forces to disperse a party of Highlanders belonging to the Earl of Seaforth, who were lying in Ambuscade in a wood. The said Captain advanced with a sergeant and a party of 18 Men out of the said detachment to clear the wood of the Highlanders, who let them pass without Molestation; upon which Captain Mack-Nil ordered his main body to join him. Then the Highlanders attacked them, and in the fight the Captain received 12 small shot; upon which he dropped, and was carried off wounded; one of his Majesty's Men was killed, and some wounded. Two Highlanders were killed, and several wounded; upon which the Highlanders left the wood, with a design to draw his Majesty's forces to their other parties who were lurking on the Hills. The King's troops pursued them, little imagining that they had any more but themselves, when a Gentleman came to the king's troops and told them that if they advanced any farther they would be all cut to peices. Upon which a council of war was held, and it was resolved to retreat to Inverness.

[This reminds one of the ambuscade, so well described in Rob Roy, where Helen M'Gregor captured Captain Thornton and his detachment.]

LETTER FROM JAMES VI. TO MUIR OF CALDWELL.

RIGHT traist friend, we greit you hertlie weil. Having directed our other lètters unto you of befoir, desiring you, according to the custome observit of auld be our maist nobill progenitours in sic cases, to have directed hither to the Quien our bedfallow, and haiknay for transporting of the accompanying hir. Quhareupoun we upoun your stay haif tane occasion to mervell. Yit thinking to try forder the conceipt quhilk we haif of your affection in furtherance of sic honorable adois as

ony ways concerne us, we are movit as of befor to visie you be thir presentis, requiestin you maist effectuously to deliver and direct hither with be-
rair ane haiknay, to quhom we haif gevin commis-
sion for the samyn effect. In doin quahireof ye
will do us richt acceptable pleaseur, to be remem-
bered in ony your adois quhare we may give you
pruif of our remembrance of your gud weil ac-
cordinglie, otherwise upoun the informatioun we
haif ressavit of sic as ye have, we will cause the
reddiest ye haif to be taine by our authoritie, and
brought in till us. Hoping rather ye will do your
dewtie benevolentlie. Thus lacking that our de-
sire tending to the custom observit of auld in sic
cases shall be satisfieit, and the beraire not return
empty. We commit you to the protectioun of
God.

From Halirudhouse, the first of October 1590.
James R.

ONE OF THE "BROADSIDES" OF FORMER TIMES.

In an article entitled "Newspaper Statistics," in
No. 26 of the *Journal*, it is stated that the *Edin-
burgh Gazette* was established in 1600; the *Cale-
donian Mercury* in 1660; and the *Edinburgh
Evening Courant* in 1689 or 90. Notwithstand-
ing, it would appear that intelligence of important
events continued to be circulated by the small
"broadsides," which were the precursors of the
regular newspapers, down to a later period than
either of the foregoing dates.

The following "Great news from Germany,"
which we copy *verbatim* from the original, for-
warded to us from Orkney, was printed in 1691,
and refers to an affair deemed of importance in
those long and expensive foreign wars into which
this country was drawn by the advent of William
and Mary to the British throne—

"When William warr'd with old *Le Grand*."

The "News" is comprehended in two pages, long
quarto, double columns; and bears the imprint
of "their Majesties' printer." The intelligence is
not uninteresting to the reader of the present day.

Great News from Germany :

OR,
A TRUE ACCOUNT
OF THE
DISCOVERY
OF A

Treacherous Design

To BETRAY the

CITY of MENTZ

To the FRENCH.

With a LIST of the Confederat Army near the RHINE.

LICENS'D, July 1, 1691. J. F.

ONE *Consruck*, Commissary-General in the City of
Mentz, having kept a secret correspondence with the
French King, in order to betray that City into his hands,
the Plot was discovered in this following manner :

The *French* sent a Trumpeter into the City of *Mentz*,
under pretence to ransom some Prisoners of War, but in
effect to deliver secretly some letters to the Commissary-
General. The Trumpeter staying at the said place some-
what longer than was expected, the *French General* was
very uneasie about it, and sent the *Marquess de Villacart*,
Maistre de Camp of the Regiment of Horse of *Berry*, Com-
mander of the Carabines, and Nephew to *Monsieur de Lou-
vois*, together with *Monsieur Belleviere*, Major of the Royal
Regiment of Horse, and *Mr Fellinier*, Captain of a Troop of
Horse, towards the City, to try if they could hear any news
of the said Trumpeter; but unluckily for them, they were
all made Prisoners by a Troop of Dragoons, who being sent
by the Governour to go in pursuit of a *French Party*, met
these three abovementioned Officers on their return. At
the Entrance of the Gate of the City they met the Trum-
peter; and one of the Officers that was taken, told him in
a great passion, That he was the cause of their being made
Prisoners; and that they would not fail to get him to be
hanged, as soon as they were set at liberty. The Trum-
peter did not like the proposals; and being besides, a
German, he thought it safest for him to return into the
City; and going straight to the Governour, acquainted him
with what had past. General Count *Thungen*, the Gover-
nour of the City, being extremely surprized at it, sent im-
mediately for the Commissary-General, and asking him about
the Letter, and the Commissary denying that ever he had
received one, the Governour sent for Six *Hussars*, who
after having stript him of all his Cloathes to his very shirt,
in the General's presence, several Letters of dangerous con-
cerns were found about him, hidden in some secret places of
his Body. It was plainly discovered by them, that he had
betrayed to the *French King* all the Measures that were
taken in the City; and that he was to set the City on fire,
as soon as the *French* were come near to Bombard it. There
was a Letter, found about him, writ by the *French King's*
own hand, and another written by him to the *French King*;
wherein he thanks him for the exact and regular payment of
his Pension, which has been Two hundred *French Pistoles*
a Month: He tells him, that a great many are ready to
assist him in all his undertakings for the *French King's*
Service; and it is said, he will in few days be put to the
Rack, in order to discover the said Traytors. He himself
is put into Iron Chains, and an express is sent to seize his
Brother, who is Secretary to the Emperor; his own Secre-
tary, who was secured with his Master, has since poyson'd
himself in the Prison. The Governour-General, Count
Thungen, has ordered all his goods to be seized at *Costheim*,
where the said Commissary did reside: amongst which,
there was found a Trunk full of *French money*, and a silver
Service. If this dangerous Conspiracy had not been so
opportunately discovered, the City of *Mentz*, the taking of
which cost the Duke of *Lorraine* so much pains, and the
Germans so much Blood, had been now all in Ashes. The
French have sent a Trumpeter into the City, to let the
Governour know, That in case he did not surrender the
three Officers, they would destroy the City: But the Gover-
nour has answered them, That upon the throwing of the first
Bomb into the City, he would immediately hang the said
three Officers upon the Rampart.

A List of the Confederat Army near the Rhine.

The Forces of the Elector of Saxony.

FOOT.

THE Regiment of Guards,	1500
General Schoning's,	1600
Count Reiss's,	1000
Sinswold's,	1000
Duke Christiana's,	1000
Dusteradts,	1000
Two Regiments of Grenadiers,	800

HORSE.

The Regiment of Guards,	500
<i>Schoning's</i> ,	500
<i>Braun's</i> ,	500
<i>Humbitz's</i>	500
Life-Guard,	
<i>Braun's</i> ,	500
Two Regiments of Dragoons,	1000
Foot of Gotha.	
<i>Bibra's</i>	1000
<i>Neitach</i> ,	1000
The Dragoons of <i>Ramsdorf</i> ,	500
Total	13900
The Troops of the Circle of <i>Franconia</i> ,	10000
The Troops of <i>Suabia</i> ,	10000
The Duke of <i>Wurtemberg's</i> ,	6000
Two Regiments of <i>Hussars</i> ,	1200
Two <i>Bavarian</i> Regiments.	
Three Regiments of <i>Salzburg</i> .	
The Regiments of <i>Ziebelendorf</i> and <i>Swarzenfeld</i> ,	3000.
The Regiment of <i>Ottmea</i> .	
Total	31800.
In all,	45700.

Edinburgh, Re-Printed by the Heir of *Andrew Anderson*,
Printer to their most Excellent Majesties, *Anno Dom.* 1691.

LEGENDS OF SCOTTISH SUPERSTITION.**No. I.****THE ENCHANTED COWL.***

(RENFREWSHIRE.)

In the days of "Auld Dunrod," when "witches rade thick round Innerkip," a young man, a sailor, left Greenock for the purpose of travelling to Largs, by what is called the "muir road." The day was far spent, and the night HALLOWEEN; but being naturally of a fearless disposition, and withal, having had a slight jollification with some of his friends before leaving town, he ascended "the braes aboon Drumfrochar" with a light heart and a firm step, and was soon "careering it" merrily on the long and barren moor which intervenes between this place and what is, not inaptly, termed "the Back o' the Warl."

As he proceeded, the sun set; and the dim outline of Dunrod Hill, on his right, was seen projected against a sky now prematurely darkening with the clouds of a gathering tempest. Jack threw a scrutinizing glance towards the hill top, to ascertain whether "Auld Dunrod and his cummers" were then at their infernal orgies, but the fast increasing darkness soon shut every thing from his view. Anon—the storm burst with terrific violence—and such a storm!

"The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last—
The rattling showers rose on the blast—"

* This story, I believe, is to be found in various forms in different parts of Scotland. What may be called the Ayrshire version has been preserved by Burns, in his well known letter to Captain Grose, respecting the *Witches of Alloway Kirk*; and I have seen another in a small book entitled "*Dumblane Traditions*," (by John Monteath, 1835) in which the hero is spirited away, not by witches, but by a troop of fairies. Both of these stories, however, though essentially the same as the present in the outline, differ widely from it in the filling up.

The speedy gleams the darkness swallowed—
Loud, lang, and deep, the thunder bellowed—
That night, a child might understand,
The Deil had business on his hand!"

It was with the utmost difficulty that our traveller could now grope his way along the margin of "the Rotten Burn," the dull phosphorescent gleam of which, aided occasionally by the vivid flashes of the lightning, served, in some degree, to disclose to him the dangers of his ill-defined path. At length, on nearing the southern extremity of the moor, his eye caught what he conceived to be the light of a candle, shining from a cottage window. Judge of his surprise, however, when hastening to approach it, he discovered—not a cottage, but an old ruinous hut, in which a woman, *evidently a witch*, was busily preparing some diabolical hell-broth, in a large simmering cauldron! A strong peat fire blazed on the middle of the floor, and sent its ruddy beams "through ilka bore" far into the surrounding darkness. But what particularly struck our hero was the fact, that "though the looped and windowed raggedness" of the bothy gave a ready ingress and regress to the blast, still not a single dock or nettle leaf within the mysterious enclosure was moved by its violence—not a single rain-drop fell in the fire—not a single wreath of the smoke was wafted from its course, but rose in easy, graceful curls "to the rigin'," as if wholly unconscious of the dreadful hurly-burly and racket which was raging with undiminished fury without. Jack stood a moment, contrasting the snug, comfortable appearance of the interior, with the imminent perils to which, for an hour at least, he had been exposed; then summoning up all his courage, he determined, at once, to tempt the hazards of entering the enchanted circle. Doffing his "south-wester," and assuming as easy an air as possible, he shuffled into the hut. "Grannum," at first sight, seemed highly incensed at being intruded on by a stranger, but recollecting that she had had a son herself, who had been a sailor, she agreed to give Jack shelter for the night, "provided he took nae notice o' ought that he heard or saw done in the howf that night." Readily promising compliance with so reasonable a request, she conducted him to a dark corner of the hut, and caused him to lie down: then covering him with an old tattered gray plaid, she returned to the fire and resumed her magical operations at the cauldron. By and by several other witches and warlocks entered, and the Hecate of the party having completed her charms, lifted something from the pot which had the appearance of a cowl, or nightcap; and this being wrung and dried with much ceremony, she placed it upon her head, and crying "Hilloa! for Cantyre," up she flew "out at the lum-head," and was seen no more. In a second or two, however, the cowl fell "wi' a thud" on the floor, as if it had been thrown from a considerable height in the air; and another witch putting it upon her head, cried "Hilloa, for Cantyre!" and ascended in like manner. This was repeated until the whole party had gone up—the last witch throwing down the cap, like her predecessors. Jack now came forth from his concealment, and having

ascertained that the coast was quite clear, took up "the enchanted cowl," and scanned it very curiously for some time; he then put it on his head, and imitating the action of the witches, said, in a sportive manner, "Hilloa, for Cantyre!" In an instant up he flew, and before he could recover his self-possession, he was half-way across the Sound of Kilbrannan, careering in the wake of the witches who had preceded him. 'Twas now "in for a penny, in for a pound," so muffling himself up closely in the witch's old gray plaid, he determined to pass muster as a warlock. In a short time they alighted on a bare headland in the vicinity of the Mull, where was assembled a vast number of witches and warlocks, waiting the arrival of their lord and master, "Auld Nickie Ben." This grotesque personage soon made his appearance, and after receiving the homage of his vassals, proposed that they should adjourn, and "haud their Halloween" *in the wine-cellars of the King of France!*—a proposal which was received with acclamation; and soon the whole party, Jack and all, were in mid-air, winging their way towards the French capital.

The storm was now past, and a clear full moon shed its silvery radiance over land and sea—affording Jack a beautiful bird's eye view of the hills and plains of "Merry England," with which he would have been highly delighted had not the very singular novelty of his situation detracted, in some measure, from his usual cool self-possession. In due time the covey of demi-infernales arrived in Paris, and entering the wine-cellars of the king, commenced their carousals. All went on very well, until Jack getting a little elevated by the wine, happened in the excitement of the moment, to emit an oath—common enough among sailors, but in which—for his present company—the sacred name was rather too prominently mentioned. Instantly he was struck under the table *insensible*, and when he recovered, the whole party had vanished. Escape from the vaults in which he was enclosed seemed impossible, and here Jack was found in the morning by the servants of the king, and without much ceremony carried forth to the Grève, to be hanged. His case was now beginning to look rather desperate; but recollecting that he had still "the enchanted cowl" in his pocket, he desired the hangman, "as a last dying request, to allow him the favour of being hanged in his own night-cap!" This, the Parisian "Hangy Watty," with that *bonhomie* which is so characteristic of his nation, readily granted. The cap was put on—the priest retired—the multitude were in expectation—but just as the fatal noose was about to be applied, Jack cried "Hilloa, for Cantyre!" and up he flew—leaving the hangman and his crowd of admirers to gaze after him, in mute astonishment, long after distance had concealed his eagle flight from their view!

He soon reached Cantyre—whence he found his way to Largs, and lived long and happily—often recounting, with much humour, the wondrous tale of his midnight adventures with "the Witches o' the Auld Kirk."

P. S.—My informant cannot say what subsequently became of "the Enchanted Cowl," but recollects having seen in the hands of an old woman

—a descendant of our hero's, a *Bible*, which she averred was in Jack's pocket during his miraculous flight; and to the presence of which she ascribed the fact of his "coming hame through sae mony perils withouten skaith," but my informant is inclined to think the circumstance of a *Bible* being in Jack's pocket, a little apocryphal.

11 Hill Street, Anderson,
Glasgow.

W. G.

LORD RODERICK.

THE night was dark, and thunder roll'd
Along the murky sky,
Where not a star display'd its light,
To glad the wand'rer's eye.

Across the moor the tempest blew,
Wit' hollow, frightsome soun';
While from the ivy-mantl'd tower,
Came the hoolet's eerie croon.

Fierce Rod'rick, wit' the swarthy brow,
Sat in his gloomy ha';
And aye he cried, "Thou'rt alain, my son!
But I'll avenge thy fa'."

"M'Gregor's young and haughty chief,
A father's wrath shall feel—
E'er morning breaks, his dearest blood
Shall dim my glancing steel."

While thus he spake, he look'd around—
A spectre met his stare;
Aghast with fear the chieftain shrunk,
And upright stood his hair.

The spectre laugh'd a scornful laugh,
It call'd the chief by name,
And e'er fierce Rod'rick could reply,
Sunk in the ground again.

Lord Rod'rick's face, once full of fire,
Now wore a settl'd gloom,
For well he knew the spectre sprit
Had call'd him to his tomb.

He knew his days were numbered—
A tear bedimm'd his eye;
A foeman's brand he never feared,
But yet he fear'd to die.

He threw himself upon a couch,
Again the spectre came;
The laugh was still as scornful—
The call was still the same.

An icy chillness fill'd his breast,
His face grew pale as death;
His nerveless hand forsook his sword,
He rav'd—he gasp'd for breath.

A haughty stride the spectre made,
And stood the chief beside;
And in a voice of thunder cried—
"Weep for your faultless bride."

"I know full well she sleeps beneath
Yon gloomy, spreading yew;
But tyrant, fiend, remorseless man,
Thy days are numbered too."

"For many a long, long weary day,
Immur'd within yon cell,
She pin'd away in loveliness,
Where loathsome reptiles dwell."

"Your heart was cold as iron,
You heeded not her cry;
But death, alas! did hear her,
And seal'd her languid eye.

"She was thy wife—MY sister, too—
She never did thee harm:
I vow'd revenge—I challeng'd thee—
I sunk beneath thy arm.

"But vengeance-bolts are on the wing,
With lightning's speed they fly;
You are their object, hated man,
Repent before you die."

* * * * *
Prophetic were the spectre's words!
M'Gregor's warriors came,
And wrapt the little vale below
In one vast sheet of flame.

They march'd against fierce Rod'ricks tow'r,
They burn'd it to the ground,
And where that stately castle stood
A stone may not be found.

The materials of the foregoing ballad were obtained from an old man, who resided for many years in Argyleshire. The following is almost in his own words:—In the West Highlands, once lived a powerful chieftain, named Roderick—possessed of wide tracts of land, and a strong tower. He had scarcely been married a year, when his wife presented him with a son. Shortly after this event, the chieftain became very jealous, treated his innocent wife brutally, and lastly confined her in one of the deepest cells of his tower, where she lived for two years, until death relieved her of her suffering. Her brother hearing of the barbarous treatment she had undergone, challenged the chieftain to single combat. They met, but her brother unfortunately was slain.

Years rolled on, and the chieftain's son was verging into manhood. Again and again had he led his father's clan home victorious; but his career of fame became suddenly hushed for ever. Returning one evening with a party from a rich foray, he was attacked by another chieftain, named M'Gregor—overpowered and slain. His father mourned over his fate, and vowed vengeance on M'Gregor, when the shade of the brother-in-law appeared, upbraided him with his cruelty, and finally told him of his ruin and downfall.

13 Dalrymple Place.

J. C.

TWO LETTERS FROM THE EARL OF DUNFERMLINE TO JOHN MURRAY, AFTERWARDS EARL OF ANNANDALE. 1614.

Weilbeloued Cousing,

I haue resaifed baith yior lettirs off the 18 instant frome yior good half marrow, and off the 7 fra my Lord Sanquhair, with all the credit he imparted to me frome yiou, quhairoff I thank yiou hartlie, and speciallie for latting me knaw his maiesties mind towardis Francis Stewart, quhilk treulie relieues me off ane greate thocht and cair, for I feared euer his maiestie might suspect

me as consentar to ane bargane likelie to go fordward quhither I will or nocht, quhilk I was verie far against, and wrocht be all meanis possibill to ganestand. Fra this furth I will leue it to Goddis will and disposition, and trubill me na mair thairwith, albeit in treuth I think baith parties might do better for their awin weil. In my Lord Sanquhair's affaires be assured I sall continew as I haue begune, and as rassoun and equitie requires. According to his maiesties command, the Counsell has sent letters to my Lord Scone, to deliuer to his Lordship hous and stuff in St Iohnstoun. I haue na newis to empairt to yiou from this, but sic as I am certane is written at length be my Lord Secretair. Wee heir be suim passagers cuimed fra Orkney, that after his maiesties shippis was by that cost the countrie people upon suim slaughter on either side. The pirattis was in ane Dutche shippe of twa hundir tunne and aboue, latelie spoiled be thame, laedin with Inglish menis geir frome eist countries, with rye and irne, alwayis of this wee haue zit na particular certantie. Wpon suim apeirance of suim grudge betuix my Lord Marquis of Hamiltoun, and Lord Ogillbie and his sonne and friends, about holding suim courtis in August at Arbroth, the counsell, to preuent greater harme, has bound baith parties ondir great soumis to his maiesties peace. Wee haue as zit ane extraordinair cauld, wittie, and windie somer. I man be hamelie to empesche yow now in quhat was eluer done to me before be my Lord Dumbar, butt onye suite or troubill: He send to me frome thence euer yie out off his maiesties wardroppe ane brodered poolke for carieing the greate seale, sic as my Lord Chancellor caries thair, werie magnific and honest; for that can nocht be gottin maed heir, or ellis I sould nacht trubill yow nor nane for ane. Sence my Lord Dumbar departed this lyff, this three yie, I haue had nane, and sic as I haue, ar worne aulde and nocht sa cuimelle as neid war, quhilk I man wish yow, cousing, find meanis to gett supplied be his maiesties command out off the warderobbe, as hes bein before. Sir Alexr Hay, now Clerk of Register, then Secretair, quha was in vse to cause mak thame, sayes to me he caused, euer at my Lord Doumbarris directioun be his maiesties command, ane Mr Brodic in the wardrobbes mak thame, and thay war all werie fair in deid, brodered with the armis off Scotland on the first quarter and thriddie, Inglish on the second, and Irish in the fourt; and with all ornamentis off baith kingdomes ansuirabill, as I doubt nocht but the said Mr Brodic, or suim of his seruandis, has yit the exempill beside thame and patrone; for the last I had was in the yie 1610, send to me by my Lord Doumbarr. Tak suim guid course for this as yle find best. Sua, taking my leue, I rest euer

Yiour louing cousing to serue yow,

DUNFERMELINE.

Frome Halyruidhouse, last Junij 1614.

To the right honorabill my
assured good freind Jhone
Morrays, of his sacred
Maiesties Bedchamber.

THE EARL OF DUNFERMLINE TO JOHN MURRAY. JULY 8, 1614.

RIGHT HONORABILL COUSING,

I haue resaueid your kindlie lettir fra my Lord Bishop off Glasgow, and can nocht bot thank yow off your monye testimonies of kindness. Quhen euer that mater concerning the Chapell Royall sall be handled, I sall doe guid will to my powar, baith for your satisfacioun and Sir Robert Gordounis, as yie recommend to me. Your bedfellow is nocht zit returned to this toun, bot I haue ane great complaint to yow off hir; for na treatie I can mak to hir, shoe will nocht tak ane chalmir heir in the kings house, quhilk my bedfallow maed readie to hir, and I think ather yie or shoe could be als hamelio and priuat with me as with onye, and specialie in this house. Because my Lord Fentoun* is reiteid to Ingilfeild for his health the tyme of this progres, yie man excuse my hamelines to trubill yow with my pacquettis, and to burding yow to be cairfull my lettirs be surelie delivered.

I recommend to yow specialie at this tyme to sie deliuered with diligence mine to my Lord Bruntiland, Sir Robert Meluill, and to my Lady Roxbrough, my sister. As to onye sic occurrence as wee haue heir, I doubt not bot yie ar participant to sic as my Lord Secretair recites to his maistie; for all is heir (praised be God) quiet, in good iustice and obedience. Thus ending this present, wissis yow all weill and happines.

Your louing Cousing to serue yow.

DUNFERMELINE.

Frome Halyruidhouse, 8 July 1614.

I man nocht forziett to gif yow special thankis for the guid will and fauour, I nderstand of my nepuieu Sir Claud Hamiltoun, yie haue shawin to him in this besines he has had adoe.

To the right honorabill my
assured good freind Jhone
Murray, in his Maisties
Bedchalmir.

DISCOVERY OF ENGLISH ANTIQUITIES AT CALAIS, IN JULY, 1840.

[From "The Times."]

THE city of Calais was the last continental fortress that remained in possession of the English, after they had been driven from Normandy, Guienne, and the other appanages or matrimonial acquisitions of the Plantagenets. The numerous travellers who visit France generally make it a point to inspect its venerable cathedral, on account of the altar, which is looked upon as one of the most perfect of its kind, but its richness is sadly contrasted with the bare, massy, and white-

washed pillars by which its roof is supported. A few days ago it was ascertained, by the merest accident, that, underneath the coats of whitewash which had accumulated on these columns for many generations past, a variety of fresco paintings were hidden; and the antiquarian spirit was strongly excited by the knowledge of the fact. The pavement of the church at the present moment is covered with the plaster, which a dozen workmen are busily employed in removing from the pillars at the expense of the committee of agriculture, arts, and commeres of this place; and there is no doubt, from what has been already brought to light, that much curious heraldic and other family information will be obtained. From the two large pillars in rear of the altar, and between the choir and the sanctuary, the whitewash has been almost entirely stripped, and one exhibits the interior of a chapel in which St George is actively crushing his old foe the dragon, while in the distance the walls and spires of a town are visible, with various other features which will be more clearly discernible as the chalk is removed. The framework of this painting on the two sides and the bottom consists of a score of coat of arms, and the top is occupied with the pious scroll, "Orate pro anima Thome Wodehous," which said Thomas of Wodehous, it is presumed, must have been some governor, or one in authority, of the English town or garrison. The other pillar shows the same arms and legend, but with a different subject. Information of the discovery has been communicated to Lord Wodehous, and it is expected that he will give some directions relative to the matter. On another pillar, in the body of the church, a long slab of coffee-coloured marble has been found, with a stone in the centre, occupying the place of a niche, while above, below, and around it, the surface of the marble is thickly covered with white roses. Almost every column that has been tried shows marks of paintings beneath the whitewash; and it is the intention of the authorities to institute a strict examination of the entire edifice. Not the least remarkable are the scrawls on the pillars in old English and courthand, with charcoal drawings of the galleys and other vessels of the epoch, and the names of the parties who amused themselves in this way, instead of edifying by mass or sermon. The period of the Wodehous emblazonment must have been previous to Agincourt, as the arms of that family at present borne bear no analogy to those just discovered, and it is known that Henry V., after his victory, gave fresh arms with supporters to one of the Wodehouses who distinguished himself on that day. The white roses also indicate the Lancasterian dynasty. The ecclesiastics here are somewhat sarcastic upon the Vandalism which could seek to deface and conceal ornaments; but the inference is, that it took place at the Reformation, when all the emblems of the old superstition were destroyed; and the speediest way of getting rid of the eyesore and stumbling-block would certainly be a coating of whitewash. The archaeologists, at the head of whom are M.M. Derheims and Duffaittel (under the auspices of the Society of Arts, &c.), are very zealous and active on this occasion, and this brief notice of their researches is sent, as anything connected with our

* Sir John Erskine of Dirleton, son of Alex. Erskine of Gogar, was created, by letters patent 18th March, 1606, Viscount of Fenton, with remainder to the heirs male of his body, whom failing, to his heirs male whatsoever for ever. This was the first Viscounty created in Scotland. On the 12th of March, 1619, he was made Earl of Kellie, with a remainder generally to his heirs male bearing the name and arms of Erskine.

former dominion there cannot but be acceptable to an Englishman.

THE BLACK HOLE OF CALCUTTA.

ALL have heard of "the Black Hole of Calcutta," and the sufferings endured by a portion of our countrymen in that dreadful prison. The details of the "untoward affair," however, are by no means familiar to the mass of readers. A narrative of the circumstances was published in 1758, two years after the event, in the form of a letter from J. Z. Holwell, one of the very few who escaped. Our Indian empire at that time was neither so extensive, nor so securely established as at present. Drake, the governor of Calcutta, had, amongst other oppressions of the natives, imprisoned a considerable merchant of the name of *Omychund*, and thereby incurred the resentment of the *Suba*, or viceroy, who marched against the British factory with a large force. On the approach of the *Suba*, Drake fled, leaving the gentlemen of the factory to fight for themselves. In this dilemma, Mr Holwell, the writer of the letter, took the command upon himself, and resolved to defend the place as long as possible. "This voluntary opposition of Mr Holwell incensed the viceroy against him; and supposing that he would not have undertaken a work of supererogation attended with such fatigue and danger, upon disinterested principles, he made no doubt but there were very great treasures in the fort, in which he was deeply concerned as a proprietor; he therefore pushed on the siege with great vigour, and gained possession of the fort before six o'clock in the evening of June 20, 1756." Mr Holwell's narrative is peculiarly interesting. He says,

"Before I conduct you into the Black Hole, it is necessary you should be acquainted with a few introductory circumstances. The *Suba** and his troops were in possession of the fort before six in the evening. I had in all three interviews: the last in Durbart† before seven, when he repeated his assurances to me, on the word of a soldier, that no harm should come to us. And indeed I believe his orders were only general, that we should for that night be secured; and that what followed was the result of revenge and resentment in the breasts of the lower *jemantdaars*‡, to whose custody we were delivered, for the number of their order killed during the siege. Be this as it may, as soon as it was dark we were all, without distinction, directed by the guard over us, to collect ourselves into one body, and sit down quietly under the arched veranda or piazza, to the west of the Black-hole prison, and the barracks to the left of the court of guard, and just over against the windows of the governor's easterly apartments. Besides the guard over us, another was placed at the foot of the stairs at the south end of this veranda, leading up to the south-east bastion, to prevent any of us escaping that way. On the parade (where you will remember the two twenty-four pounders stood), were also drawn up about 4 or 500 gunmen with lighted matches.

At this time the factory was in flames to the right and left of us; to the right, the armory and laboratory; to the left, the carpenter's yard: though at this time we imagined it was the cotta warehouses || Various were our conjectures

on this appearance. The fire advanced with rapidity on both sides; and it was the prevailing opinion that they intended suffocating us between the two fires: and this notion was confirmed by the appearance, about half an hour past seven, of some officers and people with lighted torches in their hands, who went into all the apartments under the easterly curtain to the right of us; to which we apprehended they were setting fire, to expedite their scheme of burning us. On this we presently came to a resolution of rushing on the guard, seizing their scymitars, and attacking the troops upon the parade, rather than be thus tamely roasted to death. But to be satisfied of their intentions, I advanced, at the request of Messrs Baillie, Jenks, and Revelly, to see if they were really setting fire to the apartments; and found the contrary; for in fact, as it appeared afterwards, they were only searching for a place to confine us in; the last they examined being the barracks of the court of guard behind us.

Here I must detain you a little, to do honour to the memory of a man, to whom I had in many instances been a friend, and who, on this occasion, demonstrated his sensibility of it in a degree worthy of a much higher rank. His name was *Leock*, the company's smith, as well as clerk of the parish. This man had made his escape when the Moors entered the fort: and returned just as it was dark, to tell me he had provided a boat, and would insure my escape, if I would follow him through a passage few were acquainted with, and by which he had then entered. This might easily have been accomplished, as the guard put over us took but very slight notice of us. I thanked him in the best terms I was able; but told him it was a step I could not prevail on myself to take, as I should thereby very ill repay the attachment the gentlemen and the garrison had shown to me; and that I was resolved to share their fate, be it what it would; but pressed him to secure his own escape without loss of time. To which he gallantly replied, that then he was resolved to share mine; and would not leave me.

To myself and the world I should surely have stood excused in embracing the overture above-mentioned, could I have conceived what immediately followed; for I had scarce time to make him an answer before we observed part of the guard drawn up on the parade, advance to us, with the officers who had been viewing the rooms. They ordered us all to rise, and go into the barracks to the left of the court of guard. The barracks, you may remember, have a large wooden platform for the soldiers to sleep on, and are open to the west by arches and a low parapet-wall, corresponding to the arches of the veranda without. In we went most readily, and were pleasing ourselves with the prospect of passing a comfortable night on the platform, little dreaming of the infernal apartment in reserve for us. For we were no sooner all within the barracks, than the guard advanced to the inner arches and parapet-wall; and with their muskets presented, ordered us to go into the room at the southernmost end of the barracks, commonly called the *Black hole* prison; whilst others from the court of guard, with clubs and drawn scymitars, pressed upon those of us next to them. This stroke was so sudden, so unexpected, and the throng and pressure so great upon us next the door of the Black-hole prison, there was no realising it; but like one agitated wave impelling another, we were obliged to give way and enter: the rest followed like a torrent; few amongst us, the soldiers excepted, having the least idea of the dimensions and nature of a place we had never seen, for if we had, we should at all events have rushed upon the guard, and been, as the lesser evil, by our own choice cut to pieces.

Amongst the first that entered, were myself, Messrs Baillie, Jenks, Coote, T. Coles, Ena, Scott, Revelly, Law, Buchanan, &c. I got possession of the window nearest the door, and took Messrs Coles and Scott into the window with me, they being both wounded (the first I believe mortally). The rest of the above-mentioned gentlemen were close round about me. It was now about eight o'clock.

Figure to yourself, my friend, if possible, the situation of 146 wretches, exhausted by continual fatigue and action,

* Surajud-Dowla, viceroy of Bengal, Bakar, and Oriza.

† In council.

‡ An officer of the rank of sergeant.

|| The Company's cloth-warehouses.

thus crammed together in a cube of about eighteen feet,* in a close sultry night, in Bengal, shut up to the eastward and southward (the only quarters from whence air could reach us), by dead walls, and by a wall and door to the north, open only to the westward by two windows, strongly barred with iron, from which we could receive scarce any the least circulation of fresh air.

What must ensue, appeared to me in lively and dreadful colours, the instant I cast my eyes round, and saw the size and situation of the room. Many unsuccessful attempts were made to force the door; but having nothing but our hands to work with, and the door opening inward, all endeavours were vain and fruitless.

Observing every one giving way to the violence of passions, which I foresaw must be fatal to them, I requested silence might be preserved, whilst I spoke to them, and in the most pathetic and moving terms which occurred, I begged and entreated, that as they had paid a ready obedience to me in the day, they would now, for their own sakes, and the sakes of those who were dear to them, and were interested in the preservation of their lives, regard the advice I had to give them. I assured them the return of the day would give us air and liberty; urged to them, that the only chance we had left for sustaining this misfortune, and surviving the night, was the preserving a calm mind and quiet resignation to our fate; entreating them to curb, as much as possible, every agitation of mind and body, as raving, and giving a loose to their passions could answer no purpose, but that of hastening their destruction.

This remonstrance produced a short interval of peace, and gave me a few minutes for reflection: though even this pause was not a little disturbed by the cries and groans of the many wounded, and more particularly of my two companions in the window. Death, attended with the most cruel train of circumstances, I plainly perceived must prove our inevitable destiny. I had seen this common migration in too many shapes, and accustomed myself to think on the subject with too much propriety, to be alarmed at the prospect, and indeed felt much more for my wretched companions than for myself.

Amongst the guards posted at the windows, I observed an old jeminaudaar near me, who seemed to carry some compassion for us in his countenance; and indeed he was the only one of the many in his station who discovered the least trace of humanity. I called him to me, and in the most persuasive terms I was capable, urged him to commiserate the sufferings he was a witness to, and pressed him to endeavour to get us separated, half in one place, and half in another; and that he should in the morning receive 1000 rupees [equal to about £200 sterling] for this act of tenderness. He promised he would attempt it, and withdrew; but in a few minutes returned, and told me it was impossible. I then thought I had been deficient in my offer, and promised him 2000. He withdrew a second time; but returned soon, and (with I believe much real pity and concern), told me it was not practicable; that it could not be done but by the Suba's orders, and that no one dared awake him.

During this interval, though their passions were less violent, their uneasiness increased. We had been but a few minutes confined, before every one fell into a perspiration so profuse, you can form no idea of it. This consequently brought on a raging thirst; which still increased in proportion as the body was drained of its moisture.

Various expedients were thought of to give more room and air. To obtain the former, it was moved to put off their cloaths. This was approved, as a happy motion; and in a few minutes, I believe every man was stripped, myself, Mr Court, and the two wounded young gentlemen by me, excepted. For a little time they flattered themselves with having gained a mighty advantage; every hat was put in

motion to produce a circulation of air; and Mr Baillie proposed that every man should sit down on his hams. As they were truly in the situation of drowning wretches, no wonder they caught at every thing that bore a flattering appearance of saving them. This expedient was several times put in practice; and at each time many of the poor creatures, whose natural strength was less than others, or had been more exhausted, and could not immediately recover their legs as others did when the word was given to rise, fell to rise no more; for they were instantly trod to death or suffocated. When the whole body sat down, they were so closely wedged together, that they were obliged to use many efforts, before they could put themselves in motion to get up again.

Before nine o'clock every man's thirst grew intolerable, and respiration difficult. Our situation was much more wretched than that of so many miserable animals in an exhausted receiver; no circulation of fresh air sufficient to continue life, nor yet enough divested of its vivifying particles to put a speedy period to it.

Efforts were again made to force the door; but in vain. Many insults were used to the guard to provoke them to fire in upon us; which, as I learned afterwards, were carried to much greater length, when I was no more sensible of what was transacted. For my own part, I hitherto felt little pain or uneasiness, but what resulted from my anxiety for the sufferings of those within. By keeping my face between two of the bars, I obtained air enough to give my lungs easy play, though my perspiration was excessive, and thirst commencing. At this period so strong a urinous volatile effluvia came from the prison, that I was not able to turn my head that way, for more than a few seconds at a time.

Now everybody, excepting those situated in and near the windows, began to grow outrageous, and many delirious. *Water! Water!* became the general cry. And the old jeminaudaar before mentioned, taking pity on us, ordered the people to bring some skins of water; little dreaming, I believe, of its fatal effects. This was what I dreaded. I foresaw it would prove the ruin of the small chance left us, and essayed many times to speak to him privately to forbid its being brought; but the clamour was so loud, it became impossible. The water appeared. Words cannot paint to you the universal agitation and raving the sight of it threw us into. I had flattered myself that some, by preserving an equal temper of mind, might outlive the night; but now the reflection which gave me the greatest pain, was, that I saw no possibility of one escaping to tell the dismal tale.

Until the water came, I had myself not suffered much from thirst, which instantly grew excessive. We had no means of conveying it into the prison, but by bats forced through the bars; and thus myself and Messrs Coles and Scott (notwithstanding the pains they suffered from their wounds), supplied them as fast as possible. But those who have experienced intense thirst, or are acquainted with the cause and nature of this appetite, will be sufficiently sensible it could receive no more than a momentary alleviation; the cause still subsisted. Though we brought full bats within the bars, there ensued such violent struggles and frequent contests to get at it, that before it reached the lips of any one, there would be scarcely a small tea-cup full left in them. These supplies, like sprinkling water on fire, only served to feed and raise the flame.

Oh! my dear Sir, how ah! I give you a conception of what I felt at the cries and ravings of those in the remoter parts of the prison, who could not entertain a probable hope of obtaining a drop, yet could not divert themselves of expectation, however unavailing! and others calling on me by the tender considerations of friendship and affection, and who knew they were really dear to me! Think, if possible, what my heart must have suffered at seeing and hearing their distress, without having it in my power to relieve them: for the confusion now became general and horrid. Several quitted the other window (the only chance they had for life), to force their way to the water, and the throng and press upon the window was beyond bearing;

* [The floor was 324 square feet. This divided by 146, gives a space of something more than 26 inches and a half by 12 to each person; which reduced to a square, will be near 18 inches by 18 inches.]

many forcing their passage from the farther part of the room, pressed down those in their way, who had less strength, and trampled them to death.

Can it gain belief, that this scene of misery proved entertainment to the brutal wretches without? but so it was; and they took care to keep us supplied with water, that they might have the satisfaction of seeing us fight for it, as they phrased it, and held up lights to the bars, that they might lose no part of the inhuman diversion.

From about nine to near eleven, I sustained this cruel scene and painful situation, still supplying them with water, though my legs were almost broke with the weight against them. By this time I myself was very near pressed to death; and my two companions, with Mr William Parker, who had forced himself into the window, were really so.

For a great while they preserved a respect and regard to me, more than indeed I could well expect, our circumstances considered; but now all distinction was lost. My friend Baillie, Messrs Jenks, Revelly, Law, Buchanan, Simson, and several others, for whom I had a real esteem and affection, had for some time been dead at my feet; and were now trampled upon by every corporal or common soldier, who, by the help of more robust constitutions, had forced their way to the window, and held fast by the bars over me, till at last I became so pressed and wedged up, I was deprived of all motion.

Determined now to give every thing up, I called to them, and begged, as the last instance of their regard, they would remove the pressure upon me, and permit me to retire out of the window, to die in quiet. They gave way; and with much difficulty I forced a passage into the centre of the prison, where the throng was less, by the many dead, (then I believe amounting to one-third), and the numbers who flocked to the windows: for by this time they had water also at the other window.

(To be Continued.)

SCOTO-GALLICISMS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SCOTTISH JOURNAL.

SIR,—Being anxious to obtain a complete collection of Scoto-Gallicisms, I have taken the liberty of introducing the subject to the notice of your readers, some of whom, I have no doubt, will be able to assist me in the undertaking. The following list contains the only instances that have hitherto come under my own observation:—

Ashet, Fr., assiette, a plate or dish.
Petticoat tails, (a species of shortbread),
 Fr., petits gâteaux-gateaux, is the more common form.

See Mrs
 Dods'
 Cookery.

Gude-brither, Fr., bonfrere, brother-in-law.

Fachous, Fr., facheuse, troublesome.

Grosier, Fr., grosier, a gooseberry.

Haverel, Fr., Avril, April—a simpleton, or April fool.

Onding, (a heavy shower), Fr. ondée. This etymology appears questionable.

Butterie Bajan, (applied to a "freshman," or student of the first year at the University of Aberdeen), Fr. butor, booby, and bejaune, novice. (See Lamont's Diary, p. 114. note).

Flunky, Old Fr., flanchier—same signification as *henchman*, (haunch-man). See Quart. Rev. Vol. 79. p. 344.

Yours respectfully,

E. N.

GOD SAVE THE KING.

The following are the words to which the Jacobites sing "God save the King," which was originally

a song of the adherents of the Stuarts; they are copied from an inscription cut on a glass drinking cup in the possession of Sir P. M. Thriepland of Fingask, in the Carse of Gowrie.

God save the King, I pray,
 God bless the King, I pray,
 God save the King!

Send him victorious,
 Happy and glorious,
 Soon to reign over us,
 God save the King!

God save the Prince of Wales,
 The true born Prince of Wales
 Sent us by Thee.

Grant us one favour more,
 The King for to restore,
 As thou hast done before,
 The familie!

It appears from the second line of the second stanza, that these verses must have been written about the year 1715. They may, perhaps, remind some of our readers of the answer of the Jacobite countess to the reproach of *not praying for the King*. "For the King," she observed, "I do pray; but I do not think it necessary to tell God *who is the King*."

PRESERVATION OF GAME IN CARRICK, AYRSHIRE, IN 1764.

[From "The Scots Magazine" for 1764.]

The following gentlemen, all heritors in the district of Carrick, viz. the Earl of Cassilis, Sir Adam Fergusson, Sir John Cathcart, Sir John Whiteford, Mr Hamilton of Bargeny, Mr Kennedy of Newark, Mr Kennedy of Kirkmichael, Capt Kennedy of Drumellan, Capt. Primrose Kennedy his son, Mr Crawford of Ardmillan, Mr Crawford of Doonside, Mr Macadam of Craigangillan, Mr Kennedy of Pinmore, Mr Chalmers of Kildonnann, and Capt. Kennedy of Daljarock, having met at Maybole, upon the 1st of November 1763; and taking into their consideration the great decrease of the Game in the district of Carrick, principally owing to the great number of hawks, and other birds of prey, came to the following resolutions.

1. That a certain sum of money be impressed into the hands of the schoolmaster in each parish in Carrick, or such other person in the parish as the Earl of Cassilis, their preses, shall think proper, to be applied as aftermentioned.

2. That the schoolmaster, or other person into whose hands the money is impressed, shall pay to the persons who shall kill hawks or other birds of prey, the following premiums, viz. For each Eagle, 5s.; for each Game-hawk, 5s.; for each Merlin, 2s. 6d.; for each Sparrow-hawk, 1s. 6d.; for each Gray Glede, Ring-tailed Glede, or White Glede, 2s. 6d.; for each Buzzard Glede, 1s.; for each Raven, or Corbie, 1s.; for each Magpye, 3d.; and for each Carrion, or Hooded Crow, 3d. all Sterling. And that the said schoolmaster, or other person to be appointed, shall receive the birds so killed; and preserve the heads, as a voucher of the money he shall disburse; and shall deliver in the same, with his accounts, from time to time, to

such heritor in the parish as shall be appointed by the preses to receive the same.

3. The meeting resolved to prosecute all poachers, and other unqualified persons, who kill game of any kind, or keep greyhounds or pointers, without written licences. And they appointed their preses to carry on such prosecutions:— And also to prosecute all persons who shall burn muirs after the time allowed by act of parliament, which is the 1st of March.

4. The meeting agreed, that a jubilee be given to the game for next season, 1764; and resolved, neither to kill game themselves, nor to allow others to do so upon their grounds in Carrick, until summer 1765, at the times allowed by act of parliament as to the different kinds of game.

And the gentlemen recommend to the farmers in the different parishes, to give strict injunctions to their herds and servants, to keep their dogs from destroying the eggs or young birds in the hatching season.

[To this is subjoined the names of the persons appointed to pay the aforementioned premiums, respectively, in the parishes of Maybole, Kirk-michael, Straiton, Kirkoswald, Daily, Girvan, Bar, Colmonell, and Ballantrae.]

THE TARTAN PLAIDIE.

Oh, weel I love the tartan plaidie!
Blessings on the tartan plaidie!
The heart's ne'er could beneath its fauld,
An' aye I'll love the tartan plaidie!

Oh, I will gang, whate'er betide,
To range the hills wi' thee and Charlie!
But cheer thy true heart late and early,
I wadna ha'e their Lawlan' whigs,
Though I should gae the braver lady;
I'd gie their gowd and corn-riggs
For Charlie's 'dair an' his tartan plaidie.
Weel I love the tartan plaidie!
Blessings on the tartan plaidie!
The heart's ne'er could beneath its fauld,
An' aye I'll love the tartan plaidie!

Yer plaid is o' the Hielan' woo,
But manly is the breast that bears it;
The croon that scooks on Geordie's broo
Mair daff before the lad that wears it.
Royally does Geordie dine,
While Charlie's brose is nae aye ready;
Geordie sleeps on couches fine,
And Charlie in his tartan plaidie!
Yet gie me the tartan plaidie!
Blessings on the tartan plaidie!
The last o' Scotlan's royal line
Mann sleep o' the hills in his tartan plaidie.

Aberdeen.

8.

[Part of the foregoing verses belong to the period they refer to; the remainder are modern. The author heard the original lines sung by a Jacobite lady well advanced in years. She said they were composed by a friend of her early days, who had fallen in love with, and followed the fortunes of, one of the adherents of Prince Charles Edward.]

Curious Case of St. James's Palace.—A few days ago, the mistress of a respectable house in the Vauxhall Road was disturbed during the night by the scratching and noise

made at her bed-room door on the second floor, by a favourite dog, whose general place of repose was in the kitchen. The mistress at first imagined that the dog made the noise merely to get into the room and lie on her bed to admit him; but, on lying down again, she jumped upon the bed, and, by pulling her sleeve and using every means available to a dumb animal, endeavoured to show that he wanted her to follow him. On pushing the dog down from the bed, she found that he was wet all over, and being fearful that some accident had happened below, she arose from her bed and descended the stairs with the faithful animal, and after some difficulty succeeded in obtaining a light in the kitchen. The first place the mistress examined was her servant's bed, to ascertain from her if she heard any noise, or could account for the conduct of the dog, when, to her astonishment she found the bed empty. Naturally alarmed at the absence of her servant, she listened for some time in a state of great suspense, fearing that other parties might have entered the house, and at last heard a noise in the back kitchen as of some person cleaning knives and forks, and the dog beckoning her in that direction, the place having been previously quite dark, to her great surprise she saw her servant standing in her night-clothes, and without shoes or stockings, cleaning forks with her eyes shut, and apparently in a deep sleep. The mistress, after in some degree recovering from her surprise, passed the middle of the night times across the servant's face, but the dog continued to work with her eyes shut, unconscious of her presence, being present, and, after rubbing the face of the dog on the board, held it up to her shut eyes, and continuing to do it was sufficiently polished, then took the dog to the dust off, and passed it as carefully and completely as every prong as if she had been wide awake. The mistress on examining what had been done by her servant, in a state of somnambulism, found, by a tug of water of the dog, that she had washed the dog, her usual task, and had cleaned a dozen knives, and seven forks, and was proceeding to clean the others, when the unusual motions of the dog attracted his mistress to the spot where the servant was at work. The mistress removed the unclean forks out of the reach of the servant, and taking hold of the sleeve of her night-gown, gently moved her towards her bed; but, whether from an internal sense of the work she was engaged in not being finished, or the action of the light of the candle on her eyelids, she awoke on the floor, but was quite unconscious of what had taken place. The mistress put the girl to bed, concealing from her what had been done, and, at an after period of the night, visited her bed, but it did not appear that she had again got up in her sleep.—Times, 1833.

THE MONKEY AND THE HAWK.—Lord Teynham's French cook had so trained a monkey as to make him useful in plucking his poultry and winged game, for the sport. The monkey was one day following his occupation at the open window of the back kitchen, and had just plucked one of a brace of partridges, when a hawk pounced upon it, and carried it off. Poor pug was in a sad fright, well knowing the licking that awaited him. *Nul desperandum*, however, was his motto. He plucked his courage up, and the remaining partridge, and laid it in the window. The hawk, pleased with his feat, returned for another tit-bit; when the monkey seized him, and in spite of his scratching and screeching, plucked him alive, and laid him and the partridge down before the cook: and, with a gesture stronger than language, seemed to say, "It's all right: there's your brace of birds—a fair exchange is no robbery."

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A CHRONOLOGICAL NARRATIVE OF THE ADVENTURES OF PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD STUART, DURING HIS ILL- FATED EXPEDITION TO SCOTLAND, IN THE YEARS 1745-46.

FROM a MS. evidently of the period to which it refers, and which appears to have been compiled by some staunch Jacobite, who, no doubt, had watched the events therein chronicled with much anxiety. It was recently discovered among some old papers in an office in Aberdeen.

1745.

- June 20. The Pr. set out with a few attendants in fisher boats from Nantes.
- " 21. Embarked on board the *La Douttesse* of 16 guns, off St Nazaire, and was joined,
- July 3. By the *Elizabeth* of 66 guns, off Belle-Isle.
- " 5. Sailed from Belle-Isle.
- " 9. Happened an engagement between the *Lion* of 58 guns, and the *Elizabeth*; the Pr. pursuing his voyage by the West of England.
- " 23. Put into the *Isle Erisca* in sight of a large ship.
- " 25. Landed at *Borradale* with 7 friends.
- Aug. 16. Happened the first action in *Glengary*, when the Highlanders made two companies of foot prisoners.
- " 19. The Pr. erected his father's standard at *Glenfinnon*. General *Cope* marched from *Edinburgh*.
- " 27. The Pr. marched over *Coryarock*, to meet him.
- Sept. 3. Came to *Dunkeld*, where he proclaimed his Father.
- " 4. Entered the Town of *Perth*.
- " 14. Passed the River *Forth*.
- " 17. Took possession of *Edinburgh*, and caused his father to be proclaimed there.
- " 17. General *Cope* landed at *Dunbar* from *Aberdeen*.
- " 21. The Pr. gained the Battle of *Prestonpans*.
- Oct. 18. The Duke of *Cumberland* arrived in *England*.

1745.

- Oct. 31. The Pr. marched from *Edinburgh* for *England*.
- Nov. 8. Entered *England*.
- " 13. Laid siege to *Carlisle*.
- " 15. *Carlisle* surrendered.
- " 16. General *Wade* marched from *Newcastle*.
- " 17. Encamped at *Hexham*.
- " 19. The Pr. marched southward by *Lancaster*, *Preston*, and *Manchester*.
- " 25. The *Hazard* sloop taken by Captain *Ferrier*, at *Montrose*.
- " 28. General *Wade* at *Prestbridge*, and the Duke's army between *Tamworth* and *Stafford*.
- Dec. 2. The Pr. came to *Congleton* and *Leek*, and the Duke marched from *Stone* to *Lichfield*, and thence to *Coventry*.
- " 4. While the Pr. advanced by *Ashburn* to *Derby*.
- " 5. Halted at *Derby*.
- " 6. The Pr. began his retreat by the same route—General *Wade* then at *Doncaster*.
- " 18. Happened the skirmish at *Clifton*.
- " 19. The Pr. arrived at *Carlisle*.
- " 20. Repassed the *Esk*, and re-entered *Scotland*.
- " 21. *Carlisle* was invested by the Duke.
- " 23. Happened the action at *Inverury*.
- " 26. The Pr. arrived at *Glasgow*.
- " 30. *Carlisle* surrendered to the Duke.
- 1746.
- Jan. 4. The Pr. fixed his head quarters at *Bannockburn*.
- " 10. The battery at *Elphinston* was attacked by two ships, but beat them off.
- " 11. The siege of *Stirling Castle* began.
- " 16. General *Hawley* and his whole army encamped at *Falkirk*.
- " 17. The Pr. attacked and beat him there.
- " 30. The Duke arrived at *Edinburgh*.
- Feb. 1. The Pr. began his retreat northward.
- " 8. The 6000 *Hessians* landed at *Leith*.
- " 10. The Pr. took and demolished the barracks at *Ruthven*.
- " 16. Lord *Loudon* made an attempt to surprise the Pr. at *Moy*, by night, but was disappointed.
- " 18. The Pr. came before *Inverness*, Lord

- 1746.
- London deserted the town, and the Pr. laid siege to the Castle.
- Feb. 21. Fort George surrendered.
- " 24. The Pr. detached troops to besiege Fort Augustus.
- " 26. The Fort of Kiliwhuimen blown up, and the trenches opened before Fort Augustus.
- March 3. The fort surrendered.
- " 7. The Hessians marched north by Stirling.
- " 17. In the night Lord George Murray surprised the Campbells in Rannoch, Blairfetty, and Kynichan, and blockaded Blair Castle.
- " 20. The Duke of Perth surprised part of Lord Loudon's troops at Little Gerry.
- " 20. Major Glasgow surprised part of Kingston's b. at Keith.
- " 20. The siege of Fort William began.
- " 25. The Hazard sloop retaken in the Bay of Tongue.
- April 2. The siege of Fort William raised.
- " 12. The Duke passed the Spey.
- " 16. Gained the Battle of Culloden.
- " After the Battle the Pr. retired with some few horse by Fordoch to Gorthlaig.
- " 17. To Inverness Castle, and thence to Glenpean.
- " 18. To Mewboile.
- " 19. Getting no intelligence, he walked to Morar, thence to Glenboisdale, where he waited till he was informed there were no hopes of drawing his troops together.
- " 20. Went on board an open boat in Loch-anagh in the evening, and sailed for the Long Isle.
- " 27. Landed at Rossinish Point, after a terrible storm.
- " 29. Set sail for Stenoway.
- " 30. Driven upon the Isle of Scalpay, or Glass.
- May 4. Landed at Lochseffort, and travelled on foot.
- " 5. To Arynish Point, after wandering 18 hours on the hills in rain.
- " 6. Disappointed of a ship, set sail again and put into the desert Isle of Ilfur.
- " 10. Came again to Glass.
- " 11. Chased by Captain Ferguson among the rocks at Rondil Point, and afterwards by another ship; but escaped to Loch Escapby.
- " 16. Went to the mountain of Corradale, and stayed there till
- June 14. When he sailed to Oula.
- " 18. Went for Rossinish.
- " 20. In the cleft of a rock at Uishinish Point, thence went to Cliestiella, moving backwards and forwards, till
- " 28. He embarked in a female habit with Miss Flora Macdonald.

- 1746.
- June 29. Arrived at Kùbryde, after being surprised at by the Militia of Waternish, and went thence to Kingsburgh.
- " 30. At Portree.
- July 1. At Glam.
- " 2. On Nicolson's Rock.
- " 3. In the evening set out from the Rock, and travelled as a servant to
- " 4. Ellagail, where he embarked at 8 at night.
- " 5. Landed at Loch Nevis, and lay 3 nights in the fields.
- " 8. Hotly pursued by the Militia up Loch Nevis.
- " 10. Arrived in Borrisdale, and lay in different huts, till
- " 15. Glenalladale came to him
- " 17. At Corrybeinabir.
- " 18. On the tops of the mountains Scoorig and Gruigven, where Glenpean conducted him through the guards in the night. At this time he was supposed dead.
- " 18. The Duke set out from Fort-Augustus for England.
- " 19. The Pr. on the top of the mountain Manenyncallum.
- " 20. At Corrivangault all day, in sight of small camps, 27 of which were formed each at half a mile distance, from the head of Loch Anruo to the head of Loch Yell; passed several camps; and at last between the sentries of one at the head of the mountain next to Drymachasey.
- " 21. At Corriscorroill, lying all day without cannon shot of two camps;—soldiers still near.
- " 22. At Glenshiel.
- " 23. On the Braes between Glenmoriston and Strathglass.
- " 24. In a cave, where he was joined by the six Glenmoriston men.
- August 1. In the Woods and Shealings of Strath-Glass, till
- " 7. Set out for Lochiel's country.
- " 8. At Fasnacuil.
- " 11. In the Braes of Glenmoriston.
- " 13. In the Braes of Glengary.
- " 14. In the Braes of Auchnaseuil.
- " 15. Came to the Wood at the foot of Loch-arkig.
- " 19. Doctor Cameron found him in the Wood, barefooted, &c. Here the Glenmoriston men were dismissed; and here about he stayed till the 28th. During this time he was one day very near surprised by Grant, son to Knockando; but escaped to the top of Mullonatagart.
- " 28. Set out for Badenoch, to find Lochiel.
- " 29. Arrived at Corineur.
- " 30. Came to Milkanedir, where he met Lochiel, who, with his Company, were about to fire on him and his conductors, not knowing who they were.

1746.

Septem. 2. Went to Uiskshiltra, 2 miles further into Benalder.

- " 6. Went to hut in the face of the mountain Letternilikk, and remained there till he got intelligence of the arrival of ships on the West Coast. On the
- " 13. Set out immediately for the ships, and came on the morning of the
- " 14. To Corvay; and before day-light on the
- " 15. Got through Glenroy.
- " 16. Came to Anchurcarry.
- " 17. Came to Glencambger.
- " 19. Arrived where the ships were.
- " 20. Set sail in the Bellona of Nantes.
- " 23. Arrived at Roseon, after narrowly escaping Admiral Lestock's squadron.

The Pr. having landed with 7 friends only, was in three weeks' time at the head of 1000 men. Upon the first alarm, Genl. Cope marched north with his army, but receiving intelligence at Dalwhinnie that the Pr. had posted himself on Corryarock, where the situation of the place would compensate the smallness of his numbers and their want of proper arms, he faced about towards Inverness; upon which the Pr. proceeded directly to Edinburgh.

Genl. Cope turned then southward, embarked at Aberdeen, and landed at Dunbar. While he hastes towards the Capital, the Pr. marches out and meets him at Preston, a village 7 miles east of Edinburgh, where a battle was fought between the two armies, alike in nothing but numbers. The Highlanders, undisciplined, half armed, without Cavalry or Cannon, totally routed the regular troops, who, though amply provided with every necessary, were almost all killed, wounded, or made prisoners; the loss on the other side was inconsiderable. The victor's first care was that of the wounded, and his second, a prohibition of public rejoicings. The officers taken were sent to Perth, and allowed the liberty of that town and its neighbourhood.

Soon after, two armies were formed; one commanded by Marshal Wade, at Doncaster, which moved thence to Newcastle, &c., and another under the Duke of Cumberland, destined for Lancashire. The Pr. marched into England with his 4000, took Carlisle, and pushed on as far as Derby, within 100 miles of London, notwithstanding the inclemency of the season, the breaking of bridges, the cutting of roads, &c. &c.

Here he found it proper to command a retreat, though Genl. Wade was returned to Doncaster. The Duke pursued with his cavalry, and, joined by Genl. Oglethorpe, came up with the Pr.'s, rear-guard, commanded by Lord G. Murray, at Clifton, where ensued a smart skirmish between some dismounted Dragoons, and Cluny's battalion of M^rPhersons. The Dragoons were beat back to their main body with loss;—the Pr. continuing his march, made good his retreat, being then no further followed. About this time Lord Lewis Gordon defeated the Laird of M^rLeod at Inverary.

Genl. Hawley being now sent to Scotland, the Pr. attacked him at Falkirk, where he retreated

to Linlithgow and Edinburgh, leaving his camp, cannon, &c., and about 600 men killed, besides the wounded and prisoners. The other side lost about 90 upon the spot, and one made prisoner.

Upon this news the Duke posts to Edinburgh, and with the rallied and reinforced army, marches for Stirling. Numbers of the Highlanders having gone home with their late booty, the Pr. was forced to retire towards Inverness, where he remained two months, taking in the meantime several forts, &c.; the Duke being all the while at Aberdeen, each waiting for succours and supplies. The latter, furnished with both by sea and land, marched against the Pr. disappointed of both by the taking of the Hazard sloop, &c. Reduced therefore to the necessity of fighting on most unequal terms, or of retiring to the hills, which must cause a dispersion; the Pr. chose the first, and resolved to attack the Duke in his camp at Nairn. But arriving too late, through the darkness of the night and badness of the way, was obliged to return, and while great part of his army were dispersed in quest of provisions, and others sunk down to rest, through the fatigues of the double march, the Duke came upon them, and forced the Battle of Culloden.

After a short cannonading, the Pr. ordered the Highlanders that were present to attack, which they did on the right with great intrepidity, and notwithstanding the dreadful fire they sustained, they broke through the first line of their enemies, but were repulsed by the second. His left wing, who were only advancing, seeing their companions beat back, joined in the flight; and in spite of his endeavours to bring up his second line, the rout became general, and he was obliged to leave the field to the victor.

The fatigues the Pr. afterwards underwent, always wandering on foot, and by night often like to perish with hunger,—his various escapes both by land and water, are not more surprising than that amongst the numbers, and many of those of the lowest rank, to whom he was obliged to trust himself, not one was to be found, whom threats or tortures on the one hand, or immense rewards on the other, could ever induce to give the smallest information to his prejudice.

W.

A SHORT AND TRUE NARRATION CONCERNING THE KIRK OF BAI TH.

Ye Kirk of Baith, a most fitt and convenient place for the situation of a kirk, being upon the roade way, and in the just middle betwixt Kinross and Inverthine. Sua it is to be remembered that tho' it be among the ancientest paroches of Scotland. Whairfor a most reverend and worthe brother, Mr William Scott, sometime minister at Couper, reported, that the first place of meeting that ever the Protestant lords of Scotland had for the covenant and reformation was at ye Kirk of Baith. This Kirk, in some sort, myght be compared to Gideon's fleece, which was dry when all the earth was watered.

When all the congregations of Ffyfe were

planted, this poor kirk was neglected and over-looked, and lay desolate then fourteen years after the reformation, 1560. The poor parochiners being always lyke wandering sheepe without a sheephaid; and whairas they should have convened to hear a pastor preach, ye principall use of the people's meeting was to hear a pyper play upon the Lord's day, which was the day of their profane mirth, not being in the works of their calling, which was the caus Sathane had a most fair name among them, stirring many of them up to sore drinking, falling out, and wounding one another, which was ye merits of ye younger sort, and ye elder sort played at gems, and the marks yr. calling withoute any difference of the weeke day from ye day of ye Lord; and thus they continued as said is the space of 80 yeeres: this poore kirk being sua bleake and barrone—a sheepe hous in the night.

In end, recourse was hadd to ye Yerl of Moray, lord and patron of the third of the parroch, to try if it might pleis his Lop. to ktribute. anything for building of that poore kirk, or if he woud pit-tye the poore people, and such a long soul-murder that had beene amongst them; the Countess of Home, his mother-in-law, was also dealt with the samline purpose, but both refuissed. Sua when that poore people hadde beene so long tyme excluded from all hopes to gett their kirk builded, or any pastoure to speik a word of comfort to the parrochiners' souls, it pleased the Lord to put it in the hart of Mr Alex. Colvill of Blair, having no relationne to doe for that poore people, but being only their neere neighbour, and beholding from his owne windowe yr. pyping, revelling, and deboshing, yr. drinking and excess, yr. riote everie Sabbath-day, was moved by ye Lord, and mightilie stirred up to undertake something for that poore people; and having assembled some of the speciall men of the paroche, at the village of Keltie Shiells, sounded their mindes, if they might make bold to adventure to assist and helpe him for drawing of timber and stones (he and they both fearing the oppositione and discountenance of ye lord and patron of ye parroche), ye parrochiners after represent did give this comfortable answer, that they would both doe and adventure to contribute their best endeavours, with men and horses, for building of yr. kirk, but becaus of thair povertie they were not able to contribute anie of thair owne privatt monies; but amongst others that were present, none was found more forward with his horse and assistance, than Mr John Hodge, tennant in Leuchat's Baith, of whome I made electione to oversee the worke and the workemen, and did presentlie advance him some money for that effect. It pleased the Lord, sua he blessed our endeavours that the worke prospered in our hand, and was brought to great perfectione in a short time, even to the admiratione of ye people and passengers, who marvelled to see the worke goe on so suddenlie, neither knowing the way nor the instruments. And becaus it was impossible when ye walls were up, to gett the kirk sclaitted in such haist, the sclaittes being at Tibermoores, which was at sixteen myles distance, thairfor it was thought expedient for the present yeare, that ye kirk should be sarked with deales; which being done with great diligence, I

thought fitt to send for ane old retyr'd Brother, Mr John Rowe, ance minister at Carnocke, who, after some refusalls, without the consent of the minister of Aberdoure, because unto his Kirk both the parroches of Dalgetie and Baith were annexed, he could not undertake to preach; yet, after much intreatie, he was moved to come to such ane effamished congregations, in such a rettyred place. The people understanding that sermone was to be at ye kirk of Baith, so unexpectedlie and suddenlie builded, did resort from all places, and much out of everie sitie, being new fangled with such a sudden change, thronged in so to the kirk, that thair was scarce anie place left to raise up some height for a place to the pastoure. And while the pastoure was in a most moving and elegant straine for the kindnesse and mercie of God to that people, that had lived so long in darknesse, it pleased the Lord, out of his immens love, to bring such a sudden rush of joy upon my hart, that I had almost fainted, but in end remembering myself, I was comforted to think that the Lord had shewen me a pledge of his goodnesse, and accepted of my weak and unworthie obedience, to make me instrumentall for the worke of his majestie.

(Signed) A. COLVILLE.

[The above curious and interesting account of the erection of the Church of Beath in Fifeshire, is taken from the Session Records of the parish by Hutton, who has inserted it in his "History of Dunfermline."]

Glasgow.

E. C.

STATISTICAL VERSES.

THE following verses were sent to Sir John Sinclair by the eccentric, benevolent, and pious minister of Lochcarron, on the west coast of Ross-shire; a man of whom many droll stories are told, and who is most affectionately remembered by his parishioners, by the name of "The Good Mr Lauchlan." After stoutly resisting the "Whig Ministers," as the evangelical preachers were long called by the Highlanders, this parish submitted, about the middle of the last century, or rather earlier, to an apostle militant, named Eneas Sage; whom, after attempting to burn, they came almost to worship. He attacked the vices of his parishioners with the arm of flesh; fought Seaforth's factor on a Sunday with claymore and dirk, and put him to flight; and expelled, with the strong hand, the mistress whom Malcolm Ray, another of his flock, kept in the house with his wife. He was very passionate, but made his parishioners "warm Christians." His successor, the eccentric poet we are about to quote, says quaintly of the people—"They have a strong attachment to religion, yet would be the better for a little more. They are hospitable, charitable, engaging, and obliging; but it must be owned, very few of them would refuse a dram." Mr Lauchlan was at deadly feud with female neck-frills, and with the combs with which the girls began to tuck up their hair, instead of the primitive snood.

This same statistical account,
Is sent to please Sir John,
And if it is not elegant,
Let critics throw a stone.

We have not fine materials,
And our account is plain;
Our purling streams are well enough,
But we have too much rain.

In Humber there's a harbour fine,
Where ships their course may steer;
Such as are building villages
Might build a village there.

From Castle Strom there is a road
Straight down to Kessock Ferry,*
And by this road the men of Skye
Do all their whisky carry.

Our girls are dressed in cloak and gown,
And think themselves right bonny;
Each comes on Sunday to the kirk,
In hopes to see her Johnny.

A drover, when the sermon's done,
Will ask the price of cows,
But the good, honest Christian
Will stick to Gospel news.

We call for tea when we are sick;
When we want salt we grumble;
When drovers' offers are not brisk,
It makes our hopes to tumble.

The parson has no horse nor farm,
Nor goat, nor watch, nor wife;
Without an augmentation,† too,
He leads a happy life.

Now, good Sir John, it was for you,
I gathered all this news;
But you will say that I forgot
To count the sheep and cows.

Of these we have a number, too;
But then, 'twixt you and I,
The number they would never tell,
For fear the beasts should die.‡

THE NAVY OF ENGLAND.

In 1758, a pamphlet was published, by Cooper, entitled "A complete History of the Rise, Progress, and Present state of the Navy of England," price 1s. This author supposes, with great reason, that the first floating vehicle was the trunk of a tree made hollow; that the next was a larger trough with a flat bottom, made with planks something like our ferry-boats; and that by degrees these rudiments were improved into skiffs and cock-boats, in a round form, to which keels, oars, rudders, and sails, were successively added; that these boats were afterwards enlarged into galleys,

carrying a considerable number of men; and, lastly, improved into ships by the addition of decks, which enabled them to sail in security, where an open boat must have been lost. He supposes, also, that the art of boat-making was brought into this island by Brute, who is said to have settled here with a colony from Greece.

The progress of this art among us was the same as among other inhabitants of the sea-coast, except that our first boats, instead of being formed of planks or timber, were made of wicker, and covered with hides. In the time of Alfred, our fleet of open galleys was very considerable in number; but it does not appear from this collection, that we had any decked vessels till the time of Edward III., and then they did not carry more than twenty men each. In this reign grappling-irons were first used. In an account of the charge of Edward III.'s fleet and army employed in an expedition against Calais, said to be taken from Brady, gunners are mentioned; but it is probable that these gunners belonged to the army, not to the fleet; for we are afterwards told, that gunners were first mentioned as belonging to ships, in the reign of Henry VIII. Care, however, has not been taken to digest the materials of which this pamphlet consists, or to see that the quotations from various authors agree, or to remark their disagreement; for we are also told, at the distance of a few pages, that gunners were first mentioned in accounts of the fleet in the time of Elizabeth.

Our ships gradually increased in size from the time of Edward III. to that of Elizabeth, when they were equal in burden to 1000 tons; and the fireship was first invented and used to destroy the armada that was sent against her by Spain. From the year 1623 to 1695 our fleet increased, in number of ships carrying 50 tons and upwards, from 40 to 200; in tonnage, from 23,600 to 112,400; and in men, from 7800 to 45,000.

In the year 1008, the national fleet was raised by an assessment on every 130 hides of land, each hide being as much as may be ploughed by one plough in one year, supposed by some to be about 100 acres. Each of these districts was obliged to furnish out one ship manned and accoutred for the defence of the king and kingdom. The Cinque-ports, Hastings, Romney, Hithe, Dover, and Sandwich, were obliged to furnish and equip fifty-seven ships. In the year 1700, the wages now paid to sea-officers by the day, and to the men by the month, were settled by act of parliament. The value of the whole royal navy at present is computed at £2,591,397, and the charge of maintaining 40,000 seamen for a year comes to about £2,500,000.

POEMS BY WILLIAM STRODE.

WILLIAM STRODE, the author of the following beautiful poems, flourished in the reign of Charles the First, and was, according to Wood, "a pithy and sententious preacher, an exquisite orator, and an eminent poet." On the effusions of his muse he bestowed little care. Many of his poetical pieces remain scattered in the MS. collections of that period; and the few pieces of his that are

* Kessock, the ferry at Inverness, from whence a parliamentary road goes across the Island to Lochcarron.

† The stipend of Lochcarron was then worth little more than £50, with a glebe reckoned at £3 or £4.

‡ This supposition is common to Highlanders, and to other people.

now known, were printed after his death, in such miscellanies as *Parnassus Biceps*, 1656, and *Wit Restored*, 1658. The poems now given are from an old MS. volume of the period at which this celebrated, but neglected, poet lived. They, along with a few others, were inserted in a periodical publication several years ago, but are still quite unknown to most readers.

ON A FRIEND'S ABSENCE.

Come, come, I faint, thy heavy stay
Doubles each hour of the day;
The winged haste of nimble love
Makes aged time not seem to move;
Did not the light,
And then the night,
Obstruct my sight,

I should believe the sun forgott his flight.

Shew not the drooping mary-gold,
Whose leaves like grieving amber fold;
My longing nothing can explain,
But soul and body rent in twaine:
Did I not moane,
And sighs and groane,
And talke alone,

I should believe my soule was gon from home.

Shée's gone, shée's gone, away shée's fledd,
Within my breast to make her bedd,
In mee there dwells her tenant woe,
And sighs are all the breath I blowe;
Thou come to me,
One touch of thee
Will make mee see

If loving thus I live, or dead I be.

TO HIS MISTRESS.

Keepe on your maske, and hilde your eye,
For with beholding you I dye;
Your fatal beauty, Gorgon-like,
Dead with astonishment will strike;
Your piercing eyes, if them I see,
Are worse than Basilisks to mee.

Shut from myne eyes those hills of snowe,
Their melting valleyes doe not shewe;
Those azure pathes lead to dispaire,
O vex mee not, forbear! forbear!
For while I thus in torments dwell,
The sight of heaven is worse than hell.

Your dayntie voyce and warbling breath,
Sound like a sentence past for death:
Your dangling tresses are become
Like instruments of snall doome:
O! if an angel torture so,
When life is gone where shall I goe?

TO THE SAME.

I'll tell you whence the rose did first grow red,
And whence the lillie whitenesse borrowed:
You blisht—the rose strait red'ned at the sight;
The lillie kist your hands—and so came white.
Before that time the rose was but a staine,
The lillie of its palenesse did complain:
You have the native colour; these they die,
And only flourish in your livery.

THE "DRAGON'S HOLE."

"From thence landing, clam the *Dragon hole*,
With crampets on our feet, and clubs in hand,
Where it's recorded *Tamie Keddie* fand
A stone enchanted, like to *Gygis*' ring,
Which made him disappear, a wondrous thing,
If it had been his hap to have retain'd it,
But losing it, againe could never finde it:
Within this cave oft-times did we repose,
As being sundred from the cittle woe."

Adamsen's "Muses Threnodie."

Most of our readers who have read Sir Walter Scott's romance of the *Fair Maid of Perth*, will no doubt recollect that through the course of that delightful narrative, the great "Northern Wizard" makes some allusions *en passant* to a cave in the hill of Kinnoull, commonly called the *Dragon*, or *Dragon's Hole*, and a singular tradition connected therewith. This cave, which has been, and still continues to be, the fruitful subject of many a curious legend among the good folks of Perth, and its ascent a "boestie" of the very first magnitude to all their daring youngsters, is situated in the abrupt and gloomy face of Kinnoull Hill, at a part of the rocks where they are more than ordinarily steep, rugged, and difficult to climb. The cave, though obviously a natural hollow in the solid cliff, appears, however, to have been excavated to a considerable extent, at some remote period, by the hand of man; and its dimensions are such that it can conveniently contain about a dozen of full-grown persons. Formerly the narrow entrance was canopied by heath and whin; but at present it is perfectly bare, and may be seen either from the highway below, or the river, yawning grimly in the gray precipice, which has now become almost unscalable.

Local historians are very much divided as to the origin of the name which the cave retains. In early ages, we are told, that there appeared in several parts of the country serpents of monstrous size, known among the common people, and in old records and ballads, under the name of *Worms*: for instance, the *Laidley Worm of Spindleston-haugh*—the *Worm of Worm's Glen* (in the parish of Linton, Roxburghshire), which was slain, according to the "*Historie of the Sommervilles*," by William De Sommerville, in 1174; and the famous *Dragon of Strike-Martin*, which a young peasant, called Martin, slew. It has been, therefore, supposed by some, that the cave, or *hole*, referred to, had been the retreat of one of these reptiles. Others, again, maintain the opinion that the name originated in consequence of certain superstitious games, or *mysteries*, (probably adulterated remnants of Druidical rites or festivals), being enacted within it in Popish times,—such as scenes from the apocryphal book of "*The Idol Bel and the Dragon*." This latter supposition derives considerable support from the undoubted fact that, for some short time subsequent to the era of the Reformation, the lads and lasses of "bonny St Johnstoun" were in the habit of assembling at the cave on the morning of the first of May (Beltane), and celebrating several mystic ceremonies, which were decried as "heathenish and idolatrous" by the reformed clergy of the town; and severe measures were adopted by them "to check this ancient cus-

tom. The session books of the period bear record of the penalties which were strictly imposed upon all recusants.

The ingenious Mr Adamson, in his *Muses Threnodie*, refers to a curious legend connected with the cave, which Sir Walter Scott likewise mentions, to the effect that a citizen of Perth, "Tamie Keddie" by name, had the good fortune to find, while exploring this recess, a mysterious stone of great magical powers, which, like the enchanted ring of Gyges, the shepherd of classic story, had the peculiar and wonderful virtue of rendering invisible the person who possessed it! This to "Tamie" was, no doubt, a most valuable acquisition, and was calculated to be, in those troublesome times, of great service to him. But the luckless burgess was unfortunate enough to lose the precious gem; and, despite all his searching, was never able to regain it! Some traditions have the germ of truth in them; but this one can have none. "Tamie" must have been either imposed upon, or had imposed the specious story upon his credulous townsmen. This stone was very likely of the same kidney with *Colonel Feignwell's* magic belt, which, he says, was "called Tona, or Morosmusphonon," and endowed with great powers, which he proceeded to show to the sagacious *Periwinkle*:

"Peri. Morosmusphonon! What, in the name of wisdom, can that be? To me it seems a plain belt.

Col. F. This girdle has carried me all the world over!

Peri. You have carried it, you mean.

Col. F. I mean as I say, Sir. Whenever I am girded with this, I am invisible; and by turning this little screw, can be in the court of the Great Mogul, the Grand Seigneur, and King George, in as little time as your cook can poach an egg."

Bold Stroke for a Wife, Act iii. Scene 1.

It is said that during that troublous period when Wallace had risen against English tyranny, to fight for the crushed liberty and independence of Scotland, the "Dragon Hole," on more than one occasion of peril, formed the secure retreat of that

"Patriot hero! ill-requited chief!"

The spot was in many respects well chosen; for, though in the immediate vicinity of Perth, it was rarely visited, even by those residing in its neighbourhood, and never suspected by the English garrison of the town. Here "Wallace wight" could meet in safety with—

"The few—the gallant few—the band of brothers,"

who had banded themselves with him, and deliberate upon their gallant schemes for consummating the deliverance of "puir auld Scotland."

In this cave, it is also said, a notorious free-booter had once taken up his abode, but at what period tradition cannot tell. He was dogged from the town by a party of armed men, who, as soon as he had entered his den, attacked the place. It happened that the young gentleman, who was in command of the party, had for several years been abroad, and newly returned to Scotland. He closed with the robber, and mortally wounded him; and when the dying man was lying in the throes of death, he was discovered to be the only brother of the young cavalier, who, in the first transports of grief, fell backwards from the cavern,

and was dashed to atoms down the rugged precipice!

Long ago, in our merry boyhood, it was our especial delight to escape on a holiday from the terrors of the stern pedagogue, his dreadful birch, and "tasks," and leave (like the lover of *Jeanie Morrison*,—

"The deavin', dingsome town,
To wander by the green burnside,
And hear its waters croon."

—above all, to steal away alone to the "hill o' Kinnoull"—mount the "Stane Table," and cut out our name upon it with the penknife which our "old grannie" gave us in reward for having read to her "Boston's Crook in the Lot" during the long winter evenings—listen to the *nine* echoes of the "Windy Gowle,"—and clamber, like a young goat, up to the famous "Dragon's Hole;" and when we at length gained the interior of the mystic recess, to look around its dark and rugged sides, with inexpressible awe, and think on the enchanted stone, and the dragon which once haunted the place, the nameless robber's death, and the deeds of "glorious Wallace," who lurked in that friendly shelter, concocting plans for the restoration of Scottish liberty. Once a thunder-storm surprised us there in our wayward musings. It was a sultry autumn day, and we had climbed into the cave, when, in the midst of our cogitations, the voice of heaven's artillery boomed among the rocks. Tremblingly we looked forth, and yonder was the angry sky "black with tempests," and far down was the Tay lashed into foam by the rising hurricane, and around us, the trees were groaning and splintering in the blast. We had no other resource than to creep into a corner "scougit" from the storm, and patiently await its termination. But from that day to this we never again ventured to set foot within the "Dragon's Hole."

Crossheads.

A. W. E.

LETTER FROM JAMES ANDERSON, ESQ., EDITOR OF THE DIPLOMATA SCOTLÆ.

SIR,—I am honoured with yours, with one inclosed for our Lord Lyon, who, not being in town, I forwarded it by a sure hand to his country seat.

I return you my most hearty thanks for the account you are pleased to give me of the gold medal of our James the 3d in the church of Amiens, which I never heard of before. It seems to be a valuable one in these times, and I resolve to enquire farther about it, Duherne being an author of great reputation, and skilled in these matters. I'll endeavour to procure a draught of it, which, if I obtain, will give you the trouble of letting you know.

I hope you are proceeding in these excellent Enquiries you were about, and will oblige the world on a subject that will be acceptable from so good a hand. It was matter of great joy to me when I heard you was provided in what your merit had a just title to.

I am sorry I can't make any return of your civilities from these parts, not doubting but you have seen Mr Nisbett's late book of Heraldry. I

presume you will scarce shew the Antiquities of that science so high; and am afraid his authority from Treduis of an ancient Seal of Flanders bearing arms will not hold: the truth of that matter being doubted by the great Mabillon; and tho' some of our ancient seals doe bear the shield over their shoulders, yet all do not; and I must ingenuously own, that in all the Seals of our Kings that as yet I have seen, I could not observe on them Arms till Alexander the 2d, who bears the Royal Arms as now. So I wish any could discover a voucher of our Kings bearing the Lyon without the tressure.

In the Lawyers' Library here, there be some good MSS., among them is a fair copy of the negotiations of Sir Ralph Sadler, who was Ambassador from your Henry the VIII. to Scotland, in 1539 and 1543, which Mr Ruddiman, the keeper of that library, a very ingenious person, is resolved to publish, with a preface giving some account of Sir Ralph. If there be anything in the Herald office concerning [him], you will extremely oblige the gentleman by an account of it. The same person had the oversight of the printing of Buchanan's works, which is done with great exactness. But the undertaker, Mr Freebarne, being somewhat encumbered, and besides engaged in the late rebellion, the publication of them is retarded.

LEGENDS OF SCOTTISH SUPERSTITION.

No. II.

THE MERMAID'S STANE.

(WIGTONSHIRE.)

About three miles to the north of Stranraer is a high hill, presenting to the sea (Loch Ryan,) a rough precipitous front, or "scaur," having on its summit a very beautiful circular mound of earth—known in the locality as "the Moat of Innermessan," and at a small distance from the bottom, and within flood mark, is a rock which the sea overflows at full tides, and which has received from time immemorial the name of "the Mermaid's Rock." Its principal use at the present day, is to serve the fishermen as a conspicuous mark, whereby to place their nets—in former times (as Scottish tradition avers) it was frequented by a sort of nondescript—half fish, half woman—whose abode was in the depths of a sub-marine grotto somewhere in the neighbourhood. Though not strictly amphibious in her nature, it would seem that her Mermaidship possessed a very strong predilection for straying beyond the limits assigned to the inhabitants of the Neptunian domain. Ascending the small burn of Innermessan to a particular spot near the ruins of the Castle of Kirkcassie, she was in the habit of sitting, for days together, on "a big stane" (thence called "the Mermaid's Stane"), and there, combing her sea-green tresses, or singing her sweet but syren music, she would disport herself unlimitedly in the calm blue depths of the summer sunshine.

Once upon a time (as the legend) it so happened that a poor woman who had an infant at the breast, brought it, in its cradle, to the Mermaid's Stane, in order that she might play with it, and about it, till it sickle, and attend to the wants of her offspring at

the same time. Leaving her young charge on the "big-end," she commenced work, along with the other reapers; but the Mermaid, who had come up to the burn, unobserved, to her stane, seeing the unguarded situation of the child, watched a moment when the woman's eyes were averted, then snatched up the cradle and wallowed off with it towards the sea, in all the haste she could command. It was not long till the mother looked up, and missing her infant, ran about in all directions seeking it. To her unspeakable horror she was just in time to catch a momentary glimpse of the "loathly Mermaid" plunging into the sea, child, cradle, and all! The sight almost drove her frantic. No one could determine what were their intentions of the "unearthly creature;" but the poor woman, in the first transports of her fury, ran to the burn, lifted a large fragment of rock, and shivered "the Mermaid's Stane" to atoms. This summary act of vengeance was supposed to be highly insulting to the Mermaid, as no tidings were ever afterwards heard of the kidnapped child, neither did the Mermaid show herself for a considerable time. At length, one day, the mother of the child passing along the shore, saw the Mermaid seated as usual on her sea-girt rock, and was addressed by her—singing, or saying, the following lines:—

"Ye may think upon your cradle,
And I'll think on my stane;
We may weel speak and looky
But friends we'll never be nae on yawa stane."

Her malignity seems to have been directed in an especial manner against the females of the human race. Two young women having occasion to pass along the shore when the Mermaid was seated upon her rock, one of them suddenly dropped down dead, and the Mermaid was heard to exclaim to the other—"If ye hadna said 'Gude bless ye' this morning before ye throw your coat ower your head, ye wad ha been lying there like your neibor!" Surely, after such "an awful judgment" as this, not one of "the Fair Maidens of Loch Ryan" would neglect to say her prayers duly of a morning; or if any were so very unmindful, it is to be thought that she certainly would say them, without omitting a single word before venturing to pass a place so fatal to delinquents as "the grisly Mermaid's Stane."

11 Hill Street, Anderston,

Glasgow.

The Orkney Papers.

"JESUS."

Owa ye sowyne and xx. day of Apryll have seen a god ane thowsand vo. ix. aerie; ane eigne and a dome dempt at Saba and toop; befor ane nobill and potent me. Ser Wilzeu, Syndic of Waier seyt., Knyt., be me Thome of Grege, Lawman of Orkney, ye wisdest and best of ye land, goderyt landytt me, and ruyth and rytias to say, thome of randeyll; Alexr. Synclaid of Grubbes, Andro hadro, manys cromede, eldeyr, periss lowthit, Thome of yest, Wm. of the hill, Gormelie, gormelie, thome Synclaid of terte, precher of belgriand, balthoid

(Seal)

Item, quheras ther ar gnall. lres. of horning
raisit against the heretors. and wysr. within the
Shredfome of Orkney and Zetland, for payment
of the souns of threttie thrie thousand thrie hun-
dredth eightie twa pounds Scotts, to the persones
contanit in the saids lres., or wthers in their
names, as for the maintenance Imposit upon the
said Shyre, from the first of februar, 1649, till the
first of December, la i vic. and fiftie, as in the
saids lres. at great length is contained, for evyng,
coeshewng, and eliding of the same; those are the
grounds:—*and twol esing, twelb shonns, twen*
in primis, the said shyre ought and should be
freid and exempit of the said maintenance, be-

item, quas. in the moneth of *avudidj* *Iaj vj c.*
and fiftie yeers, Imediatlie after his excellence
was dissipat and brockin, One Captaine Colles,
by warrant, and under the comand of Lieutenan-
tnall, leslie, did come to this countrey with ane
troup of horss, and most violentlie, by the comand,
and power which he hade for the tyme, did quarter
his troupe of horss and men throw the countrey, de-
stroying, eating, trampling, and abusing the grow-
ing cornis in the fields, and threatning for money,
would not reynove their quarters till of some per-
sones they gott fyve hundreth mks, some ane
hundreth, some fyfthe merks, some inore, some les,
amounting to the sum of fyve thousand pound
Scotts, or yrbly, and would give no discharges
therefore, to the lamentable prejudice of the coun-
treys, *in quello red to strow eds of brotta has, elsie*

Item, in ano., 1648, the haill countrey was in ane bad condition and not able to maintain themselves, throw badnes of ye crompt, but sent for victuales and beir out of the South. Ther was such scarcite in the countrey, that many persones for their awin maintenance, and paying of their ferme and dewtie, were forced to sell their lands and old possessions; notwithstanding the deceast Robert, Earle of Morton (of good memorie), did levy, out of the countrey of Orkney and Zetland, the number of twelve hundreth men, or thereby, for his Maties. service, quha were furnished with money, mentenance, and armour, sua much as could be hade, and qr. armor. was not, money was payed for to buy them withall, to ye great prejudice of ye sd. countrey.

Ite., if the said maintenance hade bein sought in the dew tyme quhen it was payable, it might have bein that some litle of it would have bein gotten farr better then now, for ther were many then that hade stocks by land, such as victual-merchants, and many skippers and owners of vesshels, qa. had considerable stocks then, gras. now ther is neither air, excr., nor successor, to represent ym. in the least.

Ite., in ano., 1651, there was ane levie levied be Sir James Douglas, for his Maties. service at Strivling, about the number of fyve hundreth men or yrby., sufficientlie furnished with money, and furnished for ane moneths march, qlk. weakened the countrey.

Ite., in ye sd. year, 1651, the countrey suffered great prejudice by seall. Englishmen of warr, their plundering seall. houss. and Islands to the value of ten thousand merks or yrby., as is verie notorie. known.

Item, in respect of ye loyaltie of ye said countrey to his Majestie, the usurpers did (at yr. incomeing and durence ther abod), uplift and violently take the sheep, cattell, and wthers victuelles in the countrey, as if it hade bein their awin, for litle or nothing paying, to the great ruine of the land.

Ite., that the countrey is now in such ane lamentable and sad condition, by haveing the haill crompt of cornis, ano. 1664, both their superior's dewtie, and gentlemen and heretors' rent, lyand upo. their hand, in their barns and barnoyairds, spoyling, rotting, and altogether goeing to nought, becaus of the pnt., warr, and want of travelling and trafficoeing, that they cannot have so much money as pay the rent of soumes qr. it is resting by them. And now this year, 1665, is so bad ane crompt, that ther hes not bein the lyke since ano. 1648, sua that many tennents and labourers in this countrey (by all appearance), will not get yr. rounes labored again, but be altogether depauperat.

Ite., gras. the northern Shyres, qr. Leivtennent-gnall. Leslie quartered about ye fornamed yeers, without any warrant or Commission from his Matie., gott ther quartering allowed them, reasine, equitie, and conscience wold say, that woe wha hes suffered so much lose for his Matie., in supplying his gnall. or vicegerent and wthers inferior officers wth. all or. power, strength, and abilitie, should be somewayis rewarded, at least this heavie burdin of mentenance takin of or. weak shoulders.

Ite., quheras the right honorable. Earl of Morton, Superior of the Earldoms of Orkney and Zeeland hath, by act of parliat., gotten Immanitie of his proportion of ye saids monethlie mentenance, for his Lops. father, of good memorie his sufferings, the tyme of ye sd. deceast his excellencie the Marques of Montrois his being in his countrey, wheras the gentlemen, heretors, and wthers, inhabitants of ye haill countrey, hade ane farr greater burdin upon them the sd. tyme, and often after, then ye sd. deceast earl hade, and therefore our proportion of ye sd. mentenance (in all equitie, reasone, conscience, and Justice), should be given down als weil as his.

Item, gras. in ano. 1663, Patrick Blair of Littleblair, Shrof of Orkney, being Commissionar to the last Session of Parliat. for the said Shyre, and did represent to the sd. Parliat. Commisar. gray, his great abuse of this Shyre, in uplifting more in the moneths he collected then was his dew, upo. the consideran. grof., the members of Parliat. did caus Commisar. gray give bond to ye sd. Shref blair, in ye said Shyre's name, that he should be comptable. to ye Shyre for qt. he hade collected more then qt. wes his proportion, betwix ye sd. day and etaine. day yrafter., under the paine of and albeit ye tyme hes expyred, he hes nowayis done the same, to ye great prejudice of ye said Shyre.

Item, gras. the Commissrs. of assessment hes laid on ane moneths ces for making up the King's aetie., gras. ye sd. Oversanday will find cauhn. that ye will make it appear that yr. is als much laid on upon ye said Shyre and collected as make up the haill proportion yrof., and more also: and hes made ane act by yr. clerk, that ye sd. ces was for supplicie ye sd. aetie., gras. the whole gentlemen and heretors of ye sd. countrey, knows not to qt. use the samen is applied unto, except twa or three particular persones.

Ro. Stewart (of Brough).
Geo. Ballenden (of Stenhouse).
W. Mudie (of Melsetter).
Jo. Buchanan (of Sound).
James Baikie (of Tankerness).
James Fea (of Clestrain).
Ma. Pottinger (Kirkwall).
J. Traill (of Holland).
Ja. Stewart (of Gramsay).
Ja. Traill (of Westove).
J. Sutherland.

Kirkwall, the 2nd September, 1669.

Instructions for Patrick Blair of Littleblair, Shirriff of Orkney and Zetland, Commissioner from the Shire of Orkney, to this ensuing Parliament, 1669.

Imprimis, That our commisioner. Plead for a new valuation of this Shire, and to gett it past by way of Act, and to such persones names insert therein for the said new Valuation as he finds Requisit.

Item, That he mind to Procure ane act, in favors of the vdallers of Orkney and Zetland. That their vdall Right may be sustained valid in all tymes coming, As it has been since King James the third his Reigne.

Item, In case he find any Burthen to be Laid on the Shire of any nature, Especially towards the present *Militia*, that he Plead ane Exemption, in regard this Shire has advanced beyond all the rest of the Kingdom, By his Maties. Comand to the Noble Marquis of Montrose, in Anno 1649 and 1650, (vizt.) Fourteen hundred men and their Quartering in the Shire, for the space of Eight Moneths; besides ane Hundredth and thirty Officers had free Quarters for the space of seven moneths, and went away with Armes, Ammunition, Clothes, and vther necessaries, and Twelve pounds Scotts a peece for forty Dayes Loan; and likeways for advancing of Ane hundredth men taken vp from hence, under the conduct of Colonel William Sinclair, Governor of Liervick in Zetland, for that Guarisone, in tyme of the hale troubles and warre with the *Holender*.

Item, to deal with the Laird of Monneoff, or any concerned, That the Exchequer may keep Retention of the Wadsett Money in Orkney, from off my Lord Morton; and in case of Retention, That the Laird of Monneoff, or any other, shall be rewarded at their own Discretion.

Item, to mind for the fiewers of Orkney, to do therein as you think fitt.

Item, to Procure a warrant from the Councill to the Justiciar, and Justices of his Maties. Peace, For putting of Witches and Incestuous persons to a Triall.

Copy Letter addressed thus:—"For The Much Honored The Sheriff of Orkney, and in his absence to ye Sherriff-deput ther—These."

Holyrudhouse, ye 15th of Febr. 1667.

Much Honored—Being informed that ther is severall ships of warre, with souldiers, and other warryke provisiones, preparing at Bergen in Norway, and that ther designe is to attempt Shytland, and the Garrisone that is ther, I have sent this expresse to acquaint the Governour, which I requyre you to send over with all possible speid; and that you be in readines and upon your guard in yor. country, if any ships should attempt to land; and that you hasten to me any advertisement that comes from Shytland, or any thing you can learne of the enemy's motions, within yourselves., and it will oblidg

Your assured friend to serve you,
(Signed) ROTHES.

THE WARLOCK LAIRD OF FAIL.*

THE LAIRD OF FAIL may be considered the Sir Michael Scot of Ayrshire. His fame, however, lacks the perpetuating influence of that genius which has conspired to hand down the exploits of the latter to posterity. Yet tradition has not ceased to narrate his wondrous deeds; and superstition, listening with ready ear, still lingers by the gray walls where once the warlock dwelt. Nor has his claims to distinction been altogether forgotten by the bardic race. In the "Strains of

the Mountain Muse," by Mr Train, published in 1814, we find the following imitation of an old ballad:—

As Craigie's Knight went a hunting one day,
Along with the Laird of Fail,
They came to a house, where the gudewife she
Was brewing the shearers' ale.

Sir Thomas* alighted at the door
Before the Laird of Fail,
"And will ye gie me, gudewife," quo' he,
"A drink of your shearers' ale?"

"I will gie thee, Sir Thomas," quo' she,
"A drink o' my shearers' ale!"
But gude be here, how I sweat with fear,
At sight of the Laird of Fail!"

"What sees auld lucky the laird about
That may not be seen on me?
His beard so long, so bushy and strong,
Sure need not affrighten thee?"

"Though all his face was covered with hair,
It never would daunt on me;
But young and old have oft heard it told,
That a warlock wight is he.

"He caused the death of my braw milk cow,
And did not his blasting e'e
Bewitch my bairn, cowp many a kirk,
And gaur my auld doggie die!"

Sir Thomas came out and told the Laird
The gudewife's tremour within;
"Now, Laird," said he, "that sport we may see,
Come put in the merry pin."

"If ye want sport, Sir Thomas," quo' he,
"I wat ye's no want it long;
This crusty gudewife, upon my life,
Shall gie us a dance and song."

He put then a pin aboon the door,
And said some mysterious thing;
And instantly the auld woman she
Began to dance and to sing—

"O good Sir Thomas of Craigie tak'
The warlock Laird of Fail
Awa' frae me, for he never shall pree
A drap of our shearers' ale!"

The Laird he cried on the auld gudeman,
And sought a drink of his beer;
"Atweel," quo' he, "kind sir, you shall be
Welcome to all that is here."

But just as he passed under the pin,
He roar'd out "Warlock Fail,
Awa' frae me, for you never shall pree
A drap of our shearers' ale!"

And aye as the canty shearers they
Were comin' hame to their kale,
The Laird and Knight from every wight
Sought some of the dinner ale!

"Ye's get the last drap in a' the house,"
They cried as they hurried in;
But every one at once began
As passing under the pin—

"O good Sir Thomas of Craigie, tak'
The warlock Laird of Fail
Awa' frae me, for he never shall pree
A drap of my dinner ale!"

And they would have sung the same till yet,
Had not the old Laird of Fail
Drawn out the pin, before he went in,
To drink of the shearers' ale.

The humour of the poet is scarcely so graphic as the story warrants. The dancing of the old woman and the band of shearers, as, on entering

* From "The Ballads and Songs of Ayrshire"—Second Series—recently published. Edinburgh: T. G. Stevenson, 87 Prince's Street.

* Sir Hugh it probably ought to have been.

one by one, they seized each other by the skirts, was performed round the fire, which in those days invariably stood in the middle of the kitchen. When the "merry pin" came to be withdrawn, the circle of peasant dervishes, especially the old woman, were truly in a "melting mood," and so thoroughly exhausted that the moment the spell was gone they fell prostrate on the floor. A similar feat is told of Sir Michael Scot, in a note to the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," and no doubt both are equally well founded! but so far is tradition in favour of the Ayrshire wizard's claim to originality, that we have heard the name of the farm condescended upon, and its locality pointed out, though we cannot recollect either at present.

There are many other cantrips related of the Laird; but who the wonder-working personage really was, tradition sayeth not, though he must have existed no longer ago than the seventeenth century. Fail Castle, of which he is believed to have been the last inhabitant, formed originally a portion of the Monastery of Fail, founded in 1252. It is situated about a mile from Tarbolton, at the head of one of the most extensive meadows in the county. A single dilapidated corner of the tower alone remains to indicate the situation. The establishment belonged to the Red Friars, who were also called "Fratres de Redemptione Captivorum," it being part of their duty to redeem captives from slavery. The head of the convent was styled minister, and, as provincial of the Trinity Order in Scotland, had a seat in Parliament. The monks wore a white habit, with a red and blue cross upon the shoulder. They were fond of good cheer, and, if the old rhyme may be trusted, were not scrupulous as to the mode of obtaining it:—

"The Friars of Fail
Get never owre hard eggs, or owre thin kale;
For they made their eggs thin w' butter,
And their kale thick w' bread.
And the Friars of Fail they made gude kale
On Fridays when they fasted;
And they never wanted gear enough
As lang as their neighbours' lasted."

Fail monastery continued to be a place of considerable importance for nearly three centuries, until the Reformation, when it experienced the fate of the other religious houses in Scotland. In 1565 Robert Cuninghame, minister of Fail, granted a charter conveying the lands of Brownhill, and the farms on the Fail estate, to J. Cuninghame, Esq. of Brownhill, the ancestor of the present proprietor. As farther illustrative of the declining authority of the fraternity, it is mentioned in a rental of the revenue of Fail, given in 1562, that of twenty-six merks yearly due by the Laird of Lamont, "he had not paid one penny for six years."*

The successor of Robert Cuninghame was William Wallace, brother of Sir Hugh of Craigie, in which family the patronage of Fail was probably at the time invested. He died in 1617. His son, William Wallace, who appears to have considered himself owner of the remaining property of

the monastery, was served heir of his father, "William Wallace, minister of Failford," in the manor place of the monastery of Failford, and the gardens called West Yaird, Neltoun Yaird, Gardine Yaird, Yeister Yaird, and Kirk Yaird.† In August 1619, however, a grant of the monastery was made to Walter Whyteford, which grant was subsequently ratified by Parliament in 1621. From this it would appear that the claim of William Wallace, had been set aside, and that Whyteford became the proprietor.‡ As a layman he was designated, in the common phraseology of the time, the Laird of Fail; and no subsequent owner being known by that appellation, the presumption is that he was the identical Warlock Laird. He had been educated abroad, and was altogether eccentric both in his habits and appearance. As described in Mr Train's ballad, he wore a long beard, and was frequently heard to utter unknown words. He resided, in the midst of the deserted cells of the monks, in the old manor-house, or superior's residence, usually called the Castle, then in a state of considerable dilapidation. The belief in his supernatural powers was by no means astonishing, at a period when witchcraft gained such general credit. The surprise is that he escaped the torture and the stake. Though believed to possess an evil eye, and to have the faculty of charming milk from cows, butter from the churn, cheese from the dairy tub; and to be able not only to foretell future events, but to control human actions—spreading disease and death among men and cattle by the simple exercise of his will—yet the disposition of the Laird does not appear to have been wantonly malicious. Judging from the stories told of him, he seems to have had a strong relish for the humorous, and to have exerted his magic influence chiefly for the amusement of his acquaintances. One day, a man leading an ass, laden with crockery ware, happened to pass the Castle. The Laird, who had a friend with him, offered for a wager to make the man break his little stock to pieces. The bet was taken—and immediately the earthenware-dealer, stopping and unloading the ass, smashed the whole into fragments. When asked why he acted so foolishly, he declared that he saw the head of a large black dog growling out of each of the dishes ready to devour him. The spot where this is said to have occurred is still called "Pig's Bush." On another occasion, the Laird looked out at the upper south window of the Castle. There were in sight twenty going ploughs. He undertook for a large wager to make them all stand still. Momentarily eighteen of them—ploughs, ploughmen, horses, and gadmen—stood stock still. Two, however, continued at work. One of them was ploughing

* Retour No. 162, April 22, 1617.

† William Wallace was served heir in 1630 to the lands of Smythston, Lady-yard, Adamcroft, and Little Auchenvest, with the salmon fishings in the waters of Ayr. (Retour No. 271, Dec. 23, 1630.)

‡ The immunities derivable from the monastery subsequently fell into the hands of the Dundonald family. In 1690, William, Earl of Dundonald, was served heir of his father, John, Earl of Dundonald, in the benefice of Failford as well temporally as spiritually.

At this period, "two pair men" lived in the convent, who had £22 Scots yearly for their subsistence.

the Tarbolton Croft. It was found out afterwards that these two ploughs carried each a piece of rowan tree—mountain ash—proverbial for its anti-warlock properties—

"Rowan-tree and red thread
Keep the devils frae their speed."

In what year the death of the Warlock Laird took place is unknown; but circumstances lead us to believe that it must have been near the close of the seventeenth century. When about to depart, he warned those around him not to remain in the Castle after his body was carried out; and it being autumn, he further recommended them not to bury him until the harvest should be completed; because on the day of his interment a fearful storm would ensue. He was accordingly kept as long as the putrid state of his remains admitted; still the harvest was not above half finished. True as the Laird's prediction, the moment the body, on the funeral day, had cleared the doorway, a loud crash was heard—the Castle roof had fallen in. The wind rose with unexampled fury; the sheafs of corn were scattered like chaff, and much damage was sustained over the land.

THE BLACK HOLE OF CALCUTTA.

[Continued from our last.]

In the Black Hole there is a platform* corresponding with that in the barracks. I travelled over the dead, and repaired to the farther end of it, just opposite the other window, and seated myself on the platform between Mr Drummond and Capt. Stevenson; the former just then expiring. I was still happy in the same calmness of mind I had preserved the whole time; death I expected as unavoidable, and only lamented its slow approach, though the moment I quitted the window my breathing grew short and painful.

Here my poor friend Mr Edward Eyre came staggering over the dead to me, and with his usual coolness and good nature, asked me how I did? but fell and expired before I had time to make him a reply. I laid myself down on some of the dead behind me, on the platform; and, recommending myself to Heaven, had the comfort of thinking my sufferings could have no long duration.

My thirst grew now insupportable, and difficulty of breathing much increased; and I had not remained in this situation, I believe, ten minutes, when I was seized with a pain in my breast, and palpitation of my heart, both to the most exquisite degree. These roused and obliged me to get up again; but still the pain, palpitation, thirst, and difficulty of breathing increased. I retained my senses notwithstanding, and had the grief to see death not so near me as I hoped; but could no longer bear the pains I suffered without attempting a relief, which I knew fresh air would and could only give me. I instantly determined to push for the window opposite to me; and by an effort of double the strength I ever before possessed, gained the third rank at it, with one hand seized a bar, and by that means gained the second, though I think there were at least six or seven ranks between me and the window.

In a few moments my pain, palpitation, and difficulty of breathing ceased; but my thirst continued intolerable. I called aloud for water for God's sake. I had been concluded dead; but as soon as they heard me amongst them, they had

still the respect and tenderness for me to cry out, "Give him water, give him water!" nor would one of them at the window attempt to touch it until I had drunk. But from the water I found no relief; my thirst was rather increased by it: so I determined to drink no more, but patiently wait the event; and kept my mouth moist from time to time by sucking the perspiration out of my shirt-sleeves, and catching the drops as they fell, like heavy rain from my head and face. You can hardly imagine how unhappy I was if any of them escaped my mouth.

I came into the prison without coat or waistcoat: the season was too hot to bear the former, and the latter tempted the avarice of one of the guards, who robbed me of it when we were under the veranda. Whilst I was at this second window, I was observed by one of my miserable companions on the right of me, in the expedient of allaying my thirst by sucking my shirt-sleeve. He took the hint, and robbed me from time to time of a considerable part of my store; though after I detected him, I had ever the address to begin on that sleeve first, when I thought my reservoirs were sufficiently replenished; and our mouths and noses often met in the contest. This plunderer, I found afterwards, was a worthy young gentleman in the service, Mr Lushington, one of the few who escaped from death; and since paid me the compliment of assuring me, he believed he owed his life to the many comfortable draughts he had from my sleeve. I mention this incident, as I think nothing can give you a more lively idea of the melancholy state and distress we were reduced to. Before I hit upon this happy expedient, I had, in an ungovernable fit of thirst, attempted drinking my urine; but it was so intensely bitter, there was no enduring a second taste; whereas no Bristol water could be more soft or pleasant than what arose from perspiration.

By half an hour past eleven the much greater number of those living were in an outrageous delirium, and the others quite ungovernable; few retaining any calmness, but the ranks next the windows. By what I had felt myself, I was fully sensible what those within suffered; but had only pity to bestow upon them, not then thinking how soon I should myself become a greater object of it.

They all now found that water, instead of relieving, rather heightened their uneasiness; and *Air, Air*, was the general cry. Every insult that could be devised against the guard, all the opprobrious names and abuse that the Suba, Monikchund,* &c. could be loaded with, were repeated, to provoke the guard to fire upon us, every man that could, rushing tumultuously towards the windows with eager hopes of meeting the first shot. Then a general prayer to Heaven, to hasten the approach of the flames to the right and left of us, and put a period to our misery. But these failing, they whose strength and spirits were quite exhausted, laid themselves down, and expired quietly upon their fellows: others who had yet some strength and vigour left, made a last effort for the windows, and several succeeded, by leaping and scrambling over the backs and heads of those in the first ranks; and got hold of the bars, from which there was no removing them. Many to the right and left sank with the violent pressure, and were soon suffocated; for now a steam arose from the living and the dead, which affected us in all its circumstances, as if we were forcibly held with our heads over a bowl full of strong volatile spirit of hartshorn, until suffocated; nor could the effluvia of one be distinguished from the other, and frequently, when I was forced by the load upon my head and shoulders, to hold my face down, I was obliged, near as I was to the window, instantly to raise it up again to escape suffocation.

I need not, my dear friend, ask your commiseration, when I tell you, that in this plight, from half an hour past eleven till near two in the morning, I sustained the weight of a heavy man, with his knees in my back, and the pressure of his whole body on my head; a Dutch sergeant, who

* This platform was raised between three and four feet from the floor, open underneath. It extended the whole length of the east side of the prison, and was above six feet wide.

* Rajah Monikchund, appointed by the Suba, governor of Calcutta.

had taken his seat upon my left shoulder; and a Topas,* bearing on my right: all which nothing could have enabled me long to support, but the props and pressure equally sustaining me all around. The two latter I frequently dislodged, by shifting my hold on the bars, and driving my knuckles into their ribs; but my friend above stuck fast, and as he held by two bars, was immovable.

When I had bore this conflict above an hour, with a train of wretched reflections, and seeing no glimpse of hope on which to found a prospect of relief, my spirits, resolution, and every sentiment of religion gave way. I found I was unable much longer to support this trial, and could not bear the dreadful thoughts of retiring into the inner part of the prison, where I had before suffered so much. Some infernal spirit, taking the advantage of this period, brought to my remembrance my having a small clasp-penknife in my pocket, with which I determined instantly to open my arteries, and finish a system no longer to be borne. I had got it out, when Heaven interposed, and restored me to fresh spirits and resolution, with an abhorrence of the act of cowardice I was just going to commit. I exerted anew my strength and fortitude. But the repeated trials and efforts I made to dislodge the insufferable incumbrances upon me, at last quite exhausted me; and towards two o'clock, finding I must quit the window, or sink where I was, I resolved on the former, having bore, truly for the sake of others, infinitely more for life than the best of it is worth.

In the rank close behind me was an officer of one of the ships, whose name was *Carey*, and who had behaved with much bravery during the siege; (his wife, a fine woman, though country-born, would not quit him, but accompanied him into the prison, and was one who survived.) This poor wretch had been long raving for water and air; I told him I was determined to give up life, and recommended his gaining my station. On my quitting, he made a fruitless attempt to get my place; but the Dutch sergeant who sat on my shoulder supplanted him.

Poor Carey expressed his thankfulness, and said, he would give up life too; but it was with the utmost labour we forced our way from the window, (several in the inner ranks appearing to me dead standing.†) He laid himself down to die; and his death, I believe, was very sudden; for he was a short, full, sanguine man. His strength was great, and I imagine, had he not retired with me, I should never have been able to have forced my way.

I was at this time sensible of no pain, and little uneasiness; I can give you no better idea of my situation than by repeating my simile of the bowl of spirit of hartshorn. I found a stupor coming on apace, and laid myself down by that gallant old man, the Rev. Mr Jervas Bellany, who lay dead, with his son the lieutenant, hand in hand, near the southernmost wall of the prison.

When I had lain there some little time, I still had reflection enough to suffer some uneasiness in the thought, that I should be trampled upon, when dead, as I myself had done to others. With some difficulty I raised myself, and gained the platform a second time, where I presently lost all sensation: the last trace of sensibility that I have been able to recollect after my lying down, was my sash being uneasy about my waist, which I untied, and threw from me.

Of what passed in this interval to the time of my resurrection from this hole of horrors, I can give you no account; and indeed the particulars mentioned by some of the gentlemen who survived, (solely by the number of those dead, by which they gained a freer accession of air, and approach to the windows), were so excessively absurd and contradictory, as to convince me, very few of them retained their senses; or at least, lost them soon after they came into the open air, by the fever they carried out with them.

In my own escape from absolute death, the hand of

Heaven was manifestly exerted; the manner takes as follows. When the day broke, and the gentlemen found that no intreaties could prevail to get the door opened; it occurred to one of them (I think to Mr Secretary Cook) to make a search for me, in hopes I might have influence enough to gain a release from this scene of misery. Accordingly Messrs Lushington and Walcot undertook the search, and by my shirt discovered me under the dead upon the platform. They took me from thence; and imagining I had some signs of life, brought me towards the window I had first possession of.

But as life was equally dear to every man, and the stench arising from the dead bodies was grown intolerable, no one would give up his station in or near the window: so they were obliged to carry me back again. But soon after Capt. Mills (now captain of the Company's yacht), who was in possession of a seat in the window, had the humanity to offer to resign it. I was again brought by the same gentlemen, and placed in the window.

At this juncture, the Suba, who had received an account of the havock death had made amongst us, sent one of his jemmandaars to inquire if the chief survived. They showed me to him; told him I had appearance of life remaining, and believed I might recover if the door was opened very soon. This answer being returned to the Suba, an order came immediately for our release, it being then near six in the morning.

The fresh air at the window soon brought me to life; and a few minutes after the departure of the jemmandaar, I was restored to my sight and senses. But Oh! Sir, what words shall I adopt to tell you the whole that my soul suffered at reviewing the dreadful destruction round me! I will not attempt it; and indeed tears (a tribute I believe I shall ever pay to the remembrance of this scene, and to the memory of those brave and valuable men) stop my pen.

The little strength remaining amongst the most robust who survived, made it a difficult task to remove the dead piled up against the door; so that I believe it was more than twenty minutes before we obtained a passage out for one at a time.

I had soon reason to be convinced the particular inquiry made after me, did not result from any dictate of favour, humanity, or contrition. When I came out, I found myself in a high putrid fever; and, not being able to stand, throw myself on the wet grass without the veranda; when a message was brought to me, signifying I must immediately attend the Suba. Not being capable of walking, they were obliged to support me under each arm; and on my way, one of the jemmandaars told me, as a friend, to make a full confession where the treasure was buried in the fort, or that in half an hour I should be shot off from the mouth of a cannon.* The intimation gave me no manner of concern; for, at that juncture, I should have esteemed death the greatest favour the tyrant could have bestowed upon me.

Being brought into his presence, he soon observed the wretched plight I was in, and ordered a large folio volume, which lay on a heap of plunder, to be brought for me to sit on. I endeavoured two or three times to speak, but my tongue was dry and without motion. He ordered me water. As soon as I got speech, I began to recount the dismal catastrophe of my miserable companions. But he slept me short, with telling me, he was well informed of great treasure being buried, or secreted, in the fort, and that I was privy to it; and if I expected favour must discover it.

I urged every thing I could to convince him there was no truth in the information; or that if any such thing had been done, it was without my knowledge. I reminded him of his repeated assurance to me, the day before. But he remained the subject of the treasure, and all I could say seemed to gain no credit with him. I was ordered prisoner under Mhir Muddon, general of the household troops.

* A black Christian soldier; usually termed subjects of Portugal.

† Unable to fall by the strong and equal pressure round.

* A sentence of death common in Indonesia. A

Amongst the guard which carried me from the Suba, one bore a large Moratter battle-axe; which gave rise, I imagine to Mr Secretary Cooke's belief, and report to the fleet, that he saw me carried out, with the edge of the axe towards me, to have my head struck off. This I believe is the only account you will have of me, until I bring you a better myself. But to resume my subject: I was ordered to the camp to Mhir Muddon's quarters, within the outward ditch, something short of Omychund's garden, (which you know is above three miles from the fort); and with me Messrs Court, Walcot, and Burdet. The rest who survived the fatal night gained their liberty; except Mrs Carey, who was too young and handsome. The dead bodies were promiscuously thrown into the ditch of our unfinished ravelin, and covered with the earth.

My being treated with this severity, I have sufficient reason to affirm, proceeded from the following causes. The Suba's resentment for my defending the fort, after the governor, &c., had abandoned it; his prepossession touching the treasure; and thirdly, the instigations of Omychund,* in resentment for my not releasing him out of prison, as soon as I had the command of the fort: a circumstance which, in the heat and hurry of action, never once occurred to me; or I had certainly done it; because I thought his imprisonment unjust. But that the hard treatment I met with, may truly be attributed in a great measure to his suggestions and insinuations I am well assured, from the whole of his subsequent conduct; and this was further confirmed to me, in the three gentlemen selected to be my companions, against each of whom he had conceived particular resentment; and you know Omychund can never forgive.

We were conveyed in a hackery† to the camp, the 21st of June, in the morning, and soon loaded with fetters, and stowed all four in a Scapoy's tent, about four feet long, three wide, and about three high; so that we were half in half out. All night it rained severely. Dismal as this was, it appeared a paradise compared with our lodging the preceding night. Here I became covered from head to foot with large painful boils, the first symptom of my recovery; for until these appeared, my fever did not leave me.

On the morning of the 22d, they marched us to town in our fetters, under the scorching beams of an intense hot sun, and lodged us at the dock-head in the open small veranda fronting the river, where we had a strong guard over us, commanded by Bundo Sing Hazary, an officer under Mhir Muddon. Here the other gentlemen broke out likewise in boils all over their bodies; a happy circumstance, which, as I afterwards learned, attended every one who came out of the Black Hole.

On our arrival at this place, we soon were given to understand we should be embarked for Muxadabad;‡ where, I think, you have never been; and since I have brought you thus far, you may as well take this trip with us likewise. I have much leisure on my hands at present; and, you know, you may chuse your leisure for perusal.

We set out on our travels from the dock-head the 24th in the afternoon, and were embarked on a large wollack,|| containing part of Bundo Sing's plunder, &c. She bulged ashore a little after we set off, and broke one of her floor timbers. However, they pushed on, though she made so much water she could hardly swim. Our bedstead and bedding were a platform of loose unequal bamboos laid on the bottom-timbers: so that when they had been negligent in baling, we frequently waked with half of us in the water. We had hardly any clothes to our bodies, and nothing but a bit of mat, and a bit or two of old gunnybag, which we begged at the dock-head, to defend us from the sun, rains, and dews; our food only rice, and the water alongside, which you know is neither very clean, nor very palatable in the rains: but there was enough of it without scrambling.

In short, Sir, though our distresses in this situation,

covered with tormenting boils, and loaded with irons, will be thought, and doubtless were, very deplorable; yet the grateful consideration of our being so providentially a remnant of the saved, made every thing else appear light to us. Our rice and water diet, designed as a grievance to us, was certainly our preservation: for could we, circumstanced as we were, have indulged in flesh and wine, we had died beyond all doubt.

When we arrived at Houghly fort, I wrote a short letter to Governor Bisdon (by means of a pencil and blank leaf of a volume of Apb. Tilotson's Sermons, given us by one of our guard, part of his plunder), advising him of our miserable plight. He had the humanity to dispatch three several boats after us, with fresh provisions, liquors, clothes, and money; neither of which reached us. But "Whatever is, is right;" our rice and water were more salutary and proper for us.

Matter, ridiculous and droll, abundantly occurred in the course of our trip. But these I will postpone for a personal recital, that I may laugh with you; and will only mention, that my hands alone being free from imposthumes, I was obliged for some time to turn nurse and feed my poor distressed companions.

When we came opposite to Santipore, they found the wollack would not be able to proceed further for want of water in the river; and one of the guard was sent ashore to demand of the zemindar* of that district, eight boats to carry prisoners of state under their charge to Muxadabad. The zemindar, giving no credit to the fellow, mustered his guard of pikes, beat him, and drove him away.

This, on the return of the burkandass, raised a most furious combustion. Our jemmandaar ordered his people to arms; and the resolution was, to take the zemindar, and carry him bound a prisoner to Muxadabad. Accordingly they landed with their fire-arms, swords, and targets; when it occurred to one mischievous mortal amongst them, that the taking me with them would be a proof of their commission, and the high offence the zemindar had committed.

(To be Continued.)

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

THE following Latin prayer is said to have been composed by the unfortunate Queen of Scots, and repeated by her immediately before her execution:—

"O Domine Deus, spravi in te;
O Care Jesu, nunc libera me;
In durâ catruâ, in miserâ pena, desidero te.
Languendo, gemendo, et genuflectendo,
A penâ desidero te;
Adoro, imploro, ut liberet me.

Varieties.

SCOTCH SCOLLOPS.—Wednesday a case of an unparalleled description was brought before Bailie Small in the Glasgow Police Court. Two men, Joseph Smith and Duncan Mitchell, were put to the bar, accused with "wickedly, maliciously, and viciously scolding each other's noses off, and otherwise maiming one another, in a house in the Old Wynd the previous evening," and never before, even in the Police-Office, did we witness two such figures. The dresses of both were torn to rags, and their faces were covered in every direction with scars, scratches, and other marks of savage violence, while large white plasters enveloped the spot where the nasal organs of the cannibals had formerly luxuriated, but which, with all the soldering together and patching up of the skilful surgeon of the establishment, gave now very slight indication of *bona fide* nose at all. Smith had also about an inch or so of a finger bitten off, and but for the timely interference of the police, it is probable one or other, if not both of the brutes would have been worried. Altogether

* A proprietor of land.

* A great Gentoo merchant of Calcutta.

† A coach drawn by oxen. ‡ The capital of Bengal.

|| A large boat.

their appearance at the bar was rather ludicrous than otherwise. They stared at the grotesque countenance of each other, and seemed satisfied to this extent, that exceedingly little advantage had been gained by either, while the audience appeared not to know whether to laugh at or commiserate the objects before them. After an appropriate address from the Magistrate on the ferocious and unmanly conduct of the prisoners, they were ordered to pay the doctor's bill for putting together what remained of their heads and dismissed.—*Caledonian Mercury*, 23 Sept. 1837.

IRISH AND SCOTCH NATIONALITY.—The following amusing instance of the nationality of the Irish and Scotch is mentioned by Mrs Lee, late Mrs Bowdich, in her recent publication—*Stories of Strange Lands*. The Moors of Western Africa have an implacable hatred of Europeans or Christians, whom they consider a grasping overreaching race, in consequence of their taking possession of India, and a belief that they are lying in wait to seize upon the whole of Africa on similar pretences. From this and other causes, they detest the missionaries sent into their country, and are on the alert to circumvent them. "The officers of the mission to Ashantee were on the point of falling victims to their jealousy, and they were actually led out to execution; but the king, having received information of their manoeuvres, sent his guards to their rescue. A friendly but mysterious voice warned Mr Bowdich of their danger on the previous evening, and he immediately went to an adjoining room to inform his comrades; one was a Scotchman, and the other an Irishman, and he found them in very warm discussion. Interrupting them, however, he imparted the news he had received: for a moment they were silent, but the Irishman suddenly exclaimed 'I hope not; but what do you think that fellow H——n says? He declares that all our Irish melodies are stolen from the Scotch.' This national recurrence to their debate was followed by a rejoinder from his antagonist; and in neither did it proceed from a culpable indifference to their impending fate: it was the impulse of two fearless spirits, who esteemed self as nothing when compared to the honour of their respective countries; and Mr Bowdich was obliged to use many entreaties before he could make them calm enough to consider the means of escaping the danger.

WITCHES IN WALES.—There was in North Wales a poor lad who had no home, but led a vagrant life about the country. One time, having to cross a large wood, night came on, and he lost his way; and, after wandering about for some hours, he at length came to a small hovel in the thickest part of the wood, into which he entered, but found no one within. However, being glad of any shelter from the cold and weather, he crept into a corner and lay down to rest. He had not been there long before an old woman came in; and having raked out some embers from the ashes, she lit a fire, and standing in the middle of the house, performed certain ceremonies, and repeated the following uncouth rhyme:—

Dros y drain a'r drymi,
Ae i wrydri Meistyr Mostyn;

ae adrev.

That is:— Over the thorns and the briars,
And to Mr Mostyn's dairy;
and home.

She then flew up the chimney and disappeared. Soon afterwards, another old woman came in, and went through the same ceremony, with the same result. She was followed by several others, who all acted in a similar manner, and concluded with flying up the chimney. The lad now understood that he was in the house of a witch, and that all these were witches; and, being curious to know more about the matter, when no others continued to arrive he got up and set about imitating them in their ceremonies and the repeating of the rhyme. No sooner had he done this, than he was whisked up the chimney in the same manner; and soon found himself in Mr Mostyn's dairy, with the whole party of witches, who were regaling themselves upon Mr

Mostyn's cream and such other good fare as was within their reach. But there was one material difference betwixt him and them; whilst they were sound and unscathed, he was scratched and bruised in a deplorable manner, and his clothes were torn to tatters. In fact, he had mistaken the words of the rhyme; and instead of saying, as they did, "Over the thorns and briars," he had said, "Through the thorns and briars," and the powers of sorcery, true to the letter of the spell, had hurried him through all the bushes and brambles, from the hovel forwards. However, as his companions were enjoying themselves there, he determined to do the same; and accordingly made a hearty supper. Having continued their feast till morning approached, at length the cock crew, and instantly the witches flew out through a small aperture in the window, and left the unhappy lad there, unable to escape. It turned out that he had in another particular failed in repeating the spell: he had omitted to utter the last words, "and home." So he was, of course, discovered in the morning; and held responsible not only for his own depredations, but for those of his companions.—*Folk Lore*. [The reader will perceive an evident similarity between this story and that of the "Enchanted Cow," in last number.]

THE VALUE OF RELICS.—The *Journal des Debats*, speaking of the purchase some time since made by Prince Albert, of the coat worn by Nelson, when he received his death-wound, at the battle of Trafalgar—for presentation to Greenwich Hospital—takes occasion to bring together a number of examples in illustration of the large sums paid under the relic-and-rarity mania; particularly by the rich enthusiasts of our own island—more especially, 'it seems, subject to that species of influence. Some of the cases reported will require testimonials, not likely to be forthcoming, ere they will be inclined to admit these amongst the statistics of the passion. The ivory chair which Gustavus Vasa received from the town of Lubeck, was sold, the *Journal des Debats* says, in 1123, for the sum of 20,000 florins—not far short of £6000! This is a startling anecdote to begin with; but such a one was absolutely necessary to prepare the mind for the reception of the following. The coat worn by Charles the Twelfth, of Sweden, at the battle of Pultawa—preserved by Colonel Rouse, who followed the adventurous monarch to Bender—was sold, in 1826, at Edinburgh for the sum of £22,000 sterling! This anecdote the French paper, itself, thinks should have confirmation. M. A. Lenoir, the founder of the French Museum, relates that, during the transport of the remains of Abelard and Heloise to the Petits Augustins, an Englishman offered him 100,000 francs (£4000) for one of the teeth of Heloise! At that quotation of the price of bone, Lord Shaftesbury had a great bargain of the tooth of Sir Isaac Newton, for which he paid only £730, in 1816! For want of an Englishman at Stockholm, in 1820, the head of Descartes (teeth and all) was absolutely given away, as the phrase is, at the sale of Dr Sourmon's cabinet for 99 francs. The following cases fall within the more mild and familiar examples of this affection—though it will be seen that the English examples continue to be far more astonishing than the foreign pronunciation. Voltaire's cape was sold, in Paris, for 500 francs (£20); Rousseau's waistcoat for 945 francs, and his copper watch for 500;—Kant's wig, in spite of all the promise contained in the apophthegm which suggests the seat of a doctor's wisdom, brought only 200 francs; whereas, the wig of Sterne fetched, in London, 200 guineas—5250 francs! The hat worn by Napoleon at Eylau, was, in 1835, carried off, by M. Lacroix, from thirty-two competitors, for the sum of 1920 francs—about £77; while Sir Francis Burdett paid £500 for the two pages used in the signature of the treaty of Amiens.—*Athenaeum*, 1840.

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Gaelic Literature.

THE prejudice created against Gaelic literature by the suspicious conduct of the translator of Ossian; the mismanagement of the parties who subsequently endeavoured to procure evidence of the authenticity of these poems, and the heavy controversy thereby occasioned, have proved an insurmountable barrier to the success of many learned and talented writers, who have, since then, devoted themselves to the laudable purpose of illustrating and promoting that literature. There is no college, nor even a single chair in any college in Britain, endowed for the cultivation and study of the native literature of the ancestors of the British people; although the effects of their language, their laws, and their hereditary rights and privileges are to be traced in the more marked features of the history of the country, and although they are even now at this time exercising their influence on the manners, customs, and characters of millions of our fellow-subjects. The Welsh, the Irish, and the Highlanders of Scotland, who feel the most lively interest in Gaelic or Celtic literature, are thinly scattered over an immense surface of the more inaccessible and isolated districts of the three kingdoms; and their hereditary possessions have, in effect, been confiscated to a class whose interest it was to repress, rather than revive Gaelic literature, with all its ancient and exciting associations. They are thus altogether incapable of the unity of purpose necessary to mature or to endow institutions for the encouragement and compensation of men devoted to, and dependent on literary pursuits. Hence neither fame nor profit has hitherto rewarded the labourers in the ample field of Gaelic literature. Dr Smith of Campbellton, among many other illustrious names, may be mentioned in proof of this melancholy fact. Their works are an honour to themselves and their country; and their reward has been poverty and neglect—or misrepresentation and obloquy. It would almost seem as if the hostility of nation and of race, which was terminated by the more honourable and generous spirits of both races and nations at Culloden, had since then infused itself into the hearts and pens of literary men; and must be poured forth in a torrent of vituperation on the heads of such as have the temerity to stand up for the language, poetry, or literature of the Gael. Had we a Gaelic college; or even a Gaelic profes-

sorship, the services of Dr Smith might have been secured to the cause of Gaelic literature, and rewarded; but for want of such institutions or endowments (and in the absence of a compensating demand for his works), he was compelled to resort to the labour of the plough, instead of the pen; and other Celtic scholars, cautioned by his fate, have prudently addressed themselves to more popular studies. Hence the field of Celtic literature remains uncultivated.

The want of colleges or professorships for the study of Celtic literature has told seriously against the learned classes of the Celtic people of these kingdoms. Their success in competing with their fellow-students depends, in a great measure, not on the cultivation, but on the total neglect and forgetfulness of the poetry, traditions, and language, of their native districts. So much is this the case, that, we would venture to say, the more learned classes of the Celtic inhabitants of Great Britain and Ireland are, at this day, the more ignorant classes as regards the language, the poetry, and the history of their ancestors. This observation applies still more particularly to the Celtic Protestant clergymen of the last century; for, in addition to the absolute want of any school or college in which they could acquire any knowledge of the language and literature of the people, the sour and unsocial spirit infused into religion by the disciples of Calvin, placed them in a position of actual hostility to the profane poetry and traditions which occupied the hearts of the people, and diverted them, as they conceived, from the more serious study of sectarian polemics. So high did the hostility of the clergy, to the poetry and traditions prevalent in the Highlands about Ossian and his heroes reach, that even the pious and learned Bishop Carsewell did not hesitate to fulminate against them in his liturgy. Had Dr Blair and his learned friends addressed themselves to the shoemakers, weavers, and tailors, instead of the clergy of the Highlands, the result of their inquiry into the authenticity of Ossian's poems would have been very different. In applying to the clergy, they applied to the only party in the Highlands who, as a class, must necessarily have had the worst opportunity, and the least inclination for the study of the poetry and traditions of the people. Even at this day, although a knowledge of the Gaelic language is more accessible to students of divinity than it has been, owing to the Society's schools, yet a Gaelic scholar among the Highland clergy is still the exception.

and not the rule. He who listens to some of their number from the pulpit, can, we think, have no difficulty in believing that Gaelic was spoken at the Tower of Babel. That the Scottish clergy have sat down for two hundred years, without an institution whereby so many of their number as are intended for Highland parishes, should be qualified to address the people in a civilized and intelligible language, is not very creditable either to their Christianity or their philosophy. At present, the only institution at which a Highland student can have an opportunity of learning to read and write Gaelic is the hedge-school, in which some worthy and zealous devotee of tuition and literature may be found toiling and pining on the Society's pittance of from five to ten pounds a-year. Such is the value placed on the education of the Highlanders by its lay and clerical Scottish patrons, in the nineteenth century. But yet it would be ungrateful not to confess, that these schools afford the elements of education to a great many poor children; and have done, and are doing, a great deal of good in many remote and thinly peopled districts of the Highlands.

The conduct of reviewers has also, in some instances, been a bar to the success of some valuable and ingenious works devoted to Gaelic literature. These gentlemen seem to think that it is necessary to be, or pretend to be, qualified to review every work that issues from the press, no matter on what subject, or in what language. To be so, in reality, requires more learning, talent, and research, than can be expected to fall to the share of one critic in a hundred. Hence, as it is much more easy to sneer at an author, and to treat the reader to a playful or sarcastic essay at his expense, than to conceal ignorance, in reviewing a work which exceeds the erudition and capacity of the reviewer, such a stratagem has more than once been resorted to by critics, hostile to, or incapable of, appreciating some valuable works devoted to Celtic literature.

A very able but most eccentric work—the History of the Gaelic Language—was burlesqued in the above manner some years ago, by a caustic and witty reviewer, and is, in consequence, known comparatively but to few readers; although, we venture to say, that it well deserves a place in every select library. It was, we believe, written originally in Gaelic, under the name, *Adam and Eve*; and it is amusing to contrast the simple, clear, and flowing style of the author, in his native language, to the cumbrous, abrupt, and turgid character of his English work. The author frequently yields his judgment to the captivity of his ingenious and eccentric imagination—and he thus exposed himself, in some measure, to the sarcasm of his reviewer; but we think that no reader, of a candid mind and an impartial judgment, can rise from the careful perusal of the work, without feeling satisfied that he has performed the task he imposed upon himself, at least in a convincing manner.

The main objects of the author seem to have been, to show that the roots of words in the (so called) Hebrew, as written by Moses and the Prophets, and the roots of words in the Gaelic language, are the same; and that Adam, and his successors in

forming that language, naturally adopted words which echoed the voice or sounds whereby mankind communicated to one another the more striking features or characteristics of animals and landscapes, as well as their own thoughts, wants, and feelings. He accordingly concludes from this, and other reasons, that the original language of men may be known to this day from the truthfulness with which it echoes, and, as it were, mirrors the more striking sounds and features of the animate or inanimate works of God.

The author shows that the primitive language—namely the Gaelic—before it was corrupted by the descendants of Heber, the grandson of Noah, (from whom the Hebrew branch derives its name) and the Gaelic of Scotland, are peculiarly distinguished by these characteristics. He quotes a multitude of words in support of this opinion; and a few, to show that unwarrantable liberties have been taken, by the later transcribers of the Bible, with the writings of Moses and the Prophets. He also seems to think that all clergymen should be able to study the Bible through the living medium of its parent language—the Gaelic. We take the liberty of quoting one word here in illustration of his remarks in reference to the liberty taken with words, as written by Moses and the Prophets, by the transcribers, assuming the corresponding Roman instead of the Hebrew letters, for obvious reasons. *Spr*, in the more ancient manuscripts of the Bible, as there written, means either writing, or a book. The author supposes, and with a great show of probability, that the first essay in writing may have been made with a hard upon a soft stone; but even admitting it to have been made by a pen on parchment, the sound of the letters *spr*, pronounced by the voice, is an echo of that made by writing with one stone on another, or with a pen on parchment: and he contends that the Hebrew transcribers, in altering it into *Seper*, have transgressed a solemn warning, and deprived the word of its original root and character. This word he holds to be identical with the Gaelic *spor* a flint.

We quote the following passages, as an example of the manner in which the author proceeds to show that the language of Moses and the Prophets was the same as the present Gaelic language. Had he compared Calmet's Dictionary of the Bible with M'Alpins Gaelic Dictionary, we think he would have been equally successful, with less trouble to himself; but the candid reader will admit that his case is made out, even by these corresponding passages, in a very satisfactory manner.

Gaelic as writ by the Gael in the 10th century of the Christian era, with translations and proofs.

Gael as writ by Moore and the Prophets about 3000 years before the Christian era, with translations and proofs.

scian (a knife). *Cuir scian ri d'scoman*. Prov. xxiii. 2.
eilid (a hind). *Rug an eilid a laogh*. Jer. xiv. 5.

ailegan (a precious friend). *Aoin chumachdaich*. Ez. xxxi. 11.

Alla (the Most High). *Sh. et. O. R. an dia* (an Alla?) *Hab. i. 11.*

scian (a knife). *Put a knife to thy throat*. Prov. xxiii. 2.
eilut (a hind). *The hind calved*. Jer. xiv. 5.

ailquin (a leader). *The mighty ones of the heathen*. Ezek. xxxi. 2.

Alah. *The false god of the Chaldeans*. Park. His god. *Hab. i. 11.*

Gaelic as writ by the Gael in the 16th century of the Christian era, with translations and proofs.

aur (firmament, air). Bìodh solus ann (aur?). Gen. i. 3. *aisbhidh* (a beast). Bha mi mar ainmhidh. Ps. lxxiii. 22.

amhuin (a furnace). Amhuin theintich. Dan. iii. 2. *seid, sd* (to blow). Eagal gu'm bi fearg (seid?) Ezra vii. 23.

dearg, drg (red). Agus ann an dearg. 2 Chron. ii. 7. *tuba, tha* (a tub). Agus chaidh Noah steach do'n airc (do'n tubai?). Gen. vi. 7.

tuba, tha (a tub). Agus gabh i dha coobhan cuile (tuba chuile?). Ex. ii. 3.

*calamh** (ready). Chaidh iad le cabhaig a suas (gu h-ealamh?) Ez. iv. 23.

moi (a gathering for judgment). Num. x. 4.

buth moid (the tent of meeting for judgment). An tigh a dh'orduicheadh do gach uile bhlo. Job. xxx. 23.

Se cuis ehiram a's mò Bhi'dalionneuidh a'mhoid i.e. The most anxious consideration (is)

To attend the moat (or court) *beithir, bhir* (a thunderbolt). Peileara beithich a lasga air cuid acainn. A. D. Solus Lounrach. Job xxxvii. 21.

eish, ish (he, him). Agus a dubhairt adhamh (eish no ish?). Gen. ii. 23.

suain (a profound sleep). Agus ni'n duiogear as an cadal iad (an suain?). Job. xiv. 12.

cadal, edle (sleep). H. S. D. Iad (them) agus do bheannich dia iad. Gen. i. 22.

iadsam (those). Na daoine so (iadsam?) Dan.

bath (drown, or quench with water). Muehaidh iad n' eibhleag (beithaidh?). 2 Sam. xiv. 7.

ceubhail, chl (bind). Smachdaich e righrean (cheubhail?). Ps. cv. 14.

coirgreach, cqrch (a stranger). Congreath. Jer. xxiv. 16.

chinn (because). A chluinn gun do bhua. Ps. xlii. 6.

camhachd, cmkhd (power). Le m' uile dhichiol (camhachd). Gen. xxxi. 6.

bola, bla (a ball). Cain (bola?) Ezra iv. 13.

gran, grn (grain). Arbhar m' urlair (gran m' urlair?). Isa. xxi. 10.

Gaelic as writ by Moses and the Prophets about 3000 years before the Christian era, with translations and proofs.

aur (light). Let there be light (aur?). Gen. i. 3. *anvsh* (a wretch). I was as a beast. Ps. lxxiii. 22.

athuna (a furnace). Fiery furnace. Dan. iii. 11.

zd (wrath). Lest there be wrath. Ezra vii. 23.

arg (purple). And in purple. 2 Chron. ii. 7.

tb (the ark). And Noah went into the ark (the tub?). Gen. vii. 7.

tbe (an ark). An ark of bulrushes (a tub?). Ex. ii. 3.

eio (haste). They went up in haste. Ez. iv. 23.

muoid (a gathering for judgment). Num. x. 4.

buth muoid. The house appointed for all living. Job xxx. 23.

bhir. Bright light. Job xxxvii. 21.

eish (Adam). And Adam (he?) said. Gen. ii. 23.

shus. Sleep (i.e. the sleep of death). Job xiv. 12.

chull (sleep). H. S. D. iad (them). And God blessed them. Gen. i. 22.

iathum (these men). Dan. (iadsam?)

bak (to quench). They shall quench. 2 Sam. xiv. 7.

cgr (a stranger). A stranger. Lev. xxiv. 16.

cis (because). Because he. Ps. xlii. 6.

cuch (power). With all my power. Gen. xxxi. 6.

lus (a certain Chaldean measure). Custom. Ezra iv. 13.

grn (corn). The corn (grain?) of my floor. Isa. xxi. 10, 11.

A considerable part of Mr M'Lean's work is taken up by quotations similar to the above, for the purpose of proving that the Gaelic is the mother of the Hebrew language. In this, we think, he has been successful; but we differ from him in the opinion, that most other languages or dialects have been formed by a compound of pre-existing dialects or languages. The Saxon Chronicles furnish a convincing proof that that language, in the early stages of society, was extremely mutable, and subject to continual changes, to suit itself to the corresponding changes in the manners, circumstances, and acquirements of the people. These Chronicles began with the Heptarchy, and were carried downwards regularly, by successive writers, to the beginning of the twelfth century; and such is the change in the style and language of these writers, compared one with another, that we can scarcely err in coming to the conclusion, that the Anglo-Saxons underwent a change of language every century during the above period. Nor does it appear that this change was caused by the progressive infusion of more and more British words into the language of the first Saxon settlers. On the contrary, we rather think that the original Saxon and Cumreag are much more nearly akin to one another than the modern English and the Cumreag. Indeed, we are of opinion that the Saxon of the Heptarchy is as much akin to the Cumreag of that period, as the Manx is to the Irish of the present day. Unfortunately we have not the Saxon Chronicles before us, as originally written, and speak from the remembrance of a previous impression, otherwise we should have submitted specimens from both, in the manner of the author, and, as we think, with similar success.

These Chronicles, however, clearly show, that the existing differences between living languages have not been produced by compounding them one with another. We have no doubt that the language of an illiterate people, living in an isolated state of society, would be as apt to undergo a change, from age to age, as the language of a learned and commercial people, if not more so. The fact of the poems of Ossian having been handed down by oral recitation from one generation to another for 1400 years, has been disputed on this very ground; but it is to be borne in mind, that the mere existence of such poems, and of the orders by whom they are preserved and recited on all public and festive occasions, had a tendency to fix the language of the Gael; and also that they may gradually and imperceptibly have undergone a similar change with any change that may have taken place in the language of the people themselves. We are strongly inclined to believe that no language was ever formed and imposed on, or taught to a people, by philosophers or philologists; and that all languages, excepting that of Moses and the Prophets, are merely provincialisms—more or less improved and refined, according to the state of civilization and learning of the different people or nation. Of course, a multitude of words from the primitive language would be preserved in all and each of these dialects; and this is the reason why the Gaelic, which we hold to be the primitive language, may be considered as furnishing “a golden key” to the inter-

* mh and bh are pronounced v.

pretation of all these dialects. Let us take, by way of illustration, the following extracts from "Adam and Eve," as showing the number of Gaelic words which have thus been preserved, almost in their pure and original state, by the Greeks and Latins. Instead of a few passages, we may remark, that a whole book might have been written from similar words and passages in every known dialect.

Gaelic.	Greek.	Latin.	English.
ar	aro	aro	to plough
aois	etos	actas	age
aile	aiolos	aeolus	the wind
astar	aster	astrum	a wandering star
corn	kerns	cornu	a horn
bith	bios	vita	life
tarbh	tauros	taurus	a bull
each	ikkos	equus	a horse
bo	bous	bos	a cow
cu, g. coin	knou	canis	a dog
neul	nephile	nebula	a cloud
cun, g. coin	oionos	avis	a bird
talla	aulo	aula	a hall
mulin	mula	mola	a mill
tigh	tegos	tectum	a house
malta	malakos	mollis	soft
sac	saccus	saccus	a sack
saile	als	sal	salt water
rutho	cruthas	rubor	a blush
cruaidh	cruos	crudus	hard with frost
uile	olene	ulna	elbow
deas	dexia	dexter	right hand
uth	uthar	uber	udder
dathan, tir	phthon	terra	the earth
clao	clino	clino	to bend
beir	phoro	fero	to bring
teirig	teiro	tero	to waste
teann	teino	tendo	to stretch
glædh	caleo	clamo	to call
gludh	cleio	claudio	to keep, &c. &c.

The following quotations, in which the Latin and Gaelic differ, may be given in corroboration:—

Gaelic.	Greek.	English.
cial	cheilos	the jaw
gaird	cheir	the hand
meir	meros	a piece
cluain	chlunes	a green meadow
citag	chitoti	a coat, or plaid
cnabh	chao	to gnaw
gort	chortos	grass or corn
croic	chroos	a skin
alus	laos	people
dalma	tolma	audacious
scia	skia	a wing, shade, or shield
dearc	derko	to view
deur	dakra	a tear
dialan	dalon	lightning, or a torch
paied	pais	a child
eugas	eikos	likeness
doras	thura	a door
fonn	phone	an air, or sound of the voice
ar	ares	slaughter, a name of Mars
gearr	hairo	to cut or creep
claoi or caoi	glis	to lament or be grieved
cliu	cleos	fame
cluinn	cluo	to hear
cruba	crupto	to crouch, or conceal
gamhach	lambano	to handle
glas	cleis	a lock, or key
drais	drosos	a light dew
beirn	bunos	a hill

Gaelic.	Greek.	English.
leidh	letho	to lie down, to conceal
leag	lego	to make to fall
abhra	aphros	the eye-brow
aghar	ochros	of a pale or dun colour
fearg	orge	wrath
linne	limne	a pool
auch	sucho	the neck

Gaelic.	Latin.	English.
alt	altus	high
abhain	amnis	a river
anam	anima	the soul
balla	ballum	a wall
brathair	frater	brother
caise	cascus	cheese
car	carrus	chariot
cara	carus	dear, &c. &c.

We also quote the following lines to the same effect:—

Gaelic. ruith a amhain de mhonibh (i.e. bh and mh pron. e.)

Latin. ruunt amnes montibus

English. rivers rush from the mountains

G. theann i riamh ag athar
L. tendebat ramos ad aethera
E. it extended its branches to the sky

G. onadh druide onaidh
L. undae trutider unde
E. wave driven on wave

G. onadh busla litire
L. unde pulsant littora
E. waves beat the shore

G. beir da mi cuach fiona
L. fer ad me cyathum vini
E. bring to me a cup of wine

G. phranniad feart arm strupach
L. frangebant vires armorum streptentum
E. They broke the strength of clashing arms

G. eich solis togall finne e alt chaire
L. equi solis tollunt se alto gurgite
E. The horses of the sun rise from the deep gulf, &c.

We still adhere to the opinion of those who have shown that the names of the Gaelic letters have been derived from trees and plants; and the tree system of the Druids, many specimens of which may still, we understand, be seen on ancient stone pillars and other monuments, in our own as well as other countries, strongly confirms that opinion. There is nothing more probable than that a people, who used trees and plants symbolically traced on their monuments, would adopt characters, corresponding in name with the trees and plants so employed, as the alphabet of their written language; and there appears little doubt that the Druids knew the use of letters, although the Chaldees, in their ill-judged zeal, destroyed their manuscripts.* At the same time, Mr M'Lean's views on this subject are so ingenious and original, that we have no doubt the following extracts, (which we select from his interesting Steam-boat Tourist's Guide,)

* Has any antiquary ever tried to decipher the hieroglyphics on these pillars or monuments by the key of the Gaelic letters, called after the trees or plants of which they are formed? D.C.

will be acceptable to the reader, although he may smile at the freak of genius whereby Gaelic names, every one of which is descriptive, are made available for the establishment of his "*far fetched*" but amusing theory,—that the Gaelic alphabet is derived from the symbols of heathen mythology!

"The ancient name of that fantastic freak of nature, is Alcluit, or Arcluit, which are equivalent terms; whence the Clutha of Ossian, and the Glotta of Agricola. The radix of this term L, is the modern representative of the symbolical Leo or Lion; the lion was the emblem of the constellation of that name, and the sun in junction with that sign, which constituted a compound Pagan divinity. Hence the sound L, with the five varied syllabic powers either before or after it, obtains in every language as expressive of the Supreme Power, more especially as dispensing heat and humidity, and consequential fertility and bliss.

"The appellation was imposed upon princes, priests, heroes, but more especially upon the worshippers or votaries of this solar divinity. The root *ar* is equivalent. The Celtic term for the firmament, the roof of the universe; and, conventionally, for the hosts of heaven, including, of course, their monarch, the sun; hence the appellation, Arab; as also Aru, a people of far India, the identical appellation of the aborigines of this neighbourhood; whence *Ari-gael*, corruptly, *Argyle*.

"The conclusion appears to me at least, therefore, legitimate, that Dun-brehton was once a Druidical or solar temple, as, indeed, most 'high places' were. The ancient name is decidedly cabalistic, and expressive of a Pagan trinity, L. C. Z."

"That glassy sea flowing by its base is a gorgeous tribute from the pride of our lakes—Loch-lomond—and is called the *El-avin*, rapidly, the L leven, i.e., the sun river, or sacred river. We are all aware that most remarkable rivers and fountains were, in Pagan times, consecrated and deified, and are to this day in many countries worshipped. The parent lake itself was, of old, called Lochleven, till *Mont-lo* or *Lo-mont*, i.e., the mount of day, or of the sun, divided its own name with it.

"At the base of yon fantastic looking mountain, 'at the head of Lochloun,' *Ben-Artair* or *Archuer*, names alike indicative of solar worship, is the mouth of an awfully sublime glen, matchless, perhaps in our or in any other country, called *Glencroe*. It is six miles long, and, I should say, better worthy a pilgrimage than Mecca or the Vatican. On the west side of the loch, and about midway, you perceive an opening? That is the mouth of *Loch Goi-ghleann*, a favourite rout to Inverary, which is only eight miles across, and thence to Oban, somewhere about thirty miles more. The loch derives its name from a glen in its immediate vicinity, and through which the tourist passes, pronounced by McCulloch not a whit inferior to its neighbour Glencroe for sublimity, from *Goi*, the sacred people, the barker-worshippers, and *Gleann*, a valley. It is also known by the appellation *Glean-Ipher*, an equivalent term; Eph or Iph, being the solar serpent,

whence, by transposition, *Loch pheni*, or *phine'* (*Lochfine*) at the far end of it.

"In order to arrive at any thing like a solid foundation in the science of etymology, it is requisite to fall back on the period when language was monosyllabic, and writing pictorial. The pictorial writing originally consisted of animals, or figures of animals. For example, the dog was the symbol of the Dog-star, the lion the constellation Leo; the serpent of the constellation of that name; the circle the sun; and so of the 'twelve gods.' Now take we these four by way of exercise. The dog in Celtic is C, or K, *cu*, or *cou*, inflected *cau*, *cou*. A lighter species, namely the terrier, is A, or T, *avag*; rapidly *aug*, *ag*, *og*, Tau, from its light and quick yelp. Here we have nine sacred roots out of the dog—God. The lion is L, with any of the five vowel powers either before or after it, according as euphony and the science of coalescing monosyllables in process of time required. Hence la, le, li, lo; as also al, el, il, ol, are Celtic sacred roots for God,—the sun, day, light, water, and not unfrequently, for the sacred stone. Again, the sacred serpent is Ph, P, or B; thus Aph, Eph, Ap, Ep, &c.; Ab, Eb, &c.; Pha, Phe, and so on.

"The circle is R, on the same principle, with the vowel power either before or after; thus, Ar, Er, Ir, Ra, Re, Ri, Ro, &c.; and so of the other eight symbolical gods. These coalesced, formed the cabala, or sacred language, and will be found to be at the root of all appellations having a sacred or Pagan *leading idea*. 'The learned Mr John Fellows shows that one of the keys of the Nile was a man with the head of a dog;' this I saw would make *Es-cu*. This man wore sometimes a cross pole with one or two serpents, which would constitute him Eph-et or Eph-tau; T, or the Nilotic cross, being Tau, Taut, or Teut, as well as the terrier."—In answer to a question as to how he made these discoveries, Mr McLean replies:—

"Mr Byant proves that the name of the sacred serpent was anciently pronounced variously: Ab, Eb, Oph, Eph, or Ev, and by Cicero, Upis, from its property of inflation and puffing. With the liberty of transposition we have here fourteen radices, apparently different, but virtually one; a great cause of confusion. From these flow a hundred and one appellations, all sacred. I saw, in short, that, as Plutarch says, every family and nation in the infancy of the world, in the spirit of its worship, adopted a particular star or constellation for its patron god, appointing a figurative deputy on earth; that the affections and antipathies of this emblematical brute were transferred to the sectaries of its worship, and that hence religion became the author of combats and animosities—of frenzy and superstition. I saw that the names of these animals having, on account of this same patronage, been conferred on nations, countries, mountains, and rivers, these objects were also taken by the vulgar for gods; whence, again, arose a medley of geographical, historical and theological confusion! I have thus briefly developed my system. I have thus exhibited by golden key (the Gaelic language). I have thus accounted for the name of that mountain *Ar-chu*, i.e., the mountain of the polar dog." This is surely very amusing! Nor is the friend whom he addresses slow in catch-

ing the infection. Just hear his reply: "By Saint George! you have solved for me a problem which took me years to batter at; that is, how it is that so much of the language of celestial China, an empire in which I passed a portion of my days, consists of sounds like barking! The very Supreme Being—the great Unity—the immediate Polar Star, they call *Tau*, *Tay*, or according to Dr Marsham, *Tao*, or *Teuto-chin*;—*Tien*, is heaven; *Tai-Ki*, the creator; the five who continually serve him, *Ou-Ti*;—water or inundation, *Tau*, and *You*;—one of their provinces, *Ouei*;—one of the chief founders of literature and philosophy, *Ou-Quang*;—the Emperor, whom these two conspired to depose, *Chow-Sin*;—one of their provinces, *Hou-Cuang*;—their great philosopher, *Confucius*;—their sacred river, *Canton*;—one of their provinces, *Chan Tong*;—their sacred plant, *Congo*;—and so forth. That barker, I now perceive, is the root of all! Their writings are even to this day pictorial; of course every letter is a word. Nor are they ignorant of the primitives, Ph, P, or F; for the name of their great rulers is Oph, Pho, or Fo; and that this root means, primarily, the sacred serpent, is manifest, from their belief that the *Houa*, or sacred lines, were discovered 'on the back of a dragon.' Their temples they call Pagodas; worship itself, or beating the forehead against the ground, *Ko-Tou*.

"One of their great dignitaries is called *Lao*, your sun, day, &c. The chief superintendent of the Mandarins, *Li pace*; and as a proof that these are solar sacred appellations, the prime minister must make the emperor, or son of the sun, 'a dress decorated with the sun, the stars, mountains, serpents, and birds of different colours.' In fine, I am now convinced that the aborigines of your country were Pagans—that a portion of their language is cabalistic, solar, sacred, and primordial; and that, consequently, being the only living branch of that astonishing tree, bating the interesting exclusive Chinese world, it must of necessity furnish a sacred golden key to philology!"

Having followed the ingenious, but most eccentric, author in this wild flight of imagination, the reader will possibly be disposed to descend to terra firma, and have a sober walk with the learned and reverend Dr Smith, before dismissing the subject. "The Gaelic" says the doctor, "being an original language, is in a great measure an imitation of nature. All its sounds, therefore, must be more 'an echo to the sense,' than those of any borrowed or artificial tongue. It is, however, more peculiarly adapted to descriptions of the soft, tender, plaintive, elegiac kind; a circumstance to which may be owing, in some measure, the preservation of these ancient poems which fall under this character. But when we say that this language is particularly adapted to the soft and tender, perhaps more so than any language in the world, strangers to its structure and genius may suspect us of prejudice or partiality. They see its awkward appearance in a garb which is not its own, and suppose, very naturally, that the letters which they look at, have the same sound and power as in other languages with which they are acquainted. Hence they immediately form conclusions unfavourable to the harmony of the

language, as will easily appear from a single observation.

"The Gaelic alphabet consists of *eighteen* (originally sixteen) letters. Of these *five* are vowels, besides the letter *h*, which has somewhat of the power of a vowel, as well as of aspiration. Such a proportion of vowels must be attended with a harmony and softness not to be found in other languages, in which the proportion of the vowels to the consonants is much less. It must likewise be observed, that of the twelve consonants of this language, *eight* or *nine*, in most of the inflections, are altogether mute, the effect of the aspirate, so often annexed, being either to deprive them of their power, or to render that power more vocal, soft, and mellow. This peculiar circumstance contributes so much to the *euphonia* or harmony of the language, that if it were written as it is sounded, when properly and gracefully pronounced, the number of its vowels would be found probably equal to that of the consonants which retain their power. And to guard against any inconvenience that might arise from so great a proportion of vowels, this language has made admirable provision, by a general law which seldom or never allows two vowels to be pronounced (unless in a diphthong) without interposing a consonant. There is either an elision of one of the vowels, or of two or three auxiliary or servile letters provided for the purpose, one or other naturally steps in and fills the *hiatus*. Few languages bear more evident marks of having been cultivated by grammarians and philosophers, although we know not at what age. In this view alone an acquaintance with it would amply reward the labours of the student. Connected as it is, too, with the learned and ancient languages, as well as the source of a considerable part of the modern tongues of Europe, the philologist would find the knowledge of it a very important acquisition. This would lead him to the origin and meaning of hundreds of words in living languages, of which no tolerable etymon or account can otherwise be given. It would likewise lead to the pronunciation and meaning of innumerable vocables in the ancient languages,—Hebrew as well as Greek and Latin." The following passage, which contains a just as well as an elegant and concise account of this language, will form a proper conclusion to the preceding remarks:—

"Lingua Hebernica adeo copioso est, ut gravitate Hispanicum, Comitatu Italicum, amoris conciliatone Gallicum, terroris incussione Germanicum, si non acquet, modico sane intervallo sequatur. Sacer orator, Hibernicæ lingue fulmine sceleratas, a flagitio ad virtutem attrahit. Linguam Hibernicam multa concinnitate prædictam esse quis neget? Cum eam Stanihurstus ipse fateatur, acutam, sententii abundantem, ad acria apophthematata et jucundas allusiones accommodatum esse."

D. C.

PASS TO THOMAS MASTER OF BOYD
BY JAMES VI.—1579.

We vnderstanding that r. cousing, Thomas Maister of Boyd, is vext wt. ane vehement dolor. in his heid, and vthir diseises in his body as he can

not find sufficient cure and remeid wtin. or. realme, Bot is in mynd to seik the same in forein cuntries, gr. the samyn maist convenientlie may be had. Thairfor, be the tenor heirof, gevis and grantis licence to the said Thomas Maister of Boyd to depart and pas furth of or. realme To the partis of France, Flanderis, wall of the Spa, and vtheris partis, gr. he pleises, thair to remain for seiking of cure and remedy of his saidis diseases, for the space of thre zeiris after the dait heirof. And will and grantis that he sall not be callit nor accusit yrfor., criminalie nor civile, be ony maner of way in tyme coming. Nor sall not incur ony skaith nor dainger yrthrow, in his persoun, landes, nor guidis, ntwithstang. quhat-somever actis, letrs., statutes, proclamationis, or charges, maid or to be maid, in the contrair, or any pains contentit yrin., Anent ye qlks. we dispens be yir pntis. Attr. we haif takin, and be yir pnts. takkis ourse said cousing, his kin, freinds, tenentis and servandis, duelland vpon his proper landis, his and thair landis, heretages, benefices, actionis, causs., possessiouns, guidis and geir, In speciall protection, supplie, mantenance, defence and savegaird, To be unhurt, unharmit, vnmolestit, trublit, or in onywais pseit. for the caus foirsaid, during the said space of thre zeires. Discharging heirfor or. iustices, iustice clerkis, the sairvand advocattis, iudgeis, ministeris of or. lawis, and thair deputtis and vtheris or. officiaris, liegts and sicklike, Off all calling, accusing, vnlawing, or in onywais proceeding criminalie nor civile agaisn or. said cousing, Thomas Mr. of boyd, and his saidis kin, freinds, servandis and tenantis, dwelland wtin. his proper landis, for his departing and remandy, furth of or. realme as said is, pounding, trubling, or in onywais intrometting wt. thame, thair landis or guidis Tfoir., and of thair offices in that part for evir. Providing always that or. said cousing do not attempt nathing in prejudice of us, or. realme and religioun, puelie. preachit and protessit wtin. or. realme, or otherwais this or. licence to be null and of none avail, free. nor effect. Gevin vnder or. signet, and subserivit witt. or. hand, at or. castell of striveling the xiiii day of Julij, and of or. reigne the twelfth zeir, 1.5.7.9.

(Seal.)

JAMES R.

[The foregoing document is copied from the original in the Boyd charter chest at Kilmarnock. It furnishes an instructive comment on the state of the country at the time. Feuds prevailed to a great extent, so much so that no baron could have ventured to leave the country without securing the special protection of the Crown in behalf of his friends and retainers. What was the precise nature of the disease, or diseases, for which the Master of Boyd sought a remedy in foreign parts, does not appear. He had another license, in 1589, for three years, to repair to foreign parts, "for doing of his lefull erandis." He had joined with his father in the association in favour of Queen Mary, at Hamilton—8th May, 1568—and fought at the battle of Langside. He succeeded his father in 1589. He resigned his whole estates into the hands of James VI., from whom he obtained a new charter

in 1591-2. His indisposition seems to have continued. In 1593, he had a license for five years to go abroad in search of a "remedie of his diseases;" another, for the same purpose, dated at "Halirudhouse, the first day of March, 1600; and a third, dated at "Whitehall," after James VI. had ascended the English throne, authorising him to repair to England, or any other place, for the benefit of his health. He died in June, 1611. He is said, in the Peerages, to have married Margaret, second daughter of Sir Mathew Campbell of Loudoun, by whom he had his children. If so, he must have been twice married, for, amongst the family papers, "Elizabeth Wallace" is mentioned as "relict of Thomas Lord Boyd" in 1611.]

THE USE OF MARL AS MANURE.

[From a Treatise on Agriculture, published in 1724.]

Now that we are upon manure and dungs, it is not improper to say something upon marl, though little used in this country, and but few pits of it discovered. Of marl there are two sorts; stony and clay marl; and it is no other than a finer species of clay, and of as many different colours. Very often it is found in meadow-grounds, and upon the brinks of rivers and brooks. The stony marl, when exposed to sun and rains, ordinarily falls down in the shape of dice, is often found among coal, and, generally speaking, both kinds lie in sour wet ground. The best method to know its richness and goodness is by the freeness of its parts, and sliminess in your hand; or by putting a piece of it, when dry, in a glass of water, and if with the water it crumbles and falls, it may be reckoned good: by the bottom of the glass you will discover what sand it contains; which you will likewise know by tasting it in your mouth; and it is the richest and best marl that has the least sand.

There is no dung or manure upon earth comparable to marl when rightly adapted to the soil, being wonderfully good for all sandy ground, and light weak soils, but not for clays; conform to the ordinary rhymes:

If you marle sand, you shall buy land;
If you marle moss, you shall have no loss;
But if you marle clay, you throw all away.

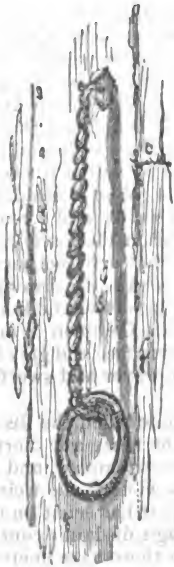
The way to manage it is. That when it is digged, carry it out in carts, and spread it equally upon your fallow, or in the ordinary way of plowing, or upon your lea ground; and let it lie exposed for the space of half a year to the dews, rains and frosts, in order to mellow; and although it should even then appear not to be dissolved, but to stand in the shape of cakes or big pieces, yet you will find, that upon touching them, they will fall down and moulder; wherefore it will be necessary that you harrow well your field, and thereafter plow it, so as the marl may incorporate with the earth. The quantity to be laid on upon an acre cannot well be determined; that must be adjusted according to the nature of the ground, and strength of the marl; but, at least, it must be laid on an inch thick, or a little more, if you expect profit.

As this manure is the richest of any, so it is

by far the most expensive; but no man ought to grudge it, in respect it will continue to bear good crops, for the space of eighteen, twenty, or twenty-four years, provided you give that ground the due course of fallowing, and a little help of dung.

Though you have the marl for the digging within your own ground, and at little distance from your field, the expenses thereof is ordinarily estimate to fifty shillings or three pounds sterling per acre, and will stand more if at a greater distance, computing your men and horses at very easy days' wages: and it may be very reasonably conjectured, that this has been the cause why so few marl-pits have been discovered or made use of in Scotland, the farmers being unwilling to bestow their time and expenses upon it—and most of them cannot, because of their leases and tacks, which, standing so much in the way of all improvement, it is hoped masters, for their own sakes, will carefully consider of it, and think of removing this inconveniency, by granting their tenants longer leases.

[Long leases would thus appear to have been the exception, not the rule, in Scotland in 1724.]



THE RISPI—TIRLING PIN.

THIS sketch of an ancient Risp, the precursor of the Knocker, we borrow from "The Memorials of Edinburgh," volume ii. page 97, where it is introduced with the following letter-press. Speaking of the Mint Close, the author says—

"The main entrance on the west side is approached, like that on the south, by a broad flight of steps extending into the Court. The doorway is furnished with a very substantial iron knocker, of old-fashioned proportions and design; but on the lower entrance, underneath the stair, there remains a fine specimen of the knocker's more ancient predecessor, the Risp, or Tirling Pin, so frequently alluded to in Scottish song, as in the fine old ballad:

There came a ghost to Margaret's door,

Wi' mony a grievous groan;

And aye he tirl'd at the pin,

But answer made she none.

With all deference to Mr Wilson, who has shown great research and accuracy in his valuable work—the "Memorials"—we are of opinion that the Risp is *not* the Tirling Pin of Scottish song. Jamieson, in his Dictionary, quotes the foregoing lines as illustrative of the meaning of "tirl," but draws no inference from them at all applicable to the Risp. Indeed, we can scarcely conceive this noisy instrument to be capable of such a modified sound as we understand by the word "tirl;" and besides, a glance at the wood-cut will show that it is not a *pin*, and could not be *tirl'd* in the sense of the ballad.

We humbly opine that the "tirling pin" of Scottish song was neither more nor less than the pin which lifted the latch of the door. The Risp, like the modern knocker, was an appendage only of the doors of the higher classes, not of those lowlier dwellings to which our ballads chiefly refer. That excellent ballad, "Donocht-Head," fully bears us out in this idea:

"Keen blaws the wind o'er Donocht-Head,

The snaw drives snelly thro' the dale,

The gaberlunzie TIRLS MY SNECK,

And, shivering, tells his wae fu' tale."

We learn, however, that there was a more ingenious device than the common latch, by which the pin was attached to the lock, and required to be turned before it would lift the "sneck." One of these curious, and apparently rare, latch-pins still exists in an efficient state on the outer door of the arca flat of Mr Paton's extensive premises in Adam Square. These premises were long occupied by Robert Dundas of Arniston, Lord President of the Court of Session, who died in 1787.

THE DOOM OF FORVIE.

"Gif ever maydenis malysin

Did lychte on drye lande,

May naething growe in Forvie

But bente and sea-sande."

Traditional Rhyme.

WHAN the sun has gane wast and his gowden gleam

Fa's brycht on the sea and the sylent stream,
Whan the dew fa's cauld on the dusky hill
And the laverock lychts, an' the air is still,
And the myst cluds rise in their sylverie sheen,
What seeks Ladye Ann by the Ythan alane?
She wanders up and she wander down,
But it is nae to watch for the rysing moon,
Nor listen the mayvis and black byrdie laye,
As they syng the dyrge of departyng daye.

She has lenit her doun on ane cliff sae hie
That frowns o'er the Ythan in majestie,
But it is nae to see that stream sag blest,
Meet, and pylowe its heid on the ocean's breist;
For naething that's yirthlye she sees or hears,
But doun her wan cheiks row the saut saut teirs,
And her bosome is heaving wi' sychs o' woe,
And she steris in thochto on the wavis belowe.

In Buchan there's mony ane maydin faire,
But wi' Ladye Ann there micht nane compare,

Her breist sae whyte was the sea-dryvin faimo,
 And her hair wad the wings o' ane korbye shaimo;
 Her brew was ane moonbeam saft and brycht,
 And her een war twa glynts o' heavenlie lycht.
 Black, black be the young Laird o' Forvie's fa'
 For steiling her land and her herte awa;
 And sair may he rue his cauld disdaine
 Whilk brocht her bosom leil sic paine.
 And mony sal mourne, but mourne o'er lete,
 The deids that have turnit her love to hete;
 For he in the hycht of his wickit pryde
 Has sochte the fair hand o' ane richer bryde;
 And ere the moon thryse has speilit the heavin
 The mess will be said, and the blessing be given.

Oh! lytle of womanis herte kens he
 Wha brookis to sport wi' her constancie,
 Or thinks too lychtlie, withoutten sinn,
 The heavenlie gleid whilk burns theserein;
 Deip, deip in the yirth lyeis the goudin ore,
 And deip in the sea is ane livinge store,
 And deip in the wyld wyndinge Ythan sae faire
 The pearls lye scattered sae ryche and raire—
 But deiper in woman's herte sae proude
 Is founde ane ore mair pure than goude,
 Ane store mair ryche than the sea can claime,
 And pearls mair raire than Ythan can naime;
 For her love is mair pure than the goude can be,
 And rayrer than pearls her constancie,
 And rycher than store frae coste to coste
 Is womanis invention gif she be crossit.

Whan the sune was sett and the moone shone
 brycht,
 They socht Ladye Ann by haugh and hycht,
 By cairn and cliff, by bouir and tree,
 But ane sycht o' her they never could see;
 They socht her aire, and they socht her late,
 And sair they waitit her wanchancie fate;
 For they thocht that the fairies, wi' music bland,
 Had wylit her awa to enchantit land;
 But lang may they greet and make waefa mane,
 Ere they fauld Ladye Ann in their armis again.

Whaur the black cragis o' Collistone wylde and
 hie
 Hang eerie and doom-like o'er the sea,
 And bare to the heivins their shelve brestis,
 Whilk shelter the storm-byrdis lonlie nestis,
 And nurse in their ryffit armis the wavis,
 And lull them to sleipe in their darksome cavis,
 Whar mortal weird micht scantlins dree,
 There lyvit ane mann, gif ane mann was he;
 He never was sein but in gloaminge grey,
 Or aire in the twilichte of breaking day;
 And auld and young lookit shy on the wycht,
 Wha derit avow he had seen the sycht;
 His bodey was rowit in ane doubtit of reid,
 Wi' ane muckle black cule was coverit his head,
 And ane lang grey beard o'er his breist hang down,
 And his bleachit lockis wavit his shoulderis aroun;
 Nae dwelling had he but ane houf in the rockis,
 Whar the cauld snail crawlis and the black taid
 crockis.
 That he mellit wi' the dell ilka ane did him blame,
 And the Collistone Warlock they callit him by
 name;
 But mair o' this mann there was nane could heir,
 And whar was the mortal mycht gang to speir!

Lang sat Ladye Ann by the Ythan alane,
 And lytle she thocht that the daylight was gane;
 For her herte was oppressit wi' sorrow and care;
 But what she should do she couldna declare.
 Sometimes wi' the thochtis o' revenge she was
 faine,
 Syne love would returne, and her teirs fa' like
 raine;

But aye she sat still on the cliff sae steip,
 Till wi' greetinge and greife she fell sound asleip;
 And she sleipit nae lang till she dreimit ane dreime,
 Whilk cleir to her een as the truth did seime.

In Forvie ha' by her loveris syde,
 She thocht she was syting ane happie bryde,
 And round her ane gudlie companie
 Of lordis and ladyis sae faire to see;
 The ha' was deckit wi' branchis and flouris,
 Whilk formit pleisante and fragrant bouris;
 And mony ane yuthful and amorous paire
 Reclinit in love's sweet converse thaire.
 The wine flowit rounde in the goblets o' gold;
 And deip drank the knichtis and the baronis bold;
 And aye they quaffit the rosy tyde
 To Forvie's Laird, and his heiress bryde.
 While full on the scene sae ryche and brycht,
 Ane thousand candlis shed their lycht.
 The brydgroom fillit ane goblet hie,
 To pledge the joyful companie;
 And loudlie arose the merye husae,
 But louder the screychis of feir and wae,—
 For ane crash was heard, and the roof was reiven,
 And ane coal-black eagle decendit frae heiven;
 And quick as the lyghtning it swoopit around,
 The brydegroomis goblet it dashit to the grounde;
 And Ladye Ann startit, and screaming awoke,
 And found herself on the lonlie rocke.
 She tryt to ryse, but arround her weste
 Was twynit ane arm baith firm and feste;
 And fyngeris cauld on her cheik she faunde,—
 Oh, God! 'twas the Collistone Warlockis hande;
 And when his grym face and grey bearde she saw,
 She breathit ane prayer and swerfit awa.

There is ane time when the ills of lyfe
 Hae waged wi' the horte ane mortal stryfe,
 When sorrow has triumph'd, and hope has fled,
 And greife has bewilderit the weirie heide;
 When black despair has seizit on the soul,
 And passion inragit disdains controul;
 In such ane time there have deids bene done
 Whilk humanitie shudderis to thinke upon,
 And myndis as pure as pure culde be
 Have staintit themselvis wi' iniquitie;
 And Ladye Ann, though her mynde was pure
 As the opening fauld is o' the lylie flour,
 Whan first the bliss of young love she knew,
 As it saftly fell on her herte like dew,
 Yet now, like that lylie leif rest and torne,
 Her peace was gane, and her life forlorne;
 The dayis were awa whilk she had sein,
 And she was nae now what she ance had bein,
 Bot left alane in ane warld of payne,
 Lyke ane wytherit leif on ane icye playne.
 The Collistone Warlock he grinnit wi' delight,
 To see Ladye Ann in this pitiful plicht;
 And o'er her wi' outstretchit arm he hung,
 While he raisit his voice, and this laye he sung:

THE WARLOCKIS LAYE.

Come bonnie Ladye Ann, my lovelie Ladye Ann,
O, lystin the prayir o' ane sillie auld man!
Arise, Ladye, rise, and fly wi' me,
For yet there is joy in store for thee.

1.

I ken a' your sorrowis, I ken your feires,
But useless are now a' thy sychis and teirs;
And sae are thy wanderings up and doun,
And sae is thy love for ane fause, fause loone.
The moonbeimes lycht on the emerant wave,
And dance o'er mony ane sailor's grave;
And round the deid in the bottomless sea
The fishes are sporting sae playfullie.

2.

The laverock whilk rises free frae the swarde,
Will carol as merrye aboon the kirkyard,
And wee Robin redbroist will lilt as free
On ane grey grave stane as ane garden tree.
Then dycht the saut teiris frae thy cheikis sae
faire,

And mourne o'er the loss of thy love nae mair;
But flye wi' me while the sun is asleip,
Whar hertis never sych, and eyes never weip.

3.

Thy steps I will leid to ane festive scene,
Whar care nor sorrow have never yet beene,
But whar as merrye as merrye can be
The mermaids all dance to the sounding sea;
All shynin in robes of brycht gold and green,
This nycht is their meeting to choose a queen;
And ne'er was mortal sae happie as thee,
For thou our most beautiful qucen shalt be.

Thou bonnie Ladye Ann, my lovelie Ladye Ann,
O, lystin the prayir o' ane sillie auld man!
Arise, Ladye, rise, and fly with me,
For yet there is joy in store for thee.

He ondit his laye, and around the dark glen
The echos came back on the eyer again,
Like a voice from the goal of eternitie,
Repeating "There's joy in store for thee."
She gazit on the warlockis wrinkl't brow,
Whar the moonbeimis shone wi' ane silverie hue—
"What sounds are these? and wha tellit to thee
That my true love Forvie was fause to me?"
"Hush! hush! sweite maydin, nor question speer,
I come your broken herto to cheer;
I come to banish your payne and sorrow,
And gif my freindshipe ye wad borrow,
Ere the myd-day sunne kyss twyss the wave,
On Forvie fause ye shall vengeance have;
Gif he wedo not thee, By the sea and sande!
He sall ne'er tak maydin by the hande!
And o'er the landis he has reft frae thee
Nae mair shall grow neither grass nor tree.
Then haste Ladye Ann, to our banquet flee,
For we are a jovial companie."

Whan hope has gane wi' its visionis fairo,
And naething is left savige black dispaire,
And the herte is searit and in deep distress,
Could aught be spurnit wad bring redress?
And Ladye Anne, wi' a teirful ee,
Cried, "Hie then, Carl, and I'll follow thee."

He has lede her away by the rockis shore,
And mony ane lesson he has commit her o'er,
And taught her mony ane warlockis spell,
Whilk pen couldna write, nor tongue mycht tell.
They have houkit the deid frae the sylint yird,
And taen the pour o' baith lyfe and wierd,
And washit their handis in the fresh water faime,
Wi' mony ane cantrype we may na naimae;
And syne to the White Cave o' Slainis they hie,*
Whar the Sea King held his revelrie.
But, O! what hande o' poor mortal wycht
Could paynte the gorgeous glorious sycht,
Whilk she beheld when she stood among
That glyttering, dazzelin, joyous, throng.
The Sea-King sat on ane coral throne,
And his goldin crown rycht resplendent shone,
Wi' mony ane gem frae ilk far countrie
And gatherit down in the deipe deipe sea;
The emerald grein, and the beryl sae white,
The ruby, jacinth, and chrysolite,
The garnet rede, and the sapphire blue,
Cornelian, and opal of changin hue,
The torquoise, and lapis lazuli blue,
The purple ameythest, the topaz too,
The pure vermilion, and in order sete,
The agate, the onyx, the jasper, and jet,
His gyrdle was pearlis frae the Ythan streime,
And over all did the diamonds gleame;
While from each roof-pending chrystal bryghte
Was pourit ane blaze of effulgent lyghte;
Arounde that marble hall sae raire
Were rangit the companie ryche and faire,
All dressit in sparklinge greine and golde;
While melting music rose high and bolde,
In the bryghte spar grottos of varyin dye
In pairis they reelyn't rycht loveinglye;
Now lystning the potent voice of song,
Then mingling deft in the dancing throng.

SONG.

THE OCEAN KING.

1.

The Sea-King sitis on his coral throne,
Downe downe in the deipe deipe sea,
And round him stande ane jovial throng
As merrye as they can be;
And rounde the ring this song they sing,
While the waters ebb and flow:
Tho' the crested wave above may rave,
We still have ane calm below.

2.

The dismal squall may darken the skies,
And over the ocean sweipe;
The barke may synk and the sailor's eyes
Be sealit in ane endless sleipe;

* "The rocky part of the coast abounds with caves, the most remarkable of which is the White Cave of Slains. It would seem that, in former times, it was an object of deep interest to the curious, and it is still so considered. The White Cave of Slains is so richly incrustated with stalactites, and profusely watered with the calcareous drippings from a porous rock which forms them, that though the whole has been prosaically swept away for transmutation into manure, a new gorgeous coating, similar in appearance to carved white marble, has been very rapidly formed."—*Stat. Account, and Stat. Gaz. Scotland.*

But rounde the ring this song we'll sing,
While the waters ebb and flow;
Tho' the crested wave above may rave,
We still have ane calm below.

3.

Our scaley flockis roam the ocean free,
And need nor keeping nor fold;
And every wreck on the raging sea
But adds to our store of gold.
Then rounde the ring this song we'll sing,
While the waters ebb and flow;
Tho' the crested wave above may rave,
We still have ane calm below.

4.

Thro' coral groves we delight to rove,
While they with our music ring,
And whisper tales of our fairie love,
Or follow our Ocean King.
And rounde the ring this song we'll sing,
While the waters ebb and flow;
Tho' the crested wave above may rave,
We still have ane calm below.

The Sea-King sat whar the board was spread,
And he quaffit the whyte wine and the rede,
From the cupis of golde and of sylver cleir,
And he gawe to all of the generous cheir;
But when Ladye Ann came amongst the bande,
The wine cup fell from his feckless hand,
And he swore by Neptune and his kingdome
braid,
He had never sein sic ane lovelie maide!
"Come sit ye downe, Ladye, by my syde,
And ye shall be crownit the Sea-King's bryde."

But out spak the Colliston Warlock then:
"This Ladye hath fled the abodes of men,
And come to beg for the Sea-Kingis pourir,
To punish ane loon wha hath reft her dower,
Wha hath slightit her love and spoulziet her
lande,
And sochte ane ither faire maydin's hande;
And ere the sun twico has speilit the heiven,
The mess will be said and the blessing be given;
Then woulde you win sae faire ane queen
The Lands o' Forvie sae braid and griene,
As her lawful dowery ye must reclaime,
And punish the kern wha has reft the saime."
The Sea-King raisit his truncheon high,
And fixit on the Warlock his eagle eye,
And twice he cryit, "'Tis done, 'tis done!
The task is mine, and the guerdon won!
Fill high the cup with ane purple tyde,
And quaff it off to the Sea-Kingis bryde."

The morning dawnit, but nae sunny rays
Blessit young Laird Forvie's brydal daye;
For the clouds grew black, and the wynd rose high,
And the thunder pealit in the angry sky,
And the wylde sea dashit o'er the trembling shore,
And passit the boundis it had kept before;
The people were seizit with ane sudden dread,
And to Forvie Kirk they baith rann and raid,*

* "The remains of the old kirk of Forvie are still visible, being the only vestige throughout the whole sands, which

For there they thoct they would shelter gaine
In safetie under its sacred fane.
The prieste he stood at the altar there,
And countit his beikdis, and connit his prayir,
And the young Laird of Forvie and his bryde
Before the altar stood syde by syde;
To bless the pair he had raisit his voice,
But it fell unheard in the dreadful noise;
For the wallis they shook, and the kirk bell tollit,
And the tumbling wavis on the roof they rollit,
Burst dooris and roofe, and ane terrible cry
Was hushit in the calm of eternity!
While the kirk bell—tollit by the boiling wave,
Rung ane solemn dirge o'er that lyving grave—

But high on the crested byllowe were seen
The Sea-King and his new made Queen,
In triumph ryde in ane barked of foame,
As he bore her away to his ocean home.
The sea went back with the ebbing tyde,
But over Forvie landis sae wide
Grew never tree nor grass againe,
For they own the Sea-King's mystic reign.

South College Street.

J. H.

EXCERPTS FROM THE RECORDS OF THE TOWN COUNCIL OF AYR,

Containing the Trials and Dooms of Robert Mure,
John Blair, and John Bannatyne, 18th Februa-
ry, 1603; 4th May, 1603; and 4th July, 1623.

THE right of "pit and gallows" was possessed by all barons under the feudal system, and by the magistrates of royal burghs, as the vassals of the Crown. The magistrates of Ayr stood in the position of barons, having jurisdiction over the lands of Alloway as well as the Burrowfield of Ayr. The following extracts show in what manner the power of "pit and gallows" was exercised. The Moat-hill of the barony of Alloway is still in existence, but it does not seem to have been made use of at the time referred to.

Curia Justiciarie Burgi de Air, Tenta in Pro-
torio ejusd. Coram honobis. viris Georgio Ja-
mesoun, Proposito dicti Burgi, Petro Cuning-
hame, et Joanne Rankene, Ballivis ejusd.
Necnon Justiciariis Deputatis, S. D. N. Regis,
p. Commissionem, specialiter constitut. die
decimo octavo mensis Februarij, anno Dni.
millesimo sexcentesimo Tertio Sectis vocatis.
Curia confirmata. Sector p. tpre. Joannes
Makera.

Assisa.

Peter Hamiltoun,	George Gottray,
Burges of Air.	Skinner thair.
Gilbert McCalmount,	John Blair,
Burges thereof.	Cup., young, thair.

indicates that this district was once the habitation of men. Graves have been discovered around it, but nothing found in them except a few bones. The drifting sands of Forvie now cover and lay desolate 1700 acres of land, the greater part of which cannot be traversed without producing in the mind feelings of dreariness and desolation, as they present nothing but knolls and pinnacles of pure sand of various dimensions, scantily covered with bent."—*Stat. Account of Scotland*.

George Campbell, Patrick Gluver,
 Merch. Bges. thair. Bges. of Air.
 Johnne Cuningham, Johnne Campbell,
 Merch. Bges. thair. Tailzer thair.
 Johnne Galloway, Patrick Gottray,
 Merch. thair. Merch. thair.

Johnne Newell, in Alloway.
 Thomas Patersoun, thair.
 Donald Blair, in Cortoun.
 James Hunter, thair.
 David Wallace, in Clacluy.
 Johnne Miller, Elder in Alloway.
 Johnne Neill, younger, thair.

The qlk. day Robert Mure, Smith, borne in Alloway, in Kyle, within the Jurisdiction of the Burgh of Air, being accusit of Theifry as ane Theiff, and being upoun pennell, and accusit upoun the Articles of Dittay underwritten, gevin in agains him. They are to say . . . (Here the grounds of the charge are specially recited.) . . . And thereafter, The Juges abovespeceit. Referrit the samen Articles of Dittay to the knowlege of the foirnamit psouns. of Assyse, qlks were lawlle. summondit hereto, and comparand personally in Jugement, were admittit, ressavit, and sworne in pns. of pennell thairupoun. Quhilkis persouns of Assyse above nominat, They furth of Court removand, and having elected the said Peter Hamiltoun to be Chancellor of the said Assyse, Ryple advisit with the said dittay, and with the said Robert Mure's awin confession, above rehersit, given thairupoun, Inenterit agane, and all in ane voce but varcance Fylit the said Robert Mure of the hail Articles of Dittay abovesped., according to his awin confession foresaid, grof. he wes accusit and indytit in manner as said is, Eisteiming him (for the maist part) worthie of deyth. Qlk being Judicially pronouncit be the mouth of the said Peter Hamiltoun, Chancellor of the said Assyse, The Juges Decernit and Ordanit the said Robert Mure to be Hangit to the death, And was swa domit by the mouth of the Dempster.

Curia Justiciarie Burgi de Air, Tenta in Pretorio ejusd. Coram honobis. viris Georgio Jamesoun, Preposito dicti Burgi, et Joanne Rankene, uno Ballivorum ejusd. Necon Justiciariis Deputatis, S. D. N. Regis, p. Commissionem specialiter constitut die quarto mensis Maji, anno Dni. Invjc. Tertio. Sectis vocatis. Curia confirmata. Sector ptre., Joannes M'Cra.

Assisa.

Peter Hamilton, Gilbert M'Calmont,
 Burges of Air. Burges of Air.
 John Cuningham, George Gottray,
 Merch. Burges thair. Skinner thair.
 William Law, Robert Bryd,
 Merch. Burges thair. Cordiner thair.
 Patrick Thomsoun, James Batie,
 Merch. Burges thair. Smith thair.
 Hew Neisbit, Patrick Watsoun,
 Saidler, Bges. thair. Walker thair.
 Mathew Craufurd, Walker, Burges of Air.
 Fergus Loudoun, Merehd. thair.
 John Miller, Elder, in Alloway.
 John Miller, younger, thair.
 Andrew Miller, in Miln of Alloway.

The qlk. day compit. in Jugement John Cuningham and John Cunyng, Walkaris, Burgesses of Air, Quha persewit and accusit John Blair, Walkar, Indwellar of this Burgh, of Thyft, as ane Theyff, And (the said John Blair being upoun pennell) gaiff in the Articles of Dittay under written against him, alreddy grantit be him, and for the qlk. he aucht to suffer deith. . . (Follow the Articles of charge, and a verdict of guilty of the tenor *ut supra.*) . . . The qlk. being pronuncit in Jugement be the mouth of the said Peter Hamiltoun, Chancellor of the said Assyse, The Juges Decernit and ordanit the said John to be Hangit to the deith, and wes swa domit be the mouth of the Dempster.

Curia Justiciario de Air, Tenta in Pretorio, ejusd. Coram honobis. viris, Jacobo Blair, Preposito, Donald Smyth, et Joanne Cuningham, Ballivis dicti Burgi, ejus quarto mensis Julij, anno Dni. millesimo sexcentesimo vigesimo Tertio. Sectes vocatis. Curia confirmata. Sector ptre., Jacobus Watsoun.

The qlk. day comperit in Jugment Hector Bard, in Sandefurd, Quha accusit and persewit Johnne Bannatyne, in Clongall, as ane Theyff for Theft committit be him, And gaiff in the Articles of Dittay underwritten agains him. He being upoun pennell, They are to say . . . (Here follow the Articles of Dittay.) . . . Thereafter the Juges abovespeceit the foirnamit Articles of Dittay to the knowledge of the honest persouns of Assyse underwritten, qlk. were lawlle. sumd. to this day to pas thairupoun, They are to say, Thomas Busbie, Merchand, Johnne Boyth, meilmakar, William Martene, Mathew Stewart, David Rowane, John Smyth, Smith, James Campbell, in Tounheid, John Logy, all Burgesses of Air, William Burnis,* in M'Knaristoun, John Wilkin, in Clongall, Laurence Osburne, in Bellisbank, Johnne, younger in Bellisbank, William Po, in Rodinreid, Johnne Burnis, in Burntoun, and Johnne Simpsoun, in Brighous. Qulkis psouns. of Assyse abovespeceit comperand personally. in Jugement, and being solemnly sworne in pns. of the foirsaid pennell, and admittit to pas upoun the said Assyse, They furth of Court removand, and having electit the said Thomas Busbie to be Chancellor of the said Assyse, Ryple advisit with the said Dittay, and with the said pennellis awin confession foresaid, and his reidhand notourlie knawin to them, And Inenterit again, Fylit the said Johnne Bannatyne of the hail first, second, thrid, fourt, and fyft pteicular. Articles of Dittay abovespeceit, And as ane Theyff be common brute, using pykrle and Theft thir money yeers bygone. Qlk. being pronuncit in Jugement be the mouth of the said Thomas Busbie, Chancellor of the said Assyse, The Juges Decernit and Ordanit the said Johnne Bannatyne to be Hangit to the deyth, And dome given thairon be the mouth of the Dempster.

Excerpt from The Eque made and fitted betwixt The Magistrates and Conneil of Ayr

* This is another to the many proofs that there were persons of the name of Burns in Ayrshire long before the days of the Poet Burns.

On the one part; and Hew Gibson, Thesaurer of the said Burgh On the other part, from Michaelmas 1723, to Michaelmas 1724.

The Thesaurer Creditor to the Town.

By the Sallaries and Pensions paid to the Persons afternamed, viz. (inter alia).

(Scots money.)

To Mr James Fergusson, Master of the Grammar School, his Sallary,	200 00 0
To Mr William Stewart, Doctor of the Grammar School,	100 00 0
To Mr John Moor, Master of English School,	40 00 0
To him as Precentor,	33 6 8
To the English School House Rent,	12 00 0

Ayr, 5 October, 1724.—The Equo, whereof the above is an excerpt, is signed by the Magistrates and Council at The Council Table.

A LETTER FROM KEPPOCH AND LOCHIEL TO MR STEWART OF INVERNAHEIL.

GLENEVIS, March 20, 1746.

SIR,—Yesternight we received a letter from Clunie, giving an account of the success of the party sent by his R— H—, under the command of Lord George Murray, to Athol; a copy of which letter we thought proper to send you inclosed. And as you happen, for the present, to lie contiguous to the Campbells, it is our special desire, that you instantly communicate to Airds the Sheriff, and other leading men among them, our sentiments, (which, God willing, we are determined to execute), by transmitting this our letter, and the inclosed copy, to any the nearest to you.

It is our opinion that, of all men in Scotland, the Campbells have the least reason of any to engage in the present war against his R— H—'s interest, considering that they have always appeared in opposition to the R—l family since the reign of K. James VI., and have been guilty of so many acts of rebellion and barbarity during that time, that no injured p—oe but would endeavour to resent it, when God was once pleased to put the power in his hands. Yet his present M—y, and R— H—, the P— R—t, were graciously pleased, by their respective declarations, to forgive all past miscarriages to the most violent and inveterate enemy, and even bury them in oblivion, provided they returned to their allegiance: and tho' they should not appear personally in arms in support of the R—l cause, yet their standing neuter would intitle them to the good graces of their injured sovereign. But, in spite of all the lenity and clemency that a p—ce could shew or promise, the Campbells have openly appeared, with their wonted zeal for rebellion and usurpation, in a most officious manner. Nor could we ever form a thought to ourselves, that any men, endued with reason or common sense, would use their fellow-creatures with such inhumanity and barbarity as they do; and of which we have daily proofs, by their burning of houses, stripping of women and children, and exposing them to the open fields and severity of the wea-

ther, burning of corn, houghing [hamstringing] of cattle, and killing of horses: to enumerate the whole would be too tedious at this time. They must naturally reflect, that we cannot but look upon such cruelties with horror and detestation; and, with hearts full of revenge, will certainly endeavour to make reprisals. And we are determined to apply to his R— H—, for leave and an order to enter their country, with full power to act at discretion: and, if we are lucky enough to obtain it, we shall shew, that we are not to make war against women, and the brute creatures, but against men: and as God was pleased to put so many of them in our power we hope to prevail with H— H— to hang a Campbell for every house that shall in future be burnt by them.

Notwithstanding the many scandalous and malicious aspersions, industriously contrived by our enemies, they could never, since the commencement of the war, impeach us with any acts of hostility that had the least tendency to such cruelty as they exercise against us, tho' often we had it in our power, if barbarous enough to execute it.

When courage fails against men, it betokens cowardice to a great degree, to vent spleen against brutes, houses, women, and children, who cannot resist. We are not ignorant of their villainous intentions, by the intercepted letters from the Sheriff Airds, &c., which plainly discover, that it was by their application, that their General, C—d, granted orders for burning, &c. which he could not be answerable for to the British parliament, it being most certain that such barbarity could never be countenanced by any Christian senate.

DONALD CAMERON, of Lochiel.
ALEX. M'DONALD, of Keppoch.

I cannot omit taking notice, that any people have been the first who have felt the cowardly barbarity of my pretended Campbell friends: I shall only desire to live to have an opportunity of thanking them for it in the open field. D. C.

OBSERVATIONS ON PART OF SCOTLAND, MADE IN THE YEAR 1681.

[From Ray's "Itineraria."] August 17.

We travelled to Dunbar, a town noted for the fight between the English and Scots. The Scots generally, that is the poorer sort, wear, the men blue bonnets on their heads, and some russet; the women only white linen, which hangs down their backs as if a napkin were pinned about them. When they go abroad none of them wear hats, but a party coloured blanket, which they call a plad, over their heads and shoulders. The women generally to us seemed none of the handsomest. They are not very cleanly in their houses, and but sluttish in dressing their meat. Their way of washing linen is to tuck up their coats, and tread them with their feet in a tub. They have a custom to make up the fronts of their houses, even in their principal towns, with fir boards nailed one over another, in which are often made many round holes or windows to put out their heads. In the

best Scottish houses, even the king's palaces, the windows are not glazed throughout, but the upper part only, the lower have two wooden shuts or folds to open at pleasure, and admit the fresh air. The Scots cannot endure to hear their country or countrymen spoken against. They have neither good bread, cheese, or drink. They cannot make them, nor will they learn. Their butter is very indifferent; and one would wonder how they could contrive to make it so bad. They use much pot-tage made of coalwort, which they call keal, sometimes broth of decorticated barley. The ordinary country houses are pitiful cots, built of stone, and covered with turves, having in them but one room, many of them no chimneys, the windows very small holes, and not glazed. In the most stately and fashionable houses, in great towns, instead of ceiling, they cover the chambers with fir boards, nailed on the roof within side. They have rarely any bellows, or warming pans. It is the manner, in some places there, to lay on but one sheet as large as two, turned up from the feet upwards. The ground in the valleys and plains bears good corn, but especially beer-barley or bigge, and oats, but rarely wheat and rye. We observed little or no fallow grounds in Scotland; some layed ground we saw, which they manured with seawreck. The people seem to be very lazy, at least the men, and may be frequently observed to plow in their cloaks. It is the fashion of them to wear cloaks when they go abroad, but especially on Sundays. They lay out most they are worth in cloaths, and a fellow that hath scarce ten groats besides to help himself with, you shall see come out of his smoaky cottage clad like a gentleman.

There hath formerly been a strong castle at Dunbar, built on a rock upon the sea, but is now quite ruined and fallen down. Yearly, about this time, there is a great confluence of people at Dunbar, to the herring-fishing; they told us sometimes to the number of 20,000 persons; but we did not see how so small a town could contain, indeed give shelter to, such a multitude. They had at our being there two ministers in Dunbar; they sung their *gloria patri* at the end of the psalm after sermon, as had been ordered by the Parliament, in these words:

Glorie to the Father and the Sonne,
And to the Holy Gheast;
As it was in the beginning,
Is now, and aye doth last.

There is in the church a very fair monument of the Earl of Dunbar, George Howme, made in K. James's time.

August the 19th we went to Leith, keeping all along on the side of the Fryth. By the way we viewed Tontallion Castle, and passed over to the Basse island where we saw, on the rocks, innumerable of the soland geese. The old ones are all over white, excepting the pinion or hard feathers of their wings, which are black. The upper part of the head and neck, in those that are old, is of a yellowish dun colour. They lay but one egg a-piece, which is white, and not very large. They are very bold, and sit in great multitudes till one comes close up to them, because they are not wont to be scared or disturbed. The young ones are

esteemed a choice dish in Scotland, and sold very dear (1s. 8d. plucked). We eat of them at Dunbar. They are in bigness little inferior to an ordinary goose. The young one is upon the back black, and speckled with little white spots, under the breast and belly grey. The beak is sharp-pointed, the mouth very wide and large, the tongue very small, the eyes great, the foot hath four toes webbed together. It feeds upon mackrel and herring, and the flesh of the young one smells and tastes strong of these fish. The other birds which nestle in the Basse are these; the scout, which is double ribbed; the cattiwake, in English cormorant; the scaut, and a bird called the turtle-dove, whole-footed, and the feet red. There are verses which contain the names of these birds, among the vulgar, two whereof are,

The scout, the scaut, the cattiwake,
The soland geese sits on the lake,
Yearly in the spring.

We saw of the scout's eggs, which are very large and speckled. It is very dangerous to climb the rocks for the young of these fowls, and seldom a year passeth, but one or other of the climbers fall down and lose their lives, as did one not long before our being there. The laird of this island makes a great profit yearly of the soland geese taken; as I remember, they told us £130. Sterling. There is in the isle a small house, which they call a castle; it is inaccessible and impregnable, but of no great consideration in a war, there being no harbour, nor any thing like it. The island will afford grass enough to keep 30 sheep. They make strangers that come to visit it burgeses of the Basse, by giving them to drink of the water of the well, which springs near the top of the rock, and a flower out of the garden thereby. The island is nought else but a rock, and stands off the land near a mile; at Dunbar you would not guess it above a mile distant, though it be thence at least five. We found growing in the island, in great plenty, *Beta-marina*, *Lychnis marina nostras*, *Malva arborea marina nostras* et *Cochlearia rotundifolia*. By the way also we saw glasses made of kelp and sand mixed together, and calcined in an oven. The crucibles which contained the melted glass, they told us were made of tobacco-pipe clay.

At Leith we saw one of those citadels built by the Protector, one of the best fortifications that ever we beheld, passing fair and sumptuous. There are three forts advanced above the rest, and two platforms. The works round about are faced with free stone towards the Ditch, and are almost as high as the highest buildings within, and withal, thick and substantial. Below are very pleasant, convenient, and well built houses for the governor, officers and soldiers, and for magazines and stores; there is also a good capacious chapel, the piazza, or void space within as large as Trinity College (in Cambridge) great Court. This is one of the four forts. The other three are at St Johnston's, Inverness, and Ayre. The building of each of which (as we were credibly informed) cost above £100,000, Sterling; indeed I do not see how it could cost less. In England it would have cost much more.

(To be Continued.)

THE BLACK HOLE OF CALCUTTA.

[Concluded from our last.]

BEING immediately lugged ashore, I urged the impossibility of my walking, covered as my legs were with boils, and several of them in the way of my fetters; and entreated, if I must go, that they would for the time take off my irons, as it was not in my power to escape from them; for they saw that I was hardly able to stand. But I might as well have petitioned tigers, or made supplication to the wind. I was obliged to crawl: they signified to me, it was now my business to obey, and that I should remember, I was not then in the Kella of Allypore.* Thus was I marched in a scorching sun, near noon, for more than a mile and a half; my legs running in a stream of blood from the irritation of my irons, and myself ready to drop every step with excessive faintness and unspeakable pain.

When we came near the cutcherry of the district, the zemindar with his pikes was drawn up ready to receive us. But as soon as they presented me to him as a prisoner of state, estimated and valued to them at four lack of rupees,† he confessed himself sensible of his mistake, and made no further show of resistance. The jemmadar seized him, and gave orders to have him bound, and sent to the boat; but on his making further submission, and promising to get boats from Santipore to send after us, and agreeing to pay them for the trouble he had caused, he was released, and matters accommodated.

I was become so very low and weak by this cruel travel, that it was some time before they would venture to march me back; and the stony hearted villains, for their own sakes, were at last obliged to carry me part of the way, and support me the rest, covering me from the sun with their shields. A poor fellow, one of our under-gomastans of Santipore, seeing me at the cutcherry, knew me, and with tears in his eyes, presented me with a bunch of plantains; the half of which my guard plundered by the way.

We departed from hence directly, in expectation of boats following us; but they never came: and the next day (I think the last of June), they pressed a small open fishing-dingy, and embarked us on that, with two of our guard only; for, in fact, any more would have sunk her. Here we had a bed of bamboos, something softer, I think, than those of the great boat; that is, they were something even; but were so distressed for room, that we could not stir without our fetters bruising our own or each others' boils; and were in woful distress indeed, not arriving at Muxadabad until the 7th of July in the afternoon. We were all this while exposed to one regular succession of heavy rain, or intense sunshine, and nothing to defend us from either.

But then don't let me forget our blessings: for by the good-nature of one of our guard, Shaiko Bodul, we now and then latterly got a few plantains, onions, parched rice, with jagree,‡ and the bitter green, called *carella*: all which were to us luxurious indulgences, and made the rice go down deliciously.

On the 7th of July, early in the morning, we came in sight of the French factory. I had a letter prepared for Mr Law the chief, and prevailed with my friend Bodul to put to there. On the receipt of my letter, Mr Law, with much politeness and humanity, came down to the water-side, and remained near an hour with us. He gave the Shaiko a genteel present for his civilities, and offered him a considerable reward, and security, if he would permit us to land for an hour's refreshment. But he replied, his head would pay for the indulgence. After Mr Law had given us a supply of clothes, linen, provisions, liquors, and cash, we left his factory with grateful hearts and compliments.

We could not, as you may imagine, long resist touching

on our stock of provisions; but, however temperate we thought ourselves, we were all disordered, more or less, by this first indulgence. A few hours after, I was seized with a painful inflammation in my right leg and thigh.

Passing by our fort and factory at Cosimbazar raised some melancholy reflections among us. About four in the afternoon we landed at Muxadabad; and were conducted to, and deposited in an open stable, not far from the Suba's palace in the city.

This march, I will freely confess to you, drew tears of disdain and anguish of heart from me; thus to be led like a felon, a spectacle to the inhabitants of this populous city! My soul could not support itself with any degree of patience: the pain too arising from my boils, and inflammation of my leg, added not a little, I believe, to the depression of my spirits.

Here we had a guard of Moors placed on one side of us, and a guard of Gentoos on the other; and being destined to remain in this place of purgatory until the Suba returned to the city, I can give you no idea of our sufferings. The immense crowd of spectators who came from all quarters of the city to satisfy their curiosity, so blocked us up from morning till night, that I may truly say we narrowly escaped a second suffocation, the weather proving exceedingly sultry.

The first night after our arrival in the stable, I was attacked by a fever; and that night and the next day, the inflammation of my leg and thigh greatly increased; but all terminated, the second night, in a regular fit of the gout in my right foot and ankle; the first and last fit of this kind I ever had. How my irons agreed with this new visitor, I leave you to judge; for I could not by any entreaty obtain liberty for so much as that poor leg.

During our residence here, we experienced every act of humanity and friendship from Mons. Law, and Myrheer Vernet, the French and Dutch chiefs of Cosimbazar, who left no means untried to procure our release. Our provisions were regularly sent us from the Dutch tankal* in Coriembabad; and we were daily visited by Messrs Ross and Eckstone the chief and second there; and indeed received such instances of affection from Myrheer Ross, as will ever claim my most grateful remembrance.

The whole body of Armenian merchants, too, were most kind and friendly to us; particularly Aga Manuel Satna. We were not a little indebted to the obliging good-natured behaviour of Messrs Hastings and Chambers, who gave us as much of their company as they could. They had obtained their liberty by the French and Dutch chiefs becoming bail for their appearance. This security was often tendered for us, but without effect.

The 11th of July the Suba arrived in the city, and with him Bundoo Sing; to whose house we were removed that afternoon in a hackery; for I was not able to put my foot to the ground. Here we were confirmed in a report which had before reached us, that the Suba, on his return to Houghly, made inquiry for us when he released Messrs Watts and Collett, &c., with intention to release us also; and that he had expressed some resentment at Mhir Muddon for having so hastily sent us up to Muxadabad. This proved a very pleasing piece of intelligence to us; and gave us reason to hope the issue would be more favourable to us than we expected.

Though we were here lodged in an open bungalow only, yet we found ourselves relieved from the crowd of people which had stifled us at the stable, and once more breathed the fresh air. We were treated with much kindness and respect by Bundoo Sing, who generally passed some time or other of the day with us, and feasted us with hopes of being soon released.

The 15th we were conducted in a hackery to the kella,†

* The name given to Calcutta, by the Suba, after the capture.

† 50,000.

‡ Molasses.

* The Dutch tankal near Muxadabad.

† The seat of the Suba's residence in the city of Muxadabad.

in order to have an audience of the Suba, and know our fate. We were kept above an hour in the sun opposite the gate. Whilst here we saw several of his ministers brought out disgraced, in the custody of sootapurdars, and dismissed from their employ, who but a few minutes before we had seen enter the kella in the utmost pomp and magnificence.

Receiving advice that we should have no audience or admittance to the Suba that day, we were deposited again at our former lodgings, the stable, to be at hand, and had the mortification of passing another night there.

The 16th in the morning, an old female attendant on Allyverdy Cawns Begum,* paid a visit to our Shaik, and discoursed half an hour with him. Overhearing part of the conversation to be favourable to us, I obtained the whole from him; and learned, that at a feast the preceding night, the Begum had solicited our liberty, and that the Suba had promised he would release us on the morrow. This, you will believe, gave us no small spirits. But at noon all our hopes were dashed by a piece of inelligence from Bundoo Sing, implying, that an order was prepared, and ready to pass the seal, for returning us in irons to Rajah Monikchund, governor of Allynagore, the name the Suba had given to Calcutta.

I need not tell you what a thunderclap this proved to us in the very height of our flattering expectations; for I was, as to myself, well convinced I should never have got alive out of the hands of that rapacious harpy, who is a genuine Hindoo,† in the very worst acceptance of the word; therefore from that moment gave up every hope of liberty.

Men in this state of mind are generally pretty easy: it is hope which gives anxiety. We dined, and laid ourselves down to sleep; and for my own part I never enjoyed a sounder afternoon's nap.

Towards five the Shaik waked me, with notice that the Suba would presently pass by to his palace of Mootcejeel. We roused, and desired the guard would keep the view clear for us. When the Suba came in sight, we made him the usual salaam; and when he came abreast of us, he ordered his litter to stop, and us to be called to him. We advanced; and I addressed him in a short speech, setting forth our sufferings, and petitioned for our liberty. The wretched spectacle we made, must, I think, have made an impression on a breast the most brutal; and if he is capable of pity or contrition, his heart felt it then. I think it appeared in spite of him in his countenance. He gave me no reply: but ordered a sootapurdar and chubbaar immediately to see our irons cut off, and to conduct us wherever we chose to go, and to take care we received no trouble nor insult; and having repeated this order distinctly, directed his retinue to go on. As soon as our legs were free, we took boat, and proceeded to the tankal; where we were received and entertained with real joy and humanity.

Thus, my worthy friend, you see us restored to liberty, at a time when we could entertain no probable hope of ever obtaining it. The foundation of the alarm at noon was this: Moneloll, the Suba's dewan, and some others, had in the morning taken no small pains to convince the Suba, that, notwithstanding my losses at Allynagore, I was still possessed of enough to pay a considerable sum for my freedom; and advised the sending me to Monykhund, who would be better able to trace out the remainder of my effects. To this I was afterwards informed the Suba replied, "It may be. If he has any thing left, let him keep it: his sufferings have been great; he shall have his liberty." Whether this was the result of his own sentiments, or the consequence of his promise the night before to the old Begum, I cannot say; but believe we owe our freedom partly to both.

Being myself once again at liberty, it is time I should release you, Sir, also from the unpleasant travel I have led you in this narrative of our distresses, from our entrance into that fatal Black Hole. And shall it after all be said, or

even thought, that I can possibly have arranged or commented too severely on a conduct which alone plunged us into these unequalled sufferings? I hope not.—I am, Dear Sir, your most faithful and obedient humble servant,

J. Z. HOLWELL.

Varieties.

DISCOVERY OF A VERY VALUABLE PICTURE.—A strange discovery of a valuable and interesting picture was made in London, during the month of May, 1844, under the following singular circumstances:—Mr Howis, portrait painter and picture renovator, residing in Henry Street, had in his possession an original, and what is considered a good portrait of Lord Chancellor Burleigh. He offered it for sale to a gentleman well skilled in such matters, who proposed to purchase it, provided Mr Howis consented to take two old pictures he deemed little else than lumber in exchange. This proposition was agreed to. One of these was apparently a portrait of a woman, about what is termed half size, that is, 30 by 25 or 26 inches. The gentleman had received this with some other pictures about 14 years ago from a friend in Italy, but was considered such a horrible production that it had been flung aside immediately, and remained covered with dust up to the present time. The exchange and bargain having been duly perfected, Mr Howis, in the presence of the gentleman from whom he had the picture, rubbed some of the paint off, and finding another coat under it, proceeded to remove the top altogether, when it was discovered, to the no small delight of the party, that inside was a beautiful picture, which subsequent inquiry and competent connoisseurs have pronounced to be nothing less than an undoubted original of Saint Catherine (the martyr), by the great Spanish master Murillo. The gentleman who had just parted with this gem, being fortunately a good judge, at once, and before the artist was conjectured, proposed to give Mr Howis £50. His offer was accepted, and he once more became possessed of what had been so long a hidden treasure. Many gentlemen of undoubted judgment have valued this work so high as £700. The former and present fortunate proprietor of this gem is Thomas C. Duffy, Esq., of Pembroke-road.—*Freeman's Journal*.

AN OLD PRINTING OFFICE.—The printing-office established by Christopher Plantin, about the year 1530, at Antwerp, then a great commercial emporium, has survived to our time in active operation, through the descendants of his daughter, the wife of John Moret, whose name the press has continued to bear. The Polyglot Bible of 1569—1578 is an enduring monument of Plantin's press, of which some of the productions attest the existence in 1855.

RARE BOOKS.—The choice portion of Mr Hoadley's Library, sold by Evans, during three days in the month of July, 1832, produced upwards of two thousand pounds. Many of the books nearly doubled the price given for them by the worthy proprietor. The first folio of Shakspeare, although it wanted Ben Jonson's Verses on the Portrait, and the leaf containing Digges's Verses to Shakspeare's Memory, and the List of Actors, produced fifty-one pounds; the Magna Charta, sixty-three pounds; Roman de la Rose, thirty-three pounds; Dibdin's Bibliomania, in six volumes, illustrated, seventy-three pounds; and the Bibliographical Decameron, twenty-one pounds; Petrarca Sonnetti, first edition, twenty-four pounds; Les Grandes Chroniques de France, fifty-five pounds; the Works of Adrian and John Collaert, sixty-six pounds; and the Drawings relating to York Cathedral, one hundred pounds.—July 22, 1832.

EDINBURGH: JOHN MENZIES, 61, Prince's Street.

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* The dowager princess, grandmother of Surajud Dowla.

† Hindoo or Gentoo.

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THE BLUE BLANKET, OR CRAFTSMEN'S BANNER.

NDER this title "Alexander Pennycuik, Burgess and Guild-Brother of Edinburgh," published a pamphlet in 1722, giving an interesting account of the origin of the Blue Blanket, and the peculiar rights and privileges of the "Crafts of Edinburgh." This pamphlet is embodied in a small work, printed in 1826, entitled "An Historical Sketch of the Municipal Constitution of the City of Edinburgh," where the following particulars of the author are recorded:—

"Of Alexander Pennycuik but little is known. His title page informs us he was a burgess and guild-brother of Edinburgh. In 1720 he published a small collection of poems, entitled 'Streams from Helicon.' When he begun his historical account of the Blue Blanket, how long he was engaged upon it, or by what means he obtained access to the various charters and papers therein quoted, does not appear. It has been asserted, upon what authority I am ignorant, that his manuscript, when finished, April 7, 1722, was given into the hands of the Deacon-Convener, for the purpose of being inspected by such members of the fourteen Incorporations, as from their knowledge might be enabled to judge of its veracity; who, being fully satisfied with its merits, delegated two of their number to give a public testimony of their approbation; but, from the letter prefixed to the work, it would rather appear that he gave it to two of his acquaintance, who, not deeming themselves qualified to judge of its merits, consulted the opinion of others better acquainted with the subject. Be this as it may, his book has always been popular amongst the Trades, and ever since quoted as a work of authority. It no doubt contains much which might have been omitted by a judicious writer of the present day, nevertheless it cannot be denied that it also contains much valuable information. Our author also published, in 1726, a second collection of poems, entitled 'Flowers from Parnassus;' and a short time previous to his death, commenced a periodical work, under the title of 'Entertainment for the Curious.' In his poetical pieces he seems to have been an assiduous imitator of Allan Ramsay, in some instances with tolerable success. In his life, however, he seems to have been dissipated and irregular; and, if we

may credit the following lines from Claudero's (Wilson's) Miscellanies, in his 'Farewell to the Muses and Auld Reekie,'—

' To shew the fate of Pennycuik,
Who, starving, died in turnpike neuk;
Though sweet he sang, with wit and sense,
He, like poor Claud, was short of pence,'

eventually died, if not of absolute starvation, at least in extreme want and misery."

Pennycuik endeavours to trace the origin of the "Blue Blanket" to the Crusades, and *infers* that "'tis as ancient, and more honourable than the English order of the Garter, the institution whereof some ascribe to a garter falling occasionally from the Countess of Salisbury, tho' others affirm, the garter was given in testimony of that bond of love whereof the knights and fellows of it were to be tied to one another, and all of them to the king." The author produces no authority for his inference as to the banner originating in the Crusades, save that it is styled, in some of the old documents, the banner of the *Holy Ghost*. Be this as it may, the Craftsmen had their "seal of cause," or incorporation, granted to them in 1496. In the reign of James III., however, the Blue Blanket had, what the author calls it, "the civil sanction." When that monarch was cooped up a prisoner in the Castle of Edinburgh by his rebellious nobles, the citizens stormed the fortress, and set the monarch at liberty. This timely aid procured many new privileges from the king, who gave the burgh of Edinburgh what is called the golden charter, dated 1482. This monarch confirmed to the Crafts "all the Privileges of the Blue Blanket, which they claim'd by Prescription, or an immemorial Possession, and ordain'd it to be called in all time coming, *The Standard of the Crafts within Burgh*." "The Trades thus honoured," continues the author, "renewed their Banner, or, to speak in the language of the Heralds, their Ensign, by way of Pennon, and the Queen with her own hands painted upon it a saltire, or St Andrew's Cross, a Thistle, an Imperial Crown, and a Hammer, with the following inscription:—

' Fear GOD, and honour the King,
With a long Life, and prosperous Reign,
And we the Trades shall ever pray.'"

The Crafts now had "not only the Cross, but the Crown on their Ensign."

During the reign of James V. the Crafts rendered an act of service to the Crown, which their historian delights to dwell upon. John Armstrong,

the well-known chief of a band of Border rieurs, having been induced to have recourse to the King personally at Holyrood, was condemned to suffer for his crimes. Armstrong, with his followers, drew their swords upon his Majesty in the chamber of audience, and but for his courtiers he would have been slain on the spot. Hearing of the imminent peril of the King and his attendants—the ruthless Borderers continuing their assaults—the Craftsmen rose, and “slew every one of the assassins.” In reference to this gallant affair, the historian of the Crafts says, “the story is preserved in memory, not so much by our Historians, who gave but a faint account of it, as a Ballad compiled by one of the greatest poets of that age.” Who this greatest poet was he does not inform us, but he quotes a portion of the ballad, which is certainly a more quaint version of “Johnnie Armstrong,” than any of those current. It is as follows:—

“There dwelt a Man in fair Westmorland,
John Armstrong Men did him call,
He had neither Lands nor Rents coming in,
Yet he kept eightscore Men in his Hall.

* * * * *
The King he wrote, an a Letter then,
A Letter which was large and long;
He sign'd it with his own Hand,
And he promised to do him no wrong.

When this Letter came John him till,
His Heart was as blyth as Bird on a Tree;
Never was I sent for before any King,
My Father, my Grandfather, nor none but me.

* * * * *
By the Morrow Morning at ten of the Clock,
Toward Edinborow gone was he,
And with him all his eightscore of men,
Good Lord, and it was a goodly sight to see!

When John came before the King,
He fell down low upon his knee;
'O pardon, my Sovereign Liege, he said,
O pardon my eightscore Men and me.'

'Thou shalt have no pardon, thou Traytor strong,
Nae for thy eightscore Men and thee;
For to-morrow morning by ten of the Clock,
Both thou and them shall hang on the Gallow Tree.'

Then John looked over his left shoulder,
Good Lord, what a grievous Look looked he!
Said, 'I have asked Grace at a graceless Face,
Why there is none for ye nor me.'

But John had a bright Sword by his Side,
And it was made of Mettal so free,
That had not the King step his Foot aside,
He had smitten his Head from his fair Bodie,

Saying, 'Fight on my merry Men all,
And see that none of you be tane;
For rather than Men should say we were hang'd,
Let them report that we were slain.'

God wot! the Trades of Edinburgh rose,
And see beset poor John round,
That Fourscore and ten of John's best men,
Lay gasping all upon the Ground." &c.

Another instance of the loyalty of the Crafts is thus related by the author:—

“The Crafts, who behav'd so loyally before they were incorporate and form'd into societies, continued to flourish in their Sovereign's Favours,

and were warm'd with Beams from the Throne; a signal instance of their Fidelity to King James V. I cannot miss to relate. The Crown being Debtor to the Town of Edinburgh in vast sums, for which she had not only the Security of Government, but the Personal Obligations of the Monarch; wearied with Disappointments, and the merchants murmuring for want of Payment from the Town, to whom they had given considerable Loans, for the Behoof of the Public; the Magistrates, and Merchants in concert, raised a Mob, and gave Directions to the Ring-leaders, what, and how far to act, to insult the King as he was passing the streets to the Parliament House; who, after a scuffle with his Guards, violently seiz'd upon his Sacred Majesty, and thrust him within the Walls of their common Gaol: Some of His Majesty's Retinue having alarm'd the Deacons of Crafts with what happen'd, the Trades instantly conven'd, and unanimously agreed, that their Ensign should be displayed, for convoking the Lieges, to rescue their captive Monarch; which was accordingly done, and soon procur'd him to be liberate, and safely convey'd to His Royal Palace of Holy Rood-House. The Magistrates, who had hounded out the Mob, dreading the consequence of their traiterous actings, and knowing the weak Side of Cuthbert, the Deacon Conventer, who headed the Trades, brib'd him by a lusty Purse of Gold, to betray his Trust.

“The King next morning sent for Cuthbert, (whom he call'd his faithful General), and told him, He had a grateful Remembrance of the loyalty and valour of his faithful subjects, the Trades of Edinburgh, and was resolv'd to confer some remarkable token of Favour upon them.

“Cuthbert, well instructed by the Magistracy and Merchant Council how to behave, answered:—

“May it please your Excellent Majesty, We, your obliged and devoted Servants the Trades of Edinburgh, did nothing but what was our bounden Duty: But since your Majesty is graciously pleas'd not only to remember, but reward our dutiful Behaviour, I presume, in name of my Brethren, to beseech your Sacred Majesty, to make your most faithful and loyal servants, the Trades of Edinburgh, in all Time coming free of that toilsome affair of being Magistrates of the Burgh, and let the disloyal Merchants be henceforth loaded with the office.’

“The King, surpriz'd with the Supplication, gave a smile, and said, Cuthbert, it shall be done.

“The Man's Treachery was soon blown about, to the Amazement of the Incorporations, who found, that their Loyalty, which they justly expected would have advanced their Interest, as it did their Honour, had turn'd to their real detriment: And therefore they applied to the Courtiers, to represent to His Majesty, how villainously they had been betray'd. As soon as the King was inform'd, he commanded the Crafts to lay their Demands before him, which they accordingly did in a short Memorial, craving his Majesty would be pleased to confirm all their ancient Privileges of the Blue Blanket. His Majesty graciously received their Petition: and not only granted their Request, corroborating all former Grants and Privileges, by immemorial Possession,

but considerably enlarged its authority, declaring, That whenever they displayed their Ensign of the Blue Blanket, either in Defence of the Crown, or Crafts, all Crafts-men in Scotland, and Souldiers in the King's Pay who had been educate in a Trade, should repair to that Standard, and fight under the command of their General. Thus did that excellent Monarch reward Loyalty; and the treacherous Convener was murdered at the North Loch, near a Well yet known by the Name of Cuthbert's Well."

Thus honoured and encouraged by the "beams of royalty," the Trades, as well they might, became exceedingly proud of their position and their banner, carrying themselves with a high hand. During the minority of Queen Mary, as Pennycuik informs us, a controversy ensued between the Magistracy of Edinburgh and the Deacons of the Crafts, respecting the privileges of the Incorporations. So greatly irritated were the "Knights of the Banner," that they drew their swords upon the Magistrates, while sitting in judgment in the Tolbooth, and were only restrained from slaughtering them by the timely interference of the King's troops. For this outrage, the Deacons were committed to the Castle of Edinburgh, where they were detained in close confinement. But the Incorporations having met, in the absence of their Deacons, they immediately displayed the Blue Blanket, and in the course of a few hours, thousands of the King's lieges were convoked.

The extraordinary concourse of people so alarmed the Government, that the Privy Council resolved that the Earl of Arran should interpose his royal authority, and stop the Lords of Justiciary from proceeding in the criminal process at the instance of the Magistrates against the Deacons, the Earl taking the settlement of the affair upon himself, which he did in such a way as to conciliate the Crafts.

Although the Trades, according to their historian, made a bold stand for the Reformation, yet they acted, at a period "when turbulent Factions were bandying one another," with great decorum.

On Queen Mary being made prisoner at Carberry Hill, she was led into Edinburgh amid clamour and insult, and lodged in the Provost's house. "Next morning, when she open'd the windows, and beheld not only strong Guards plac'd before the Entry to the House, but a Banner display'd on the Street, on which was painted her dead Husband, King Henry, beneath the shade of a tree, with the young Prince by his side, and the motto, 'Judge and revenge my cause, O Lord,' she burst into Tears, and complained against the affronts she received, begging the People to compassionate her, now become a Captive. The honest Crafts, join'd with other loyal Citizens, pierc'd with pity to see their Sovereign thus us'd, and their Ensign display'd where the Ensign of the Blue Blanket us'd to be erected in the cause of loyalty, crowded to the place, and compell'd the conspirators to restore her to the Palace of Holy Rood-House."

The Craftsmen did good service to James the Sixth, in 1596, when the King and his council were surrounded in the Tolbooth by a multitude roused into frenzy by the deputies of the commis-

sion-of the General Assembly, crying, "Bring out Haman," who would have broken open the door, "had not his Majesty's Standard Bearer, John Wat, Deacon-Convener of the Trades, drawn up his Lads, the souldiers of the Blue Blanket, and kept the Rabble Back till their fever cool'd, and the Earl of Mar, from the Castle, sent a Company of Musqueteers to guard the King, which his Lieutenant quickly brought down the Castle Bank to the Grassmarket, and from thence march'd to the Foot of Forrester's Wynd, and entering by the Back Stairs, came where the King was; then the King commanded to open the Doors, and advanc'd to the Street. Upon Notice whereof, Sir Alexander Home of North Berwick, Provost of Edinburgh, with the Crafts, convoy'd the King to his Royal Palace at Holy Rood-House; from whence, next Morning, he went to Linlithgow, where he swore, 'Had it not been for the loyalty of the Crafts, he would have burnt the Town of Edinburgh, and salted it with salt.'"

The Crafts also rallied round the Palace in aid of the King, when menaced in the Palace of Holyrood by Bothwell. On all occasions, indeed, they appeared to have been ready to stand forward in defence of their sovereign and their own rights. James the Sixth seems to have been particularly sensible of their boldness in the latter respect, if we may judge from the passage in his *Basilicon Doron*, quoted in the *Journal* at p. 100. "The Craftsmen think we should be contentit with their Work, how bad soever it be; and if in any Thing they be controul'd, up goes the Blue Blanket."

The union of the two crowns, by which the presence of the monarch was transplanted to London, left the Craftsmen little opportunity of displaying their loyalty, or of gaining fresh laurels by their gallantry; and, like many other things in "Auld Reekie" dependent on the sun of royalty, fell into the "seer and yellow leaf;" and now, by a late act of parliament, the civil privileges of the Blue Blanket, with the mass of other inglorious corporations, have been entirely swept away. The last time this ancient standard "fluttered in the breeze," was on the gala occasion of George the Fourth's visit, in 1822, when the Trades process'd under it in honour of royalty.

SOME OF THE RHYMES AND SUPERSTITIONS OF LANARKSHIRE.

"Lady, Lady Lanners,
Lady, Lady Lanners,
Tak up your clowk about your head,
An' flee awa to Flanners.
Flee owre firth, an' flee owre fell,
Flee owre pule an' rinnan well,
Flee owre muir, an' flee owre mead,
Flee owre livan, flee owre dead,
Flee owre corn, an' flee owre lea,
Flee owre river, flee owre sea,
Flee ye east, or flee ye west,
Flee till him that lo'es me best."

This rhyme refers to the little insect called the *Lady-bird* in England, and *Lady Flanners* in Scotland. Every district, indeed every country where it is known, has its juvenile metrical address to the tiny, but pretty insect; but the foregoing, which is peculiar to Lanarkshire, is the

longest and most poetical with which we are acquainted.

"The Mermaid sat on the Carlin stane,
A kaiman her gowden hair,
The May we'er was in Clydesdale wide,
Was ever half aae fair."

The "Carlin Stane" is a huge mass of rock in the middle of Clyde, about a furlong below Stonebyres-linn. It is well-known to anglers, from the quality of the trout found beneath its edges. The following tradition respecting Wallace and this rock is current in Clydesdale:—

"Wallace, while a youth, was employed in herding his father's horses, which he used often to drive to pasture upon Nemphlar Bracs, by the side of Clyde. He had a peculiar pleasure in strolling about the magnificent cataract of Stonebyres, and in placing himself in dangerous but heart-thrilling situations upon the brink of the enormous precipices which at that place wall in the boiling river on every side. The mass which now forms the Carlin Stane, formerly projecting from the opposite rock, and considerably overhanging its base, formed a desirable station to Wallace, from whence the venturesome youth could contemplate the unrivalled scenery around, or look down upon the 'bloody' Clyde wheeling and foaming in the misty gulf below. Wallace is reported to have excelled in all athletic games, particularly in *putting the stane*; and several matches having taken place between him and the English, who, at that period, held the Castle of Lanark, in which the youthful hero was uniformly victorious, his antagonists conceived against him mortal envy, and determined to cut him off. For this purpose, not daring to attack him openly, they, in the night-time undermined his favourite station on the rocks of Clyde, almost detaching it from its supports, and left it in so ticklish a condition, that it could not fail to give way beneath the foot of any person who might tread upon it, and precipitate him into the tremendous deep below. Next day Wallace, as was his custom, drove his horses to Nemphlar Bracs, and was proceeding to take his usual station on the rocks, when, to his surprise, he perceived that it was pre-occupied by an aged woman of venerable aspect, who forbade his nearer approach by an authoritative wave of the hand. Wallace stood still, when the figure rose, and appeared to be employed in carefully examining the ground around the platform, particularly where it joined the rocks. The hero, at once perceiving that this was a spectral apparition, approached no farther that day, but drove home his horses before night-fall. On the morrow, however, reproaching himself for his timidity, he determined to examine the rocks and linn, with which he now conceived something supernatural to be connected. He directed his steps to the spot at an early hour. Upon his arrival, he again found, as formerly, the venerable old lady seated on his favourite station, who again authoritatively waving him back with her hand, arose and retired behind a thicket. In an instant she returned accompanied by another spectre, in the exact likeness of Wallace himself. Utterly confounded, the youth stood rooted to the spot,

and perceived his spectral similitude proceed, seemingly with great caution, to a certain distance from the projecting platform, whence he appeared to dash a huge stone which he bore in his hand, with all his force upon the beetling rock. Both spectres vanished, and Wallace imagining that he understood the meaning of the vision, lifted a huge rocky fragment, and proceeded carefully forward, minutely examining at every step the ground, which he soon discovered to have been newly turned over, till he arrived at the spot whence the spectre threw the stone; thence, collecting all his strength, he dashed the one which he carried upon the overhanging crag, which instantly gave way, and fell with a dreadful plunge into the weel below. Thus was the life of Scotland's champion saved by his country's guardian genii, the wraiths of Clydesdale."

"Duke Hamilton and Brandon,
Earl Chateaufault and Arran,
The Laird o' Pencel,
The Gudeman o' Draffan."

This rhyme on the Duke of Hamilton's titles is popular in Clydesdale. Chambers observes, that "the gradation downwards is amusing, but not unexampled in popular ideas as to our ancient nobility, for the Duke of Gordon was said to have for his last title 'Gudeman o' the Bog,' (that is, the house of Bog-an-Gight), and the Earl of Morton was in like manner, called 'Gudeman o' Aberdour.' Draffan is Craignethan Castle, at one time the property of the Bastard of Arran, celebrated in Scottish history." Such gradations, we may observe, were quite in keeping with the ancient Celtic notions of titles, holding that to be highest which arose from unchartered chiefship.

"On Tintock-Tap there is a mist,
And in that mist there is a kist,
And in the kist there is a caup,
And in the caup there is a drap;
Tak up the caup, drink aff the drap,
And set the caup on Tintock-Tap."

Tintock is well known as the highest hill in Lanarkshire—the only other near its height is Coulterfell. The district in general is level, which renders these hills the more magnificent. "On the summit, says Chambers, "is an immenso accumulation of stones, said to have been brought thither at different times from the vale, (distance three Scotch miles), by the country people, upon whom the task was enjoined as a penance, by the priests of St John's Kirk, which was situated in a little glen at the north-east skirt of the mountain, though no vestige of its existence now remains except the burying-ground. The summit of Tintock is often enveloped in mist; and the 'kist' mentioned in the rhyme, was, perhaps, a large stone, remarkable over all the rest of the heap for having a hole in its upper side, which the country people say was formed by the grasp of Sir William Wallace's thumb, on the evening previous to his defeating the English at Bughall, in the neighbourhood. The hole is generally full of water, on account of the drizzling nature of the atmosphere; but if it is meant by the 'caup' mentioned, we must suppose that the whole is intended as a mockery of human strength; for it is certainly

impossible to lift the stone and drink off the contents of the hollow."

A ballad by the late Sir Alexander Boswell, entitled "The Spirit of Tintoc, or Johnnie Bell and the Kelpie," was published anonymously in 1803. "The story is the adventurous undertaking of a drouthy tailor, who resolves to quench his thirst from the magic cap:—

' Johnnie Bell was the gudeman's name,
The wife's, I wot, was Kato M'Crae;
He was a tailor, to his shame
A tippling tailor, neighbours say.'

His guest, auld Robin Scoot, having emptied the graybeard at the first quaff, to the great mortification of the tailor, the latter exclaims—

' The graybeard's toom, I maun ha'e drink;
I've no a plack to buy a drap:
My heart is up, and away I'll link,
There's drink for nought on Tintoc-tap.'

The ballad then goes on to describe how, having put on his blue bonnet, and armed himself with a 'rowan-tree-staff,' the courageous tailor set out on his adventure—how he espied what he thought to be the deil, but which fortunately turned out to be a *crane*—how he fell into the burn, and was seized by the Water Kelpie, when the Brownie having whistled in his ear—

' He matter'd thrice the magic spell—
Thrice Cockatrice and Gallowlee,
When Kelpie shriek'd—O, Johnnie Bell,
My charm is broken—you are free!'

Gaining at length the summit of the hill, after much toilsome clambering, and having fortified himself with 'a quid o' the right Virginia,' Stilla, 'Queen of the Spirits of fire,' appears to him, and bids him begone; but bold Johnnie Bell, not so easily to be daunted, defies the Queen and all the race of weird sisters, whom he overcomes by repeating the mystical words 'Gallowlee and Cockatrice.' Thus compelled, and Stilla having

' — stamp'd on the grassless yeard,
A fire and cauldron quick arose;
The tailor rubb'd his head and beard,
And lick'd his lips, and cock'd his nose.
The fire low'd, and the cauldron hiss'd,
And the hell-steam rose baith red and blue,
When the guardian spirit of the kist
Swell'd to the wond'ring tailor's view.
His hair was red, and his cheek-bones high,
And he look'd like a new-caught Highlandman;
His eyes in their sockets seem'd to fry;
He smelt like a peat-reek warming pan.

* * * * *
The lid o' the kist wi' a clap flew up—
And fou to the brim out flew the cap;
The thirsty tailor at ac sup
Drank it a', baith dreg and drap.
The kist and cap, and cantrip spell,
Wi' whirling birr, in flinders flew;
But what became o' Johnnie Bell,
Gude kens! I ken nae mair than you!'

So much for the tale of Tintoc-Tap."*

The difference in height between Tintock and Coulterfell is thus expressed in rhyme:

"The height atween Tintock-tap and Coulterfell
Is just three-quarters o' an ell."

* Contemporaries of Burns. H. Paton, Adam Square.

The naming of places in rhyme seems to have been a favourite exercise of the local poets. The following jingle refers to the vale of Clyde:

"Canner and Cannermill,
Cannerside and Rawhill,
The Riccarton, the Rabbertoun,
The Raploch, and the Ross,
The Mirrytoun, the Skellytoun,
Cornsillock, and Dalscrf."

"Cauld kail in Comistane,
And crowdie in Quoethuan;
Singit sweens in Symington,
And brose in Pettinain.
The assy pets o' Fogarton,
And puddings o' Feneil,
Black folk o' Douglas
Drinks wi' the deil."

It would be difficult now-a-days to discover how these places became distinguished for their bad fare. Equally futile would it be to attempt a history of the particular parties—their good and evil deeds—mentioned in the following lines:

"The worthy Watsons,
The gentle Neilsons,
The jingling Jardines,
The muckle-backit Hendersons,
The fause Dicksons;
Ae Brown is enow in a toun;
Ae Paterson in a parochine, a parochine—
They brak a'!"

"'Tween the Rae Still and Loriburnahaw,
There ye'll find Cowdaily wa'.
And the foundations laid on Ern."

"Near Carnwath, in Lanarkshire, stands Cowthally, Cowdaily, or Quodaily Castle, an early residence of the noble family of Somerville. The first Somerville, as tradition reports, came from France, and dispossessed the former proprietor of Cowthally; some of whose vassals he subjected to his authority, though, it appears, without succeeding in attaching them very faithfully to his interests. Somerville demolished the outer walls of the castle, and a good part of the castle itself, before he could make himself master of it; and afterwards saw fit to rebuild it in a different place. But against this design he found circumstances in strong opposition. As the country people say, 'What of the wall he got built during the day was regularly *dung down* at night.' Suspecting the fidelity of his watchmen, he undertook to 'wake the castle' in person. It would appear that this had no effect in saving the building: for who should come to demolish it but the Evil One himself, with four or five of his principal servants, who, without heeding Somerville's expostulations, or even his active resistance, fell to and undid the work of the day, chanting all the while, in unearthly articulation, the above rhyme; and it is added, that, in compliance with this hint, Somerville was obliged to rebuild the castle of Cowdaily on its original foundations, which were of iron. It is supposed that some of the vassals of the former lord, in this affair, personated the demons; and that, while the French watchmen were thereby terrified out of their wits, the Scottish men, whom Somerville had pressed into his service, con-

sidered the whole transaction as a piece of good sport, and connived at it out of secret enmity to their new master."*

A similar story is told of the building of Craignethan Castle—the "Tilietudlem" of Sir Walter Scott—only in this case the opposition experienced is attributed to the fairies. It was at first intended to erect the fortress on the braes of Trows, a beautiful spot on the banks of the Nethan, above the village of Abbey-Green. The proprietor having "neglected to conciliate the genii of the place, and, in particular, while digging for a foundation, having trenched upon the inviolability of a fairy ring, the dignity of an elfin chief was outraged, and a long train of untoward and disastrous events defeated the completion of Hamilton's designs. Whatever had been accomplished during the day was sure to be demolished in the night; and when the workmen returned to their labours in the morning, they calculated upon finding the trenches filled, the newly-erected walls overthrown, and the stones scattered about and dashed to pieces. Things continued in this problematic state for some time, till at length Hamilton determined to keep watch, to see if he could discover the cause of occurrences so unaccountable. He armed himself, and, without informing any person of his intention, went to the haunted spot, after the day had closed, where his patience was nearly exhausted by keeping the strictest outlook for a long time, without perceiving any thing remarkable. Exactly at twelve, however, imagining that he heard the sound of a trumpet blown below ground, he retired under a brake, whence he discovered innumerable troops of fairies issuing from a small green knoll, who, after marching thrice round the castle, *withershins*, to the sound of martial music, drew themselves up in battle array, and discharged a volley of arrows at the rising walls, which were instantaneously overturned with a tremendous crash, when the whole troop vanished, with the same order in which they had appeared. The nobleman prudently kept himself concealed, and on the morrow declared his resolution to transfer his residence to Craignethan, a place whose localities have been graphically described, though not with microscopic exactness, in the wonderful tale of *Old Mortality*."†

"Meddle an' mell
Wi' the fien's o' hell,
An' a weirdless wicht ye'll be;
But tak an' len',
Wi' the fairy men,
Ye'll thrive ay while ye dee."

"During the 'Dear Years' at the beginning of last century, an honest farmer in the parish of Douglas, who had been reduced by the badness of the seasons from *beenness* to poverty, was about to return homewards one morning from the fields in despair; having sown what little seed-corn he had, which was not nearly so much as the ploughed land required, while he was standing not knowing what to do, he imagined that he heard a voice behind him, saying,

'Tak—an' gie
As guid to me.'

He turned round, and perceived a large sack standing at the end of the field, which, when he had opened, he found to be full of the most excellent seed oats. Without hesitation, he sowed them;—the braid was admirable, and the harvest no less luxuriant. The man carefully preserved the sack, and as soon as possible filled it full of the very best grain that his field produced, and set it down on the very same spot on which he had received the fairy oats. A voice called to him,

'Turn roun' your back,
While I get my sack.'

The farmer averted his face, and then immediately looked round, but all was gone. Things ever after prospered with him, for, according to the popular *saw*,

'Meddle and mell,' &c.

"In the same dearth, and in the same parish, an old woman who was nearly famishing for hunger, was one morning astonished to find her *bignonet*, a kind of *coif*, which she had hung upon her bedside, full of oatmeal. This seasonable supply she attributed to some of her benevolent neighbours, who she imagined had been wishing to give her a little surprise. Notwithstanding the care, however, with which she husbanded her meal, it by and by was expended, and she was again almost reduced to starvation. After passing another day without food, her *bignonet* was again replenished; which was regularly done whenever the supply was exhausted, always allowing her to remain one day without food. Her *bignonet* was refilled so regularly, that at last the old woman became secure, and presumed upon the generosity of her invisible supporter, she one day baked the whole of her supply into cakes, and having, by some means or other, procured a little *kitchen* (butcher-meat), she invited her gossips to a treat. The cakes were lying spread on Nannie's table, and the guests were just going to fall to, when, to their utter astonishment, they beheld the cakes of their own accord turn upside down, and every one of them become a large withered *kail-blade*. At the same time a voice of thunder spoke these words to the terrified Nannie:—

'Never mare
O' mine ye's share,
But want an' was
Till your deein' day!'

It need scarcely be added, that the guests fled the house as fast as possible, and Nannie became a poor deaf object, driven by poverty to beg from door to door."

"Come to me
Gin mine ye be;
But gin ye be a fairy wicht,
Fast and flee till endless nicht."

"It was a universal belief that children were frequently carried away by the fairies, and one of their own imps substituted in their place. When a family suspected that a change of this kind had taken place, they had recourse to the following strange ordeal. A sufficient quantity of *Nauchter-fail* was pared from the eastern side of a hill, with which all the windows, doors, and every aper-

* Chambers's Popular Rhymes. † Scots Magazine.

type through the house, excepting the chimney, were built up. A large fire was then made of peats, and the supposed fairy, wrapped in the sheets or blankets of the woman's bed, was laid on the fire, when it was at the brisket, while one of the bystanders repeated the foregoing rhyme. If the child actually was the woman's, it instantly rolled off the fire upon the floor; but if it was a fairy, it flew away up the chimney with a tremendous shriek, and was never more seen, while the real infant was found lying upon the threshold.*

OBSERVATIONS ON PART OF SCOTLAND, MADE IN THE YEAR 1661.

[Concluded from our last.]

At Edinburgh we went to the principal public buildings; these are, 1. The Castle, a very strong building on a precipitous solid rock. It is one of the king's houses, but of no very great receipt: In it are kept the crown and sceptre of Scotland. There was then lying in the castle yard an old great iron gun, which they called Mounts Meg, and some Meg of Berwick, of a great bore, but the length is not answerable to the bigness. 2. Heriot's Hospital, a square stone building, having a large turret at each corner. It hath very spacious and beautiful gardens, and is well endowed. There is a cloister on both sides of the court, on each hand as one goeth in, and a well in the middle thereof. At our being there it maintained three-score boys, who wore blue gowns; but they told us it was designed for other purposes. It would make a very handsome college, comparable to the best in our universities. Over the gate, within side, stands the figure of G. Heriot the founder thereof, and under him this verse.

Corporis hæc, animi est opus Effigies.

3. The College, for the building of it but mean, and of no very great capacity, in both comparable to Caius College in Cambridge. Most of the students here live after the fashion of Leyden, in the town; and wear no gowns till they be laureat, as they call it, that is commence. At our being there (being the time of the vacancy) there was not a student in town; the Premier also, as they call him, was absent at London. In the hall of this College the King's Commissioner, Middleton, was entertained by the citizens of Edinburgh. 4. The Parliament House, which is but of small content, as far as we could judge, not capable of holding 200 persons. The Lords and Commons sit both in the same room together. There is also a place which they call the Inner House, in which sit 15 Lords, chosen out of the House, as it were a grand Committee. There is an outer room like the lobby, which they call the waiting room; and two other rooms above stairs, where Commissioners sit. We saw Argyle and Guthrie, their heads standing on the gates and toll-booth. At the time we were in Scotland, divers women were burnt for witches, they reported, to the number of about 120.

August the 21st, We went on northward as far as Stirling, 24 miles. By the way we saw the

King's palace at Lithgow, built in the manner of a castle, a very good house, as houses go in Scotland. There is a small lough or standing water on two sides of the house. This lough formerly was never without swans: but Mr Stuart, one of the Bailiffs of the town, told us a strange story of those swans, which left the lake when the house was taken and garrisoned by the English; and although two were brought on purpose for trial, yet would they not stay there; but at the time of the King's coming to London, two swans, *non solum unde sponte et instinctu proprio*, came thither, and there still continue. This Stuart hath nourished in his garden divers exotick plants, more than one would hope to find in so northerly and cold a country; some such as we had not before seen, viz. *Archangelica*, *Fumaria*, *siliquosa*, *Carduus lacteus peregrinus flo. albo*, *Verbascum 4. Matth. angustifolium*, *Anchuse species flo. parvo nigricante*, *Alcea surrecta levis flo. amplo rubro et albo*, as we then named them. Stirling is an indifferently handsome town, hath a good market-place, two palaces, one of the Earl of Marr, the other of the Marquis of Argyle. But the castle is most considerable, and hath been, and with little cost may be again made, a very magnificent house. It hath an hall longer, if not broader, than Trinity College Hall in Cambridge. The building added by James V. contains many very stately rooms both for lodging and entertainment, in many of them very good carved wood work on the roofs. There is also a chapel built by James VI. at the birth of his eldest son, in which we saw a model of Edinburgh castle and the ship in which they served up the meat into the hall when prince Henry was baptised. This castle stands on an high and steep rock; under the building are many vaults cut out of the rock, and one under another. The castle, on our being there, was garrisoned with 200 English. The Commissary told us that the greatest inconvenience of that castle, in case of a siege, was that upon the discharging of the great guns, the water in the wells would sink, and the wells become dry; of which it is easy to render a probable reason. Stirling bridge is considerable for nothing, but that it is a pass. The river here, Meander like, takes circuits and almost meets itself again, and that for a considerable space, both on the one and the other side of the bridge; so that what is by land but 4 miles, is by water 24.

From Stirling we went, August the 22d, to Glasgow, which is the second city in Scotland, fair, large, and well built, cross-wise, somewhat like unto Oxford, the streets very broad and pleasant. There is a cathedral church built by Bishop Law; they call it now the High Kirk, and have made in it two preaching places, one in the choir and the other in the body of the church: besides, there is a church under the choir, like St Faith's under Paul's, London; the walls of the church-yard round about are adorned with many monuments, and the church-yard itself almost covered with grave stones; and this we observed to be the fashion in all the considerable towns we came into in Scotland. The Bishop's palace, a goodly building near to the church, is still preserved. Other things memorable in this town are, 1. The College,

* Scots Magazine.

a pretty stone building, and not inferior to Wadham and All Souls College in Oxon. The premier, Mr Gelaspy, was removed by the Parliament there. Here are (as they told us) most commonly about 40 students of the first year, which they call Obedients; near so many of the second, which they call Semios; and so proportionably of the third, which they call Baccalors; and the fourth, whom they call Laurcat or Magisters. It being the time of vacancy, we saw not the habits which the students use. 2. A tall building at the corner, by the market-place, of five storeys where courts are kept and the sessions held, and prisoners confined, &c. upon the door whereof is this distich;

*Hæc domus odii, amat, punit, conservat, honorat,
Nequitiam, pacem, crimina, jura, probos.*

3. Several fair hospitals, and well endowed, one of the merchants, now in building. 4. A very long bridge of eight arches, four whereof are about 50 feet wide each; and a very neat square flesh-market, scarce such a one to be seen in England or Scotland.

August the 23d, we rode to Douglas 20 miles. We passed through Hamilton by the way, an handsome little market-town, where is a great house of Duke Hamilton's. The country all thereabout is very pleasant, and in all respects for woods, pastures, corn, &c. the best we saw in Scotland. At Douglas there is a castle belonging to the Marquis Douglas, half a mile distant from the town, which though it be a free burgh, and without doubt of great antiquity, yet is a pitiful, poor, small place, scarce an house in it which will keep a man dry in a shower of rain. In the church we saw some old monuments of the Douglasses, with two hearts wrapped up in lead, which it seems were of two of that family that died in France, and were sent over hither.

August the 24th, we rode to Dumfries, or as they spelled it, Drumfres, 23 miles, and in the way saw lead mines at a place called the Lead-Hills, which will in time, it is likely, increase to a considerable town. We also passed over much hilly ground, the highest place was called Anderkin Hill, upon the top whereof the air was sharp and piercing, when in the level it was warm and gentle; neither yet were we on the highest apex of it by the ascent of near half a mile, as we guessed. This hill we judged to be higher than any we had been upon in England or Wales, Snowdon itself not excepted. This is a dangerous passage in winter time, the way being narrow and slippery, and a great precipice on the one hand, besides the descent steep, so that we led our horses down about a mile. At Dumfries they have two ministers, one a young man named Campbell, related (as we were told) to the M. of Argyle, the other an elder man, by name Henderson, who has married his daughter to the younger. Campbell prayed for the preservation of their church government and discipline, and spake openly against prelacy and its adjuncts and consequences. Here, as also at Dunbar and other places, we observed the manner of their burials, which is this; when any one dies, the sexton or bell-man goeth about the streets with a small bell in his hand which he tinkleth all along as he goeth, and now and then he makes

a stand and proclaims who is dead, and invites the people to come to the funeral at such an hour. The people and minister many times accompany the corps to the grave at the time appointed, with the bell before them, where there is nothing said, but only the corpse laid in. The minister there, in the public worship, doth not shift places out of the desk into the pulpit, as in England, but at his first coming in ascends the pulpit. They commonly begin their worship with a psalm before the minister comes in, who, after the psalm is finished, prayeth, and then reads and expounds in some places, and in some not; then another psalm is sung, and after that their minister prays again, and preaches as in England. Before sermon commonly the officers of the town stand at the church-yard gate with a join'd stool and a dish; to gather the alms of all that came to church. The people here frequent their churches much better than in England, and have their ministers in more esteem and veneration. They seem to perform their devotions with much alacrity. There are few or no sectaries or opinionists among them; they are much addicted to their church government, excepting the gentry, who love liberty, and care not to be strictly tied down. The country abounds with poor people and beggars. Their money they reckon after the French manner. A bodel, which is the sixth part of our penny, they call Tway-pennies, that is with them Two-pence; so that upon this ground, 12 pennies or a shilling Scotch, that is six bodels, is a penny Sterling. The Scotch piece mark'd with XX, which we are wont to call a Scotch two-pence, is twenty-pence Scotch, that is, two-pence Sterling, wanting two bodels, or four pennies Scotch; the piece with XL is fourpence Sterling—4 bodels; and so one shilling Sterling is 12 shillings Scotch. Thirteen pence halfpenny English, a mark Scotch. One pound Scotch, 20d. Sterling. One bodel they call tway-pennies, as above, 2 bodels a plack, 3 bodels a baubee, 4 bodels 8 pennies, 6 bodels 1 shilling Scotch.

LEGENDS OF SCOTTISH SUPERSTITION.

No. III.

THE FAIRY'S GIFT.

(LANARKSHIRE.)

FAIRY gifts, like those of the Demon of the Harts Mountains, were seldom, if ever, of any real advantage to the recipients. The little, sly, tricky, green-coated imps, seem, like their more august coadjutors, whether of the mines of Brokenberg, or "the blasted heaths" of Moray, to have taken a most malicious pleasure in "keeping the word of promise to the ear," while they, at the same time, broke it most cruelly "to the hope." A poor woman in Clydesdale having lent "a mottle of meal" to a fairy, the borrower returned at the appointed time, presenting a similar quantity of what, she stated, was not ordinary meal, but a kind peculiar to the fairies; adding, that it possessed certain very singular, and to the poor woman inestimable, qualities. "The corn of which it is composed," said the fairy, "consists of the top pickles of all the best stalks of the best fields

in the neighbourhood. It was dried, winnowed, and ground by unearthly hands, under the direction of more than human skill. And to boot of all this, which merely insures the goodness of its quality, the fairies, in consideration of your generous conduct in lending us a portion of your meal, have bestowed upon this the following very extraordinary property, viz., when placed in your meal barrel, it will *completely fill it*, and will always continue to do so, whatever quantity you may have occasion to take out, *provided only*, you have prudence sufficient to keep the whole matter a profound secret." The fairy paused, as if in expectation of a reply; but the poor woman, in the fulness of her heart, could not articulate a single word. She fell on her knees, and received the treacherous gift with tears of gratitude streaming from her eyes; while the insidious donor, waving her wand, as if in confirmation of the expected blessing, bowed deeply after the eastern fashion, and departed.

It was not long till "the gifted meal" was deposited in the meal barrel, and so far the words of the fairy were accomplished—the barrel was completely filled. Poor Ailie was in raptures—she could not believe the testimony of her own eyes, but thrust her arms down amongst the snow-white treasure, to the very elbows! "It was a' quite true!" she exclaimed, "her barrel was really quite fu' frae tap to bottom, wi' fine, rich, white, curny meal! and what was mair, it wad aye continue to be sae, as lang as she kepted the thing a secret, and that, of course, was quite in her ain power. She need never want plenty o' ait meal, now, as lang as she lived. Nae yirning and chaunerling among the bairns now for want o' paritch; and if the Lord was pleased to bless John and her wi' ony mair o' them (as she had strong hope ho would), there wad aye be plenty o' meal for them a'. What was to ail them to leive on ait meal a' the gither? Milk and meal was a very gude diet. 'My certis,' she had seen the day when they wad been glad to hae seen the sight o't. Syne a' John's winnin' and her nain and the bairns micht be laid by; and, wha kent, but her and John micht be some day *Laird and Leddy!* A' their bairns could be set up in gude ways o' doin; while their twa sells, leiving happy and contented to a good auld age, wad doe, 'bequeathing' the wonder-working meal barrel 'as a rich legacy to their issue!'"

O, how she "wearied" for night! when John would "come hame," and hear all about their good fortune. Her hopes were as high, and her heart palpitated as quickly as on the eve of her bridal. Many a time she ran to the door, and looked anxiously in the direction in which John should appear—well knowing while she did so, that John would not, nay could not, come a moment before sunset. Poor simple body! it never occurred to her that her "goodman" could be included in the Fairy's restriction—that he who had shared most religiously, her every thought and wish, from the very first moment when she consented, in the warmth of her maidenly affection, to become his wife, should possibly be kept in ignorance of a secret which so deeply concerned them all, was a thing that never once crossed her imagination.

"*Glouamin!*" and she wished for meeting arriv-

ed, John was seen "ayont the craft" "homeward plodding his weary way." She could wait no longer, but ran out of the house to meet him, flung her arms about his neck, and told him all their good fortune in a single breath. John was transported. The happy pair skipped hand in hand into the cottage, but alas! she had broken the charm—she had disclosed the secret, and the meal-barrel stood "in its auld neuk, as toom, and as hopelessly sae, as ever!"

11 Hill Street, Anderston,
Glasgow.

W. G.

SIR JOHN COPE'S EXPEDITION.

THE power of song has seldom been so thoroughly exemplified as in the case of the unfortunate Sir John Cope. The sarcastic ballad of "Hey, Johnnie Coup, are ye waukin' yet?" has irretrievably doomed the memory of the royal commander at Prestonpans to undying ridicule, and even to the suspicion of cowardice. The lines—

"Fy, now Johnnie, mak haste and rin,
It's best to sleep in a hail skin,"

carry with them an imputation, which the progress of time, in place of obliterating, only tends to deepen. A solemn court-martial sat on the conduct of Sir John, at the time, and after a protracted examination of witnesses, pronounced a unanimous verdict in his favour—a verdict which was put forward with all the authority of the court, and widely published in exonerations of a worthy but unfortunate soldier. That honourable verdict has sunk into oblivion, while the humorous but accusing verses of an obscure poet are everywhere known.

The defeat of the royal troops at Prestonpans, was so instantaneous and signal, that it is not surprising there should have been various opinions entertained as to the military genius of the routed general. One writer in the journals of the period censured him severely for remaining on the defensive, and not having sufficiently protected his cannon. He says—

"In the late battle, the situation of our cannon on the right, guarded only by 100 men, is a circumstance that first strikes me; and the suffering the main body of the enemy to bend their force thither, and that guard no way supported, is truly matter of astonishment. But it is no kind of wonder, that those men deserted the cannon on the first attack. It would have shocked the most experienced veterans, to have seen themselves so exposed to the attack of 1000 men, and could presume nothing less than treachery. The next attack naturally fell upon the dragoons of the right; who, seeing the cannon so idly lost, and turned upon themselves, naturally enough quitted the field of battle. This leaves the right wing open and exposed to the violence of the next attack; who, seeing the cannon lost, and the dragoons who covered them gone, fired in confusion, and then threw down their arms. What was done on the other wing, seems not very material: it was the business of the Highland officers, so to behave, as to prevent our troops on the left from supporting those of the right; who, being at once both in confusion and flanked, naturally bore in upon the main body; and the left wing being drove in at the same time upon the centre, and all together driven tumultuously on the *corps de reserve*, I think this infamous affair is very easily accounted for, without any prejudice either to the courage of the inferior officers or common soldiers."

"In this disposition, the rebels were really ten men to their one; and therefore, under all these circumstances, the endeavouring to rally the troops became quite useless. The business was effectually done, and a man need but form to himself a clear idea of these concurrent circumstances, and plainly see that all human aid was vain."

The same writer farther remarks on the bad generalship of Sir John Cope in acting on the defensive, in place of attacking, "whereby the force, vigour, and courage of the assailant is doubled. By this conduct the Highlanders, in the late rebellion, were beat by one of our wings, and dispersed; while, on the contrary, the other was beat by the Highlanders, on the same principle. The Duke of Marlborough gained all his victories by the like conduct; and Cromwell always esteemed it essential to victory."

Another writer strenuously defends Sir John, and replies to the main argument of the previous writer as follows:—

"Our cannon were indeed placed upon the right; and the guard of foot upon them, was, I believe, no more than 100. But what is the circumstance in this that strikes this Gentleman? Our suffering the main body of the rebels to bend their force thither, and that guard no way supported, he says, is truly matter of astonishment to him. Could we hinder, as he calls them, *the main body of the enemy to bend their force thither*? Who told him that care had not been taken to support the artillery-guard? which, out of 1200 foot, will, I believe, be thought as many as could be spared; for our whole body of foot did not amount to full that number. This guard was not without support: there were two squadrons of dragoons at hand for that service; and when it was observed that the column which the remarker calls the main body of the rebels, and which he says were 1000 men, though they were really but 600, (and this is not the single instance of his magnifying the rebels); I say, when it was observed that that column was advancing to attack the artillery, and thereby presented a fair flank to our dragoons, the Earl of Loudon, our Adjutant-General, carried orders to Col. Whitney, who commanded the second squadron of Col. Gardiner's, to wheel and charge that column; which he attempted to obey, and led them bravely within pistol-shot, where his men deserted him. This was indeed matter of astonishment. But it is no reflection upon the officer; he behaved gallantly. And sure it is none upon the General. Can any General upon earth prevail with soldiers to fight, who are seized with a panic, and will run away?"

"Let me here observe, what I have heard from persons of undoubted veracity, who were in the action at Sheriffmuir, with respect to the circumstance which was attended with victory to the Duke of Argyle, over the left wing of the rebels in that battle. It was the late Lord Cathcart's wheeling the dragoons, which he was at the head of, and attacking the flank of the enemy. He obeyed the Duke of Argyle's orders in this, and the execution of these orders was attended with the wished for success. And had Col. Whitney's squadron followed their leader, and done their duty, it is very probable that the success would have been the same. The Generals showed the same judgment in giving their orders; but the dragoons, in the one case, followed their leaders bravely in executing them, and, in the other, they disgracefully deserted their officers."

The court-martial seems to have been right in deciding "that Sir John Cope's disposition of his body of troops on the field of action was judicious, and the ground on which they were engaged (according to the plan and description of many officers who were present) appears to have been well chosen. That he did his duty as an officer,

both before, at, and after the action; and his personal behaviour was without reproach; and that the misfortune on the day of action was owing to the shameful behaviour of the private men, and not to any misconduct or misbehaviour of Sir John Cope, or any of the officers under his command." The soldiers seem to have been seized with a panic. Their total ignorance of the number of the Prince's army, by which they were attacked, and the fame which the Highlanders had acquired, in the wars of Montrose, for the use of the broadsword, may be regarded as the cause of the panic. The bayonet never was an efficient weapon against the broadsword and target. Even at Culloden it would have failed, had the fate of the day depended upon these weapons alone.

In modern times, the battle of Waterloo, where the Duke of Wellington acted on the defensive, is an instance of the success of that mode of tactics, where the courage and endurance of an army can be calculated upon.

The following is a plain and apparently impartial account of Sir John Cope's expedition:

Edinburgh, Sept. 27, (1745.)

DEAR SIR,—My part of the most disagreeable campaign that I believe ever was made, is now, as to action, unhappily at an end, by my being made prisoner on the fatal 21st instant. I am confined here, together with a great many very pretty though unfortunate fellows; where we are very well used, and have the liberty of the town on our parole. I have had full time for reflection since I came here, and for confirming my own memory from conversation with my unfortunate companions, and of informing myself, both from friends and enemies, of what passed that I was not eye-witness to, in and after the action, in such a manner, as that I can, with absolute confidence, bid you depend upon the truth of every fact I tell you,—I sit down to give you our history since we marched from Stirling.

Soon after the certain accounts reached us at Edinburgh, that the Pretender's son was landed at Moydart, and gathering people about him there, we were told, that, in obedience to orders from above, we were to hold ourselves in readiness for a march to the Chain, a name we gave to the road leading from Inverness to Fort-William.

As the country we were to march through, could not afford subsistence for the troops, it was absolutely necessary to carry a stock of bread along with us. This the General caused to be provided at Leith, Stirling, and Perth. As soon as it was got ready, we set out from Stirling, where the troops assembled.

It was well for us that we had a sutler well provided, and a butcher with a drove of black cattle, (which he killed for us from time to time), along with us; without this precaution, we had starved upon the march.

A march of regular troops, when the country was in its present situation, by themselves, was thought hazardous: but we were told, that we were to be joined at Crieff with a body of the well affected Highlanders; and we carried 1000 arms that length along with us, to put into their hands. But so it happened, that not a man of them joined us, neither there nor any where else, till we came to Inverness.

It seemed to me that the General, when we came to Crieff, found reason to believe he was not to expect to be joined by any of them; for he sent back from thence to Stirling Castle 700 of the arms. It was well he did so; for it would have been impossible to get them to Inverness for want of carriages.

However, we went forward cheerfully by ourselves, notwithstanding the disappointment; and I observe it to you once for all, that, notwithstanding the many difficulties we met with, and the many forced marches we made, in order to pass the rivers for fear of their swelling; yet such was

the heartiness of the troops for the service, that nobody was heard to complain upon the whole march.

At Dalwhiany we were informed that the rebels were posted on and in Coiryerg, a noted pass, seventeen miles distant on our way to the Chain. The General thereupon called together the commanding officers of the several corps, and laid before them the orders he had to march directly to the Chain, and his intelligence about the disposition of the rebels; desiring to have their opinion what was proper to be done.

The intelligence was undoubted that the enemy were to wait for us at Coiryerg; where their different parties, from the head of Loch-Lochy, and Lugganauchnadrumb, might easily join them. They intended to line the traverses or windings of the road, up to the mountain, which are seventeen in number. In these traverses their men would be intrenched to their teeth. They were flanked by a hollow or water-course, which falls from the top of the mountain; they intended to line this water-course, where their men would be well covered, as likewise numbers of them would be among the rocks, on the top of the hill. They proposed to break down the bridge at Sungburrow, which lifts the roads over a steep precipice, and to place men in two hollow ways, which flank the road both ways. Formerly several of these officers had marched over that ground, and all of them unanimously agreed, that to force the rebels in it was utterly impracticable; it must inevitably be attended with the loss of all our provisions, artillery, military stores, &c., and indeed of the troops; that the giving the rebels any success upon their first setting out, was by all means to be prevented, as what might be attended with bad consequences to the service.

The next question then was, Whether it was most advisable to return to Stirling with all expedition, or march to Ruthven, and so on to Inverness? Upon this they were also unanimous in their opinion, that to return to Stirling was by no means advisable. The rebels could march to Stirling a nearer way than we could, by marching down the side of Loch Rannoch. They could get to the bridge of Kynachin before us; they'd break it down, and thereby cut off our retreat. This is a bridge upon Yumble, a water so rapid, that it is not fordable in any place that I could hear of. To stay where we were, and thereby pretend to stop their progress southward, was folly: they could, without coming over Coiryerg, go south by roads over the mountains, practicable for them, utterly impracticable for regular troops. And, upon taking a survey of our provisions, we found, that, what from our having been under a necessity to leave a great deal of it by the way upon the march, for want of horses to bring it along (which we found it impossible to get), and what from the great damage which that part of it which we did bring forward, had received from the rains, we had not above two days' bread left that could be ate, and we were unhappily in a country that could not supply us. There was, therefore no manner of choice left us—to Inverness we must go—which we did accordingly.

We made no longer stay there than was absolutely necessary for our preparing for our march to Aberdeen. The night before we left Inverness, we were joined by 200 of the Monroes, under the command of Capt. George Monro of Culcairn, who went along with us to Aberdeen, and were the only Highlanders, not of the regular troops, who joined us in this expedition.

Our march to Aberdeen was no less expeditious than our former: from Crieff to Inverness, and from thence to Aberdeen, the General did not allow us to rest one day. Upon our arrival there, we found he had taken care to have transports ready, and every thing in order for carrying us to Leith by sea. We came to Dunbar on Monday the 16th of September, and all the troops were landed there on the 17th, and the artillery, &c., on the 18th, as the first and nearest place we could land at on the south side of the Frith.

Here we met with the astonishing news of the city of Edinburgh being given up to the rebels on the 17th at five in the morning.

The history of their march after they left Coiryerg, and the

incidents to which their getting the city of Edinburgh delivered up to them was owing, you must have heard from other hands. I am well assured, that the far greater part of the principal inhabitants of that place showed a warm zeal for his Majesty's service, and for defending that city; and I believe that on the 16th, a message was sent from Brig. Fowke, the Advocate and Justice-Clerk, to the Provost, to acquaint him, that Sir John Cope with the troops was off Dunbar, and that the whole of the two regiments of dragoons should that night march into the city for its defence, if he desired it, (of which the volunteers heard nothing till after they had delivered up their arms to the castle); but a deputation was sent from him and his council to treat with the rebels, and declined to desire them to be sent in. In consequence of this treaty, the rebels entered the town next morning.

We marched from Dunbar on the 19th towards Edinburgh. We encamped that night upon the field westward of Haddington, and set out from thence early the next morning.

On this day's march we had frequent intelligence brought, that the rebels were advancing towards us with their whole body, with a quick pace. We could not, therefore, get to the ground it was intended we should, having still some miles to march through a country, some part of which was interlined with walls. The General, therefore, thought it proper to chuse the first open ground he found; and a better spot could not have been chosen for the cavalry to be at liberty to act in. We got out of the defiles in our way, and came to this ground just in time before the enemy got up to us.

We had no sooner completed our disposition, and got our little army formed in excellent order, than the rebels appeared upon the high ground south of us. We then formed a full front to theirs, prepared either to wait their coming to us, or to take the first advantage for attacking them. During this interval we exchanged several huzzas with them, and probably from their not liking our disposition, they began to alter their own. They made a large detachment to their left towards Preston, (as we imagined) in order to take us in flank, their number being vastly superior to ours.

Our General having upon this, with several of the officers, reconnoitred their design, immediately caused us to change our front; forming us with our right to the sea, and our left where the front had been. This disposition disappointed their project of taking us in flank, and that part of their army immediately countermarched back again.

From this change of theirs, we were again obliged to take new ground; which our people constantly performed with great alacrity and regular exactness, and in all outward appearance with a cheerful countenance, and eager desires to engage.

The night coming on, and the enemy so near, we could only content ourselves with a small train of six gallopers, to throw a few shot amongst an advanced party of theirs who had taken possession of the churchyard of Tranent, that lay between their front and ours.

Till about three in the morning, of a very dark night, our patrols could scarce perceive any motion they made, everything seemed so quiet: but about this hour, the patrols reported them to be in a full march, in great silence, towards the east: at four they reported, that they were continuing their march north-east. From this it appears that they designed to attack our left flank with their main body; and upon the General's being confirmed that this was their intention, he made a disposition in less time than one would think it possible, by which he brought our front to theirs, and secured our flanks by several dikes on our right, towards Tranent, with our left flank inclining to the sea.

The moment this disposition was completed, three large bodies in columns, of their picked out Highlanders, came in apace, though in a collected body, with great swiftness. And the column which was advancing towards our right, where our train was posted, after receiving the discharge of a few pieces, almost in an instant, and before day broke,

seized the train, and threw into the utmost confusion a body of about 100 foot of ours, who were posted there to guard it.

All remedies, in every shape, were tried by the General, Brig. Fowke, the Earls of London and Home, and the officers about them, to remedy this disorder, but in vain. This, unhappily, with the fire made (though a very irregular one), by the Highland column on our right, struck such a panic into the dragoons, that in a moment they fled, and left Gardiner, their Colonel (who was heard to call upon them to stand), to receive the wounds which left him on the field. His Lieutenant-Colonel, Whitney, while within his horse's length of them, coming up with his squadron to attack them, received a shot which shattered his arm, and was left by his squadron too. And from this example, the whole body became possessed with the same fatal dread; so that it became utterly impossible for the General, or any one of the best intentioned of his officers, either to put an end to their fears, or stop their flight; though he and they did all that was in the power of men to do, and in doing it exposed themselves in such a manner to the fire of the rebels, that I cannot account for their escaping it any other way, but that all of it was aimed at the run-away dragoons; who, in spite of all endeavours to stop them, ran away from the field, through the town of Preston; Gardiner's by the defile which passes by his house, which was in our rear on the right; and Hamilton's by one on our left, north of the house of Preston.

At the west end of the town of Preston, the General, with the Earls of London and Home, stopped, and endeavoured by all possible means to form and bring them back to charge the enemy, now in disorder on the pursuit; but to no purpose. Upon which he put himself at their head, and made a retreat leisurely, towards the road leading south from Edinburgh to Ginglekirk, and thereby kept a body of about 450 of them together, and carried them into Berwick next day.

Brig. Fowke, seeing things in this extremity with the dragoons, and hearing of several discharges in his rear, galloped towards it, believing that it came from a body of our foot, who might be still maintaining their ground, hoping by them to retrieve the fortune of the day. He was mistaken; it was the rebels: the smoke of their fire, and the little day-light prevented his discovering who they were, till he was close upon the right flank of their main body; and he must have fallen into their hands, if Captain Wedderburn, a foot officer of ours, had not called out aloud to him to apprise him of his danger.

I am told, that Col. Lascelles behaved very gallantly. Being deserted by his men, he fell into the enemy's hands upon the field; but, in the hurry they were in, he found means to make his escape eastward, and got safe to Berwick.

I do not mention the behaviour of the officers. I saw a good many of them exerting themselves to rally the dragoons, before they entered the defiles through which they fled from the field. In general, I have not heard one single suggestion against any one man who had the honour to carry the King's commission, either in the dragoons or foot, as if he had not done his duty. Neither officers nor General can divest men of dread and panic when it seizes them; he only can do that who makes the heart of man. To their being struck with a most unreasonable panic, and to no one thing else, the disgraceful event was owing. The ground was to our wish, the disposition was unexceptionable, and we were fully formed.

I know you will expect that I should inform you what were the numbers on both sides in the action.—Of our side, I am convinced we were not above 1500 men who should have fought. As to them, it was so dark when they came to attack us, that I could only perceive them like a black hedge moving towards us. Some people magnify their numbers, others endeavour to lessen them; but, by the best accounts, and the most to be depended upon, (which I have been able to get), they were not less than 5000 men.

OBITUARY NOTICES,

CHRONOLOGICALLY ARRANGED.

1712, July 17. On Sunday last, Richard, son of Oliver Cromwell, died at Cheshant, Hertfordshire, aged about 90.

1716, Jan. 5. On Sunday morning (3d), about 3 of the clock, died Mr Wycherly, author of several plays.

1721, Sept. 2d. Yesterday, died Mr Dogget the Player.

1722. On the 30th of May last, died Mary Dennison of Kirkbeg-Stephen, in the county of Westmorland, aged 131. She was very hearty within a few days of her death, and her memory continued very good to the last. She was a Quaker.

1722, Sept. 17. Edward Eliot of Port-Eliot, M.P. for the Borough of Lickard, in Cornwall, and late one of the Commissioners. He married one of the daughters of James Cragg, Esq., late Post-Master General, by whom he has one son and one daughter.

[This gentleman was predecessor of the Earls of St Germain. Cragg, senior, was a gentleman's gentleman.]

Sept., 1722. Died at Cork, in Ireland, Mathew Buckenger.

[Buckenger was born at Nuremburgh. June 2, 1674. He was born without hands, legs, or thighs, and twenty-nine inches in height. A portrait of him will be found in Caulfield's "Remarkable Persons," with a biographical sketch; but Caulfield was not aware of the place of his demise, or the month. He was married four times, and had eleven children. One of his grandsons lately kept a music-shop in the Strand, and was esteemed the best performer of the lute in England. He wrote and drew beautifully. His productions in this line are much esteemed by the curious. The following advertisement, after his death, appeared in the "Caledonian Mercury":

"Two Elegies on the much to be lamented death of Mathew Buckenger, the famous little man exposed for a German hero, who died at Cork, in Ireland, Sept. 1722—the former written by Counsellor Burk, at Dublin; the other supposed to be done by the Reverend Dr Swift. To which is subjoined Buckenger Revived, or an Epistle from the little man, to the learned Counsellor and Reverend Doctor, shewing the Case as altered. Dated at Edinburgh, April 2d, 1723. Price 2d."]

London, July 16, 1724. Mrs Manley, author of the "Atalantis," died Saturday morning about one. She was seized with a fit of the choleric the Tuesday before, which never left her till she expired.

[The "Atalantis" is a work of considerable merit. It contains a satirical account of the leading characters in the Courts of Charles II., James II., William and Mary, and Queen Anne.]

Oct. 20., 1726. A few days since, died at Oak-ingham, in Berks, Mr Mogg, who kept the Rose Inn there several years with great reputation. He was father of Molly Mogg, on whom the famous song was made.

July 26, 1728. John Friend, M.D., author of

the "Account of the Earl of Peterborough's conduct in Spain." London, 1707, 8vo. 2d edition.

[This is a very scarce and interesting volume, as, indeed, every work relative to the chivalrous Peer whose exploits it mentions could hardly fail to be. The following anecdote, relative to Mead and Friend, is interesting:—

"Mead may be considered as one of the greatest physicians that ever flourished—in intellect, in practice, and in generosity. In a trying moment, he evinced his heart was even more exalted than his understanding. Dr Friend had been committed to the Tower in consequence of his opposition in Parliament (the habeas corpus act being at that time suspended), and during several months of confinement, his valuable practice fell chiefly into the hands of his rival Mead. What was the conduct of this admirable man? After having employed every effort in vain to release the prisoner, he was at length summoned to relieve an indisposition of Walpole, but refused to prescribe for the Minister unless Friend was set at liberty: and, having accomplished this object, presented him with five thousand guineas, the fruit of his attendance on the patients of his captive."

Nov. 1732. Dr Aliffe, a very great Practitioner in the Civil Law, at his Lodgings in Crane-Court, Fleet street.

Feb. 1733. Wm. Haseling, the oldest Pensioner in Chelsea College, aged 112 Years and 6 months. He was in the Parliament Army at Edgehill; serv'd under K. William in Ireland, and the D. of Marlborough in Flanders. He married and buried 2 Wives since he was 100, and the 3d, who survives him, he married about 2 Years ago. Besides his allowance from the College, he had a Crown a Week from the D. of Richmond, and another from Sir Robert Walpole. January 1736.

AN EPITAPH ON JACOB TONSON, BY A YOUNG GENTLEMAN OF ETON SCHOOL.

Vitæ volumine peracto,
Hic FINIS JACOBI TONSON,

Perpolitæ sociorum principis :

Qui, velut obstetrix Musarum,

In lucem edidit

Felices ingenii partus.

Lugete Scriptorum chorus,

Et

Frangite calamos.

Ile vester, qui Chartis vitam dedit,

E vitæ margine crasus, deletur.

Sed hæc postrema Inscriptio

Huic primæ Mortis paginæ

Imprimatur;

Ne prælo Sepulchri commissus

Ipsæ Editor caret Titulo:

Hic jecet Bibliopola,

Folio vitæ delapso,

Expectans novam Editionem

Auctiorem et emendatiorem.

26th Jan. 1737, O. S., died the Right Hon. Sir Thomas Reeves, Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas; who succeeded the Lord Chief Justice Eyre in that Place.

March 24, 1739. It is said that Mr Lyddell, against whom a verdict of £10,000 was given

formerly for Criminal Conversation, died lately at Brussels.

[This was the person who figured as defendant in the action of Crim. Con. brought against him by Lord Abergavenny.]

Dec. 23, — Yesterday, died Sir Isaac Shaw, Knight, aged 90.

Died, also, Mr John Vanderbank, esteemed the greatest painter of that age.

Feb. 4, 1740. Saturday (2d), died the Revd. Mr John Williamson, Minister of the Gospel at Inveresk.

Feb. 7, — Last week died at Glasgow, Mr John Simson, late Professor of Divinity in the University of Glasgow, whose writings and lectures having given scandal to the Judicatures of the Church, the General Assembly, 1727, passed a relative act for purity of Doctrine. Being convened on a charge of heterodoxy before the General Assembly, 1728, he was by act suspended simpliciter from the exercise of the offices of preaching or teaching, which was ratified and confirmed by Act of Assembly, 1729, till a subsequent Assembly should think proper to take off this sentence. But he enjoyed the benefice all his life.

March 24, 1741. Friday morning last, died at Bothwell Castle, in Clydesdale, the Right Hon. Rabina, Countess of Forfar, aged 79, a lady of distinguished merit. She was a daughter of the renowned family of Lockhart of Lee. By her death, a considerable estate falls to his Grace the Duke of Douglas, and a pension to the Crown, which her Ladyship enjoyed since the valiant Earl of Forfar, her only issue, was killed at the Battle of Sheriffmuir.

— On Saturday (21), died here Hon. Dame Helen Hope, widow of Sir Robt. Baird of Sauchtonhall, Bart., aged 21.

Jan. 26, 1742. Sunday last died the Reverend Mr Samuel Semple, Minister of the Gospel at Liberton, a very eminent divine.

April 13, 1742. Edinburgh, Tuesday, died here Andrew Marjoribanks of Balberdie, Esq., Writer to the Signet, and one of the Commissaries of Edinburgh.

April 20, — Yesterday, died Robert Geddes of Scotstone, Esq.

April 29, — Tuesday, died here, Mr Robert Cramond, late one of the Clerks of the Bills. He had the established character of an honest and worthy gentleman.

May 4, — Yesterday morning, died the Reverend Mr James Wardlaw, Minister of the Gospel at Dunfermline, in an advanced age.

May 10, — Died at his house in the Abbey Hill, Colonel William Kennedy, Governor of Inverness, a gentleman of strict honour, probity, and generosity.

May 27, 1742. Sunday last, died here, in an advanced age, the much honoured Sir Peter Hay, Knight, some time Lord Provost of Perth, a gentleman of great humanity and unchanging Principle.

May 27, — Died here, Mrs Katharine Congalton, aged 98, relict of John Henderson of Kirklandhill, Esq., a lady of uncommon merit and most exemplary life.

May 31, 1742. The Right Hon. Margaret, Countess Dowager of Lauderdale, died lately at Hawthornden in a very advanced age. She was mother of the present Earl of Lauderdale, and great-aunt to the Earl of Glencairn.

May 31, — Yesterday, died here, James Colquhoun, Esq., late Lord Provost of this city, and Postmaster-General of Scotland. A valuable member of society in the general stations of life, and endowed with every qualification requisite to complete the gentleman.

June 1, 1742. That day (Friday), died at Dundee, aged 75, the Right Revd. Mr John Ochterlony, a dignified clergyman of the Episcopal Communion: a gentleman of great piety, probity, and honour. And

On Sunday, died here, Mr Robert Spence, one of the Masters of the High School of this city.

27th June, 1742. Mr Nathan Baily, author of the English Dictionary, and editor of several classic authors, for the use of schools.

9th July, — John Oldingay, Esq., aged 69, author of the History of England, besides some poems and dramatic pieces, and several translations from the Latin and French.

[His dramatic pieces were, 1. Assignatas, a Pastoral, in 4to. 2. Grove, or Love's Paradise, Opera, 4to., 1702. 3. Governor of Cyprus, a Tragedy, 4to., 1703.]

Jan. 6, 1743. Brigadier William Macintosh of Borlum, lay this morning at the point of death, in the Castle, where he has been confined these fifteen years.

Jan. 10, — On Friday, died in the Castle, William Macintosh of Borlum, Esq., aged about 85. His extraordinary natural endowments, improved by a polite education, rendered him in all respects a complete gentleman, friendly, agreeable, and courteous. He wrote several pieces during his confinement, of which that published anno 1729, for "enclosing, fallowing, and planting Scotland, &c. secured to him the lasting character of a lover of his country. He was a Capt. in K. James VII.'s army before the Revolution, at which period he went abroad, and followed the fate of his master for several years.

Feb. 3, — Tuesday, died Mr James Freebairn, an eminent Teacher of the French Language.

[To be continued.]

PERTHSHIRE MEMORABILIA.

In the 5th No. of the "Scottish Journal," there is an interesting account of the celebrated LEE PENNY, which is preserved at Lee House, Lanarkshire. The following description of a kindred relic is taken from the New Statistical Account of Scotland, article "Crieff," and also well merits a place in the pages of a periodical devoted to the preservation of every thing which is curious and instructive connected with the antiquities and ancient history of Britain.

INCHEBRAKIE'S RING.

"There is a curious relic in the family of Inchbrakie, and the history of it is as curious as itself. It is well known that, at no very distant period, there was a war of extermination carried on

against all those hapless women who were suspected of being witches; and the last who fell a victim in this quarter is reported to have been one of the name of Catharine M'Niven, who was burnt at the north-east shoulder of the rock of Crieff, at a spot which is called "Kate M'Niven's Craig" to this day. All accounts agree in giving credit to the laird of Inchbrakie, for having exerted himself to the utmost to save poor Kate's life, though his exertions proved in vain. When the flames were lighted, and her sufferings commenced, she is said to have uttered various predictions against her enemies, and, turning round to Inchbrakie, to have spit a blue stone out of her mouth, which she requested him to take and keep, declaring that so long as it was preserved in the family, his race would never cease to thrive. The stone resembles, and is said to be an ancient sapphire. It is now set in a gold ring, and is most carefully preserved. The story of Inchbrakie's Ring may not be an unfit companion to the celebrated Lookhart Lee Penny of the west."

There is another singular heir-loom in the possession of the Hays of Seggieden, which is thus described by Penny in his "Traditions of Perth," 1836:—

THE DRINKING-HORN OF SEGGIEDEN.

"At the family-seat of the Hays of Seggieden, which is a few miles east from Perth, is preserved their celebrated drinking-horn. This venerable relic is about fourteen inches deep, straight and tapering, with ornamental rings round it. The principal use of this heir-loom seems to have been similar to that of the Horn of Rory More, as described by Dr Johnson: every successive heir of the family, on his succession to the estate, had to prove his being a worthy representative of his ancestors, by drinking its contents at a draught. There was a rhyme used on this occasion:—

"Sook it out Seggieden!

Though it's thin, it's well pledged,"

and the young laird had to sound a whistle at the bottom of the horn, after having 'sooked out' the liquor, to signify that he had redeemed his pledge. The same ceremony was gone through, to prove the powers of the laird's guests."

Allow me to suggest, before concluding, that any of the readers of the "Scottish Journal," who may be aware of the existence of rarities similar to the above, would doubtless confer a great obligation on many, besides myself, by forwarding descriptions of them for insertion in its pages.

Glasgow.

E. C.

DUNDEE, 7 Oct. 1685.

Unto the right Reverend Modr. and remanent brethren of the Presbytrie of Duns,

The humble supplication and complaint of your Wisdom's suppliant and servant, Alexander Paterson, Fearer in Duns, against Alexander Martine, Fearer there,

Humble Sheweth,

That whereas they being some difference in matter of interest betwixt ye sd. Alex.

Martine and me, for ye weh. he hath most cruellie persecute me this long tyme bygone, some of my friends and well-wishers interceding with him in my behalfe, to deal more favourable and friendly, he used a most impious, unchristian, and in my weake apprehension, not far from blasphemous expression, saying, with a solemn oath, that "though God Almighty should send ane Angel from heaven to intercede for me, God damne his soul if he would hear him," and that it was in vain to intercede any farther, since he never lent me money but meerlie to ruine me. This he spoke, and I offer to make it out by famous witnessnes, viz. Wm. Thomson, in Leith wynd, George Lawsons, merchand at Edinr., John Watson, Wryter and Agent at Edinr., John Robertson, merchant there, and others whom I reserve to myself a libertie to name hereafter, if need be.

May it therefore please your godlie wisdoms to take the sd. expression into your Christian and pious consideration, and be cognosced and determine therein, as shall seeme fitt to your wisdoms, and your petitioner shall ever pray.

ALEX. PATERSONE.

Dunse, July 6, 1686.

Alex. Martine, being called to this meeting, called and compearing, was charged with his horrid sin in that impious and scandalous expression formerly recorded in our register, weh. he humbly acknowledged on his knees, and profest his sorrow for it, and was dismissed; and the minister of Dunse was appointed to make intiman. of this his acknowledgement and profession of sorrow to the congregation of Dunse the next Lord's day from the pulpit.

Rot. Smyth, cl. Pr.

At Edinr. the 20 of October, 1686, visited and approven.

M. Park, cl. Syn.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF THE CLERGY OF ABERDEENSHIRE IN THE YEAR 1696.

Abercrombie, Minister of Tarland.
 Alexander, Alex. . . Glass.
 Anderson, George . . Tarves.
 Burnett, John . . . Monymusk.
 Cheyne, James . . . Rathen.
 Clerk, Alexander . . Methlick.
 Copland, Patrick . . . Cushnie.
 Dalgarno, George . . Fyvie.
 Dunbar, William . . Cruden.
 Dunlop, John . . . Skene.
 Garioch, William . . Culsamond.
 Hay, Adam . . . Montquhitter.
 Hay, Thomas . . . Crimond.
 Harvey, Patrick . . . Forgue.
 Houston, John L. . . Loumay.
 Idle, William . . . Coull.
 Innes, George . . . Belhelvie.
 Jaffray, Andrew . . Alford. [endair in 1811]
 Johnston, William . . Kearn (annexed to Auch-
 Keith, George . . . Deer.
 Keith, William . . . Keithall.
 Leask, James (Reader) Oyne.
 Livingston, Andrew . . Keig.

Lindsay, David . . . Drumoak.
 Lunan, Alexander . . Daviot.
 Massie, James (Reader) Rathen.
 Mathewson, Alexander Lumphanan.
 Mitchell, Arthur . . . Turriff.
 Ogilvie, David . . . Birse.
 Ord, John, . . . Cluny.
 Ramsay, Gilbert . . . Dyce.
 Robertson, Alexander Longside.
 Robertson, Thomas . . Clatt.
 Robertson, William . . Crathil.
 Seton, Alexander . . . Leochel. [Deer].
 Sibbald, David . . . Auchreddie (now New
 Sibbald, James . . . Aberdeen.
 Smith, George . . . Kinnellar.
 Stewart, Walter . . . Ellon.
 Strachan, James . . . Oyne.
 Swan, William . . . Pitslaga. [Midmar].
 Thomson, James . . Kinnervie (annexed to
 Turing, John . . . Inch. [Meldrum].
 Urquhart, William . . Bethelnie (annexed to
 Walker, — . . . Tullinessle.
 Watson, William . . Leslie.

From the Poll Book of Aberdeenshire.
 Aberdeen, 1844.

This valuable statistical and (now) genealogical work, was found in MS. in the library of the late General Gordon of Cairness. The work as now published in two quarto volumes, was brought out under the auspices of the Spalding Club, and edited by their secretary. It is not, however, one of that society's publications.

THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

THE following is a copy of an original and highly characteristic letter, written by the Ettrick Shepherd, and contained in a collection of autographs belonging to a gentleman of this city:—

Edin. Newr. 28, 1818.

DEAR BROTHER,

I have been very much to blame in not answering your letter, but the truth is, that I never write any letters. The one of yours which I received in Athol, I cannot lay my hands upon; but I know I objected particularly to the terms, *perfect breed, and perfection of a breed*. I received all my things in the box safe, and I find them of excellent quality. I am sorry I have not got a copy of the *Wake* to you, tho' I send for one. I send you the *Review* and *Mag.* (Magazine). You shall have a copy of the poem soon. I will see my nephew, Robert, to-day, as I am bound to the south. Mr Gray has a good letter from you, which I understand he has been reading in all the literary circles of Edin., to show them, as he says, that the genius of the family is not all concentrated in one head. For God's sake, take some thought of your *was's* and *were's*, *has* and *have*, *is* and *are*, &c. Excuse me, my dear William, for, believe me, the writing of a letter is the greatest penance I suffer.

I am your affectionate brother,
 JAMES HOGG.

Mr Willm. Hogg,
 Menzion,
 Crook Inn.

VERSES ON THE DEATH OF SIR ANTHONY D'ARCY,

WHO WAS KILLED BY THE LORD OF WEDDERBURN,
NEAR BROOMHOUSE, IN 1517.

1. In Fifteen hundred and seventeen,
After the Incarnation,
Events befel which cast a slur
Upon the Scottish nation.
2. The belted Home, a Baron bold,
To Edinburgh trysted was;
Tried and condemned by Albany's might,
A might above the laws.
3. His office of Warden they have given
To Francis D'Arcy, Knight:
The Merse Homes swore to be revenged,
That they should have their right.
4. To Langton Castle D'Arcy went,
A tumult there to quell;
When Wedderburn heard of this,
His vassals all did call.
5. Now, words by blows succeeded were,
And D'Arcy look'd around;
He saw he was no match for Home,
And quickly left the ground.
6. By Fouterlaney they fled fast,
And thro' the Corny sykes,
And by the road that eastward leads
To Duns' Grueldykes.
7. Tam Boulback's did follow quick
As his good mare could stand;
At Inglis' Walls she fell dead lame,
While D'Arcy met his end.
8. Sir David Home, that stern old carlo,
Came up, and in a trice,
As Beautie and his horse were bog'd,
Did stab him twice or thrice.
9. Tam Trotter then cut off his head,
And tied it by the hair
Upon Sir David's saddle bow,—
To Dunse they did repair.
10. And when they came to that fair Town,
The people cried, God speed;
Upon the Tolbuit's highest part,
They placed Sir D'Arcy's head.
11. To Castle Hume they've ta'en the head,
And fix'd it on the wall,
Where it remained many a day,
Till it in pieces fell.
12. Sir De la Beautie's headless corpse
They put into a grave,
On Broomhouse banks, without a mass
Or prayer, his soul to save.

[The foregoing ballad tells its own tale. It refers to that unsettled period, the minority of James V., when Albany assumed the regency. The De la Beautie of the ballad was De la Bastie, the French favourite of Albany, whom he had appointed warden of the marches and deputy-governor during his absence in France. The ballad is not to be found in Scott's "Minstrelsy of the Border." It seems to have been copied from recitation at no remote period; though the correspondent to whom we are indebted for it does not say how it came into his possession.]

Varieties.

LINES SET TO A BEAUTIFUL WELSH AIR.

I mourn not the forest whose verdure is dying;
I mourn not the summer whose beauty is o'er;
I weep for the hopes that for ever are flying;
I sigh for the worth that I slighted before;
And sigh to bethink me how vain is my sighing,
For love, once extinguished, is kindled no more.

The spring may return with his garland of flowers,
And wake to new rapture the bird on the tree;
The summer smile soft through his chrysaline bowers,
The blessings of autumn wave brown o'er the sea;
The rock may be shaken—the dead may awaken,
But the friend of my bosom returns not to me.

THE GOOD OLD TIMES.—The celebrated patriot, And. Fletcher of Salton, draws the following picture of Scotland in the year 1698; from which it would appear that it was not without reason that King James composed a ballad on "the Gaberlunzie Man," for the beggars were anciently a very formidable race. "There are at this day in Scotland," says Fletcher, "(besides a great many families very properly provided for by the church boxes, with others, who by living upon bad food, fall into various distempers,) two hundred thousand people begging from door to door. And though the number of them be double to what it was formerly, by reason of this great distress, yet in all times there have been about one hundred thousand of these vagabonds, who have lived without any regard to subordination either to the laws of the land, or even of those of God and nature." These free and easy denizens of the mid-geog, to have occasionally held a sort of wild saturnalia in times of plenty," continues our author, "many thousands of them meet together in the mountains, where they fast, and riot for many days; and at country weddings, markets, and burials, and at other the like public occasions, they are to be seen, both men and women, perpetually drunk, cursing, blaspheming, and fighting together." As a remedy to this great mischief, Fletcher proposes, "that every man of a certain estate in the nation should be obliged to take a proportionable number of these vagabonds, and either employ them in hedging and ditching his grounds, or any sort of work in town or country." And for example and honour of these formidable "vagabonds," he gravely adds, "Three or four hundred of the most notorious of these villains, which we call jockeys, might be presented by the government to the state of Venice, to serve in their galleys, against the common enemy of Christendom." This was certainly a radical reform. On perusing the above extract, it is impossible not to be struck with the contrast which our happy country now presents amidst all her difficulties: her population, generally speaking, virtuous and industrious, excelling in all the arts, and her remotest wilds peopled by that civilization and commerce, which have ever been the parents of freedom, peace, and plenty.

ON Thursday, according to annual custom, the ceremony of washing the feet of as many poor men and poor women as the king is years of age, was performed by the Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of Salisbury, Lord Almoner to his Majesty, at the Banqueting House at Whitehall; and after divine service in the chapel there, the king's annual bounty was distributed among them, consisting of salt cod and herrings, cloth, and a purse of silver pence, two-pences, and also each a cup of wine to drink his majesty's health—April 18, 1723.

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CORPSE-LIGHTS.

"And where that sackless knight lay slain,
 The candles burned bright."

Ballad of "Earl Richard."

THERE is something peculiarly wild, fanciful, and romantic, in the old superstitious belief of strange and mysterious lights, obviously kindled by no mortal hand, being seen at night burning over the graves in lonely churchyards, or in desert places, seldom trodden by human foot, where a lawless and bloody deed had been committed, and a murdered man lay buried. These supposed supernatural appearances which, as Sir Walter Scott says, "are common in churchyards, and are probably of a phosphoric nature," have in every age and country been viewed by the vulgar—and by more, too, than the vulgar—with a great and an unconquerable dread; and they figure very prominently in many a legend of "hoar antiquity," and many a stirring lay or ballad of the times of old, like the famous Tales, held in great repute by wonder-loving youth, intended to illustrate "God's revenge against murder," contained in that noted and popular repository of horrors, most aptly termed the "*Terrific Register*." That they should have long been regarded with so much fear can excite no especial surprise, when we reflect that it was only at a comparatively recent period their mystic appearance was satisfactorily accounted for by chemists and other scientific men, on natural causes, arising chiefly, as has been proved, from the decomposition of dead bodies.

We can easily conceive the terror which would seize the wandering peasant (not to speak of "the wight that late and drunk is"), with a mind full of the very wildest superstitious fancies imbibed from his earliest days, when, on his darkling journey homewards, he would glance timidly towards the dark and silent churchyard, lying perhaps within a few paces of the path he was hastily pursuing; and to his utter consternation perceive faint twinkling lights hovering over, or flitting slowly and with irregular motion, among the grass-grown graves! His heated imagination would greatly exaggerate what he saw, adding considerably to the mystery of these inexplicable appearances. He would fancy he saw the "corpse candles" borne about from grave to grave by spectral hands, and also beheld the airy "wraiths"

of those who were destined next to be interred there mingling with the "ghostly show." In this way, we think, we can account for the unreasonable and often ridiculous notions which were at one time current concerning these lights. For a good instance of these improbable notions, we may refer for a moment to the old and well known story of the servant man who, while riding alone on a dark and dreary road at midnight, saw a lambent flame, elevated a few inches above the ground, slowly approach him, on the other side of the highway. The man, in alarm, drew up his reins, and made a pause. On reaching the spot where he stood, the light stopped likewise, and continued stationary there for the space of half an hour, after the lapse of which it again moved on its way, and finally disappeared altogether! The sequel of the story is, that the man's master died very soon thereafter—his funeral went along that same road, and, an accident occurring, the hearse was compelled to halt for half an hour on the very spot where the light had stopped for that time! To much the same effect, Sir Walter Scott states, that "rustic superstition supposes, that, as soon as life has departed, a pale flame appears at the window of the house in which the person had died, and glides towards the churchyard, tracing through every winding the route of the future funeral, and pausing where the bier is to rest." From this we may perceive how "rustic superstition" engrafts a great deal of falsehood upon a very small portion of truth.

It is likewise said that there are, or rather have been, persons who, in some mysterious manner, and by an unknown cause, are endued with a kind of "*second sight*," which enables them to see these lights at particular times when they are not visible to others. We remember of reading somewhere of a female possessing this extraordinary faculty, who on being led into a burying-ground at night, where no such lights could be at all perceived, immediately declared that she plainly saw, rising up from several graves, which she accordingly pointed out, a luminous kind of mist or vapour, to the height of a few feet in the air! We are very much disposed not to give credence to any wonder of this description. It may be true enough that inflammable gases arise from a dead body in a state of putrefaction or decomposition; but why these should be visible to a "favoured few" only, and not to every one, is more than we can understand or explain. These, and all kindred phenomena, savour too much of German dreamers

for "common-sense Scotland" and her hard thinking people, at the present day.

The only reason we have for introducing this thread-bare subject, is to communicate to the reader a curious legend connected with the "Corpse-Lights," which we heard in the north a good number of years ago. We regret, however, that as to the locality of the tradition, and the names of the characters in it, we are able to give no account, and this for the best of reasons, that they were not given to us: and we are, besides, unwilling to impose supposititious names and localities upon the reader, which it is the province of a *romancer* to do. Now to our tale.

Somewhere upon the east coast of Scotland, and some time long ago, there lived a young village girl, of poor, or at least humble parentage, but inheriting a great and wondrous beauty. She was the pride and boast of her native place, and the object on which the affections of all the "neighbouring swains" were centred. She had been often importuned by her numerous and devoted admirers to confer her hand in marriage; but as yet the coy maiden turned a deaf ear to all their warm protestations of love. It happened, however, that two young English cavaliers had come upon a visit to a powerful and wealthy noble whose castle was situated in the vicinity of the village, and to whom one of the strangers was distantly related. These gay youths had not spent many days in the castle, ere they heard the fame of the girl's beauty; and, anxious to ascertain whether she really merited the praises she received from all, they soon found an opportunity of seeing and talking with her. Although they had gone to see her merely to gratify their idle curiosity, no sooner did they behold her rare and unparalleled loveliness than they both fell deeply in love with her. The affection, it seemed, was in some measure reciprocal, for the maiden became enamoured of one of the handsome strangers, and in a short time met him frequently by appointment. For a period these stolen meetings of the lovers were kept a strict secret from all; but by and by the other cavalier began to suspect the truth, and at length discovered it by assiduous perseverance. One night he dogged his companion to the spot of "tryst"—a deep and secluded glen—and having concealed himself in a rocky hollow canopyed by heath and broom, he was a spectator of an affectionate interview between the lovers, the issue of which was, that the girl agreed, after much pressing entreaties, to fly on the following night with her noble admirer to England, where they would be joined for ever in the holy bands of wedlock. The fires of jealousy kindled up those of hatred and revenge in the lurking villain's breast. When the unsuspecting lovers parted, he waylaid his companion—taxed him with the grossest treachery and deceit—angry words passed between them—swords were drawn—and the intended bridegroom, ere he could defend himself, was transfixed through the body, and fell prostrate at his rival's feet, and there gave up his last breath, murmuring the name of his betrothed!

No sooner was the cruel deed done, than the agonies of remorse seized on the repentant murderer. The dreadful enormity of his crime

stared him in the face, and brought forth the tears of penitence. But tears nor regret could not recall the soul which had "taken its upward flight." When the first tumult of his emotions was over, he began to think of his own safety. Dreading to leave the body where it fell, he resolved upon burying it, and accordingly, with no other implement but his sword, he hollowed out a grave, into which he placed the body, and covered it carefully up. By this time the night became overclouded, and ere long a tempest of rain and wind came on, while the thunder was heard in the distance, and—

"Its voice broke out
Like a madden'd shout,
As the fires of heaven
Through the welkin driven,
On the wings of the howling blast,
Did pierce the gloom,
And the night illumine
With a dazzling radiance ghost!"

The murderer, stricken by fear and horror, crouched into a sheltered hollow, where he sat trembling at every blaze of the "leven bolt," or roar of thunder.

"Darkness so grim
Envelop'd him,
Save when the lightning's gleam,
In a sudden sheet of dazzling flame,
Shot forth in a blinding stream!"

It was long past midnight when the storm abated, and he then hurried home, and entered the castle unobserved.

The protracted and unusual absence of his ill-fated companion was soon remarked, but he pretended utter ignorance of what could cause this unexpected delay. No suspicion was as yet aroused. Search was made for the murdered youth, but all in vain. His mistress was inconsolable for his loss, and spared no exertions to discover where he could have gone, but with like success. In the meantime, a rumour arose among the peasantry that strange lights had been seen in the lonely glen, and equally strange surmises were circulated from lip to lip. In that age all were alike imbued with superstition. Watchers were set in the glen at night, who soon perceived a pale flame burning above a spot near the middle of the ravine, which glided away or disappeared whenever it was approached. Applications were made to an old woman having the name of a witch upon the subject, and she immediately gave it as her opinion, that what had been seen was one of the "Corpse-Candles," and that beneath the glaze where it burned, some dead body must lie hid. She advised that the spot should be examined; and this being done, the body was discovered!

When the murderer learned that the corpse of his friend had been thus found, he fled from the castle, and put an end to his existence by throwing himself into the sea. The poor village beauty is said to have pined away for the loss of her lover, and at her death was interred in the same grave which contained the mortal remains of him who had met his fate for her sake.

The above tradition has something like an affinity to that contained in the fine old ballad of *Earl Richard*, in Scott's "*Minstrelsy of the*

who, on finding that her paramour-knight had proved false to her, poisons him at a banquet, and commits his body to the depths of a pot or hole in the Clyde. On suspicion arising, "the king" commands that the river be searched, but the divers failed of success,—

"They donked in at ae well-head,
And out aye at the other;
We can douk nae mair for Erl Richard,
Although he were our brother."

The king having lodged in the "ladye's castle," a popinjay "that flew abune his head," advised him to search the river at night, and the Corpse-Lights would reveal where the body lay. We are then told that—

"They left the donking on the day,
And donked upon the night;
And where that sackless knight lay slain,
The candles burned bright.

The deepest pot in a' the linn,
They fand Erl Richard in;
A grene turfe tyed across his breast,
To keep that gude lord down."

There is then a difficulty as to discovery of the murderer; but the "popinjay" solves it by affirming that—

"It was his light leman took his life,
And hided him in the linn."

The lady thereupon impeaches her hand-maiden, "May Catherine," with the crime; but the "fair May," having cleared herself of all imputations by the ordeal of fire, and touching the dead body, the "light leman" is found guilty by the latter ordeal, and condemned to the stake.

"The flame tulk fast upon her cheik,
Tulk fast upon her chin,
Tulk fast upon her faire bodye—
She burn'd like hollins green."

So much for Corpse-Lights and old legends.

Overheads.

A. W. E.

RAGGED SCHOOLS.

[The following paper does not come within the range of subjects more peculiarly our own. We give it insertion, however, because it contains observations which, interesting at the present moment, will be more so at a future day. We may, at the same time remark, that we propose to widen a little the limits of our subject-matter. There are scenes passing before us, in the streets and lanes of the cities, as well as in places more rural—decided curiosities of the day—which, if not typified, may be altogether lost. These it will be our object occasionally to illustrate.]

Our country is frequently commended by strangers for its education. Scotland, fifty years ago, deserved the reputation, comparatively speaking, of a highly-educated country; but it is to be feared that the number of the unlearned now bears a less-flattering proportion to the educated. Fifty years ago the pariah school was in its glory; for the villages were then really rural, and the old

Border;" only in the latter case, it is the lady, monotonous towns were touched with rusticity. It is true that great exertions have been made of late years, with and without the help of government, to extend the influence of the schoolmaster. Assembly schools and Free Church schools, are now planted in the most remote corners; and in wandering through Highland glens, along roads little frequented, in districts seldom visited, we have more than once been surprised at discovering the snug turf-roofed schoolhouse, half hidden in a copse of birch, where some poor scholar spends his summer college holidays in tending a miscellaneous gathering of poorer children. Still, it must be confessed, that the gradual concentration of all classes to the larger cities, and the results of a greatly extended but fluctuating system of commerce, threaten to take away from us that educational superiority once the pride and boast of Scotland. It would be of little utility now to inquire how much of this decay we owe to our own, and how much to the surplus population thrown in from the sister island. It seems to be an evil incidental to the present artificial state of society, that while the few amass wealth and the many increase their comforts, a portion of the population slowly sink in the social scale, and the cause of morality suffers. Institutions, academies, and colleges, give facilities for education of the highest order, and send forth thousands to increase the wealth and maintain the ancient reputation of the country; but, at the same time, in the homes of the poor and the haunts of vice swarm an uneducated mass, that prove a dead weight on the progress of the nation. Poverty and ignorance predispose to crime; and, from the children of the unfortunate, left neglected to mould their morals in the streets, come the greater number of those whose names fill the criminal records of the country. Until the opening of the ragged schools no feasible scheme was projected for the reclamation of this worse than waste portion of the rising generation, and it is honourable to the leading novelist of the day (Mr Charles Dickens), that with him originated the idea of these schools. Edinburgh, Aberdeen, Dundee, and other towns, have now followed the example of London, and the benevolent enterprise. A brief description of one of these seminaries in the Scottish metropolis may not be without some interest and utility.

In Edinburgh there are two sets of ragged schools; under separate management; one, that set on foot by the Rev. Mr Guthrie—takes the cognomen of "Original," and is more immediately under the superintendence of the Free Church; the other is called the "United Industrial," and is supported by all denominations. The main school of the latter is in South Gray's Close, near the junction of High Street and Canongate, and nearly opposite to John Knox's house. Here the committee of management have rented large premises, with an open space behind to serve as a play-ground. On the lower flat is the kitchen, and in the upper flats, the principal school-room, committee-room, &c. It might be supposed, from the leading object of the school, that admission is indiscriminate, and that it is only necessary for a boy or girl to present himself or herself in rags at the door of the

institution to be immediately admitted, welcomed, and enrolled. This, however, is not the case. The schools are not for the children of parents who possess the means of giving to them a common education, although the sacred duty may not be fulfilled. It is a feature of the ragged school system, that food as well as education is provided; and to preserve the means for those who have a proper claim, it is necessary that a line should be drawn somewhere. If a poor widow, or deserted mother, burthened with a rising family, which she in vain endeavours to provide for, desires to enter one or more of her children on the school-list, she applies to the resident teacher. From him she receives a printed blank certificate, to be signed by two householders, and on presenting this certificate so signed—and it only certifies that the application is a deserving case—the committee at once give effect to the application, and the children are admitted. Various records are kept respecting the pupils by the principal teacher, and hereafter they will be looked upon as conveying curious and significant facts. The admission register is in a tabular form, and for each new pupil entries require to be made under the following heads—"date of admission, scholar's name, age, date of birth, class put into, disposition and aptitude, time of quitting school, class when left school, parent's name and number of children in family, and cause of leaving school." It might seem rather difficult to sum up in a word a boy's disposition and aptitude to learn, but it is briefly done in this style—"Goodwin, forward, good;" "Owen Fairley, amiable, fairish;" "M'Caffrey, quiet, fairish;" "Clark (an orphan), mild, middling;" "Peter Flinn, sullen, middling;" "Eliza Robertson, quiet, slow;" and so on. The list of parents' names at once points out a class of children for whom there could be no hope of mental, and little of moral improvement, except through the operation of some such benevolent scheme as that in operation. For example, the entries are such as these—"Widow Rudhian, a fish-hawker;" "John M'Gorachan, a lunatic;" "Widow Novello, a mendicant;" or "Widow Fairley, six children." In other cases the brief remarks are yet more suggestive of hard fortune; some being described as parentless, and living with relations, while numbers of poor boys and girls, of four, six, eight, and even twelve years of age, are said to be "destitute orphans, residing in the school"—inferring the fact that, before their admission, they were not only parentless, but absolutely without a home! It requires no strong effort of imagination to see, "adown the gulf of time," the future of such deserted infancy, if there existed no place of refuge. It appears from the same record that, for much of the misery prevailing in towns, we are indebted to Ireland, a fact but too easily proved from other sources. More than two-thirds of the names on the roll of the United Industrial school are Irish. "Rudhian, Flinn, Daly, Shanley, Flaherty, M'Kelvey, Doherty, M'Geary, Mahon, Kelly, Reilly, Higgins, Scanlan, Macguire, Quin," and such like, are unmistakeable. There are only a very few English names; of Scotch, we have—Campbell, Logan, Gillespie, Murray, Stewart, Laidlaw, and Scott; and two or three not easily

classed, such as "Anthony Lovelle," or "Lilly Heart."

The school was opened on the 13th January last, when the number of scholars on the roll was fifty-eight. On the 1st of April, the number in school was one hundred; eleven (the average number) were absent, most of them sick. It is pleasant to know that the attendance is daily increasing. Many of the older boys have already been apprenticed out to respectable trades, and an evening class has been opened for their free education. Eligible places have also been found for several of the girls. Over the female class, in particular, a few kind ladies exercise a parental superintendence, and make it their business to find out vacancies in domestic service, and supply them from among their protégés.

The institution opens in the morning at half past seven o'clock, and the daily routine commences appropriately with an hour's instruction in the elementary parts of religion. The head teacher, a Protestant, takes under his charge the Protestant children, and they are taught according to the ritual of Presbyterianism; while the second teacher, a Roman Catholic, separately communicates instruction to the children attached to that Church. It is, however, only in this one case that any distinction of sects is made; all the other branches of knowledge are taught indiscriminately. At nine o'clock, breakfast of porridge and milk is served out in liberal quantities to the whole pupils. Half-an-hour suffices for this meal, when the books are resumed, and the business of education continues till four o'clock, with intervals for play, and half-an-hour at two o'clock for dinner. This meal consists generally of broth, with beef, and a plentiful supply of good bread. At four o'clock work begins, when the boys are instructed in various arts, and the girls at sewing and knitting. Again comes an interval for play, until the supper hour, six o'clock, when porridge and milk winds up the mental and alimentary pleasures of the day—the whole proceedings being closed at seven. It is not to be supposed, however, that the rough young children, so little used to restraint, are kept by compulsion within the four walls of the class-room all day long, except at stated intervals. They are permitted, we believe, when their class is not engaged, to go out and come in just as they please—the door stands open.

The time of our visit was about three o'clock. The principal class-room is a very large apartment, and on the seats there were from seventy to eighty boys and girls, from four to twelve years of age. Two large classes were drawn up in the centre of the room; one, composed of some very small juveniles, with others of greater growth, struggled through the difficulties of "d-o-d-o," and "d-i-d-did;" the other, more advanced in learning, but not in years, exercised a vast deal of ingenuity in compassing the hidden truths of geography. All schools are in many respects alike; but in some points the ragged school is certainly peculiar. About the well-fed boys of the parish seminar there is always an air of comfort; ruddy cheeks and substantial apparel are the property of all; white collars and trimmed hair, the marks of mothers' favourites; and there is an individual

property in slates and books and jealously-guarded satchels. But the ragged school presents another scene. On the walls there is no ornamental display of text-lines, nor of maps, nor of drawings from natural history, nor of solar systems. The pupils are there in the rags they wore when they emerged from the nightly straw; and few are the outward signs of parental regard. Some, it is true, are dressed out in showy blue blouses made up for them in the girls' class; others are possessed of coarse but comfortable canvass smock-frocks; and a few have made for themselves, under the eye of the tailor, respectable nether garments; but the great body are motley in their rags beyond all description. The class-room of the first class school has an interesting appearance. Like most of the old houses in the Canongate, the walls are still lined with wood, richly carved, although age, neglect, and the whitewash brush have impaired its beauty. The fire-place, too, though now closed, is one of those immense wide-mouthed recesses, large enough to burn not only logs but trees. The Canongate was once the royal quarter of the town. Every court had its earl, every close its lord; and probably, in the hall of the ragged school, the Master of the Mint gave grand dinner parties three hundred years ago! Although the school has not yet been four months in operation, remarkable progress has been made by some of the scholars. One large class, in which scarcely two of the children knew their letters at the beginning of the year, now reads advanced lessons in prose and verse, not only with correct emphasis, but with a nice regard to punctuation. The exercise on which we found this class engaged was a story, in rhyme, inculcating the pleasures and rewards of industry contrasted with the fruits of idleness, and it seemed to excite great interest.

There was also a geographical class, formed, like the other, of discordant materials; here a little deformed boy, no pitted sickly child, but a vigorous Quilp; a brownfaced English lad; a child from a neighbouring wynd; or a delicate, timid, Irish boy. Some more amusing than true conjectures were hazarded as to the position of certain straits and islands; but the examination made it apparent that it was more the teacher's duty to restrain and regulate the desire for learning than to force knowledge upon these singular students. The experience of the teachers has shown them that their ragged classes learn with much readiness. Their intellects, as the head-master observed, have been sharpened in a rough school, by a hard master—necessity. The scene at four o'clock was the most curious of all. The superintendent of work having entered, books were returned to the teacher, slates resigned; and while numbers went off to the play-ground, the remainder formed in line, went through a species of military exercise, and branched off each to his particular station. The girls, in a side room, sat down to plain and fancy sewing, knitting, &c., under the eye of a young lady; the net-makers took their places along the desks of the school-room, each with a favourite pupil beside him; while the tailors squatted in a circle round their chief, who sat in solitary dignity in the centre. The latter, attired in a well-worn flannel coat, busied himself in patching

and darning the numberless fragmentary garments placed beside him; while the small snips, each with his needle and thread and piece of old cloth, and singing or whistling, each his own particular tune, diligently practised the casting of a button-hole, the lesson set apart for the day. It says something for modern prison management, that the two lads employed to teach tailoring and net-making learned their crafts in jail; and since their liberation they have not only conducted themselves well, but shown a laudible desire to better their condition. Both receive board and education, besides a small weekly salary for their services. At the present moment the trades taught in the ragged school are rather limited. Of this the Committee are well aware, and it only requires the help of the friendly disposed to assist them in carrying out contemplated arrangements. To second the efforts of the Committee, a printing-press and a quantity of types have already been presented to the school by Messrs Chambers, the well known publishers, and Messrs Cowan & Co., the opulent paper-makers. It may happen that in a few months this ragged school will be able to issue from its own press the most eloquent pleadings on behalf of this movement,—the most philanthropic, the most patriotic, of the day.

J. C. P.

LORD LISLE v. JAMES EARL OF BUCHAN.

[From the Acts of the Lords Auditors, p. 112.]

JULY 3, 1483. In the Acciounne persewit be Robert Lord Lile, on the ta pairt, aganis James Earl of Buchan on the tothir pairt;—for the wrangwis spoliacion, away taking, and withholding fra him of the gudis vndirwritin and contentin in the summondis, the said Robert beand personally present, and the said James Erie of Buchan beand summond, and oftymes callit and nocht comperit.

The witnes¹ prufis and allegaciounis of said Robert, at lenth, sene, herd, and vnderstand.

The Lordis Auditouris decrettis and deliniris that the said James erle of Buchan, sall restore and delivir agane to the said Robert Lord Lile,—a box with tuentj five Inglis Nobles,² and of tha³ five Rose Nobles,⁴ and the remanent Henry Nobles; A vaileant⁵ of gold weyand⁶ a Rose.

¹ Nocht. Not.

² Witnes. The number of this word is not exactly understood, the singular and plural having often the same form, as in the verb *prufis*, which applies frequently to both numbers.

³ Inglis Nobles. A coin, valued at 6s. 8d.

⁴ Tha. Those, or thae.

⁵ Rose Nobles. A coin, valued at 16s.

⁶ Henry Nobles. Perhaps French coins.

⁷ A vaileant. Some mass of bullion, *vaillant* (French) or valued, or worth, and weighing a Rose Noble.

⁸ Weyand. The present participle, in Scots, ends in *and*, corresponding to the English *ing*, to the German *end*, or to the Latin *ans*. The gerund ends in *ing*, corresponding to the English *ing*, or to the Latin *andum*. This distinction between the participle present and the gerund, gives the superiority by far to the Scots over the English; and the modern authors of England confound the participle and the gerund in *ing*, in great confusion and bewilderment.

Noble; 45 French crownis; and Demyis¹ the pryce of the pece 14 sh.; Salutis² and Lewis³ and of tha 16 Lewis; Tuenty skore of Inglis grotis; 4 8 skore of 14d. grotis; A chenyse⁴ of gold weyand 4 unce, the pryce of the vnce 7 lib.; a small cheyne weyand half a vnce pryce £3. 10. 0; a hyngar⁵ with a rube⁶ garnist set in gold, pryce £10; Twa small beltiis⁷ garnyst with gold, pryce £2. 4. 0; Twa siluir peces weyand 14 vnce, pryce of the vnce 12 sh.; a perle persit⁸ and vnpersit, pryce 5 merkis; and Obligacioun⁹ of sevin hundreth merkis betuix George Lord Setoun, Robert of Cuninggam, Cristiane Lindiesay, on the ta pairt, and the said Robert, on the tothir pairt, or the said sowmes content in thai Evidentis and Letres of Assedacioun of 20 merkis of land for 14 yere made to the said Robert, be Robert of Cuninggam, and Cristiane, his spous, extendand to 14 skore of merkis, or ellis the sowmes content in thaim; also that the said James sal restore and delver agane to the said Robert: A Sek claithe; Twa side¹¹ goynis, ane blak, ane vther gray, pryce £6; Twa pee goynis,¹² ane of French blak, and vther of Tanny,¹³ pryce of the blak pee £5, with the cappy¹⁴ berne, the pryce of the tanny 4 merkis; A doublat of dun satyne, new, pryce £5; Twa elne and a half of satyne cramasy,¹⁵ pryce of the eln £3; 3 quarteris of French blak, pryce 30 sh.; 3 new bonatis, pryce 40 sh.; Three pare of hois, broun, grene, and quhyte, pryce 40 sh.; Twa tappatis of silk, ane blak satyn lynyt with grece,¹⁶ pryce 5 crownis; and vther tanny satyn lynyt with French blak, pryce 20 sh.; Three serkis; 3 curchis,¹⁷ pryce 40 sh.; 2 pare of duple blancatis; 3 coddis;¹⁸ A coviring of Englis worstat, with ane vther coviring of verdour,¹⁹ pryce £4; A rede mantle, pryce 20 sh.; A fur mantle, pryce 10 sh.; Twa buird²⁰ claithis; Twa towalis, pryce 18 sh.; A Flandris hat, pryce 5 sh.; A grene govne of Drew²¹ of Congletonis; A grene govne of Malcolm Flemingis, pryce of thaim baith 40 sh.; 20 elne of small²² lynyn, pryce 40 sh.; A harnes

¹ *Demyis*. A demy; a gold coin current in Scotland, valued generally about 12s., or equal to the Lyon.

² *Salutis*. Not known.

³ *Lewis*. Likely a sort of French money.

⁴ *Inglis grotis*. Four pence.

⁵ *Chenyse*. A chain.

⁶ *Hyngar*. A hinger, a necklace.

⁷ *Rube*. A ruby, a precious stone.

⁸ *Beltis*. A belt, a girdle.

⁹ *Perle persit*. A pearl pierced.

¹⁰ *Obligacioun*. A law deed.

¹¹ *Side*. Hanging low.

¹² *Pee goyne*, some sort of gown for a man.—Jamieson.

¹³ *Tanny*. Tawny, yellow or brown colour.

¹⁴ *Capite bern*. A cloak, or mantle with a small hood.—Jamieson.

¹⁵ *Cramasy*. Crimson.

¹⁶ *Grece*. Greice, a fur worn by the Lords of Parliament.—Jamieson.

¹⁷ *Curchis*. A curch, is an handkerchief, or cap for women's heads.

¹⁸ *Codd*. A pillow.

¹⁹ *Verdour*. Tapestry representing landscapes.

²⁰ *Buird*. Board or table.

²¹ *Drew*. Perhaps the French town of Dreux.

²² *Small*, or fine thread making.

sadle, pryce 45 sh., fra Gillane; 1 A doublat, and a serk fra Robert Lyle; A doublat of Carssa; 2 A pare of schone; Three Inglis Bukis, ane of the Philosophouris Sawis, 3 ane vthir of Genetris, 4 and thrid of Medecyne; 5 A serk; and a curch of Drewis, 6 pryce 13 sh. 4 d. And als, that the said James, erle of Buchan, sall content and pay to the said Robert, 40 merkis, takin vp be him of his landis of Lundy, quilk gudis was spulyt 7 and takin be said James, Erle of Buchan, fra said Robert, Lord Lyle, and his servandis, as wes profit 8 before the Lordis.

And attour, the Lordis auditouris forsaide, assignis to the Robert Lord Lyle, the 12 day of Octobre next to cum, with continewacioun of daie, to prufe quhat gudis pertening to him was takin be the said James, erle of Buchan, out of the Castell of Edinburgh, and the avale 9 tharof, the tyme the said James had it in keeping. 10

And ordanis him to have letres to summond his witnes, and Letres be direct to distrenge 11 the said James erle of Buchan, his landis and gudis, for the Soumes of mone and gudis befor writen.

A. C.

¹ *Gillane*. Gilan is a province of Persia in Asia. A curious fact that our nobles brought their saddles from Persia.

² *Carssa*, or *Kerasy*, a slight woollen cloth.

³ *Sawis*. This Book is called the Dictes (dictums, or sayings, or proverbs), of Philosophers; which booke is translated out of Frenshe into Englyssh, by the Noble and Puissant Lord Antonie, Erle of Ryvres, Lord of Beden and Isle of Wyght, Defendour of the Siege Apollonius, Lond. Caxton, 1477: Folio.—Watt's Biblioth. Britannica, vol. i., p. 206.

⁴ *Genetris*. *Gentrice*, *Gentreis*, is defined by Dr Jamieson,—honourable birth, genteel manners, or softness. But the meaning of the word must extend farther, viz., to the order of knights, or the general system of knight-hood.

⁵ *The Booke of the Ordre of Chyvalry or Knyght-hood*. Translated out of French into Englyssh, at a Request of a Gentyl and noble Essayer, by me, William Caxton, London. Folio. Supposed, by the literary antiquaries, to have been printed in 1484.—Watt's Bibliotheca Britannica, I. 206.

This book must have been in the hands of Lord Lyle one year before the time supposed by Ames, Daines, and Watt. They guessed it was printed in 1484. But it was stolen out of the Castle of Edinburgh before 3d July, 1483.

⁶ *Medecyne*. "The Curial (or Healing) made by Maytre Alain Charroier, translated from the French." Folio. No date.—Watt, i. 206.

⁷ *Drewis*. The Churches perhaps came from Dreux, a city in the Isle of France, and one of the oldest towns in the kingdom of France, situated near the little river Blaise.

⁸ *Spulyt*. Spoiled, carried off as a prey.

⁹ *Profit*. Proofed, or proven.

¹⁰ *Avale*. Worth, value.

¹¹ *Kepping*. The said Robert, Lord Lyle, had the keeping of the Castle of Edinburgh; otherwise, I suppose, Governor thereof. James, Earle of Buchan, suspected Lord Lyle, in keeping that castle. He took possession of certain goods and gear, and books, belonging to said Lord Lyle, till he was forced to give them up by this decret, 3d July, 1483. It is an important fact, and it deserves to be taken notice of by historians.

¹² *Distrenge*. To distrenge, to distrain, to distrain.

SCOTO-GALLICISMS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SCOTTISH JOURNAL.

SIR,—I send you an addition to the list of Scoto-Gallicisms given in your *Journal* of the 15th April. They were probably introduced in the time of Queen Mary's minority, when French troops were sent to Scotland.*

serviter	napkin	from serviette
gigot	leg of mutton	gigot
riffert	horse raddish	raifort
grôset, grosset	gooseberry	groseille
gurdyveen	case for holding wine, sometimes called "wine-cooler"	garde-vin
jupe	part of a woman's dress	jupe
bonnaille	{ a parting glass with a friend going a journey }	bon-aller
guisart	person in a fancy dress	guise
dambrod	draught board	dame
waffe	portmanteau	valise
pantouffles	slippers	pantoufles

The above words show that before the French came we had not the articles.

haggis	hashed meat	hachis
gou	taste, smell	gout
hogou	tainted	haut gout
grange	granary	grange
miquet, from } an old song }	millers' fee	mouture
kjakahaws	a made up dish	quelque chose
dour	obstinate	dure
dorty	sulky	durété
brave	fine	brave
kishmer	gossip	commère
to jalouse	suspect	jalouser
vizzy	to aim at	viser
ruckle (of stones)	heap, collection	recueil
gardy-loo	{ well known in } Edinburgh }	gardez l'eau
dementi	out of patience, deranged	démenti
bawsoned	broad, coarse, face	basané, tawny
ok my veritie	vérité
my certie	certes
fracaw	{ a noise, uproar, } clatter }	fracas
aumry	cupboard	armoire

The following Christian names and surnames are peculiar to Scotland.

Alison—Alesone, (French)—Beatrice—Marion
Agnes—Martin—Dobby (De Bois)—Gavin.

N.B.—a slight typographical error occurs in the letter on "Scoto-Gallicisms" contained in the 331 number of the "Scottish Journal." Instead of "*Fr. petits gatelles-gatesaux*, is the more common form," it should be, *Fr. petits gatelles. Gatesaux is the more common form.*

E. N.

The introduction of French words into this country is of more ancient date than the minority of Queen Mary. There was an alliance, and considerable intercourse, between France and Scotland, at an early period of our history.
E. S. J.

LEGENDS OF SCOTTISH SUPERSTITION.

No. IV.

JOHN O' WOODHEAD'S WIFE.

(WIGTONSHIRE.)

THE "Heuchs o' the Garry"—wild, rocky precipices near the foot of Glenap, Wigtonshire—are celebrated as having been, "in bygone times," a favourite haunt of the fairies; and more recently, of a band of robbers, no less formidable in their way than "the spiritual folk." Both of these classes of inhabitants, however, have long since disappeared, and the glen is now occupied by an intelligent agricultural population, among whom linger a few fading vestiges of the ancient belief of their forefathers. The glen itself has likewise undergone great mutations. Where now spread ample corn fields, in which "busy ploughs are whistling thrang," once stood a gloomy forest called "the Wood of Finnart"—supposed to have been the remains of some of the aboriginal forests, which covered great tracts in that quarter. Higher up the glen, on the left, stood—or still stands—the farm-house of Woodhead, the abode of the hero of the following legend.

"John o' Woodhead's Wife" happened to be in that interesting situation in which "women wish to be who love their lords"—and one fine summer evening, John found it necessary to mount his horse, and gallop down to the village of Cairn Ryan, for that indispensable functionary, "the Howdie." In addition to the usual solitudes of a husband on such an occasion, John's mind was harassed by others peculiar to the age in which he lived. It was a well-known fact, that the fairies were particularly fond of having farmers' wives to act in the capacity of wet-nurses to their own sickly brood: and that, if very skillful precautions were not taken, child-bed women were certain to be carried off for that purpose. Unchristened children also ran very great risk of abduction. Perhaps some modern readers may require to be informed, that the fairies, like ourselves, were "a fallen race;" but not participating with us in "the benefits of salvation," they were obliged to purchase their safety by furnishing annually, a certain quota of victims to the powers below. Such a system of vicarious punishment seems naturally to have suggested to the fairies a ready mode in which they could evade the penal ban under which they existed: namely, to steal and offer as substitutes for their own conscript-offspring, such human children as the indiscretion of parents, &c. placed within their power. Meditating on these "solemn truths," John had proceeded as far through the wood as a place called "the Alders o' Finnart," when he distinctly heard the voices of the fairies in the dell below him. Listening for a moment, he heard one fairy say to another, "Cut it short and thick, like John o' Woodhead's wife." Instantly understanding that some fairy plot was in the wind, he spurred on his horse to "the Cairn," and soon returned, in all haste, with the howdie. They had passed through the whole length of the wood without molestation, and were just about to issue

on the more open country, when they descried before them, in "the gray dusk o' the gloamin," a funeral procession, coming over "the craef," in front of Woodhead house, and moving slowly in the direction of the place where they now stood. The howdie was greatly alarmed, and advised a speedy retreat; but John reminded her "that it was unco unlucky to turn back when meeting a burial." He, therefore, drew up his horse by the roadside, in the shadow of some dark trees, and waited the approach of the procession. On it came—slowly and silently—exhibiting a bier, coffin, "mort claithe," and other paraphernalia of a regular funeral—together with a goodly attendance of well-dissembled mourners. John's sagacity, however, was not to be deceived; he instantly surmised who was in the coffin, and just as it was borne past, he dexterously threw his plaid over it. In a moment the whole troop of mourners vanished, and there was his wife, lying upon the grass, as if newly awakened out of a sound sleep! With the howdie's assistance, he got her placed upon the horse, and proceeded homewards with as much care and expedition as the exigencies of the case demanded. As they drew near the house they plainly heard the voice of the "gudewife's" counterfeit, who was enacting her part with uncommon activity and strength of lungs. The gudewife herself, (poor body!) was safely bestowed in the byre, under the charge of the howdie, while John proceeded forth right into the kitchen. At the door he was met by the women folks, all in the utmost consternation. "They had never seen a woman in sic an awfu' state before! They were certain she could na put aff many minutes! Eh, sirs! hear to that—just hear to that!" and another fearful peal was rung in the bed, which set the ears of all present a-tingling. "Let me in!" cries John, "and I'll soon settle her skirling! Fling on mair peats on the fire here—I'll try whether a good scowther in the midst o' wienna mak her calm her sough!" and he pushed the poker into the fire with a force that sent the sparks in showers up to "the riggin." The women stared, and concluded that "the gudeman had surely gane clean wud"—while he continued to "bing on peats" till the fire might have roasted an ox. The noise in the bed, however, had suddenly ceased; and on John's approach to put his threat in execution, nothing was found there but "an alder stick"—short and dumpy, "like his gudewife"—and doubtless "the very identical stick" which he had overheard the fairies cutting, a short time before, in the wood of Finnart!

The conclusion is easily imagined. "John o' Woodhead's wife" was brought in, and speedily rewarded her husband's prowess by presenting him with a chubby son and heir—much to the joy of all concerned, especially John, who long preserved "the alder stick," as a trophy of his victory over the treacherous imps of darkness.

11 Hill Street, Anderston,
Glasgow.

W. G.

OBITUARY NOTICES,

CHRONOLOGICALLY ARRANGED.

May 30, 1743. Last week, died at St Ger-

mains, in the Isle of France, the renowned Chevalier Ramsay, of the Kingdom of Scotland.

Sept. 26, 1743. On Friday last, died Hugh Seton of Touch, Esq., of a high Fever. He was the only son of Sir Hugh Paterson of Bannockburn, Bart., and married lately the heiress of the Family of Touch. His death is deservedly regretted, and is an unspeakable loss to the ancient and renowned families of Bannockburn and Touch.

Sept. 29. — On Monday night, died William Miller, Gardener, at his house in the Abbey of Holy-Rood-house, (where he had lived near 60 years, with a very fair Character), in the 89 year of his age.

Dec. 3, 1744. This day, departed this life, the Right Hon. Earl of Selkirk and Reglen; at his house in this city, aged 82. He is succeeded as Earl of Selkirk, and in an opulent estate, by Dumbur Hamilton of Baldoon, Esq. His Lordship has also left a considerable estate to his daughter, the Countess Dowager of March; and we are informed her Ladyship and issue succeed to the honour and title of Ruglen.

The same day died the honourable Col. William Dalrymple of Glenmuir, next brother to the Right Hon. the Earl of Stair.

Tuesday, Dec. 25. — At Inverlathry, in Aberdeenshire, on Tuesday, the 11th of December, died Lady Elizabeth Fraser, daughter to Alexander Earl of Kelly, and widow to William Fraser of Inverlathry.

Nov. 12. — Friday morning last, departed this life, at his house in this city, aged 85, the Right Hon. Sir James Mackenzie of Rosslyn, Bart., senior Senator of the College of Justice.

Sept. 10. — Yesterday morning, died Sir John Edgar, advocate, Aberdeen.

October 8. — On Saturday last, died here (Aberdeen) the Rev. Mr James Chalmers, Professor of Divinity in the Marischal College, of age 58.

Inverness, Nov. 3, 1754. On Tuesday, the 23d of October last, died, universally and exceedingly lamented, Dr George Cuthbert, in the 61st year of his age.

December, 1744. Mr Jacob Powell of Stebbing, in Essex, remarkable for his uncommon size. He approached the nearest in bulk to the late famous Mr Bright, of the same county, and weighed as much within a trifle, his weight being near 40 stone, or 560 pounds. His body was upwards of five yards or one rod in circumference, and the rest of his limbs in proportion; and had 16 men to carry him to his grave.

On Saturday the 26th February, 1797, died at his seat in Rowstone in Staffordshire, Sir Oswald Mosley, Bart., Lord of Manchester. He is succeeded in Title and Estate by his Brother, now the Rev. Sir John Mosley, Bart.

[The following curious account of the rise in value of a piece of ground sold by this gentleman will be read with interest:

Some time about the year 1750-1 a Piece of Land was purchased of the Lord of the Manor of Manchester, Sir Oswald Mosley, Bart., for which the lessee covenanted to pay £32 per annum as chief rent, the quantity of land being about 2400 superficial square yards, and its site

about the infirmity. The lessee erected a good family house on the property, as well as some other buildings, occupied as a joiner's shop, &c., but not of much value. The property remained in the original lessee's hands for about twenty years, when it was sold for its then market value—report says £5000. The second lessee was occupant a few years only, when he died intestate. Greatly, however, to the credit of the heir-at-law, he scorned to take advantage of his parent's apparent remissness, and eventually the entire property was placed under the management of a gentleman who had the approbation of the whole family. On the arrival of the youngest child at her majority, or as soon as the necessary arrangements could be made, means were adopted to ascertain the value of all the property of the deceased party—the land in question of course included. This was found an easy task, save as regards the particular property referred to; but this, owing to its favourable situation, and the vast extension of warehouse property in the town, and this extension taking the direction in which the property lay, made its real value most difficult to ascertain. The mode adopted, however, was to put it up to auction, but at the same time coupled with a determination not then to sell it—the putting it up to auction being merely a feeler; £11,000 was bid for it. After a short lapse of time, it was offered, with the consent of all the family, to two of the sons, at £11,000, which, after some hesitation on their part, was accepted. In about eighteen months afterwards a part of the land was sold for £9300, and for the remainder £22,000 was offered some eighteen months afterwards, but refused. It has, however, been sold lately for the purpose of building a warehouse on it, for £17,000, making altogether the astonishing sum of £26,300. If no value be placed on the erections, and they could not amount to much, seeing that all have been pulled down, it will appear that this land has increased its value within a fraction of sixty-fold!—September, 1841.

Sir John Mosley died unmarried 22d September, 1779, and the Baronetcy became extinct. He left his estates to his cousin, John Parker Mosley, who was created a Baronet 24th March, 1788. He was the grandfather of the present Baronet, Sir Oswald Mosley of Ancoats, in the county of Lancaster.]

March, 1757. Last Saturday, died, at his house on Ludgate Hill, Mr Pittan, author of the Nervous Drops, (a celebrated quack medicine.)

March, — A few days since, died in a violent fit of laughing, the facetious Henry Hatsell, Esq.

Nov. — Thursday last, died William Fleming, Bart., Knight of the Shire for Cumberland. This is the third Gentleman that has died a Representative of that County since the general Election in 1754. Sir James Lowther, Bart. will be chosen in his room, without Opposition.

[Strange to say, although recorded amongst the dead in the London Magazine, this gentleman is represented as alive in Kimber's Baronetage, in 1774. See vol. iii. p. 28.]
Oct. 1789. Gen. Wolfe. The late brave Gen.

Wolfe was born in the city of York. His mother is sister to Edward Thompson, Esq., late member of parliament for that city. He was to have been married, on his return to England, to a sister of Sir James Lowther, a young lady whose immense fortune is her least recommendation. She had shewn so much uneasiness at the thoughts of his making the campaign in America, that nothing but the call of honour could have prevailed with him to accept of that command in the discharge of which he fell so gloriously, (Oct. 29.) His mother is, we hear, so much affected for the loss of her son, that 'tis feared she will never get the better of her disorder. The inhabitants in her neighbourhood sympathized with her so much, that they did not make any public rejoicings, lest it should increase her misery, by calling to her recollection the fatal event.

April 17, 1761. The Right Rev. Dr Benj. Hoadly, Lord Bishop of Winchester, and Prelate of the most noble Order of the Garter, at his Palace at Chelsea, after a few hours indisposition. His Lordship was the first Person appointed a Bishop in the Reign of King George I. was consecrated Bishop of Bangor on the Translation of Dr Evans from that see in 1715, and was promoted to the Bishoprick of Hereford in 1721, on the death of Dr Bisse, from whence he was advanced to the Diocese of Salisbury on the Translation of Dr Willis to the See of Winchester in 1723, and upon the Death of that Bishop in 1734, he succeeded him in the diocese of Winchester to the present Period, and died full of Age, being 85 Years old, whose Character will perpetuate his Memory with Honour to latest Posterity.

Jan. 1762. Yesterday, died at her lodgings at Islington, Mrs Collyer, who translated from the German, "The Death of Abel."

At London, (May 1, 1762), the Hon. Mrs Digges, widow of Colonel Digges, and only sister of the Earl of Delaware. By her death the annual interest of £4000 comes to her son, Mr Digges, now in Edinburgh, with the reversion of £8000, in case he survives his brother, Dudley Digges, Esq., Captain of the Deptford man-of-war.—Scots Mag., April, 1762, p. 227.

[Some notice of Capt. Digges' voyage to discover the longitude will be found in the Scots Mag. July 1763, p. 385.]

[To be continued.]

MEMOIRS OF A LATE BANKER.

MR FORDYCE was endued with good natural parts, which were improved by his relation and preceptor, Dr Blackwell, well known in the republic of letters. He was bred a hosier at Aberdeen; but this being too confined a scene for the extent of his abilities, he soon quitted it, and repaired to the metropolis, the only mart for genius; where he first obtained employment in the capacity of out-door clerk to Mr Boldero, the banker. Here he displayed a great facility in figures, and an uncommon attention to that business in which he afterwards became so conspicuous. Mr R—, N—, &c., being convinced of Mr Fordyce's talents and abilities, and judging he would be a very useful partner, and manage the more labo-

rious part of their business, admitted him upon the firm of the house, through the interest and recommendation of Mr M——d. Scarce had he been established, before he began to speculate in the Alley for very considerable sums; and he was judged in the beginning to be very successful, particularly at the time of signing the preliminaries of the late peace, of which he gained intelligence before the generality of the bulls and bears at Jonathan's. His capital stroke, however, is thought to have been made at the time of the great rise of India stock, about seven years since.

This success was fatal to Mr Fordyce; for it induced him not only to speculate for still larger sums in the Alley, but in many other pursuits, particularly in hops. The capricious goddess still favoured him; and he seemed so infatuated with her kindness, as to think she was entirely at his command. He purchased a large estate, with a most elegant villa, at Rochampton; where he aimed at surpassing commissaries and nabobs in grandeur and magnificence. He supported a chapel for himself and family adjoining to his mansion, and pompously set forth the marriage of his brother, which was celebrated there, in the papers. His ambition was now unbounded: he soared far beyond the line of mere mercantile splendour, and nothing less than nobility seemed equal to his wishes. The next testimonial he gave of his desire of exaltation, was his being a candidate for a certain borough; upon which occasion, though he was not returned, he spent near £14,000; and, to secure his future election, erected an hospital, and established other charities there, in order to render himself the popular candidate upon the first vacancy. Failing in the present attempt to obtain a seat in Parliament, he sought for honours in another channel, and paid his addresses to a lady of quality; who, dazzled by his pomp, and apparent fortune, consented to the marriage; and Lady M——t was now frequently introduced to the public in the papers, her portrait displayed at the exhibition, and her picture in every print-shop. He made a handsome settlement upon her ladyship; and is said to have purchased some estates in Scotland to give him weight and dignity in his native country.

But the fatal period now approached when all his tinsel glories vanished. The affair of Falkland Island, which occasioned stocks greatly to fluctuate, gave the most sensible shock to his finances; and, to make up his speculative differences, he was compelled to employ a very considerable sum of the company's stock. This step alarmed the partners, and they remonstrated with him upon the impropriety of his conduct. Mr Fordyce treated the remonstrance of his partners with the most mortifying contempt, threatening to dissolve the partnership, if they attempted to restrain his operations, and leave them to manage a business to which they were altogether unequal; and to convince them that he had power to put his threats in execution, produced bank-notes to a great amount, which he had borrowed for a few hours to answer his purpose. Equally struck with the plausibility of his discourse, and the sums that were easily reconciled

But Mr Fordyce's ill fortune now pursuing him as rapidly and invariably as his good genius had before accompanied him, he found himself incapable of fulfilling his engagements, so very considerable on all hands, that he resolved upon a retreat, after having employed every method his imagination could suggest to discover some new resource. The immediate consequence of his absentsent himself from business was a stoppage of payment at the house; and an advertisement succeeded, intimating, that the other partners were not privy to Mr Fordyce's proceedings. However, the whole company have since become bankrupt, the fatal influence of which has affected a great number of other considerable houses involved with them.

Such are the effects of gaming in Change-alley:—a vice more fatal to commerce in such a trading nation than all the sharpening at Newmarket, and all the shuffling at Arthur's, and which loudly calls for the effectual interposition of the legislature.—London, July 1, 1772.

[Mr Fordyce was a partner of Messrs Neale, James, Fordyce, and Down, bankers. A money panic, and a complete stagnation in commerce, prevailed at the time.]

PROVERBS AND SAYINGS OF BERWICK-SHIRE.*

BY MR HENDERSON, SURGEON, CHIRNSIDE.

In laying before the Club the following proverbs, with the few remarks thereto appended, my motive is to preserve, as far as possible, some scattered remnants of the "rude forefathers of the hamlet" and the shieling; and I hope I will be excused in this humble attempt to illustrate these faint traces of the spirit and manners of the men of other times, seeing that the immortal Ray himself did not think it beneath his notice, to collect the apophthegms of bygone ages. The most of these sayings and proverbs may still be occasionally heard among our aged peasantry, but it is probable that in the course of one or two generations more they will be entirely forgotten, and hence the necessity of giving them a permanent form in the Transactions of this Club. In other districts of the county, it is possible that other sayings may still be in common use among the people, as several of those noticed are of a very local nature, and seem to be confined to the eastern part of the shire: they are all, however, which I have been able to collect.

1. "He has a conscience as wide as Coldingham Common."

Before the year 1777, Coldingham Common was an extensive and undivided waste, containing about 6000 acres. Since that period, some portions of it have been planted and improved, and during the last ten years, several feuars have taken up their residence upon it, and there protracted an uncomfortable existence on the scanty crop which it produces; but the greater proportion still remains covered with heath, interspersed with bogs

* Proceedings of the Berwickshire Naturalists' Club.

and mosses. In ancient times, this Common constituted part of the forest belonging the Abbey of Coldingham; and it seems to have been then partially covered with trees and brushwood—the roots of oak, birch, and hazel being still frequently found in the soil, and the peat-mosses being full of their decayed trunks and branches. This moor has a singularly wild, bleak, and dreary aspect, and extends several miles in extent in every direction: hence the proverb is with great appropriateness applied to those persons of lax principles who can accommodate their consciences to all circumstances, and who can stretch it to any extent to suit their selfish purposes.

2. "*The third and last of Ayton Fair.*"

As the pleasant and thriving village of Ayton is well known to all the members of the Club, it would be a waste of time to give any description of it here. When the good housewife has brought forth the last of her store of meal, potatoes, &c., it is usual with her to repeat the above saying. How it originated, it is not easy to say.

3. "*This is like Hilton Kirk.*"

The ancient parish of Hilton now forms the eastern part of Whitsome. The kirk is in ruins, but its burial-ground is still used. The Rev. Daniel Douglas was minister here in Scotland's *persecuting times*, and he had to flee to Holland to escape the fury of his enemies. He seems to have been a man of apostolic simplicity, sincere piety, and every way endowed as becomes a minister of the Gospel. After the Revolution he returned to his charge at Hilton, and died there on the 24th July 1705, in the eighty-sixth year of his age, and his *Thorough* is still pointed out in the churchyard. A certain laird of Hilton, who had been freely reproved by Daniel Douglas for his licentiousness, so far forgot what was due to decorum, as to drag the reverend gentleman from the pulpit. Such a scene would naturally excite great disorder and confusion in the congregation, and hence may have arisen the proverb,—as it is commonly applied to a noisy assembly of village politicians, or when things are in great disorder about a house.

4. "*This is like Cranshaw Kirk, there's as many dogs as folk.*"

In a wild pastoral region like that of Cranshaw, lying in the midst of the Lammermuir Hills, it is usual for the shepherd dogs to accompany their masters to the church, and, in times of severe stormy weather, it may have happened that few people, except the shepherds, who are accustomed to be out in all seasons, could attend divine service; and in such circumstances, it may have occurred that the dogs may have equalled in number the rational hearers of the Word, and hence has probably originated the saying, which I have heard applied by bustling servant-girls, to a scene where three or four dogs were lying about the fireside, and impeding her in her work.

5. "*He's as bold as a Lammert Moor Lion.*"

A Lammert Moor lion is a sheep, and the proverb is applied in a sarcastic way to a boasting and assuming person. "As fierce as a lion of Cotswold,"

is an English proverb, and bears the same meaning.

6. "*We'll gang a' together, like the folk o' the Shiels.*"

I have heard that *Lammerton Shiels* is the place here referred to. Others say it is a *Shiels* somewhere in the Merse, but the name is so common in Scotland, that we have some doubts whether it ought to be admitted as a peculiar proverb of this county. It is, however, very common in the mouths of the peasantry, when any party of them wish to accompany another to their homes from *kirns* and other social meetings.

7. "*Go to Birgham and buy bickers.*"

This is said to a person whom one is desirous to get rid of. Birgham is a small but ancient village on the north bank of the Tweed, a few miles below Kelso. The Scottish competitors for the crown, in the time of King Edward I., met here in 1291 to acknowledge that ambitious king as their supreme lord and master; and hence the place became odious to all true patriots of the Scottish nation, and was associated in their minds with the abominable transaction of those who bartered away the independence of their country for a precarious crown; and it is supposed that this popular saying originated in the contempt with which the common people viewed the ignoble transaction of their superiors.

8. "*We're like the folk o' Kennetside-heads, we hae it a' before us.*"

Kennetside-heads is a farm in the western extremity of the parish of Eccles. The occasion which gave rise to this proverb, is said to have been the following:—A person passing the place on an afternoon, about the end of harvest, found a band of reapers taking their ease by the roadside. He asked them, Why they were resting so long, when they had so much corn to cut? One of the band answered, "It is our kirm day, and we hae it a' before us, before the sun is down," meaning thereby, that they had it fully under their command. But when the traveller returned pretty late in the evening, he found the "folk o' Kennetside-heads" still shearing by moonlight; and hence the saying is frequently used by the labourers in the time of harvest, in a sort of mock way, to indicate that they need not work too hard, because they have it *all before them*. Or it is applied as a warning to those who are too confident in their own powers, and who are hence rather lax in their exertions—"not to be like the folk o' Kennetside-heads."

9. "*He's father's better, cooper o' Fogo.*"

The village of Fogo, which at one time seems to have been of considerable size, has now dwindled down to a few houses, and all its coopers have become extinct. This proverb is very common in Berwickshire, and is applied to the son who equals or surpasses his father in any handicraft or profession, although it is oftener used in a bad sense. When the far-famed cooper was, we have no accounts, but the following rhyming commentary, which I have once or twice heard, so far explains the mystery why he was so celebrated:

"He's faither's better, cooper o' Fogo,
At girding a barrel, or making a coggie,
Touming a stoup, or kissing a rogueie."

10. "Dunse dings a'."

For what no one can tell. May it not have originated in consequence of the encampment of General Leslie on Dunse Law, with his 20,000 men, in May 1639? Dunse might then have been said to beat all the country.

11. "Ilka bannock has its maike (equal) but the bannock o' Tollishill."

Tollishill is a farm in Lauderdale, and its bannock was unequalled, because gold was baked in it for the purpose of being conveyed to John, first Duke of Lauderdale, a loyal adherent of Charles II., and remarkable in after times for his political power and rapacity, when he was confined in the Tower, after the battle of Worcester, in 1651. The heroine who baked the bannock and conveyed it to her landlord, for which purpose she went up to London, was *Margaret Lylestone*, wife to *Thomas Hardie*, tenant in Tulloshill. There were anciently three farms of Tullos in Lauderdale, and from her abode by way of distinction, she was called *Midside Maggie*. For further information on this matter, we refer to the late John M. Wilson's "Tales of the Borders;" a tale on the same subject by Miss Margaret Corbett, in Chambers's Journal, No. 146; and to a ballad, entitled "The Gudewife of Tulloshill," by James Miller, author of "St Beldred of the Bass."

12. "You'll hae your ain way like the miller o' Billymill, although the Merse should sink."

What the particular way of the miller referred to was, we cannot learn, but we have heard it (and that only once) applied to those who are particularly headstrong and self-willed. *Billymill* stands upon a small stream in the parish of Buncle, and is a lonely place, quite out of the thoroughfare of any road.

13. "You're like the Miser o' Reston, you'll rather be drowned than pay for a theeker."

It is said that a person of considerable property, who died in Reston about forty years ago, was so parsimonious, that rather than give a few shillings to a thatcher to mend the roof of his house, he allowed the rain to descend upon him at his own fire-side, only warding it off as well as he could with a large *wecht* and the *girdle*; and hence the saying is applied to those who are excessively niggardly and economical in their habits.

14. "Ye're like the lady o' Bemerside, ye'll no sell your hen in a rainy day."

This is a common saying in the south of Scotland.—Chambers' Popular Rhymes of Scotland, p. 162.

15. "In Edencraw, where the witches bide a'."

This is a common saying in all the eastern parts of Berwickshire, and is often uttered as an expression of contempt for the place. *Auchencraw*, or, as it is usually pronounced, *Edencraw*, is a small decayed village in the south-west extremity of the parish of Coldingham, containing about 200 inhabitants. How the proverb arose, we have

no means of ascertaining; but we well remember of an old friendless woman called *Margaret Girvan*, dying in an old smoky hut, about twenty-five years ago, on a very windy day, and she was said to be the last of the Edencraw witches. It was anciently a popular belief, that when the witches departed this life, there was always a very high wind; and on the day in question, this belief was confirmed beyond a doubt, the wind blowing down the house formerly possessed by James Bonner, author of a work on Bees. It has been supposed that the greater number of the seven or eight unfortunate women, whom Home of Renton, then Sheriff of Berwickshire, some time previous to the Revolution, caused to be burned for witchcraft at Coldingham, belonged to this village, and perhaps if search was made in the proper quarters, the names of those unhappy victims of a dark and superstitious age might yet be discovered. That the women of Auchencraw were suspected, long after the above mentioned period, of exercising the black art, we have the following instance occurring in the Session-records of Chirnside:—In May 1700, *Thomas Cook*, servant in Blackburn (in Billy Myne), was indicted before the Kirk-session of Chirnside "for scoring or scratching a woman in Auchencraw, above the breath (i. e. on the brow), in order to the cure of a disease that he laboured under." Of course he imagined that the woman had inflicted the disease upon him, by her power with the Evil One; and it was believed, if a witch could be cut upon the brow, carving thereon the sign of the cross, that her compact with the devil was instantly dissolved.

16. "You are like the dead folk o' Aroldtown, (Earlston), no to lippen so."

I know nothing of the origin of this singular saying, but we hear it often applied by the peasantry, in a jocular way, to those whom they are not altogether sure of trusting.

A LEGENDARY BALLAD.

IN TWO PARTS

PART I.

"O dreary, dreary is the night,
And lonesome is the way;

O turn thy weary steed aside,
And rest with me till day.

"The tempest gathers in the sky—

No moon to light thy path;

And eerie moans the wintry wind

O'er yonder dismal heath."

"I will not turn aside with thee,"

The wanderer did reply,

"Tho' dark and wild the low'ring storm,
Is gathering in yon sky.

"I left my father's peaceful ha'

At early dawn of day;

And ere to-morrow's rising sun,

I must be far away;

"Behind yon wide and dreary moor

That's shrouded in the night,

And dark and lonesome is the way

And speedy be my flight.

"For there, by Glazert's warbling stream,
A lovely maiden swore
To be my bride when I return'd
Again to Scotia's shore.

"And I have been in foreign climes,
I've painim countries trod;
And I have fought, and thrice I've bled
Beneath the Cross of God.

"And when I reach'd my father's ha',
At early dawn of day,
Oh! evil tidings reached mine ear,
And banished joy away.

"Lo! she is now another's bride;—
To-morrow is the day,
When to a wealthy baron's son
She's to be given away."

He reined around his sable steed,
And urg'd his rapid flight,
And soon was buried far from view,
In the deep gloom of night.
And howling blew the sweeping blast,
The rain in torrents fell,
And wildly spread the foaming streams
In every lonely dell.

That night, the shepherd on the hill
Heard in the midnight blast,
The prancings of a weary steed,
That breathless hurried past.

And in the morning's dawning light,
A saddled steed was seen,
All riderless, that rushed past
The halls of Heseldeen.

PART II.

The morning came, and all was joy
In Aiket's lordly hall;
And there were knights and ladies gay
Holding the festival.

The bride is deck'd in rich attire—
A spotless robe of white,
And cluster'd in her yellow hair
Are diamonds gleaming bright.

And she has sought her chamber fair,
And shut herself alone;
For she is sad amid the joy—
With heart to peace unknown.

For to a young and gallant knight,
Her virgin vow was given
(That she would be his faithful bride,)
Before the God of heaven.

And thrice has come the pleasant spring,
And cloth'd in verdure fine
The earth since he went far to fight
In holy Palestine.

And there has come a wealthy squire,
From bonny Leven side,
And he has woo'd the maiden fair,
And she is now his bride.

And she has shut herself alone—
To none will she impart
The secret of her hidden grief,
That heavy loads her heart.

For she has dream'd, last night, a dream—
A mournful dream of woe,
That chill'd her blood, and down her cheek
The tears of anguish flow:—

She thought far in a pathless moor,
Her wandering steps had stray'd:
Where dark and deep a river flow'd,
That eerie moanings made

And dark and dismal grew the sky,
Loud, loud the north wind blew,
And screwing, in the rushing blast,
The night bird screaming flew.

As howling blew the furious blast,
All frantic grew her fear,
For wildly fell unearthly sound
Upon her shrinking ear;

Loud, in the horror of the night,
She heard a withering scream,
And lo! a lifeless body there,
Came floating down the stream.

She knew it—ah! too well she knew,
As madly on its face
She gaz'd; for a mysterious light
Gleam'd o'er the fatal place.

And she awoke—but terror strange
Lurks in her throbbing brain;
For in wild fancy, still she sees
The madd'ning scene again.

And deadly pale is now her cheek—
Quick starts her troubl'd eye;
As sad she wanders forth to join
The joyful revelry.

The marriage guests are in the hall—
Sweet music echoes there,
And gaily joining in the dance
Are knights and ladies fair.

Lo! she has given her lily hand
To the rich baron's son;
The priest has tied the sacred knot,
That may not be undone.

Who—who is he that sweeps along
On yon dark courser keen—
Swift as the bounding deer that springs
Far in the forest green!

The snorting steed is at the gate;
The warden stands aghast,
For the dark rider has come in,
Tho' all is bolted fast.

And he has trod into the hall—
Hush'd is the music there;
All shun his glance, for keen his eyes
Wild and unearthly stare.

The bride has sunk into a swoon—
The guests are pale as clay;
And all aghast they wildly gaze
In terror and dismay.

Lo! he has lifted up the bride,
And borne her from the hall;
The guests like breathless statues stand,
And motionless are all.

Where is the rider and the steed?
And where the lady now?
No rider cross'd the broad plain,
Nor pass'd the green hills' brow.

Unseen they vanished—and are gone—
 In vain they've search'd around—
 No steed, nor rider they descried,
 Nor lady have they found.
 The warden saw a dark plum'd knight,
 Thrice round the castle turn;
 He saw him seek the festive hall,
 But ne'er saw him return;
 A sable steed was at the gate,
 Whose fiery eyeballs shone;
 And ere he turn'd to look again,
 The prancing steed was gone.
 The lady, rider, and the steed,
 Again were never seen;
 They vanish'd like a dream away,
 As if they ne'er had been.
 Yet oft, (the rustic peasants tell)
 In midnight's howling storm,
 When dreary winter reigns, is seen
 A furious rider's form;
 And in his arms, attir'd in white,
 A lady fair is borne;
 And lo! he vanishes away,
 At the first dawn of morn.

J. D. B.

A COPY OF THE RIDING OF COLDINGHAM COMMON. A.D. 1561.

[Extracted from an original copy in the hands of Wm. Johnston, late tenant in Blackport, and formerly belonging to John Anderson, tenant there, and factor for the lands of Prendergust, in and about the township of Coldingham, and barony of Prickle-side, in 1795.]

THIS inquest made at Whitfield, upon the Common Moor of Coldingham, on the 11th day of March 1561, before the venerable Parson, John, Commendator of Coldingham, by these persons underneath written, bodily sworn to ride the muir of Coldingham march, and to hand down the names of their old marches justly, in so far as they heard their forefathers before them say, were separate from the several grounds adjacent all around the said muir of Coldingham; and in especial by their bodily oaths by themselves there, which they knew was used and holden for common in their own times, thereto bodily sworn, as is said in the presence of the venerable John, Commendator foresaid:—They are to say, David Ellim in Renton, Thomas Ellim there; Thomas Wedderburn, Jas. Cars, Sanders Brown, Robert Yester, Gawin Hume in Coldingham, James Craik, Harry Renton, Peter Lawrie, Gawin Gilchrist, Alexander Hume, Wm. King, Alexander Blythe, Mathew Stephin, George Hume in Hallcroft in Coldingham, John King in the Law, William Couser, George Lighterness, John Gray, Evemouth, John Pringle, Walter Gow, Thomas Hood, William Wedderly in West-Renton, Robert Millar, Robert Gaie, Richard Fair, Geordy Smith, and Sandy Purves, all bodily sworn that same day, and all in one voice concluded, in presence of the venerable John, Commendator, foresaid, and I, Mr Archibald Renton, Nottar, at command to the venerable John, Commendator, and accompanied with the same inquest in manner following:

In the first, beginning at Swinewood ford,* past to the town of East-Renton, descending by down the water of Ale, up the north side of the said water of Ale, till it comes to Thora Coit ford, then down Thora Coit syke, to the Quarrel ford, then west the Hallcroft, had out with the dikes, and so down the Halycraft-head, down as the dikes go to the Horse-pool, the said Horse-pool and Law-Green, by the Law doors, with the Law Hill, on both sides with that called Tom Ferner's Walls, alias Lawrie Billin's Walls, out with the dikes to the Stak-burn, common, several to the town of Coldingham, and from the Stak-burn, down to the sea Heughs, from the braes down, all common within said braes. Then beginning at Davie Ellim's doors (Killknow,) at Coldingham, pass, and up the Bean-croft, Richard Gow, and Ailis Armstrong's park, South Town's Row, Brinspark barn-yard dike, all without the dikes, common. Then pass up the loan to the Steele, as ye fusses (furze, whins) go's; then at the west-end of the said fusses, northward by Linalie; pass to the dike of the south croft of Coldingham town-head, commonly called the Low-croft, and all that loan pass, and betwixt the South-croft to the Green-croft loan, all without dikes, common; and then from the head of Green-croft, pass down to Dean's-walls, and west the High-gate to the King's-walls; then pass to the head of Muirburn-syke; pass even down the Common-gate, that comes from Coldingham to the Sklate-ford; at the east-end of Lumsdane-green you pass up the Ferney-cliff-syke to the back of Brownridge; then go down syke to the foot of Castle-cliff; then pass up the dean to Renton-ford; from Renton-ford pass up the dike to the New-park to the Stane-ford-bughts to Fall-brigs; then west the gate to Carlinge Branary; then west the high-gate to Bagarney-walls as the fusses go's to above Windylaws, and then in the head of the Hog-faulds, and in the head of the first shot of land of Piperdean Common, above the Broad-wall, west the knowe under the Crossna-faulds, then west above the Greenside-walls, then to the head of the Fur-shot-land of the Red-clengha to the South-cliff, and down the water of the Langlee; then pass up the water of Langlee to the Myre-Reebit-haugh, otherwise called Billy-Struther's Myre; then up the said Myre to the foot of Coker-clengh, and up the said Coker-clengh to the gate goes to Windon-head, and from Windon-head to Windon-faulds, and Swalinellie to the fusses on the back of Buntchesters; then to the Lousyknow; then east the Crag to the Braad-heads called Lumbet-crag; then east the north side of the Bell-moss, to the east end of the Bell-moss out the gate to the Cross of Wettairs, alias the White-cross; then at the east end of the Hare-clengh-moss, to the end of the said moss, and from that to a Craig on the north side of Dalkslaw; and then up the hill to a pit, from that said pitt, east the road on the north side of Dalkslaw-moss to Dalkslaw-cairn; and from that cairn down the Steele to the head of Silver-burn; then take the common road to a

* An old ford on Ale Water, going the road at that time by Swinewood to East Renton, thence called Swinewood-ford.

pair of butt length or thereby, on the north side; then to Monk's-cairn; then take the hill as wind and water sheds, to the east side of the Coik-shot; then on the east side of the Coik-shot to Janet's-cross; then east to the Hunter's-gate, untill it come to the syke of the Gallow-law; then down Gallow-law syke to the foot of the Black-hill-shot; then up the Black-hill-shot to the head of a dike, and so east that said dike to the back of Black-hill; from the Black-hill to the lauds of Whitfield; then up the lands of Whitfield, till it comes to the common-gate to Eymouth; then east the gate or road to Eymouth to Fyfe's-knows; then even down the water of Ale; then up the water of Ale to West-ford, then up the Press ground, south side of the water, to the head of Fyfe-haugh; then pass up the burn of the north side of Long-ridge, untill it come to the dike of the Wester end of the West-Press, called the March-dike; and east the dike to the Rough-law; and then west that dike to Swinewood-haugh, and so to Swinewood-ford again.—And for verifying of the premises, the persons be, and upon this inquest have subscribed, those that can write, with their own hands, and the rest that cannot write, requested me, the said Archibald Renton, Notar Public, to subscribe for them respectively, and touches the pen because they could not write themselves. *Sic subscribitur.*

John Stuart, Commendator.

David Effim.	Peter Lawrie.
Thomas Effim.	Gawain Gilchrist.
Thos. Wedderburn.	Alex. Hume.
James Cars.	William King.
Sanders Brown.	Alex. Blythe.
Robert Yester.	Mathew Stephin.
Gawain Hume.	George Hume.
James Craik.	John King.
Harry Renton.	William Couser.
George Lighterness.	Walter Gow.
John Gray.	Thomas Hood.
John Pringle.	William Wedderly.
Robert Millar.	Richard Fair.
Robert Gaie.	Alex. Purves.
Geo. Smith.	

[Coldingham Common was originally a wild desolate region, consisting of moor, moss, and forest, and extending to nearly 6,000 acres. It appears to have been granted to St Cuthbert's monks at Coldingham, at a very early period,—a large portion of its surface was then covered with wood. Houndwood was built as a hunting seat for the abbots of Coldingham, on the outskirts of the forest. Of late years several portions of this naked dreary region have been feued, and a number of small farms have been laid out and cottages built, so that it does not now present the same desolate aspect which characterized it thirty years ago; but there is yet a large portion of waste and barren ground remaining to be improved. To plant this with larch and Scots fir, would be the most profitable way of improving it. On the 15th January, 1778, it was divided, by a decret of Court of Session, among those heritors proving a right thereto. We should like to know what constituted an heritor's right to this or any other ancient common?]

Chalmers.

G. H.

THE VALLOWED RENT OF THE PARISH OF DUNSE. 1634.

The Laird of Aytone,	£4116 05 04
The Laird of Wadderburne,	1620 08 04
Jo. Home of Manderstone,	1000 00 00
Laird Dunse in Grewelldykes,	0275 00 00
Laird Manderstone's relict,	0110 00 00
Laird of Longtone,	0577 10 00
Mistres Worshett for Cakelaw,	0275 00 00
Pa. Monelaws,	0120 11 00
Linthill,	0206 17 06
Pa. Home for Caidsehill,	0107 05 00
Caidcleuch,	0110 00 00
Mr Samwell Sinklair's airs,	0016 10 00
Ellspeth Home in Dunse,	0062 12 04
Alexr. Gaitta,	0083 10 00
Cudbert Curre,	0082 10 00
Pa. Racheid,	0024 14 00
Sir Jo. Home of Cramstone,	1720 19 00
Laird of Stensone,	0272 05 00
Rob. Douglas of Winsheill,	0115 10 00
Laird of Burnhoossis,	0292 01 00
Laird of Cumlidge,	0352 00 00
Go. Home of Cramcruk,	0110 00 00
Jo. Home of Nenware, wt. £8.5.0	
in Grinlaw,	0148 00 00
Laird of Cockburne,	0933 19 08
Alexr. Pollwart,	0022 00 00
Cudbert Darling,	0022 00 00
Go. Storrie of Ellisholl,	0082 10 00
Laird of Blackater,	0701 05 00

The sume of the total is, £18,561 03 02

INVENTAR

Of ye guidis and geir perteinung umqll. Mr Andro Patersone, minister at Witsome, the tyme of his deceis, qha deceist in the moneth of Marche, 1667, given up be Peter Hay of Mureton, tutor-in-law to Jonet Patersone, onlie child to ye sd. defunct, in her name and behalf.

Imprimis, the insight and plenisheing of	
his hous estimat to,	60 0 0
It. twa oxin estimat to,	50 0 0
It. twa milk ky,	48 0 0
It. ane hors,	37 0 0
It. 9 bolls sawing of corne, estimat to ye	
third turne, at 3lb. 6sh. 8d. ye boll,	
and fodder overheid be Woderburne,	20 0 0
It. for his zeir's stipend, 1667,	466 13 4
It. ten bolls aittes, @ 58/ ye boll,	29 0 0
It. twa bolls quheit, at 4lb. 13sh. 4d. ye	
boll,	9 6 8
It. restand of ye stipend, 1666, be ye	
laird of Wedderburne,	238 0 0
It. restand be him, be ticket daittet,	52 0 0
It. restand be him for ane stak of hay,	8 0 0
It. per 10 bolls aittes, @ 58sh. ye boll,	29 0 0
It. 15 pecks quheit, at 4lb. 13sh. 4d. ye	
boll,	5 3 4
It. the viccarage teind, crop 1667,	100 0 0
It. be Jon. Edington of Jardinfeld, for	
nyne yeir's viccarage teind presding.	
ye crop 1667,	36 0 0

Str. £104.13.7½

Is 1256. 3. 4

Varieties.

AILSA CRAIG.—The steamer meanwhile kept nearing the giant Craig, which was a bare rock in the middle of the sea, and of a dull chalky whiteness, as the captain said, by the excrement of the birds. We saw caves in the sides of the mountain, and down by the water; the retreats, our informant told us, in former times, of the smugglers who used to frequent the Craig, and carry on an extensive trade from these places of concealment. We had got so near as to see the white birds flitting across the black entrances of the caverns, like bees about the hive. With the spy-glass we could see them distinctly, and in very considerable numbers, and at length approached so that we could see them on the ledges all over the sides of the mountain. We had passed the skirt of the Craig, and were within half a mile, or less, of its base. With the glass we could now see the entire mountain-side peopled with the sea-fowl, and could hear their whispering, household cry, as they moved about, or nestled in domestic snugness on the ten thousand ledges. The air too, about the precipices seemed to be alive with them. Still we had not the slightest conception of their frightful multitude. We got about against the centre of the mountain, when the swivel was fired. The shot went point blank against it, and struck the stupendous precipice as from top to bottom with a reverberation like the discharge of a hundred cannon. And what a sight followed! They rose up from that mountain—the countless myriads and millions of sea-birds—in a universal overwhelming cloud that covered the whole heavens, and their cry was like the cry of an alarmed nation. Up they went—millions upon millions—ascending like the smoke of a furnace—countless as the sands on the sea-shore—awful, dreadful for multitude, as if the whole mountain were dissolving into life and light, and, with an unearthly kind of lament, took up their line of march in every direction off to sea. The sight startled the people on board the steamer, who had often witnessed it before, and for some minutes there ensued a general silence. For our own part we were quite amazed and overawed at the spectacle. We had seen nothing like it ever before. We had seen White Mountain Notches, and Niagara Falls, in our own land, and the vastness of the wide and deep ocean, which was then separating us from it. We had seen something of art's magnificence in the old world, "its cloud-capt towers, its gorgeous palaces, and solemn temples," but we had never witnessed sublimity to be compared to that rising of sea-birds from Ailsa Craig. They were of countless varieties, in kind and size, from the largest goose to the smallest marsh-bird, and of every conceivable variety of dismal note. Off they moved, in wild and alarmed route, like a people going into exile, filling the air, far and wide, with their reproachful lament at the wanton cruelty that had broken them up and driven them into captivity. We really felt remorse at it, and the thought might have occurred to us, how easy it would have been for them, if they had known that the little smoking speck that was labouring along the sea surface beneath them, had been the cause of their banishment, to have settled down upon it, and engulfed it out of sight for ever.—*N. P. Rogers.*

THE LATE DUKE OF SUSSEX.—PUBLIC VIEW OF THE PLATE AND PICTURES.—Yesterday the spacious and extensive auction-rooms of Messrs Christie and Manson, in King-street, St James's-square, were crowded throughout the day by the nobility, gentry, and respectable persons, for the purpose of viewing the truly magnificent collection of ancient and modern silver, silver gilt, and gold plate, the property of his late Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, which have, by order of the executors, been removed from Kensington Palace for the purpose of being submitted to the hammer, the sale taking place on Thursday and Friday next and on Monday and Tuesday in the ensuing week. (June 1843.) The collection presented a splendid appearance, and was most tastefully arranged. It is stated in the catalogues to amount to upwards of 40,000 ounces, and consists of exquisitely chased and embossed vases, tankards, cups, bowls,

salvers, ewers, and basins, chalices, flagons, candlesticks, tea-urns, candelabra, toilet plate, jewel caskets, dishes, plates, coffee-pots, tea-pots, &c., &c.; including a pair of sideboard stands, a pair of square candlesticks, and other valuable articles, which formerly belonged to Charles I.; a superb and very elegant tea-urn, from Queen Anne's collection; a magnificent cistern, 36 inches in length; the two handled cup and cover presented by the City of London to Alderman Wilkes; a salver and chalice and cover, with the arms and cipher of William and Mary, from the Lansdowne collection; a noble tankard engraved with the battle of Culloden, and a medallion of William Duke of Cumberland; the Irish gold inkstand of William III.; a tankard dated 1614, with the monogram of the celebrated Isaac Walton; and a superb coffee-pot of solid gold, of fine Indian work, weighing 41 ounces. Also some beautiful pearl nautilus shells exquisitely mounted. The number of lots are 683, of which 157 will be sold on the first day, 170 the second day, 158 the third day, and 211 lots the fourth day. In addition to the plate, the late Duke's collection of royal and noble portraits in oils, historical and royal miniatures, enamels, and engravings, framed and glazed, were also on view.

ORTHOGRAPHY OF THE NAME OF STEWART.—There are four different spellings of this name; *Stewart*, *Stewart*, *Stuart*, and *Steward*. The ancient and original name, as spelt by the Royal Family, is *Stewart*, taken from the office of Lord High Steward of Scotland, which was hereditary in the family nearly two centuries before the succession of Robert II. to the throne. The original spelling continued to be universally observed till the increased communication between France and Scotland induced many of our countrymen to enter the French army. James Stewart, Earl of Buchan, and Constable of France, carried with him, on one occasion, no less than 7,000 men as auxiliaries in the war with England. The Lords of Darnley and Aubigny held extensive military commands and possessions in France, and following the idiom of the French language, in which the *w* is unknown, they gradually substituted the letter *s*, and spelt the name *Stuard* or *Stuart*. Mary Queen of Scots, who was educated in France, on her marriage with the Dauphin, and out of compliment to her husband's language, likewise adopted that mode of spelling, as well as her brother the Earl of Murray, and the families of Traquair, Bute, Castlemilk, and several others. How much the change was influenced by whim or accident, is evident from the circumstance, that Lord Galloway retains the old spelling *Stewart*, while Lord Blantyre and other families of the same descent, spell the name *Stuart*; the family of Allanton, *Stewart*; Allanbank (a branch of Allanton), *Stuart*; Coltness (another branch of Allanton), *Stewart*; and while Lord Traquair uses the form of *Stewart*, that of *Stewart* is adopted by the family of Grandtully, of the same descent. The Earl of Murray, before his promotion to that title, when prior of St Andrews, and previous to the return of Queen Mary from France, spelt his name *Stewart*, as we find in an ancient document bearing the date of 1560.—*Stewart's Highlanders*, vol. ii. app. B.

ST GEORGE.—The tutelary saint of England was a soldier of great eminence both in the eastern and western churches, where he was known by the particular name of Trophrophorus. After having suffered martyrdom at Lydda in Palestine, under the persecution of Dioclesian, A.D. 303, he is supposed to have been interred at Lydda, or Diospolis. During his visit to Henry V., in 1416, the Emperor Sigismund of Germany made a solemn offering of the *Holy Heart* of St George, upon the altar of the chapel which bears his name at Windsor.

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&c. &c.

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PARISH OF DUNLOP,

ITS TOPOGRAPHY, ANTIQUITIES, AND TRADITIONS.

THIS little rural parish lies south-east of Beith, Ayrshire, from which it is divided by the Lugton Water. It is bounded on the north-east by the county of Renfrew, and south and south-west by the parish of Stewarton. Its extreme length, from south-west to north-east, is about four miles; and it is a little more than four miles in breadth. The greater part of the parish lies in Ayrshire, and the lesser in the county of Renfrew. The following is the extent in each—4462 acres in Ayrshire, and 700 in Renfrewshire. Topographically speaking, it is composed of a number of small hills and ridges, rising from 50 to 130 feet above their surrounding hollows. Many of the little hills present steep fronts of naked rock, very picturesque and romantic. The principal elevations are Brackenheugh, where tradition says one of the Cuninghames of Aiket was killed by the Montgomeries, during the memorable feud which existed between the families of Montgomerie and Cuninghame. Brackenheugh is about a mile and a half from Dunlop village. From its summit one of the most interesting prospects is obtained which can be found in the west of Scotland, embracing as it does an extensive view of the parishes of Beith, Lochwinnoch, West Kilbride, Dalry, Kilbirnie, Kilwinning, Stevenston, Irvine, &c.; the Firth of Clyde, with the Islands of Arran, Holy Isle, Flada, Ailsa, and the beautiful point of Troon. Far in the north towers the western ridge of the Grampians—Benlomond, Ben Ledi, &c.; and towards the south the eye rests on the bold, rocky coast of Carrick.

Dunlop-Hill, or, more properly, Boreland-Hill, is a beautiful round eminence, a little to the west of the village of Dunlop. According to Chalmers, in his *Caledonia*, "the parish had its name from the village, where the church stands, and the village appears to have obtained its name from a *dun*, or small hill, on which there is said to have been a castle, or strong house, in former times. At this small hill the stream (the Glazert) which passes Dunlop, makes a bend, or winding, from which the hill seems to have been named, in the Scotch-*Irish*, *Dun-lub*, signifying the hill at the

bend, or winding." Timothy Pont says, "Boreland over and nether ar ye possessions of the Earl of Cassilis. Heir of old duelt Gothred de Ross, a famous and potent nobleman, of grate reputation, quho, having his residence heir, enioyed ample possessions abroad in ye cuntry, and ves for ye tyme Shriffe of Aire, hes iurisdictione then extending over Carrick, Cuninghame, and Kyille, of quhom, in ye minority of David ye II., our analls remembereth thus: Ac juvante conatus eorum Gotofrido Rossio prefecto juridico acensi breui totam Carrictam, Coilam and Cunninghamiam, in suas partes traverunt." As a proof that there was a castle on Dunlop-Hill, the residence, we may presume, of Gothred de Ross, a number of years ago, the foundation of a ruin of considerable extent was removed by a late proprietor. A diligent observer may yet perceive the traces of the ruin. On the east side of the hill there are the remains of a deep trench, cut from the top, in a straight line, half way down its side.

Goderfey Ross, or Godfrey Ross, was an Englishman, and governor of Ayrshire. He submitted to the Stewarts in 1334, during the Scotch-Saxon period. Hugh de Morvill, or Morville, came into Scotland, and, under David I., became Constable of the kingdom. He acquired a grant of Cuninghame, which was settled, or parcelled out, among his vassals. It is probable Gothred de Ross was one of the retinue of De Morville. In the charter chest of the burgh of Irvine there is a notorial copy of an inquiry taken in 1260, respecting some lands in litigation between Dom. Godfrey de Ross and that burgh.

One of the Cuninghames of Aiket married a daughter of the Earl of Cassillis, and it is probable that the small estate of Boreland thus became the property of the Cuninghames, who afterwards exchambied it, with David Dunlop, for the Hapland, or Hempland, estate.

Barr-Hill is a delightful little hill in the ancient barony of Aiket. Until within a few years ago, two beautiful small monuments stood on its top. They were well built, the stones being firmly cemented with lime; and about twelve feet high. They were taken down, in a spirit truly worthy of a vandal age, and the stones applied to agricultural purposes. At the foot of Barr-hill, on the right bank of the Glazert, stands now, with only one exception, the most ancient building in the parish—Aiket Castle. It is a strong square tower, with a side of thirty feet; it was originally four stories in height, but, in

modern times, had been reduced to three. An addition has likewise been built to the east side. The walls, at the base, are upwards of seven feet thick. There was an inscription above the principal entrance, but it has long ago been obliterated. A tradition exists that the stones of the building were quarried from the hill in its neighbourhood, and conveyed thither by being handed from one man to another. The castle stands on a small rock overhanging the water of Glazert. In ancient times it was surrounded with a moat.

Chapel-Craigs, or Craggs, are so named from the chapel which stood at their base. The chapel was dedicated to the Virgin Mary. Its ruins were lately removed. The existence of this chapel has given name to a number of localities around. A beautiful stream of pelucid water gushes from the rock. Beside the site of the chapel, a few hundred yards to the south-west, on the gentle swell of the hill, is a Druidical stone, called the "Thow-great-stane." It appears, at one time or other, to have been a rocking stone. Its base is so covered with rubbish that it has now lost its vibrating motion. It lies on the farm of Brandle-side, and the tenant is bound in his tack to protect it, by neither removing nor cultivating the ground for a considerable number of square yards around it. On the face of a sheer rock, above the site of the chapel, was a pathway, deeply cut out in the solid rock, leading to the top of the hill, where tradition says was a burying place belonging to the chapel. The pathway is nearly obliterated, a quarry having been opened in the place a number of years ago.

Knockmead-Hill is the most elevated ground in the parish. It is on the estate of Col. Mure of Caldwell.

Craignaught-Hill was the scene of a very bloody battle between the Stewarts and Boyds. "During the minority of James II., Scotland was thrown into great confusion, through the weakness of the executive and the ambition and turbulence of the barons. Amongst the many feuds arising out of the disturbed state of the times, that of the Stewart and Boyd families is perhaps the most striking. It occurred in 1439, and is thus related by Tytler from the *History of the Stewarts*: 'Sir Alan Stewart of Darnley, who had held the high office of Constable of the Scottish army in France, was treacherously slain at Polmaïs Thorn, between Falkirk and Linlithgow, by Sir Thomas Boyd of Kilmarnock, 'for auld feud which was betwixt them,' in revenge of which Sir Alexander Stewart collected the vassals, and 'in plain battle'—to use the expressive words of an old historian—'manfully set upon Sir Thomas Boyd, who was cruelly slain, and many brave men on both sides.' The ground where the conflict took place was at Craignaught hill (in Dunlop parish), a romantic spot near Neilston, in Renfrewshire. The victory at last declared for the Stewarts." Timothy Pont says, "Kraignaught nether is ye possessione of Gavin Hamiltoun of Raplaugh." It has long since passed into other hands.

* *History of Ayrshire.*

There are several other small elevations in the parish, which, as before observed, consists of a cluster of beautiful green hills, with fertile valleys lying between them. On the banks of a little rivulet called Clerkland burn, which divides the parish from Stewarton, stood Dunlop House, or Hunthall. Pont says, "Dunlop, an ancient strong house, fortified with a deipe fousseie of water, and planted with goodly orchards. It is named Hunthall, because, say they, the ancient possessor thereof, wes huntsman to Godofred Ross. 'The quhole bounds and grounds heir about, and all Macharnock-moore, wes of old a mighte forrest.'" An inscription above the principal entrance of this "ancient strong house," bore the date 1599. About twenty years ago it was taken down, and a handsome modern building erected on its site by the late Sir John Dunlop, Bart.

The first mention made of the Dunlops of that ilk is in a notorial copy of an inquiry, taken in 1260, respecting some lands in litigation between Dom. Godfrey de Ross and that burgh, in which the name of Dom. William de Dunlop is incidentally mentioned. Thirty-six years after this period, namely, in 1296, the name of Neil Fitz Robert de Dulo is to be met with in the Ragman Roll, whom Nisbet conjectures to have been Dunlop.

Chalmers, in his *Cal.*, says, "The Church of Dulo belonged, in former ages, to the monastery of Kilwinning. The monks enjoyed the rectorial revenues, and a vicarage was established for serving the cure. In Bagimont's Roll, as it stood in the reign of James V.; the vicarage of Dunlop, in the deanery of Cunningham, was taxed £5:6:8, being a tenth of the estimated value. At the Reformation the vicarage was held by Mr John Houston, and the whole profits of this benefice were leased to Wm. Cunningham of Aiket (Aiket) for payment of £78, yearly. At the same epoch the rectorial tithes of the Church of Dunlop produced to the Monks of Kilwinning only £40 a year, having been leased by them for that sum. Of the lands which belonged to the Church of Dunlop, a part, consisting of two merk lands of ancient extent, was appropriated to the vicarage, and the remainder was enjoyed by the Monks of Kilwinning. The whole passed into lay hands after the Reformation. In 1603 the patronage and tithes of the Church of Dunlop were granted to Hugh, Earl of Eglinton. After that date, the family of Dunlop of Dunlop appears to have claimed a right to the patronage of the Church of Dunlop. The patronage was, however, held by the Earl of Eglinton at the Reformation, and it has since continued with that family."

The parish church of Dunlop was rebuilt about 1765, and again in 1831. In the east corner of the churchyard there is a tomb, erected about 208 years ago, to the memory of a minister of the parish. On a flagstone on the floor is the following inscription, "Heir lyis Hanis Hamiltoun, vicar of Dunlop, quha deceist ye 30 of Maii 1608, ye aige of 72 yeirs, and Janet Denbair, his wrou." Under a marble arch, with two marble pillars, of the composite order, in front, are two statues kneeling, on a marble monument, in the attitude of devotion, and habited according to the fashion of the times. In the wall is a marble slab, bearing

an inscription, stating that Hanis Hamiltoun was the son of Archibald Hamiltoun of Raploch; his wife a daughter of James Denham of West Shields; that they lived together forty-five years, during which period he served the cure at this (Dunlop) Church—offspring, six sons and one daughter. His daughter, Jean Hamiltoun, married to Wm. Muir of Glanderston. Erected by their son, James the first Visc. Clancabois, of the kingdom of Ireland; from whom descended the Hamiltons of Clanbrasil, whose honours became extinct in 1798.

MINISTERS SINCE THE REVOLUTION.

John Jameson. Admitted, Sept. 21, 1692.

This John Jameson was a poet of no mean pretensions.*

James Rowat. Trans. to Jedburgh.

Robert Baird. Ad. Mar. 28, 1734. Died Mar. 27, 1756.

Dr James Wodrow. Ad. Sept. 1, 1757. Trans. to Stevenston, Oct. 1759.

John Fullarton. Ad. Sept. 25, 1760. Trans. to Dalry, Mar. 16, 1762.

James Graham. Ad. May 12, 1763. Trans. to Kirkinner, June 30, 1779.

His great hobby was farming, and he had some ground leased on which he built a small round tower, in which he might study his sermons while overlooking the farming operations! The small tower is still standing, and is called by the people "the Folly." He became very unpopular with his flock.

Thomas Brisbane. Ad. Ap. 27, 1780.

He had natural wit, and possessed much shrewdness and common sense, but was a great miser.

The late celebrated Dr Fleming of Neilston used oft-n to assist Mr Brisbane on sacramental occasions. The Doctor, as is well known in the west of Scotland, was a great advocate of church accommodation. In the pulpit it was frequently the Alpha and Omega of his discourses. Taking a walk one Sabbath evening with Mr Brisbane, after having indulged in his favourite theme in the church, he still complained bitterly that he had not sufficient accommodation in his parish. Mr Brisbane, turning away from him, rejoined him in a little, saying, "Saunders, I ha'e been making an epitaph for you." "And what is it?" said the Doctor. "I will let you hear it," repeating, with due emphasis, the following lines:

"Here, underneath this stone,
Is Dr Fleming's station,
Once fairly scrumpt for room, but now
He's got accommodation."

Mr Brisbane was succeeded by Matthew Dickie, who left the church at the late disruption.

William Gebbie is the present incumbent.

TRADITIONS.

Like every inland rural parish in Ayrshire, Dunlop has many traditions attached to certain localities. Of course the great enemy of mankind has been seen in various shapes. Long ago (so

says tradition), a man of the name of Brown was walking over Dunlop hill in the gray dawn of the morning. He was surprised to see the "Deil in the form of a headless horse galloping round him. Thanks to his piety, he fell on his knees and prayed fervently, when Nick, uttering an unearthly 'nicher,' making the ground tremble, vanished in a 'flaucht' o' fire."

Many years ago, a family of the name of Craig lived in Dunlop parish.* They were far in advance of their neighbours in intelligence and ingenuity. The sagacity of their neighbours discovered that this was owing to their being in possession of the "Devil's books, or books of black art!" Indeed, this absurd belief is at this day scarcely eradicated. I have even heard an old woman, yet living in the parish, allow that she had seen them, viz., the books. She said she was in the house one Sabbath-day, when most of the family were gone to church, and going "ben the spence, she saw some books lying on the table: she lifted them, and saw they were a' fu' o' kittle looking deil's figoers and twirlie-whorlies." It was probably books of geometry and mensuration she saw.

Tam Giffen, the reputed warlock, wandered much in this parish, and many anecdotes are related of him of a marvellous kind, which appear to have been believed by the peasantry until within a late period.† It was believed that he frequented the midnight meetings of ghosts, fairies, &c. On one occasion he entered the farm-house of Gills, a little to the west of the village. On being asked where he had been the night previous, he replied, "I was just at a meeting o' witches, an' we settled it yestreen that the wee wean at the Grange is to dee the nicht." Which happened according to his prediction.

Long ago, a noted cadger, who went under the cognomen of "Young Robin," although his "haffets were lyart and gray," saw several amazing "sights." One night, returning home from Kilmarnock on horseback, rather late, when the moon was clear and bright, he was a little surprised to find that he was riding in company with a headless horseman, whose steed was likewise minus the head. He spurred his weary steed to its utmost speed, thinking, like Ichabod Crane, to outrun his "eerie" company; but, strange to say, he did not gain one inch on his rival. He again reined in his steed, thinking the spectre horseman would fly past him, but the strange horseman likewise did the same. Wearied in his efforts to get away from the unearthly equestrian, he hurried on towards the village, still in company with the fiend, whose mysterious steed, strange to relate, galloped along without making the least noise with his hoofs on the stony road. When crossing the bridge, the "headless horseman," with his steed, sprung high in the air and vanished in a "flaucht o' fire." At another time he was returning from Glasgow with a horse and cart. On

* Baillie Hugh Craig, Kilmarnock, and D. Craig in Craighton, the celebrated mechanic, are descended of this family.

† For an account of Tam, see the "Scottish Journal," vol. i., pp. 350.

* There is a fragment of a lengthy poem by him, in MS., in the possession of the writer of this paper.

the road near the Camore, a lonely spot, there was in a field a number of bushes close by the roadside, where the fairies were reported to hold "merry meetings." It was far advanced in the night ere he reached this "haunted spot," and when he arrived, his ears were greeted with sweet melody of a very enchanting kind. Looking round he perceived a vast concourse of little people dressed in green, his horse became frightened and ran off, breaking the cart, which contained a barrel of ale, which was stove, and all the ale lost; so terrified was Young Robin that, for several weeks afterwards, he durst not go to the door when it was dark.

J. D. B.

THE INGLISES OF CORSFLAT.

I. THOMAS INGLIS was one of the bailies of Paisley. He died in 1502. His son,

II. David Inglis was one of the bailies of Paisley in 1530, 1531, and 1533. He died in 1533. His son,

III. John Inglis, was one of the bailies of Paisley in 1538, in 1544, and 1559. He died in office in 1559. His son,

IV. Thomas Inglis of Corsflat, bailie of Paisley at various periods from 1576 to 1617. He had a sasine, 20th April, 1576, of a tenement in Paisley, at the North Brig. He and Isobel Muir, his spouse, bought the Corsflat from Henry Houstoun, 31st May, 1578. He, secondly, took in wedlock the daughter of Provost Patrick Peiblis of Brumelands and Marion Montgomerie, who died in 1620. He had a tenement in Irvine in 1816.

The widow of Thomas Inglis of Corsflat was married to Allan Lockhart of —, and cousin of William Conynghame of Aiket. He prevailed on his spouse to make an alliance betwixt Aiket and her daughter, who was scarce twelve years of age, contrary to the design of Corsflat, who left Ann to be married to Hugh Montgomerie of Hesilheid, her mother's cousin. Lockhart died in debt, and his relic was obliged to pay 10,000 merks of his bands.*

V. Ann Inglis, only daughter and heir of Thomas Inglis of Corsflat, had a retour, 27th July, 1647, as "heres Thomae Inglis de Corsflate patris, in terris de Eister Corsflate, cum parvo namore." She had a Clare Constat, &c., in a tenement in Paisley, 7th July, 1647; and a service from the bailies and Council of Paisley, 6th July 1647. But she resigned all the various burghal subjects or tenements in Paisley, 3d January, 1649.

Ann Inglis, as before mentioned, was taken in wedlock by William Conynghame, the young laird of Aiket. He got with her a tocher of 40,000 merks. Aiket, who was a debauchee, treated her very cruelly—not refraining from blows. He deserted her, leaving her to hunger and misery.

Her son, James Conynghame of Aiket, married Eupham, daughter of William Russell, minister of Kilbirnie. He feued out, 11th

* Baillie's Letters, p. 311.

September, 1660, the 18s. 4d. land of Auld-hall, to John Neilstoun.

A. C.

APPENDIX.

INFORMATION BY FAISLEY MAGAZINE, PRINTED IN 1828.

David Ynglis, bailie of Paisley in 1530 and 1531. He died in office in 1533, &c. &c.

We cannot omit noticing the only instance in which stage plays are referred to in the Town Council Records, as a piece of historical information regarding the drama in Scotland. We here insert it:

Apud Paisley, decimo tertio die mensis Maji 1620.

The qlk day convenit in the Counsell house of ye Burgh of Paisley, Andro Crawford and John Alex., younger, Baillies of ye said Burgh,

Thomas Inglis,
John Hutchesoune,
Claud Hamiltoun,
Robert Craig,
John Luiff, wright,
Thomas Knox,
Thomas Browne,
Jon Hendrysoune,
Jon Fyff,
Jon Craig,
James Maxwell,
William Cumyng, and
Jon Wallace, lorimer,

conselleris of this, ye said Burgh, Quha baillie seine, baired, and considerit the Supplicatiounes gevin In befor yame for help and supplie to ane pleasant Invention and Play, to be plaid within ye said Burgh upon the — day of May instant; and being ryplie advysit yrwith, the said Baillies and Counsell grantis to the said Play the sowme of twentie pundis money of the unlawis that sall happin to be gottin within the said burgh mit heirefor:

(Except Thomas Inglis,
Thomas Quhytfuirde, and
James Maxwell,

Quha dissentit that ony supplie should be gevin to ye said Play, of ye commowne guidis of ye said Burgh.)

And eftir ye granting of ye said sowme of twentie pundis, the said haill Baillies and Counsell protestit that ye granting and geving yrot should be na preparative in onie yeir or tyme coming.

INFORMATION BY CLERK BROWN OF IRVINE'S PROTOCOL.

For Jonet Wilson and James Blair, her spouse, 8th October, 1616.

Umql. John Wilson, shipmaster in Irvine, resit in a tenement betwixt that of Thomas Inglis of Corsflat, Burgess of Paisley, and that of the late Hugh Garven, Town Clerk of Irvine.

GRAVESTONES IN THE ABBEY KIRK YARD OF FAISLEY.

Heir liis Thomas Inglis, Baillie of Paisley, quha decessit ye 1502, and David Inglis, his sone, 1533; Johnne Inglis, sone of David, 1559; Thomas Inglis, sone to Johnne —, Baillie of ye Burgh

for ye tyme, and Issabell Muir, spouse to ye said Thomas.*

Here lies a faithful sister, Marion Montgomerie, spoused to umqll. Patrick Peiblis of Brvmlandis, Provost of Irvine, and mother-in-law to Thomas Inglis of Corsflat, Baillie of Paislay, quha decessit 28 —, 1620 yeiris.

PAPERS IN THE HANDS OF HAMILTON COLLINS SEMPILL OF BELTREES, (1843.)

I. Sasine of Thomas Inglis, Baillie of Paislay, 20th April, 1576.

In presence of the Generous man, John Stewart, one of the Baillies of Paislay.

The said Thomas Inglis, air of his father, umqll. John Inglis, Burgess of Paislay, of the tenement lying near the North Brig, by the Public King's Way toward to the Water of Cart; at the west, the tenement of umqll. John Stewart, and that of Lord Abbot and Convent of Paislay, now pertaining to John Sempill of Bultreis.†

To the Hon. man Thomas Inglis, the other Baillie, &c. Hon. and discreet man, Maister Andro Polwart, minister of Paislay, witness. Notar Public, John Vaus in Paislay.

II. Charter in favour of Thomas Inglis and Isobel Muir, his spouse, of Four Aikers of Corsflat, 31 May, 1578, purchased from Henry Houstoun of Corsflat.‡

Witnesses, George Houstoun, my son and apparent air, and Bartholomew Fraser, Notar Publick.

III. Precept of Clare Constat be the Earle of Abercorn, To Anna Inglis, as dochter and aire of umqll. Thomas Inglis, off certane Tenementis, Yairdis, and Landis, in Paisleye, 7th July, 1647. Daitit at Edinburgh.¶ It is shown to me that the said umqll. Thomas Inglis of Eister-Corsflat, was vest also in a certain Tenement contiguous to that of the deceisit John Stewart and that of the Abbat and Convent of Paisleye, then the new house built by John Vaus, now pertaining to Robert Sempill of Beltreis, &c. &c.

* Wishaw, p. 126.

† John Sempill of Beltrees was the younger son of Robert, the great Lord Sempill. He was a courtier of Queen Mary. He married Mary Livingstoun, daughter of Lord Livingstoun, in 1564. He was called the *Dancer*. Mary was "surnamed the *Lustie*," or handsome and beautiful.

‡ Andrew Brown of Auchintorlie and Corcesflat, Esq., is now proprietor of the handsome house and fine woods at the Corsflat.

¶ The Earl of Abercorn must have been living in a lodging, either his own or hired, in the Canongate, in 1647.

John Latta got a Clare Constat of the 4 shilling land of Gavilmosa, within the Barony of Glen, 28th February, 1633, from Claud, brother and only Commissioner of James Earl of Abercorn, by a writ dated *Canongate*, 9th October, 1632.

Lamond, in his "Diarie," says that, in 1649, the Earl of Abercorn and Lord Gray, being Papists, were excommunicated by the Commission of the General Assembly; and that the Earl was appointed to remove himself off this kingdom.

This overbearing and petulant prudery of the Kirk deprived the Kingdom of the chief, and most opulent of the noble Hamiltons. Therefore, James, the said Earl of Abercorn, sold the rich Lordship of Paisley to the Earl of Angus, in 1652, who resold it, the next year, to Lord Cochran, for £180,000 Scots.

Written by John Quhyt, noter in Paisley, at Edinburgh, subscribed before thir witnesses, Robert Hunter in Monktonhall, James Blair there, Magister George Crawford, minister of Kilbryde,* Charles Dowe,† our servitour, and John Wallace in Paislay.

IV. Retornatio Annæ Inglis, 7th July, 1647.

This Inquisition was made in the Pretorium of the Burgh of Paisley, before the discreet man, Baillie John Vause, the substitute of the honourable man William Muire of Glanderstoun, Depute-Sheriff of Renfrew, and Depute-Baillie of the Regality of Paisley, by the following honest and faithful men, to wit,

Archibald Stewart of Orchyrd,
James Ross of Thruiscraige,
Thomas Henderson, maltman,
John Fyiff, maltman,
Bernard Biggerte, maltman,
John Wallace in Snadoun,
William Paisleye, in Caslesyd,
John Robiesone,
Thomas Gemmill,
James Swane, in Sacerhill,
John Hamiltoun, treasurer,
John Love, flesher,
John Sunderland,
James Robieson, souter, and
Willam Campbell, flesher,

who, being sworn, &c., and pronounced that the umqll. Thomas Inglis of Corsflat, the father of Ann Inglis, died vest in the Corsflat, lying near West Corsflat at the north; the road to Glasgow at the north; the lands of Alexander Craig‡ at the east; and the burn of Quhytfurd or Corsflat at the south; lying within the Lordship, Barony, and Regality of Paisleye.

And also, in all and hail, the lands and the wood¶ of Oxshaw, with the Trees and those growing, together with the Pool, or Pond, bordering thereto, at the north.

And that the said land of Eister Corsflat, with the Little wood (or schaw), now is considered valued, a-year, to the sum of twenty-five shillings, in Scots money.

* Maister George Crawford, minister of Kilbryde, was celebrated as having been *deposed*, 14th March, 1643. His handwriting showed no want of scholarship. It was admirable.

† Charles Dow may have, perhaps, been the Chamberlain of the Earl of Abercorn. His write was excellent. He took up a crotchet to sign his name in French as Charles *Ledoux* in this charter.

‡ Alexander Craig, in Greinlaw.

¶ This wood, or *schaw*, may perhaps have been the remains of the Forest of Paisley, belonging to Walter, the Founder of the Abbey of Paisley, about 1200, or the *hained* or *kept forest*, of James the High Stewart, about 1300. The etymology of *Oxshaw* proved to be from a certain small wood, or thicket, or *schaw*, growing there. The said Walter, betwixt 1208 and 1218, granted to the Monks of Paisley all the lands betwixt the waters of Maich and Calder, and the *forests*, for building and all other purposes. The land (betwixt 1224 and 1234), explained farther, betwixt *Maich* and *Calder* in *forest*, in the Barony of Glen, in the parish of Lochwinnoch. The land in question has been, past memory, without trees, a bare ruin covered with heath, and yields peats. But often trunks of trees are found buried deeply in the moss.

And also the land and the wood of Oxshaw, with the Pool, or Dam, and the pertinents thereto, is valued now, per year, to six shillings and eight pennies.

Written by Robert Fork, N. P., head-clerk of the sheriffdome of Renfrew, and the Regality of Pasley.

V. Instrument of Resignatioun be the Prors. of Anna Inglis, dochter and air of umqll. Thomas Inglis, In favouris of Robert Forke and his airis, of the Tenements and Housis in Pasley, that pertein to vmqll. Thomas Inglis, 3d Jan. 1649.

Andro Langlandis, servitor to James, Earl of Abercorn, actornie and procurator for Anna Inglis, only daughter and Air of the late Thomas Inglis of Corsflat, Burgess of Pasley, and proprietor of the Tenements underwritten.

And subst. also through David Conynghame of Dunkeith, for his Interest, &c.

And Robert Forke, senior Burgess of Pasley, Sheriff-Clerk.

The following subjects disposed, to wit—

1. That tenement qk. belonged to umqll. William Muir, beginning at the water of Kairt, or at the brig; that tenement of umqll. John Stewart; that of the house of the Abbey and Convent, then a new Edifice, built by John Wause, now pertaining to Robert Sempill of Biltreis—extending to the west 35 ells, and descending the Common Vennell, to the east, 23 ells.
2. And also, all and hail, that Tenement of ground, with yard in the Vennell, called the Burngaite, betwixt the Tile Tenement, in times past called Sanct Catharine,* at the north; the Tenement formerly belonged to Robert Forke, afterwards to the late Stephain Forgie, at the south; and the Common King's Way, at the west.
3. And likewise that Tenement lying at the south of the King's High Way, betwixt the Tenement of umqll. Stephain Hendersoun, afterwards of Robert Hendersoun of Orchyarde, and lastly of Alexander Hamiltoun, at the east; that Tenement formerly pertaining to the late Maister Andro Knox, ministert of Paisley, at the west; the Burn commonly called the Burn of Saint Mirrin, at the south; and the King's High Way at the north.

* Besides this *Sanct Catharine's House*—perhaps of the Kilbarchan Saint-ess—there were, in Catholic times, the Chapel of *Grooch*, Saint Nicolas' Chapel, Chapel of the Lord High Stewart at the Blackhall, Saint Rock, or Roch's Chapel, in Wellmeadow;—(by the Baillies and Counsell it was ordered, about 1612, that St Rollock's Kirk should be taken down, and the stanes, timber, and scails thairof, bestowit upon building ane hospital;—) also the Altars of St Ann, St Mirran, and St Colm in this burgh.

† Maister Andro Knocks was younger son of the Laird of Ranfurle in Renfrewshire. He graduated in the College of Glasgow in 1579; he was minister of Lochwinnoch; he was transported to the Kirk of Paisley about 1585. Hew Barclay, Laird of Ladyland, of the old Religion, was a good, humorous, and lively poet. He was unfortunately engaged in the designs of the King of Spain against the Protestant faith, and was detected by Mr Andro Knox and eighteen followers, in laying certain provisions and warlike stores into the Castle of the Craig of Ailsa in 1597. Ladyland, who could find no way of escape, rushed into the sea and was drowned.

4. And the Tenement of Burgh Land lying in the Prioriscrofte, together with a piece of land.

5. Two Aikers of land, of open country, along the Road to Renfrew.

6. A Barn, with a yard thereto, in the croft called the New yaird, near to John Love's Barn, the Wright.

Said Ann Inglis and David Conynghame resigned the said tenements in favour of the said Robert Forke, before the witnesses, John Wallace of Ferguslie, Allan, his son, John Wallace, notary, and Thomas Hamiltoun, servitor to the said Earl. Robert Alexander wrote this Sasine.

VI. Instrument of Sasine of Hew Patirsoun, vor. off the Half Aiker of Land. Daitit 21 March, 1652.

A discreit man, Walter M'Farland in Paisley, Baillie in that pairt. And compeirit Hew Patirsoun, younger, in Caith-peill, holding in his hands ane Letter of Disposition made and grantit be Alexander Craige in Greinlaw, in favour of the said Hew Patirsoun, in All and Hail that said Alexander Craig his Half Aiker of Ground lying about the Rode callit the Mylne-Rode,* or the

There was an act of Parliament, 1st November, 1597, in favour of Mr Andro Knox, minister at Paisley, and his followers, "Quhairby the Proceedingis aganis umqll. Hew Barclay of Ladyland, conforme to the Commission grantit to the effect, was declarit to be loyell and gud service done to His Maicstie and his country in all and sindrie poyntis, clausis, and articlis, contentit thairintill, efter the forme and tenour thairof, in all poyntis." The minister was advanced to be Bishop of the Isles in 1606. The Paisley Record of the Town Council, 1st August, 1606. Andro Knox, Bishop of the Isles, becomes security for the "Laird of Coll's servant," who not comparing, the Baillies decern against the Bishop, with 6/8 expenses. He was translated to the see of Raphoe in Ireland, in 1622, and died there in 1632. He had a good and learned character, with a mild demeanour. He had the following children, to wit—

1. Thomas succeeded him as Bishop of the Isles. He occurs, in 1631, as Bischope of the Isles.
 2. Geils Knox, married to James Hamilton of Woodhall, in the parish of Bothwell.
 3. Another daughter, married to Thomas Cunynghame of Cambuskeith, second son of the Earl of Glencairn. Cambuskeith is in Ayrshire.
- George Robertson, author of the continuation of Crawford's Renfrewshire, had an unfortunate guess—Mr "Andrew Knox is supposed ancestor of Viscount Northland." The able writers of the New Statistics (twice over), and the lively author, Mr Mackie, took up this conjecture without any inquiry.

The family of one Mark Knox, son of John of Selviland, born about 1530, was a branch of the Ranfurle Knozes. 1. This Mark was a merchant in Glasgow. He married Isobel, daughter of Archibald Lyon, merchant there. 2. His son was Thomas Knox, merchant, Glasgow, and married Bessie, daughter of Andro Spang, merchant, by Marion, sister of Mr George Buchanan, the famous Latin poet, (as Auchmar's Book.) 3. They had John, merchant in Ireland. 4. His son, Thomas Knox, of the Barony of Dungenmon, who gained about, or above, £5000 sterling a year, about 1736. Thomas, his son, was created Viscount of Northland, in 1781. His son was created Earl of Ranfurle about 1834.

* "This splendid Wall (of the Garden of the Abbey), ran from the northern transept of the Church, along the present line of *Leven Street*, to the *Wall-Nook*, where it turned east, and ran along the line of what is called *Mill Street*; at the end of this street it turned southwards, skirting what is called the *Mill-Road*; where it terminated at the *Dockhouse*, which stood close to the bank of *Corn* opposite the water at the *Seedhill mills*," Mackie, p. 48.

Rode to Glasgow, within the parochine of Paisley.

Written by James Yool, servitor to John Fork, Sheriff-Clerk of Renfrew.

Witnesses, Robert Hendersone in Habsland, and James Alexander.

After reading, &c., the Infestment was done, before David Avindaill, &c.

MACPHERSON, THE TRANSLATOR OF OSSIAN.

[From "The Pennyworth," 1846.]

JAMES MACPHERSON stands in rather a dubious light with posterity as an original poet. With the Celtic Homer, however, the name of Macpherson is inseparably connected,—they stand as liberty does with reason,

Twined, and from her hath no 'dividual being.

Time has abated the pleasure with which these productions were once read; but poems which, at a former time, engrossed so much attention, which were translated into different languages, and hailed with delight by the poet and the philosopher, and which formed the favourite reading of Napoleon, cannot be considered as unworthy of notice. James Macpherson was born in 1738, at Kingussie, a village in Inverness-shire. He was intended for the church, and received the necessary education at Aberdeen. At the early age of twenty he published a heroic poem, in six cantos, entitled "The Highlander," which at once displayed his ambition and his incapacity, and is a production altogether unworthy of his after fame. For a short time Macpherson taught the school of Ruthven, a village near his native place, whence he was glad to remove as tutor in the family of Mr Graham of Balgowan. While attending his pupil (afterwards Lord Lynedoch) at the Spa of Moffat, he became acquainted with Mr John Home, the author of "Douglas," to whom he showed what he represented as the translations of some fragments of ancient Gaelic poetry, which he said were still floating in the Highlands. He stated that it was one of the favourite amusements of his countrymen to listen to the tales and compositions of their ancient bards, and he described these fragments as full of pathos and poetic imagery. Under the patronage of Mr Home's friends—Blair, Carlyle, and Fergusson—Macpherson published a small volume of sixty pages, entitled "Fragments of Ancient Poetry; translated from the Gaelic or Erse language." The publication attracted general attention, and a subscription was set on foot to enable Macpherson to make a tour in the Highlands to collect other pieces. His journey proved to be highly successful. In 1762 he presented the world with "Fingal," an ancient Epic poem, in six books; and in 1763, with "Timora," another Epic poem, in eight books. The sale of these works was immense,—the possibility that, in the third or fourth century, among the wild remote mountains of Scotland, there existed a people exhibiting all the high and chivalrous feelings of refined valour, generosity, magnanimity, and virtue, was eminently calculated

to excite astonishment; while the idea of the poems being handed down by tradition, through so many centuries, among rude, savage, and barbarous tribes, was no less astounding. Many doubted, others disbelieved,—but a still greater number "indulged the pleasing supposition that Fingal fought, and Ossian sung." Macpherson realised £1200, it is said, by these productions.

In 1764, the poet accompanied Governor Johnston to Pensacola, as his secretary; but, quarrelling with his patron, he returned and fixed his residence in London. He became one of the literary supporters of the administration of the period, and published some historical works, and was besides a copious pamphleteer. In 1773 he published a translation of the Iliad, in the same style of poetical prose as Ossian, which was rather a failure. He was more successful as a politician. A pamphlet of his in defence of the taxation of America, and another on the Opposition in Parliament in 1779, were much applauded. He attempted, as has been seen from his manuscripts, to combat the letters of Junius, writing under the signatures "Musaeus," "Scavola," &c. He was appointed agent for the Nabob of Ascot, and obtained a seat in Parliament as representative for the borough of Camelford. It does not appear, however, that with all his ambition and political zeal, Macpherson ever attempted to speak in the House of Commons. In 1789, the poet, having realised a handsome fortune, purchased the property of Reutts, in his native parish. Having changed its name to that of Belleville, he built upon it a splendid residence, designed by the Adelphi Adams, in the style of an Italian villa, in which he hoped to spend an old age of ease and dignity. He died at Belleville on the 17th February 1796, leaving a handsome fortune, which is still enjoyed by his family. His eldest daughter, Miss Macpherson, is at present proprietrix of the estate; and another daughter of the poet is the wife of the distinguished philosopher, Sir David Brewster. The eagerness of Macpherson for the admiration of his fellow-men was shown by many of the bequests of his will to the poor, and to several charitable institutions of his native country. He ordered that his body should be interred in Westminster Abbey, and that a sum of £300 should be laid out in erecting a monument to his memory in some conspicuous situation at Belleville. Both injunctions were duly fulfilled; the body was interred in Poet's Corner, and a marble obelisk, containing a medallion portrait of the poet, may be seen gleaming amidst a clump of trees by the roadside, to the east of Kingussie.

The fierce controversy which raged for some time as to the authenticity of the poems of Ossian, the incredulity of Johnson, and the obstinate silence of Macpherson, are circumstances well known. There seems to be no question that a great body of traditional poetry was floating over the Highlands, which had been collected by Macpherson, and wrought up into regular poems. It is quite certain also that Gaelic manuscripts were in existence, which he received from different families to aid in his publication. The Highland Society instituted a regular inquiry into the sub-

ject, and in their report the committee state that they "have not been able to obtain any one poem the same in title and tenor with the poems published. Detached passages, the names of characters and places, with some of the wild imagery characteristic of the country, and the attributes of Celtic imagination undoubtedly existed." The ancient tribes of the Celts had their regular bards, even down to a comparatively recent period. A people like the natives of the Highlands, leading an inactive life, and doomed from their climate to a severe protracted winter, were also well adapted to transmit from one generation to another the fragments of ancient song which had beguiled their infancy and youth, and which flattered their love of ancestry. Few, however, now believe that Macpherson found entire poems in the Highlands. The original materials were probably as scanty as those on which Shakspeare founded the marvellous superstructures of his genius; and Macpherson himself has not scrupled to state (in his preface to his last edition of Ossian) that "a translator who cannot equal his original is incapable of expressing its beauties." Sir James Macintosh has suggested, as a supposition countenanced by many circumstances, that after enjoying the pleasure of duping so many critics, Macpherson intended one day to claim the poems as his own. If he had ever such a design, considerable obstacles to its execution arose around him. He was loaded with so much praise, that he seemed bound in honour to his admirers not to desert them. The support of his own country appeared to render adherence to those poems, which Scotland sanctioned, as a national obligation. Exasperated, on the other hand, by the perhaps unduly vehement, and sometimes very coarse attacks made on him, he was unwilling to surrender to such opponents. He involved himself at last so deeply as to leave him no decent retreat. A somewhat sudden and premature death closed the scene on Macpherson; nor is there among the papers which he left behind him a single line that throws any light upon the controversy.

Mr Wordsworth has condemned the imagery of Ossian as spurious. "In nature everything is distinct," he writes, "yet nothing defined into absolute independent singleness. In Macpherson's work it is exactly the reverse; everything (that is not stolen) is in his manner defined, insulated, dislocated, deadened, yet nothing distinct. It will always be so when words are substituted for things." Part of this censure may perhaps be owing to the style and diction of Macpherson, which have a broken, abrupt appearance of sound. The imagery is drawn from the natural appearances of a rude mountainous country. The grass of the rock—the flower of the heath—the thistle with its beard, are, as Blair observes, the chief ornaments of his landscapes. The desert, with all its woods and deer, was enough for Fingal. We suspect it is the sameness—the perpetual recurrence of the same images—which fatigues the reader, and gives a misty confusion to the objects and incidents of the poem. That there is something poetical and striking in Ossian—a wild solitary magnificence, pathos, and tenderness, is undeniable. The description of Balclutha, and the

lamentations in the Song of Selma, are conceived with true feeling and poetical power. The battles of the Carborne heroes are, we confess, much less to our taste, and seem stilted and unnatural: they are like the Quixotic encounters of knightly romance, and want the air of remote antiquity, of dim and solitary grandeur, and of shadowy superstitious fear, which shrouds the wild heaths, lakes, and mountains of Ossian.

ANCIENT REBUKES ON DRESS

DURING the greater portion of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, extravagance and absurdity in dress appear to have been carried to such a height, that it was deemed necessary to restrain both, not only by clerical rebukes in church, but also by legislative enactments. It is very amusing now-a-days to read, in the antiquated and broad-margined *tomes* published during the reign of "Good Queen Bess," and her immediate successors, the sarcastic descriptions which they contain of the male and female attire then prevalent, and the severe rebukes administered to their wearers, originally fulminated from the pulpit, and then circulated far and wide by means of the press. Our ancestors must surely have acknowledged the justness of such, else they could neither have listened to them with patience in the former shape, or read them with equanimity of temper in the latter. An interesting collection of such curious and pungent *morceaux* could easily be formed from the works of the old divines; as few of these grave and learned men could resist the temptation of raising their voices against what they considered to be one of the most clamant sins of their day; want of space, however, forbids my doing so here, and I will therefore confine myself at present to two extracts,—the one containing a severe rebuke on the dresses of the gentlemen, and the other a still more cutting one on those of the ladies,—as specimens of what our ancestors were expected to listen to meekly from their spiritual instructors, and digest with what appetite they might.

Towards the conclusion of the first year of Queen Elizabeth's reign, a proclamation against excess of apparel appeared, upon which a certain Prolate, in a discourse from the pulpit, enumerating many of the prevailing vices and vanities of the day, has given us a curious specimen of the fashions and luxuries of male attire in the following extraordinary passage:—"Those fine figured ruffes, with their sables about their necks, corked slippers, trimmed buskins, and warm mittens: furred stonachers, long gowns; these tender pannels must have one gown for the day, another for the night; one long, another short; one for summer, another for winter; one farred through, and another faced; one for the work-day, another for the holyday; one of this colour, another of that; one of cloth, another of silk or damask. Change of apparel: one afore dinner, one after; one of Spanish fashion, another of Turkey; and to be brief, never content with enough, but always devising new fashions and stranger. A ruffian will have more in his ruff than his hose than he could spend in a year; he will sought to

go in a russet coat, spends as much on apparel, on him and his wife, as his father would have kept a good horse with." So much for the gentlemen; now for the ladies.

Dr Hall, who was successively Bishop of Exeter and Norwich, and who died in the year 1656, also preached a sermon against the follies of the age, in which was the following passage on the absurdities of female dress:—"Who can, without indignation, look upon the prodigies which this mis-imagination produces in that other sex,—to the shame of their husbands—the scorn of religion—the damnation of their own souls! Imagine one of our forefathers were alive again, and should see one of these his gay daughters walk before him in Cheapside: what do you think he would take it for? Here is nothing to be seen but a verdingale, a yellow ruff, and a porriwig, with perhaps some feathers waving at the top; three things for which he could not tell how to find a name. Sure, he would not but stand amazed to think what new creature the times had yielded since he was a man. And if he should run before her to see if by the foreside he might guess what it were, when his eyes should meet with a powdered frizzle, a painted hide shadowed with a fan not more painted, breasts displayed, and a loose lock erring wantonly over her shoulders betwixt a painted cloth and skin, how would he yet more bless himself to think what mixture in nature could be guilty of such a monster! 'Is this,'—thinks he, 'the flesh and blood? Is this the hair? Is this the shape of a woman? or hath Nature repented of her work since my days, and begun a new frame?' It is no marvel if their forefathers could not have known them. God himself, that made them, will never acknowledge that face he never made—the hair that he never made theirs—the body that is ashamed of the Maker—the soul that thus disguises the body. Let me, therefore, say to these dames, '*Depone, filia, quod portes, quia non est tuum.*' 'Lay down that ye wear, it is none of your own.' Let me persuade them—for that can work most—that they do all this in their own wrong. All the world knows that no man will roughcast a marble wall, but mud or unpolished ragg: that Beauty is like Truth, never so glorious as when it goes plainest: that false Art instead of mending Nature, mars it. But if none of our own persuasions can avail, hear this, ye garnished popinjays of our time, if ye will not be ashamed to clothe yourself in this shameless fashion, God shall clothe you with shame and confusion; hear this, ye plaster-faced Jezebels, if ye will not leave your daubing and your high washes, God will one day wash them off with fire and brimstone."

After having perused the above extracts, we may congratulate ourselves that our churches do not echo in our days to such sounds as these; but chiefly ought we to rejoice that there does not exist the same reason why they should.

Glazgow.

E. C.

LORD ELTBANK AND DR JOHNSON.—A happy retort was once made by Lord Eltbank to Johnson's definition of *outs* as "the foot, of horses in England, and of men in Scotland." "Yes," said his Lordship, "and in what other country will you find such horses and such men?"

OBITUARY NOTICES, CHRONOLOGICALLY ARRANGED.

[Continued from our last.]

November, 1762. Last week died, in the parish of Newbrough, near Hexham, Ann Simey, who has practised midwifery since about the time of the Revolution, and delivered women in that neighbourhood till within a few months of her death. From the best accounts she was upwards of 127, and was supposed to be about 130 years of age.

December 1, — At London, Sir Thomas Langley, Bart. aged 98. He was grandson of Sir Roger Langley, foreman of the grand-jury that acquitted the seven bishops in K. James II.'s time, 1688.

Aug. 1766. In Africa, Governor Macpherson.

January 12, 1767. At Venice, General Graham, a Scotch gentleman, of the Duke of Montrose's family, and Commander-in-Chief of the Venetian forces. He was a younger brother of James Græme of Bucklyvie, one of the Commissaries of Edinburgh, and was formerly a Colonel in the Dutch service, from which he was called by the Republic of Venice to command their forces about twelve years ago. The day following his death, Sir James Wright, his Britannic Majesty's resident, and the rest of the English gentlemen in the place, attended his funeral. The Republic have made a complimentary decree to be sent to his family, and have ordered his bust to be placed in the Arsenal.

January 4, 1767. At St James's, in Jamaica, William God, merchant, son of William God, goldsmith in Edinburgh, of the family of Baldrig. Mr God, the father, was the gentleman who, in 1736, invented a new method of printing. Instead of moveable types, those commonly used in printing, in his way each page was one plate. By impressing the face of a page of moveable types in fine sand or paste, he made a mould, and by running metal into the mould, a solid page was formed, which yielded an impression like to that of the moveable types from which it was formed. It was for Bibles, prayer books, the classics, and books of which new editions are frequently wanted, that this method was calculated.

Had Mr God met with the encouragement he expected, he would probably have brought the invention to great perfection. He died in 1749, after having printed some books in the plate way; particularly an edition of Sallust, which, with some of the plates, now may be seen in the Advocates', Physicians', and the College Library of Edinburgh, and in the Scots College at Paris.

July 13, — At Appleby, Westmoreland, aged 78, two persons of the name of Edward Wilson. They were both born on the same day, and died on the same day.

Aug. 5, — At Edinburgh, Charles Congleton, of that ilk, Esq.

[This very ancient family, although deprived of the estate of Congleton, still, it is believed, exists in the male line.]

May 10, 1765. At Edinburgh, Dr David Clerk, Physician in that city.

[John Clark, or Clerk, M.D., was a Subscriber

"in the Copartnery of Freemen, burgesses of the Royal Burrows of Scotland, for carrying on a Fishery trade," and his name occurs in the list in my possession. [Mr M.] printed in 1720. He was a great book collector, as was his son, Dr David Clerk. Their library was sold in 1769. It was rich in classics, many of which were enriched by the MS. notes of Dr John Clerk. Amongst the books was Turnebas' edition of Homer's Iliad, which had formerly belonged to Geo. Buchanan.]

June 17, — At Hawkhurst, in Kent, the place of his Nativity, Nathaniel Lardner, D.D., author of the Credibility of the Gospel History, and Ancient Jewish and Heathen Testimonies, as well as many smaller, but valuable pieces.

Aug. 28, — At Skibo, in Sutherland, Earl Sutherland, commonly called Lord Duffus, the honours having fallen by the attainder of Kenneth, Lord Duffus, for being concerned in the rebellion 1715.

Aug. 31, — At Sunlaws, David Rutherford, Esq., brother-german to the deceased George Rutherford of Fawnington.

Nov. 10, — Died at Edinburgh, in the 72d year of his age, Mr Gideon Crawford, an old and eminent bookseller in that city.

Dec. 1, 1769. Lady Elizabeth Germaine, widow of Sir John Germaine.

[Particulars of lady Betty Germaine's Will.

I bequeath to lady Vere, £20,000.

To Lord George Sackville, £20,000.

N. B. Lord George also gets the Drayton-estate, and is to take the name of Germaine, pursuant to the will of Sir John Germaine.

To Lady Catherine Beauchere, £1000, and one of her best diamond rings.

To the Earl Berkeley, a gold cup.

To Mr Berkeley, £5000.

To the Countess of Granard, £3000.

To Lady Craven, £3000.

To the Countess Temple, £500 for a ring.

She also wills, that all her fine diamonds, plate, &c. shall be sold; and the produce, with the residue of the personal estate, be equally divided among Lord and Lady Vere, and Lord George Sackville. And if it should so happen, that Lord George, or his only son, should succeed to the title and estate of Dorset, then, and in that case, his share to return to Lord Vere's family.

Lord George, as is well known, became the first Viscount Sackville, a peerage which merged in the Dukedom of Dorset; and now, *sic transit gloria mundi*, both titles are extinct.]

March 2, 1770. Richard Rolt, Esquire.

[He derived his sustenance chiefly from writing cantatas and songs for the Theatres, Vauxhall, Sadler's Wells, and other places of amusement. He compiled a life of John Earl of Crawford—a most unreadable work. The following advertisement will give a notion of the variety of his literary labours:

A New Dictionary of Trade and Commerce. Compiled from the Information of the most eminent Merchants, and from the Works of the best Writers on Commercial Subjects, in all Languages.

Containing, among other Things,

1. An Account of all the natural Productions which are conducive to Trade throughout the

World. 2. The different Manufactures established in each particular Country. 3. Explanations of all the Terms used in Commerce. 4. Explanations of the principal Terms of Geography, Astronomy, and Navigation, so far as they are connected with Trade. 5. An exact Account of the Coins, Weights and Measures in Use throughout the World, reduced to the English Standard. 6. A Description of the established Banks, Trading Companies, and Staple Commodities of different Countries. 7. The State of the British Trade, National Debt, Funds, Customs, Excise, and other Taxes. The Laws relative to Trade and Commerce.

By Mr Rolt, with the Assistance of several eminent Merchants.

Conditions.—I. This Work will consist of one Volume in Folio, and no more; and will be completed in Fifty Numbers, on a fine Paper, and new Letter.

II. Each Number will contain four Sheets of Letter-Press, and will be delivered Weekly at the Price of Six-Pence.

III. Number I. was published the 26th of February.

Printed for J. Hodges, J. Newbery, G. Keith, B. Collins, R. Baldwin, P. Davey and B. Law, S. Crowder and H. Woodgate, at the Golden Ball in Pater-noster Row; and sold by all other Booksellers in Great Britain and Ireland.]

May 3, 1771. At Crookham, Northumberland, aged 90, Mrs Dorothy Armstrong. This gentleman saved the late Gen. Foster's life (who was her brother) when a prisoner in the Tower for his attachment to the rebels in the year 1715, by conveying some dung in her pocket, and taking an impression of the key of the prison where he was confined, and then dressed him in women's cloaths, by which means he made his escape.

[This was the well-known Forster of Bamborough Castle, who had the presumption to assume the Commandership-in-chief of the Northumberland and Westmoreland Jacobites, and thereby to destroy any little chance of success they otherwise might have had.]

June 17, — At Edinburgh, Miss Susan Cockburn, granddaughter of the deceased Adam Cockburn of Ormiston, Esq., sometime Lord Justice-Clerk.

Jan. 20, 1772. At Banff, Miss Clementine Baird, youngest daughter of the deceased Wm. Baird of Auchmedden.

[There is a very curious manuscript account of this family in the Library of the Faculty of Advocates.]

Jan. 20, — Near Drymen, Alexander Dun, portioner of Kipdunrie, aged 111 years. He was twice married, and lived 68 years with his last wife, who died about two years ago, aged 103. He was father of the late Rev. Mr Dun of Calder, and enjoyed such an uniform state of health, that at 106 years of age he took charge of his own servants and table.

Oct. 16, — At London, the once gay, the once beautiful, Lucy Cooper. Her life was exceptionable, her death exemplary. She saw her follies, and repented of them.

[This lady was celebrated—not for her virtues. She was much admired for her great beauty.]

March 25, 1773. At Woolwich, Richard Hill, Esq., captain in the royal regiment of artillery. His body was conducted to the grave by upwards of 40 officers, and the third battalion of the royal regiment of artillery.

March — Nicholas Tuite, Esq.

TO THE PRINTER OF THE PUBLIC ADVERTISER.

SIR,—I beg the following short History of a good Man's Life may be communicated to the Public; it may prove an Encouragement to the Virtuous and the Honest.

Nicholas Tuite, Esq., who lately died in Queen Anne-street, was, in 1747, possessed of a small Plantation in Montserrat, an English Sugar Island. In consequence of losing his principal Works and Buildings by a violent Hurricane, he disposed of his Land in the best Manner he could, and immediately embarked for St Croix, a Danish Island, lying about two Days sail from Montserrat.—In this Island, Mr Tuite found a most fertile Soil, but inhabited by an idle, tricking, and ignorant Set of People, who had made but little Progress in Cultivation; the chief Article of Production, which is Sugar, not amounting to 1000 Hogsheads per Ann. By his Example, his Wisdom and his Probity, Improvement became actually astonishing.—Industry, Riches, and a Spirit of Commerce instantly prevailed, so that instead of its being a Burden to Government, it paid, in 1764, a vast Sum to the Danish Revenue; for in that Year the Island made 36,000 Hogsheads of Sugar, 18,000 Hogsheads of Rum, 2500 Bags of Cotton, and considerable Quantities of Coffee. Mr Tuite, after possessing himself of many of the finest Estates in the Island, (for such implicit Confidence did Men justly place in him, that they left all Payments to his own Honor), made a Visit to Copenhagen, where he was received by the late King in a Manner the most honorable and respectful—acknowledged the Founder of the Colony—the sole Cause of its Greatness, and the first Character of the Realm—pressed to accept of the first Honors—he modestly and sensibly refused them, contented with the Title of an *honest Man*. By his Advice and under his Patronage, there are now 700 or 800 English Families, who have Estates in St Croix, many of them very considerable, who, as they become independent, return as Mr Tuite did to their native Country to reside.

Mr Tuite has left an Estate of 20,000*l.* per Ann. to his only Son, a Youth possessed of every amiable Quality, and who bids fair to imitate him in all his Virtues.

It is worthy Observation, and must excite uncommon Satisfaction, that such an immense Fortune should be acquired by honest Industry only, without one hazardous Stroke, or merely lucky Accident. My Motive for communicating it to the Public, is no other than that the Public may join with me in paying Reverence to the Memory of so great a Character, and so good a Man.

CIVES.

April 5, 1773. Rev, Mr Abdy.

[The following epitaph is from the Public Ledger: An EPITAPH for the Monument of the Rev.

Mr ABDY, Archdeacon of Essex, &c. &c.

The true Christian,
Faithful Minister,
And compleat Gentleman;
With Love, divine Benevolence,
With Learning great, and Eloquence,
Died the 5th of April, 1773.
An excellent Example!

A. B. C.]

[To be continued.]

ACCOMPT OF THE EARL OF MARCH-
MONT AND COMPANY'S CHARGES IN
THEIR JOURNEY TO LONDON,
From 6th to 20 Octob. 1707.

1707.	Sterling.
Oct. 6. Payed Bill at Berwick, where they lodged,	£0 15 11
It. to the house,	0 1 6
It. to the stable,	0 1 0
It. the proportion of the stable bill for one horse,	0 1 9
7. Charges at Goswick,	0 1 9
Bill at Bellford, dinner,	0 4 11
Prop. stable bill,	0 0 6
Bill at Alnwick, where they lodged,	0 16 2
To the house, 1s. stable, 1s. one horse, 2s.	0 4 0
8. Bill at Merpath, dinner,	0 10 8
One horse,	0 0 10
Bill at New Castle, where they lodged,	1 6 9
One horse, 2s. 6d. house, 1s. stable, 1s.	0 4 6
9. Bill at Durham, where they lodged,	0 11 4
For 2 horses, 2s. 7d. house and stable, 2s.	0 4 7
10. Bill at Darlington, dinner,	0 7 9
Horse, 5d. hostler, 6d.	0 0 11
Bill at North Allerton, where they lodged,	0 12 3
House, 2s. stable and house, 2s.	0 4 0
11. Bill at Helperbie, to dinner,	0 8 1
Horse, 9d. hostler, 6d.	0 1 3
Charge at Towlton,	0 1 3
12. Bill at York, all Sunday,	2 6 3
Horse, 3s. 3d. house and stable, 3s. 6d.	0 6 9
13. Bill at Tadcaster, dinner,	0 19 6
Horse,	0 0 6
Bill at Ferribridge, lodged,	0 13 9
Horse, 2s. 6d. house and stable, 2s.	0 4 6
14. Bill at Bawtrie, lodged,	0 10 8
Horse, 2s. 2d. house and stable, 2s.	0 4 2
15. Bill at Tuxford, dinner,	0 7 6
Eel pye, 1s. horse, 9d. hostler, 6d.	0 2 3
Bill at Newark on Trent, lodged,	0 14 11
Horse, 1s. 2d. house and stable, 2s.	0 3 2
16. Bill at Sheton, dinner,	0 12 10
Horse, 9d. charge at Gran- ton, 2s. 6d.	0 3 3
Bill at Stamford, lodged,	0 12 10
Horse, 2s. house and stable, 2s.	0 4 0

Oct. 17. Bill at Cotsworth, dinner,	0	5	9
Horse, 7d. hostler, 6d. charge			
at Weusfoord, 2s. 6d.	0	3	7
Bill at Eaton, lodged,	0	17	10
Horse, 1s. 10d. house and stable, 2s.	0	3	10
Charges at Bridgen,	0	1	6
18. Bill at Baldwick, dinner,	0	13	5
Horse, 6d. for opening gates, 4s.	0	4	6
Bill at Hatfield, lodged Sat. 18 and Sunday 19,	2	6	7
Horse, 3s. 1d. house and stable, 2s.	0	5	1
20. Charges at Mr Goodchild's, in Haymarket, London,	0	1	6

£20 11 8

The halfe of £20, 11s. 8d. is £10, 5s. 10d. str.
£123, 10s. Scots.

SILVER PENNIES OF EDWARDS I. & II. FOUND NEAR THE DORNOCH FIRTH.

(TO THE EDITOR OF THE SCOTTISH JOURNAL.)

SIR,—Perhaps some of your antiquarian readers will feel interested in a recent discovery of ancient coins in a remote district of this parish. They are fourteen in number, and I have ascertained them to be silver pennies of the reigns of Edward I. and Edward II. I shall describe one of the three in my possession. Upon one side is a crowned head; around it are the letters EDW. R. ANGL. DNS. HYB. On the reverse, a large Cross, encircled by the words Civitas Cantor. On comparing this with the description given in Archbishop Sharp's Notes, I find that this is the penny of Edward I. That of Edward II. has Edwa, Edwar, and Edward. I can faintly trace an A. after the Edw. upon another of those I have; consequently by this rule it belongs to the reign of Edward II.

It is a matter of some difficulty to account for these coins being found in this remote district. Could they be part of the pillage at Bannockburn, carried off by the northern clans who assisted Bruce?

INQUISITOR.

Eddertoun, near Tain,
1st May, 1848.

LEGENDS OF SCOTTISH SUPERSTITION

No. V.

RINGY-RATTLES.

(STIRLINGSHIRE.)

AMONGST the many thousand species of diabolical carnivori, of which the human race were formerly the helpless and almost unresisting prey, that to which Ringy-rattles belonged, seems to have been a class of a singularly formidable description. It was the humour of this fiend to prow about, in desolate places, in the shape of "a long, red-hot chain of glowing steel!" and wo to the poor belated traveller whom this infernal "press-gang" overtook! He was instantly seized and entangled in its burning, adamant folds, and whisked off—without the slightest chance of recovery—to "the

shades below!"—Witness the following *fræ* narration.

"Worthy John Heatherclood—a s'ponsible man, and an elder o' the Kirk—and," what is more remarkable,—"ane that never told a lee in his life, happened to be lated 'ae nicht' in returning frae Falkirk Tryste; being detained there concluding a bargain wi' Drouthy Tam o' the Heuch, ane half a thraive o' westlin toops. The bargain was lang and dreigh; for Tam was gay and siccar, and the yill was gay and gude: sae it was a wee past elder's hours when John mounted his mare at Matty Norrie's door to ride hame. 'Gude nicht!' quo' Matty, as she helped his leg ower the beast: back—'Gude nicht, Laird! and see that ye tak tent o' the deils as ye gang through Well-ee-moss,—I hear that the place is grown no sae very chancy.' 'Sawtan!' hiccaped the Laird, adjusting himself fearlessly in the saddle,—'Sawtan! and a' thy warks, I defy thee!' and he smacked his whip with an emphasis that made the beast start, and aff she flew like a maukin.

"Weel, he had a gay bit to ride, and it might be about the turn o' midnight, or rather it might be, as Rabbio Burns says, 'the wee short hour ayont the twal,' when he reached the middle o' Well-ee-moss. Suddenly his ears were assailed by a most terrible clankin o' chains; and looking back, he saw Ringy-rattles in full pursuit, stretching frae the ae end o' the horizon to the other! Ten thousand sparks skinkled in a' directions, as if ten hunder smiddymen were dinging on wi' their fore-hammers. The hail moss seemed in a bleeze, and sic a fearfu' clinking and clattering o' bet airn was never heard afore or sin syne. In vain John plied whip and spur: the fast-increasing din—the spreading light—and the showers o' sparks that were already reaching him, showed the rapidity with which the Demon was advancing. In vain the gude auld mare sprang on like a race-horse—through bush and brake—ower stane and dub—through bog and mire. Nae city o' refuge was near, that John might flee to't: Nae 'running stream' which John, like his renowned compeer Tam o' Shanter, might throw adroitly between himself and his merciless pursuer. A few seconds more, and he was within the monster's grasp!—its hell-heated links were twining around him, now hot and hissing—he was lifted from his horse—his eyes swam—his brain reeled—his pulse stopped: but in the middle of hissaul's departing agony, his lips happened, mechanically, to pronounce the words, 'Lord hae mercy!' That was enough—the spell was broken—he had pronounced the sacred name, and the Demon was powerless. Quick had been the process in involution, but that of evolution was infinitely quicker. John was replaced on his saddle safe and sound, and the Fiend, after showing his disappointed malice, by hissing and clattering about his lugs, for a few seconds, darted off on its way with the speed o' lichtning—hoping, no doubt, soon to overtake some other luckless wight, whose lips, perchance, were not so habituated to pronounce the talismanic monosyllable as those of the worthy John Heatherclood!"

11 Hill Street, Anderston,
Glasgow.

COPY OF SUB-VALUATION OF THE
PARISH OF COLDINGHAM. 1629.

THE Sub-Commissioner Court of ye Presbiterie of Chirnside, halden at ye Kirk yr. of the third day of August, 1629, be James Home of Castellaw, Convener, Mr Thomas Nesbit at Ladikirk, David Edington of Claribad, Patrick Craw of Heuchheid, James Archibald, Portioner of West Prestoun, and William Elleme, in Chirnside, fyve of ye said Sub-Commissioners wt. ye Convener sittand in Judgement.

Curia affirmata.

The 9th day, compeirit Robert Craw of Restoun, Pror., and in name and behalf of John Stewart of Coldingham, alledged titular of ye teind sheave of ye parochin of Coldingham, and in the term assignit to him for proving of the lands of Coldingham, and Law yr. of pertaining to the Heritors underwritten, viz. to Sir Patrick Home of Aytoun, Knight, twelf lands and ane half land; the aires of umgle. Robert Lauder, three lands and ane half land; Jone Home of Renton, two lands; the aires of umgle. John Melville, two lands; Patrick Home of the Law, three lands and half land; Patrick Craw in Northfield, a half land; the aires of umgle. George Home in Rikelside, ane land; Hercules King in Bogangreen, two lands; Laird Lumsdaine, ane land; Robert Cockburn of Butterdean, ane land; the laird of Lumsdaine, and George Lichthaines, betwixt them ane land; Jone Purves in Coldinghame ane land; the said Patrick Home of the Law, for the lands in the Law and the Peil, he has twentie ane lands; the said Jone Home of Rentoun has thair four lands; Jone Home, called Leasonespeck, has ane land there; Laird Lichtharnes in the Law, a half land; the six lands of the East and West Presses; the four lands of Halydown; the four lands of the Floures; the four lands of Alomilne; and the four lands of the Steill, pertaining to Sir George Home of Manderston, knight, product ane competent number of diverse famous witnesses, who being sworne, admitted, and purgit of partial counsel, deponit that the said hail lands is worth yeirlie, *in cumulo*, (exceptand the said Sir George Home his lands) and may be worth in tyme coming, of Teynd deutie, sixteen chalders of victual, half beir, half oats.

The same day. In preceth. foresaid compeirit Sir Jone Home of Blackadder, knight, and Jone Renton in the (Lamberton) Sheills, and in the term assignit to thame for proving of the constant worth of the stoke and Teind of the Threttiefour husband lands of Auchencraw, pertaining to the Heritors following. viz. To the said John Renton fifteen lands; to the said Sir Jone Home fyve husband lands; to Jone Craw of that ilk six lands; to the Laird Home four lands; to the laird Boig four lands—deponed that ilk husband land is worth yerlie, and may be worth in tyme coming, in Stoke and Teind, ilk Husband land, Sax Bolls of victual, two pairt Beir, Thaird part oates.

Decim. August., 1629.

The same day compeired Robt. Craw in Restoun, Pror. for the said Sir Jone Stewart of Coldingham, and in the term assignit him for proving

of the constant worth of the Teind of Auchencraw, *per se*, pertaining to the said Heritors yr. of, deponit that the said Threttie four lands is worth yeirlie, and may be worth in tyme coming, *in cumulo*, over heid of Teind, four chalders and half chaldre of victual, Twa pairt oates and thrid pairt Beir.

Compeirit Patrick Home, and Robert Craw of Restoun, and in the term assignit to thame for proving the constant worth of the fourteen lands of Eist Restoun, pertaining to the Heritors thereof, viz. To Robert Craw seven lands; to Robert Cockburn thrie lands; to James Craw two lands, and to Jone Tod two lands, deponit that ilk husband land is worth yeirlie in Stoke and Teynd, and may be worth in tyme coming, aught Bolls of victual, twa pairt oates, and thrie pairt Beir, and ten shillings of vicarage, ilk husband land yeirlie and sicklike. Deponit that the lands of West Restoun, extending to Fourtie lands, pertaining to these persons, viz. To the said Patrick Home ten lands; to — Paxtoun aught lands; to James Wardlaw four lands; to Patrick Craw fyve lands and a half land; to Robert and William Allan twa lands; to William Johnston ane land; to George Law ane land; to Robert Craw thrie lands; To Alexander Hopper a half land; to William Craw, and Mr Alexander Smith fyve lands; and that ilk ane of the same lands is worth yerlie in Stoke and Teynd, aught bolls victual, Twa pairt oates, and thrie pairt Beir.

Decimo Augusti, 1629.

The whilk day compeirit Alexander Home of Stanerigg, Pror. for James Erle of Home, and in the term assignit to him for proving of the constant worth of threttie twa husband lands of Northfield, pertaining to the said noble Erle, deponit that the said hail lands is worth yeirlie, *in cumulo*, and may be worth in tyme coming, in constant rent, *communibus annis*, in tyme coming, in Stoke and Teynd, auchtein chalders of victual, half beir, half oates.

Compeirit James Craw of Whytefield, and Patrick Craw of Heuchhead, and in the term assignit to thame for proving of the worth of the lands of Whytefield and Swinewood, pertaining to the Heritors following, viz. Patrick Craw six lands, and to the said James Craw, and Mr Alexander Smith, fourteen lands; deponit the four lands of Whytefield, pertaining to the said James Craw, is worth yeirlie, in Stoke and Teynd, seven Bolls of victual, twa pairt oates and thrid pairt Beir; and that ilk land of the said twentie lands is worth yeirlie, in Stoke and Teynd, ilk land, four Bolls aits, and thrie bolls of beir.

Septimo Decr., 1629.

Compeirit, Alexander Home of Blackhill, and in the term assynit him for proving of the constant worth of the six lands of Blackhill, pertaining to him heritably, deponit that ilk husband land is worth yeirlie, in stoke and teynd, and may be worth in tyme coming, ilk husband land, Fyve bolls and half boll victual, twa pairt oates and thrid pairt Beir, and threttein shillings and four pennies, monies of vicarage, ilk husband land yeirlie.

Compeirit, the said Pror. Fiscal, and produced

sundrie famous witnesses for proving the six husband lands of Houndwood, who deponit that ilk husband land is worth yeirle, in stoke and teynd, six bolls victual, twa pairt oates and thrid pairt Beir, and ten schillings of vicarage, ilk husband land yeirle.

Decimo Quarto Dec., 1629.

Compeirit David Nisbit, prortt. Fiscal, in the said Presbyterie, and in the term assignit to him for proving of the constant worth of the Stoke and Teynd of the sixteen husband lands of Lumsdaine and Muirburne, pertaining to Archibald Douglass heritor thereof, deponit that ilk husband land is worth yeirle, in Stoke and teynd, and may be worth in tyme coming, in constant rent, *communibus annis*, fyve bolls victual, twa pairt aits and thrid pairt beir, and threttein shillings and four pennies money of vicarage yeirle. Same day compeirit the said prortt. Fiscal, and in the term assignit to him for proving of the constant worth of the Stoke and Teynd of Rentoune, Horseley, Swansfield, Highlows, Fluies, Eist and West Presses, and the Nether-Law of Coldingham, pertaining to Jone Home of Rentoune, Heritor thereof, Deponit that there is twentie six lands in Renton, six in Horseley, and four lands in Swansfield, and that ilk ane of said land pays and is worth yeirle, in Stoke and Teynd, Four Bolls victual, 2 pairt aites and 3d pairt Beir, and twentie schillings of vicarage ilk husband land, and that the 4 lands of Hielaws, the 4 of the Fluies, the 4 lands of the Steil, and the 4 lands of the Nether-Law of Coldingham, is worth yeirle, and may be worth in tyme coming, in Stoke and Teynd, fyve Bolls victual, twa pairt oates, thrid pairt beir, and twentie schillings of vicarage ilk land. The Ale Mylne, and Eist and West Presses, ilk ane of them four lands to be worth yeirle, and may be worth in tyme coming, 4 bolls victual, 2 pairt aites, and 3d pairt Beir, and 20 shillings of money of vicarage ilk land yeirle.

Decimo Septimo Augusti, 1629.

Compeirit the said prort. Fiscal, and in the term assignit to him for proving of the teind of the aught husband lands of Blackburne, pertaining to Sir Patrick Home of Ayton, Knt., Deponit that ilk husband land is worth yeirle of Teind ten firlots of victual, twa pairt oates, and thrid pairt beir.

Compeirit Maister Christopher Knowes, Minister of Coldingham, and gave in ane Rental of the Vicarage Teinds of the Paroch Kirk and Parochin of Coldingham, declairing, be his great aith, that the same was ane true Rental:—The Vicarage of the Law and lands of Coldingham is worth yeirle, and may be worth, in tyme coming, be sea and land, ane hundred Marke; the land of Northfield, worth yeirle Threttein Twa Pund; the Teind of Fysch, Ten Marke; Sanct Bola, worth fyfe markes yeirle; Wester Lumsdaine, be sea and land, fourtie Pund; Fast Castel, worth yeirle, Fourtie Pund, and it may be worth ane hundred Markes; Rentoune, worth yeirle fyftie Markes; West Brookholes, worth yeirle, fyve markes money; Berrihill, worth yeirle, Fourtie schillings; Horseley, worth yeirle, sextein Punds; Houndwood, worth aughtein Pund, and may pay fyftie markes; Swansfield,

worth aucht punds; Aitencraw, with the Pendicles, sextein punds; West Reston, worth threttein pund; Eist Reston, worth fourteen pund; Swinewood lands, worth fourteen pund; Heuchheid, worth aught pund; Wheatfield pays, of Tak dentie, six pund, and is worth aught pund; Blackhill pays, of Tak dentie, six pund; the Eist and West Press, worth yeirle, of vicarage, Threttein Pund; Fleures, Eil (Ale) Mylne and Hielaws, worth fourteen punds, six schillings, aucht pennies. The laird of the Law, his land in the Lawynd, in Hallydowne, and Hillend, pays twentie merkes, and is worth Twentie Punds. *Sic subscribitur.*

Mr Christopher Knowes,
Minister at Coldingham.

Extractum de libro Actorum Curie dict: Sub
Commissionis dict: Presbytery, per me, Pa-
tricum Abernethy, Notorum Publicum, et
Clericum ejus: Testantr. Hiscie meis Signit.
Subscriptionem manualii,

(Signed)

Patrick Craw.
J. Home.

Pa. Abernethy.
James Wardlaw.
David Edington.
William Edlem.

24th Janurii, 1634.

Producit be Aikenbreid, et Protests.

[The above curious document I procured from the late Mr Alex. Allan Carr, author of *The History of Coldingham Priory*, and may be interesting to a certain class of your readers.

Chirnside.
Jany. 29, 1848.

G. H.

MAY-DAY.

It is long since complaints have been made that the nation is becoming un-English in its tastes, and deserting the good old pastimes of days now long gone by. If the lyric tell the truth, it is many a day since the "good old English melodies were banished out of doors," and the native drama is said to be going the same road. Whether true or not, it is something to be assured that what is forgotten now will revive and become fashionable half-a-century hence. But all the old favourite customs have not yet been lost. The first of May dawned bright and beautiful on opening flowers and singing birds, as if to assure the world that all May was come at last; and we may presume that many were the Maypoles erected on the sunny downs of England. In Scotland, the observance of May morning seldom extends farther than the bathing of faces in the tempting dew; but we learn that the young ladies of Miss Gillanders's boarding school, Dingwall, for the first time in the north, or at least in the ancient burgh of Dingwall, crowned their May-queen, danced round their Maypole, and observed the occasion with all due respect. To one of the young ladies, who says it gave her much pleasure, to assist in introducing this custom among the Highland hills, we are indebted for particulars. A little after noon, when the sun was shining delightfully, the happy young ladies repaired to the elevated ground at the obelisk, at the north en-

trance to the town, where the Maypole was erected. Miss Lillias Fraser, daughter of Mr D. Fraser, sen., had the pleasure, by the suffrages of the school, of personating this merry "queen o' the May." Crowned with a coronet of fragrant flowers and green laurel, attended by her two maids of honour, and followed by all the other young ladies, decked with "knots of flowers, and buds, and garlands gay," the queen passed on to the wreath adorned pole, where the dance was joined in, the young girls singing "Flora, save the queen of May," and kneeling by turns to present an offering of flowers, each emblematic of some tender wish. The ceremony gone through, the queen gave out the ball, and reel after reel was merrily danced, to the great delight of the whole party, as well as of numerous spectators attracted by the novelty of the scene. On the return of the young ladies to the school-room, they were joined by many friends, and the dance was there renewed. Now that May-day is past, the young ladies only regret "that twelve long months must roll on ere it again comes round."—*Inverness Courier.*

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF THE CLERGY OF ABERDEENSHIRE IN THE YEAR 1696.

[Concluded from page 159.]

Barclay, Alexander (late at)	Peterhead.
Buchan, George (Parson of)	Logie Buchan.
Burnett, John	Kemnay.
Burnett, Robert	Rayne.
Burnett, William	Midmar.
Chalmers, —	Drumblade.
Garden, Alexander (Minister of)	Logie Buchan.
Gordon, William	Kintore.
Milne, Robert	Forbes.
Mitchell, Alexander (late at)	Lumphhans 1.
Moor, James	Fraserburgh.
Murray, William	Inverury.
Seaton, George	New Machar.
Shand, John	Premnay.
Sharp, Alexander	Bourtie.
Stewart, Robert (Reader)	Midmar.

THE FAUSE MAIDEN.

[I have here attempted putting into the ballad style an old story which I heard related when very young. There was a locality given it somewhere in Carrick.]

The fause maiden sat in a bower,
Licht was her heart, blythe was her e'e;
An' aye she sang, I'll ha'e a lover
Wha will bring yellow gowd to me.

She thoctna on the happy days
Wi' faithfu' Randolph she had seen;
She thoctna on the bonny braes
By Girvan, whar they oft had been.

She thoctna on her broken vows,
Nor on her wanton cruelty;
But aye she sang, I'll ha'e a lover
Wha will bring yellow gowd to me.

Young Randolph loved the fause maiden—
O, but he loved her tenderlie!
But she had broken a' the vows
She swore to him so solemnlie.

Young Randolph said, "My dear mother,
Gae bring my father's sword tae me,
An' I'll win fame or find a grave
In foreign lan's, far owre the sea.

"For O! my heart is sick o' hame;
'There's naething noo can charn my e'e;
An', O! my bosom's fu' o' pain,
Sin' her I love is fause to me."

The flowers were bloomin' in the valley,
The bonny gowan on the lea,
When Randolph took a last fareweel,
An' left his hame to cross the sea.

"O let him gang," she said sae cauldly,
"An' lang may he stay owre the sea,
For I maun ha'e a rich, rich lover,
Wha will bring yellow gowd to me."

An' when she heard beneath the glaive
Her Randolph cruelly was slain,
She heaved no sigh, she shed no tear,
But sprightly touched her harp again.

When autumn winds blew o'er the moor,
An' withered leaves fell frae the tree,
There cam' a strange, mysterious wooer,
An' meikle yellow gowd had he.

O, black was his suspicious brow,
An' bricht the glance o' his dark e'e,
An' wi' an eerie voice he spoke;
But unco meikle gowd had he.

He wadna mouth a Christian name,
An' no ane kent whar he cam frae;
An' sune he wan the fause maiden,
Whate'er her wond'ring frien's could say.

"O, meet me, beneath the mune,
Whar bonny Girvan rins sae clear,
Whar no kirk bell at eve is heard,
An' whar no earthly priest is near.

"For ye ha'e aft vowed to be mine,
An' ye ar mine for evermair;
Altho' ye would, ye canna break
The binding vow I made you swear."

He put a ring upon her finger,
An' bonny was the ring to see;
An' said, "Meet me, at midnight lone,
Beneath the bonny trystin' tree."

She looked a while upon her ring,
An', O! 'twas wondrous to see—
It changed frae yellow to blood-red,
An' then grew black as black could be.

"O come to me, my dear mither,
An' tak' a kind fareweel o' me;
For I am gaun awa', mither—
This very nicht I'll married be."

"Whar are ye gaun, my dear dochter?
Whar are ye gaun awa frae me?"
"I'm gaun to meet my rich bridegroom,
At midnight, 'neath the trystin' tree."

"O dinna gang, my dear dochter,
Or ye the errand lang may rue."
"O, I maun gang, I daurna bide,
I've sworn to keep my promise true."

She gaed awa to the dark wud,
But never cam' she back again;
They socht her lang in the dark wud;
They socht lang, but they socht in vain.

That wild nicht far into the wud,
 A fearfu' revelrie was there :
 The peasants heard the horrid shouts
 That rang upon the midnight air.
 An' mony eerie sights were seen,
 That flitted wilkly through the air ;
 An' loud was heard unearthly laughter,
 An' piercing shouts o' wild despair.

J. D. B.

ON LEAVING SCOTLAND.

BY W. KENNEDY, AUTHOR OF "FITFUL FANCIES," &c.

I love the land !—
 I see its mountains hoary,
 On which Time vainly lays his iron hand ;
 I see the valleys robed in silvan glory,
 And many a lake with lone, romantic strand—
 And streams, and towers, by immortal story
 Ordained heart stirring monuments to stand—
 Yet tower, stream, lake, or valley could not move me,
 Nor the star-wooing mountains—thus to love thee,
 Old honoured land !

I love the land !—
 I hear of distant ages
 A voice proclaiming that it still was free ;
 That from the hills, where winter wildest rages,
 Swept forth the rushing winds of liberty—
 That blazoned broadly on the noblest pages
 E'er stamped by fame, its children's deeds shall be :
 O ! poor pretender to a Poet's feeling,
 Were he who heard such voice in vain appealing—
 I love the land !

I love the land !—
 My fathers lived and died there,
 But not for that the homage of their son ;
 I found the spirit in its native pride there,
 Unfettered thoughts, right actions boldly done ;
 I also found (the memory shall preside here,
 Throned in this breast, till life's tide cease to run)
 Affection tried and true, from men high-hearted ;
 Once more as when from those kind friends I parted,
 God bless the land !

Varieties.

A ROMAN SAUCE.—The Piccadilly Gazette relates the following discovery made in excavating the ruins of Pompeii.

"Turin, Nov. 23.

"We receive from Naples notice of a discovery lately made in Pompeii, which will be highly agreeable to all our readers who regard the memory of the Romans; this discovery is absolutely new. In the recent excavations of a house near the Frellonica, there was found five glass jars perfectly closed, and placed in a small wooden box; these jars being conveyed to the Royal Museum, were carefully cleared of the earth which covered the outside, and it was found that two of them contained a thick and liquid substance in good preservation, which, on accurate examination, proved to be a consuet of olives, prepared for the table of some Pompeian Gastronomes, eighteen centuries ago; they are still entire, which would appear marvellous if not fabulous, were it not confirmed by an authentic report. In another jar there was a thick buteraceous sauce, made of the roe of fish. His Majesty, the King of the Two Sicilies, being immediately informed of this unparalleled discovery, desired to see it, and ordered an accurate analysis to be made of it, of which we shall speak in our next number.

"Perhaps the sauce here spoken of is the famous garum, the delight of the illustrious Gourmands of ancient Rome; it is known that this sauce was made of the roe of fish,

and therefore had much resemblance with the substance found.

"Turin, Nov. 25.

"The following is the account given of the examination of the substance found in one of the jars at Pompeii. We think it useless to report the examination of the olives, farther than to say, that they are of the species still cultivated in the kingdom by the name of "Spanish Olives."

"This substance is much softer than the olives; it is of a greenish-yellow colour, it has a strong rancid smell, and in the mass are small globules, resembling the roe of fish, but which a strong magnifying glass cannot well determine. This substance is on the whole entirely analogous to that found with the olives; it is composed of the same elements of oleaginous acid.

"L'ASTROLABE.—It is perhaps not known by many that the very identical "bell" which formed a part and parcel of the French Ship L'Astrolabe, commanded by the ill-fated La Perouse, (the destiny of which was never satisfactorily explained until Captain Dillon made a voyage to the South Seas, to make inquiries concerning her fate), is now in the Asiatic Society's Museum, in Calcutta. In the year 1827 he left the latter port for the South Sea Islands, when, after some time spent in making observations, he at length discovered from the natives, that about 40 years before (as far as he and Dr Tytler could guess, from their method of calculating time) a vessel was wrecked off the island they inhabited, and that the whole crew, save and except one white man, were drowned; that the latter had lived with them some years, but had since died. Captain Dillon, in the course of his bartering, obtained from them a ship's bell, with the maker's name and the date of the year cast upon it, also three *fleurs de lis*, together with sundry small fragments of French China Tea Services, which left no doubt upon his mind that La Perouse and his unfortunate crew, for whose fate so much anxiety was entertained some years ago, were wrecked upon the coral reefs which nearly surround the whole of that island.

SUPPOSED FOUNDATIONS OF A ROMAN TEMPLE, NEAR WATLING-STREET.—Yesterday, while some men were excavating the ground in Broad-street, south of Watling-street, they discovered a Roman brick pavement (the bricks one inch square), which was several feet in length, and at a depth of eight feet from the surface. On Saturday last some Roman pavement, of a similar character and parallel with the former, was dug up in Friday-street. It is supposed that this pavement extends under the houses from street to street. A few days ago a Roman sewer was met with at the bottom of Friday-street, adjoining Great Fish-street, the first that has been seen in London. It was at about 18 feet below the surface, and composed of Kentish rags, bricks, and lime. The width of it was about two feet. Very extensive excavations have been made in this neighbourhood, for the formation of a sewer, in the course of which numerous Roman walls impeded the progress of the workmen. In three adjoining thoroughfares of Little Trinity-lane, Huggins-lane, and Broad-street hill, leading to Great Fish street, were discovered massive walls, going north and south, with other walls intersecting them, some parallel with each other, at a distance apart only of about 14 inches, and the walls were between two and three feet thick. At the lower part of Little Trinity lane, an immense quantity of bullock's horns and animal bones were dug up; as also in Lambeth hill, and in different parts, Roman silver and copper coins, pottery, &c. From the circumstance of the extent and the number of walls, this is supposed to have been the site of a Roman temple, which was dedicated to Jupiter.—Aug. 1844.

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SOME PARTICULARS OF THE SCOTTISH PRESS IN EARLY TIMES.

IT was to that patriotic, and, though unfortunate, best of monarchs, James IV., that we owe the introduction of the art of printing into Scotland. The fact was long doubtful, but the discovery of the original patent, by William Robertson, of the General Register-House, towards the close of last century, set the matter at rest. It is as follows:—

“James, &c. To all and sindrj officiaris, liegis and subdittis quham it efferis, to quhais knowlage thir our lettres salcum, greting. Wit ye that forsamekill as our lovittis servitouris, Walter Chepman and Andro Millar, burgessis of our burgh of Edinburgh, has, at our instance and request, for our plesour, the honour and profit of our Realme and liegis, takin on thame to furnis and bring hame ane prent, with all stuff belang- and tharto, and expert men to use the samyne, for imprinting within our Realme, of the bukis of our Lawis, actis of parliament, cronielis, mess bukis and portuus, efter the use of our Realme, with additions, and legends of Scottis Sanctis, now gaderit to be ekit tharto, and al utheris bukis that salbe seen necessor, and to sel the sammyne for competent pricis, be our avis and discrecioun, thair labouris and expens being considerit. And becaus we wnderstand that this cannot be performit without rycht greit cost, labour and expens, we have grantit and promittit to thame that thai sall nocht be hurt nor preventit thairon be ony utheris to tak copyis of ony bukis furth of our Realme, to gar imprint the samyne in utheris cuntrois, to be brocht and sauld agane within our Realme, to cause the said Walter and Androw tyne thair gret labour and expense. And alis, It is divisit and thoct expedient be us and our consall, that, in tyme cuming, mess bukis, manualis, matyne bukis and portuus bukis, efter our awin Scottis use, and with legendis of Scottis Sanctis, as is now gaderit and ekit be ane Reverend fader in god, and our traist consolour, William, Bischope of Abirdene, and utheris, be usit generally within al our Realme, alsone as the sammyne may be imprintit and providit, and that na maner of sic bukis of Salusbery use be brocht to be sauld within our Realme in tym cuming, and gif ony dois in the contrair, that they sal tyne the sammyne. Quharfor we charge straitlie

and commandis yow, al and sindrj our officiaris liegis, and subdittis, that nane of yow tak upon hand to do ony thing incontrar this our promitt devise and ordinance in tyme cuming, under the pane of escheting of the bukis and punising of thair persons, bringaris tharof within our Realme, in contrar this our statute, with al rigour as efferis. Geven under our prive Sel, at Edinburgh, the xv day of September, and of our Regne the xxi yer.”

The date of this document is 1507, thirty years after Caxton had set up his press in England. The patentees were Walter Chepman, a merchant in Edinburgh, and Androw Myllar, (according to Chalmers), a working printer. Only a few specimens of their typography exist. These are a collection of pamphlets, chiefly metrical romances and ballads, printed in 1508, of which an imperfect copy is preserved in the Advocate's Library, and the Scottish Service Book, including the Legends of the Scottish saints, commonly called the Breviary of Aberdeen, in 1509.

The long minority and confusion which prevailed after “Flodden field,” were by no means favourable to the growth of the press. The progress of the Reformation, however, gave a stimulus to its powers; and to such an extent had it aided in promoting the disaffection of the times, that the Government of Queen Mary found it necessary to put a check to the “liberty of the press.” In the fifth parliament of her reign, (1551), it was accordingly enacted that “Forsameikle as there is diverse Prenters in this Realme, that dailie and continually prentis bukis concerning the Faith, ballates, sanges, blasphemationes, rimes, alsweill of Kirkmen, as Temporal, and uthers Tragedies, alsweill in *Latine*, as in *English* toung, not seene, viewed and considered be the superiours, as apperteinis to the defamation and sclander of the Lieges of this Realme, and to put orour to sik inconvenientes: It is devised, statute, and ordained be the Lord Governour, with advise of the three Estaites of Parliament: That na Prenter presume, attempt, or take upon hande to prent ony bukies, ballattes, sanges, blasphemationes, rimes or Tragedies, outhir in *Latine* or *English* toung in ony times to cum, unto the time the samin be seene, viewed, and examined be some wise and discreit persons, depute thereto be the Ordinares quhat-sum-ever. And thereafter ane licence had and obtained fra our soveraine, Ladie, and the Lord Governour, for imprinting of sik bukies, under the paine of confiscation of

all the Prenter's gudes, and banishing him from the Realme for ever."

Such is the first act to be found in the statute-book, circumscribing the liberty of the press in Scotland. It sets forth that "there is diverse Prenters in this Realme," but how many we have no means of ascertaining. The number, however, could not be supposed great; for, in 1704, there were only *five* in Edinburgh. This is known from a document which will be afterwards referred to. Chalmers, in his *Life of Ruddiman*, remarks that at the commencement of the seventeenth century, the printers in Edinburgh were chiefly booksellers. Of these, *Andro Hart* is best known.

The civil commotions during the seventeenth century, gave rise to much polemical pamphleteering, and may be said to have been the era of newspaper publishing in England and Scotland, though it no doubt retarded the more solid and lasting labours of the press. But it was not till after the Revolution that newspaper printing was successfully established in Scotland. It is true that the *Caledonian Mercury* was issued from the Scottish press in 1660, the year of the Restoration, but it did not long survive. "On the 31st of December, 1660, appeared, at Edinburgh," says Chalmers, "*MERCURIUS CALEDONIUS: Comprising the affairs in agitation in Scotland, with a survey of Foreign Intelligence.*"* It was a son of the bishop of Orkney, Thomas Sydserfe, who now thought he had the wit to amuse, the knowledge to instruct, and the address to captivate, the lovers of news in Scotland. But he was only able, with all his powers, to extend his publication to ten numbers, which were very loyal, very illiterate, and very affected." From this period till 1669, when the *EDINBURGH GAZETTE* was commenced, there were no newspapers peculiar to Scotland. The *MERCURIUS PUBLICUS*, a London sheet, continued to be reprinted at Edinburgh, as its predecessor, *MERCURIUS POLITICUS*, had been at Leith by Christopher Higgins, whom Cromwell brought to Leith in 1652; hence such papers as "Great News from Germany," reprinted by the heir of Andrew Anderson, in 1691, copied verbatim in a former number of the *Journal*.†

The credit of establishing the *Edinburgh Gazette* is given, by Chalmers, to "James Watson, who is still remembered for his *History of Printing*." This was not the fact, as appears from "Documents relative to the Printers of some Early Scottish Newspapers," published in the second volume of the *Maitland Miscellany*. These interesting papers throw considerable light on the history of the Scottish press. The Act of Queen Mary, already quoted, continued to be acted upon after the Revolution, as well as during the reigns of Charles II. and James III., and a censorship of the press, though apparently not very strictly enforced, was maintained. In 1690, the Privy Council, in terms of the statute of Queen Mary, passed an act, "discharging all Printers within this kingdom, to Print, or Reprint any Pamphlets, Books, or others, relating to the

Government, until the same be seen, revised, and examined by the Earl of Cassils, Master of Melvil, and the Lord Advocate, whom the Council do hereby authorize for that effect." Amongst the "documents" referred to is an "act in favours of James Donaldson for printing the *Gazette*," dated March 10, 1699. Proceeding upon the petition of Donaldson, who is styled "merchant in Edinburgh," the Lords of his Majesty's Privy Council "Grant full warrant and authority to the petitioner for publishing the above Gazette, and Discharges any other persones whatever to pen or publish the like, under the penaltie of forfaiting all the copies to the petitioner, and farther payment to him of the soume of one hundred pounds Scots money, by and attour the aforesaid confiscation and forfeiture, and Recommends to the Lord High Chancellor, to nominate and appoint a particular person to be Supervisor of the saids Gazettes before they be exposed to publick view, printed, or sold."

Donaldson obtained, at the same time, another act, which, as it will be curious to the professors of the typographical art, we copy at length:—

"Act in favours of James Donaldson, Gazetteer, to print Buriall Letters. Mar. 10, 1699.

"Anent the petition given in to the Lords of his Majestie's Privy Council be James Donaldson, merchant in Edinburgh, shewing, That the petitioner hath fallen upon a device for printing or stamping in a fine wryt character after another maner then is commonly used on copper plates, by raising the said character on ingotts of brass, much after the fashion of Printing types, By which means words may be changed according as the subject doeth requyre, and does humbly conceive to cause ingrave and imploy so much of the said character as may serve for buriall letters, may be profitable and convenient for the leidges severall wayes; for the diverse compellations, Titular words, names of persons, and places, from whence and to which the corpses are to be transported, may be changed to the Employers their satisfaction; by this device the leidges may be cheiper and sooner served than ordinar, Buriall Letters being oft times in haste; besides the decencie and ornament of a border of skeletons, mortheads, and the emblems of mortality, which the Petitioner hath so contrived that it may be added or abstracted at pleasure; These, and severall other advantadges to the leidges, without doubt may be found in the use of the said device, which was humbly offered to the saids Lords' consideration, who have allwayes given encouragement to what the saids Lords had seen convenient to the leidges, as it was hoped this would be found; and Therefore humbly supplicating to the effect after mentioned; The Lords of his Majesties Privy Council having considered this petition given in to them by the above James Donaldson, They hereby allow the Petitioner, and his heirs and assigneyes to make use of the above device for printing or stamping, and Discharges any other persones to make use of the same for the space of nyntein years, commencing from the day and date hereof, without special warrant from the Petitioner, or his heirs, assigneyes, or Representatives, had and obtained for that effect, under the penaltie of for-

* The *Mercury* was published once a-week by a Society of Stationers.

† Vol. ii. p. 104.

faulting all these to be made by them, to the Petitioner, and five hundred merks of penaltie, by and attour the said forfaiture."

Donaldson's characters, "on ingotts of brass," were no doubt the origin of the types now used by printers, in imitation of write, called *script*. Previous to his device, funeral invitations appear to have been all written; hence the comparative cheapness and expedition of the new mode of printing them. Donaldson does not seem to have been himself a printer; hence the mistake of Chalmers in supposing that Watson was the projector of the *Gazette*, at whose press it was thrown off. This appears from a petition by the *whole* printers in Edinburgh, in 1704, to the Privy Council, praying relief from certain severe restrictions imposed upon them by the Magistrates of Edinburgh, to which the following signatures were appended:—*Geo. Jaffray; Andrew Symson; John Reid, Junior; John Reid; Ja. Watson*. They did not find redress, however, politics running high at the time, both in reference to the Stuart family and the projected union of the kingdoms.

Chalmers is equally in error in ascribing the origin of the *Edinburgh Courant* to Watson. Amongst the "documents" already referred to, there is one entitled "Act in favours of *Adam Boig*, for printing the *Edinburgh Currant*, Feb. 13, 1705;" Watson, however, was also the first printer of the *Courant*, which went on flourishingly and without interruption, until the end of June following, when both it and the *Gazette* were interdicted, from circumstances arising out of the following petition to the Privy Council:—

"The Petition of George Ker and Evander MacIver, Tacksmen of the Scots Manufactory-Paper-Mills, and James Watson, Printer in Edinburgh,
Humbly sheweth,

That your Petitioners finding, to the great discouragement of such as have apply'd themselves and their small stocks to the improvement of the Paper-Manufactory and art of Printing in this Kingdom, that vast numbers and quantities of Books relating to the Affairs of Scotland, are daily imported from England, for which exorbitant Prices are imposed upon the Leiges, and considerable sums of money carried of course out of the Nation: A manifest instance whereof (amongst many others that may be given) appears by a Book lately brought from England, Entitled, *War betwixt the British Kingdoms considered*, &c., which consists of 13 Sheets of Paper only, and yet there's no less than Two Shillings Sterling exacted for each Copy in stitched Sheets, without being bound: and the Printer of that Book in England, has contrary to the apparent design of the Book itself, affixt such a daring and unwarrantable Advertisement at the end thereof; as if the Printers of Scotland had a Dependence on those of England, and could not Re-print any Book here without their License and Permission, which your Petitioners humbly conceived to have been such an open Encroachment on their Native Right, and such an Abuse on the Leiges of this Kingdom in General, that out of a just Resentment thereof, they resolved to Reprint the said

Book very Correctly on good Scots Paper, and to have sold the same at Ten Pence each Copy, and had advanced a good way in Reprinting thereof, until that, to their great surprise and disappointment, they were stopt by virtue of your Grace and Lordships Act, obtained by the mis-information of some Persons here, who from a selfish Design, had borrowed the Author's Name, and pretended that these Books were sold for his benefit only, tho' it can be made appear that they had them at 15 Pence each Copy, which makes their Profit but one single Penny less than your Petitioners intended Price for the whole Book, when Re-printed here.

May it therefore please, &c., "to recall the said Act of Council," &c.

The Privy Council not only refused to grant the prayer of this petition, but ordered the parties to be cited before them: "as also the said James Watstone, as the persone also who Re-printed the pamphlet, entituled, *Scotland reduced by force of Armes and made a province of England*." MacIver, immediately afterwards, caused an advertisement to be published in the *Courant*, in reference to the foresaid Act of Council, stating that it had been "obtained *parte inaudita*," and that those "having ane interest in the Paper manufactory," designed to apply to the Privy Council next Council-day on the subject, &c. Upon this the Council immediately caused both the *Courant* and *Gazette* to be stopped.

From the petitions of Adam Boig and James Donaldson, praying the Privy Council to withdraw their interdict, some interesting particulars may be gleaned of the mode in which the early newspaper press of Scotland was conducted. Adam Boig humbly craves pardon for his offence, by inadvertently giving insertion to MacIver's Advertisement, and promises greater care in future, remarking that the continuance of the interdict would "intirely ruine your Petitioner now, after he hath been at great pains and Charges in settling Correspondents at Home and Abroad." Donaldson, who seems to have been the reverse of well used, prefaces his petition with certain matters of fact, which throws some light on the personal history of the first publisher of the *Gazette*. He says—"Having levied a Company of foot at his own charge anno 1689, and having served in the Earl of Angus's Regiment till the same was reduced from 20 to 13 Companies, by quhich expence, and being quite put out of the way of Bussiness, he was so involved in debt that in a few years after all his means were quite exhausted, quhich put your Petitioner to think of all possible means of subsistence, and having projected the writing of a News paper in this place, obtain'd your Lordships warrand for penning and publishing all news in a Gazette twice or thrice a week as the said act herewith produced doth testify. He did also procure your Lordships act for the sole printing of Burial Letters, including Heirs and executors, for 19 years, 6 of quhich being expired; Tho these grants did not wholly ansuer expectation yet your petitioner made a shift to live thereby, till in February last Adam Boig did very unexpectedly obtain your Lordships warrand to publish a Newspaper, only distinguish-

able from the Gazette by the title, which your Petitioner taking to be inconsistent with his Act which excludes all others, he made application to your Lordships next Council day to have Adam Boigs Act recall'd, quhich not being granted, Adam Boig began very early to shew for what end he had made application to your Lordships, and at the first instant gave his Paper to the Balland cryers 4s. a quair below the common price, as he did likewise to the Postmaster who used to take a percel of Gazettes weekly; This obliged your Petitioner to lower the price of his Gazettes likewise, But the said Adam and those who assisted him did still so practise the Paper cryers as to neglect the selling of the Gazette, to deny that there was any printed when inquired at, and also extol Mr Boig and the Courant as a paper much preferable to the Gazette, both in respect of foreign and domestick News; Tho such little artifices should seem to merit but little regard, yet by abstracting the Gazette, and the other methods aforesaid, the Courant gain'd credit with some, tho your Petitioner cannot understand upon quhat consideration, for all the foreign News that ever was in the Courant were takin verbatim out of the London papers, and for the most part from Dyers Letter and the London Courant, which are not of the best reputation; so your Petitioner did never omit any domestick News that he judged pertinent, tho he neither midled with matters that he had cause to believe would not be acceptable, nor every story and trifling matter he heard; Moreover your Petitioner doth just now suffer for Adam Boigs falt in having the Gazette stop, tho that disagreeable paragraph was not in, which being in the Courant was displeasing to your Lordships, as well as by his practising the paper sellers, so that by thair combinations they neither would sell the Gazettes, nor permit any other person whom I employ'd, pretending to be countenanced by the Magistrats." Donaldson seems to have been a person of a speculative turn. In his petition he farther complains of the "oblique consequences" of Adam Boig having obtained his act. He was at the time about entering into a contract with some gentlemen for "setting up an fire Arm Manufacture;" but the parties took the alarm, seeing how he had been "defeat in the matter of the Gazette." The prayer of Donaldson's petition was to the effect that Boig's act might be recalled.

The Privy Council, having taken the petition into consideration, ordered Adam Boig to be cited, and in the meantime to "See and Answer Donaldson's Petition." In his counter-statement Boig says—"I humbly suppose it needless to trouble your Grace and Lordships with Answering every particular Storie of that long Petition, only this in General, The Petition Complains; That I Undersold him; That my Courant bore nothing but what was collected from Forreign News-Papers; And that it gained greater Reputation than his Gazette. As to the First, It was his Fault if he kept the Gazette too dear; And I must say, that his Profit cannot but be Considerable, when he sells at my Price, for all News comes by the common Post, and I pay the Postage; Whereas John Bisset his Conjunct gets his News all by the Se-

cretaries Pacquet free of Postage, which is at least Eight Shilling Sterling a Week free Gain to them. As to the Second, I own that the Forreign News was collected from other News-papers, and I suppose Mr Donaldson has not his news from first hands more than I did: But the Truth is, the Courant bore more, for it always bore the Home-news, especially anent our Shipping, which I humbly suppose was one of the Reasons of its having a good Report; And Mr Donaldson, tho he had a Yearly Allowance from the Royal Burrows, never touched any thing of that Nature, nor settled a Correspondent at any Port in the Kingdom, no not so much as at Leith."

In subsequent papers Donaldson urges that the "Act concerning the Gazette" should be maintained inviolate, by the suppression of the Courant, there being "no possibility of two News Writers subsisting by that employment in this place;" and in reference to what Mr Boig stated as to his management of the Gazette, observes—"Tho the matter were true which he alledges as to the way your Petitioner gets his News, it is of no moment, but the Fact is quite otherwise; for your Petitioner gets no news from John Bisset; but has been at considerable expence for them, as he can shew by the Post Masters Discharges: Whereas he has Dyer's Letter without any Price for Corosponding with him, out of which and paragraphs of the London Courant, copied verbatim, he makes up his Courant: Whereas the Gazette is a Collection from the most famous News Writers, who are look'd on as most Impartial and have the best Intelligence. It is wounded how Mr Boig can make this Representation in your Petitioners last Petition to be an acknowledgement that the Courant obtain'd greater Reputation than the Gazette; Or how he can assert that there was never any Domestick News in the Gazette, when the contrary is Notour to all who read it."

The Privy Council having appointed the Lord Justice Clerk, Mr Francis Montgomery, and Sir John Home of Blackader, a committee "to call for Adam Boig author of the Currant, and cause him condescend who are partners with him in publishing the said Currant," &c., Mr Boig, before the committee, declared that "he has no partners. As for the forraigne news he takes them from the prints. For the home news he has them from persones concerned in the Custome offices at the severall ports except Aberdeen, which he has from one Cruickshanks who Keeps a publick Coffee house there. As to any thing wherein the Government might be concerned he waited on the Clerks of Council." After due deliberation, the Privy Council withdrew the interdict upon the Courant, allowing the publisher to proceed with it, on giving a bond not to publish any thing "concerning the Government till first the samein be reviewed by the Clerks of Privy Council." They appear to have taken no farther notice of Donaldson's petition—the interdict upon the Gazette having been withdrawn some time previous-ly.

The *Caledonian Mercury* was commenced in 1720. It was printed by William Adams for William Rolland, a lawyer.

ROTHESAY.

[From "Attic Stories"—1817.]

THIS is not only a genteel place, but it has all the advantages of retirement. At Helensburgh, where we formerly resided, we had no walk but the one to the Row; and we paced it day after day, till we became utterly insensible to its beauty, and our faces became as uninteresting to the beaux whom we daily met as if we had been their sisters. But here we have a great variety of walks. The roads along the two sides of the bay, are the public ones. But there are roads leading out into the country in all directions. Unless you have experienced it, you cannot imagine the delight of walking in a small island. Every half hour you find yourself on an eminence, from which you can survey the ocean surrounding you on all sides, while you feel yourself at the same time secure in a little paradise of solid land. And when you behold a grove on this side, and listen to a brook on that, the grove seems greener, and the brook murmurs more sweetly, when you reflect that they are only in an island.

But we are not restricted to short walks in the neighbourhood of the town. There are objects of considerable interest, at such convenient distances that a visit to one of them occupies the greater part of a day, and affords a very pleasant excursion. The objects that mainly attract the attention of strangers, are the Kyles of Bute, Mountstewart Place, Saint Blain's Chapel, and Dungoyne Fort. But the coast is so indented with bays, and the surface so variegated with hills and lakes, that you may traverse the island in all directions, and on every road find scenery well worth travelling to see. Go to the Bush Hill, an eminence opposite to the kirk, and about half a mile distant from the town of Rothesay:—go to the Bush Hill, and there you will behold a sample of the land where kings once delighted to dwell. Stand on the first terrace of the hill, with your face towards the south, and the modern kirk and the old quire of Saint Mary of Rothesay immediately on your right. You look down on Loch Fad, lying hollow between its wooded banks. The right bank swells into a considerable hill, cleft asunder by a glen which betrays a stolen peep of the blue mountains of Arran. Beyond the loch, a gentle eminence presents a varied surface of verdure and brown heath; and falling away to the right, reveals a small piece of water, which, after a moment's reflection, you find to be the ocean. The lofty mountains of Arran, with their rugged outline mellowed by a thin mist, now open full on the view, and give what a Scotchman calls a *lown* look to the lower land of Bute.—Then turn your face in the contrary direction, and you have the Bay of Rothesay expanded before you. The foregrounds comprehend, not the town, but merely the tops of the higher houses, with the masts of the larger vessels mingling scantily among the blue slated roofs. The ancient castle, its walls being covered with ivy, and the broken gaps of them filled up by trees, towers boldly above the surrounding buildings, and seems as if it were a wooded promontory rising out of the sea. On the right, the Foley House rises from

the midst of its wood, nearly half-way up the hill which shelters the town on that side. Towards the left, a cotton-mill—by the license which in all towns mingles modern utility with ancient grandeur—displays its whitened front and its thousand windows; and beyond it the small chapel of Saint Bryde is seen perched lonely on the point of a hilly ridge, and its bare gables yawn in the blast, from which it seems to protect the town below. A striking background is furnished by the Cowal hills, separated from each other by glens, which widen as they descend, and terminate in sheltered vales opening to the sea.—If you know any artist who excels in landscape-painting, advise him to visit the Bush Hill; and if he execute his work as well as Nature has done hers, he may produce a pair of the finest pictures that ever hung together.

The other day we formed a little party for a visit to the south end of the island; but we could not make use of the boat, as our object was to view the country. There is one Peter, who keeps a cart furnished with two benches for seats; and as Lady Charlotte Campbell was the first who employed it, Peter thought proper to dignify it by the name of the *Charlotine*. You cannot expect good spring-carriages in an island: so people must be content with such things as the *Charlotine*; and please themselves with the reflection, that the more rustic the vehicle the more romantic is the jaunt. The roads are excellent, and there is not a toll-bar in the island; and to do away all appearance of parsimony on the part of those who resort to this humble mode of travelling, Peter takes care to charge about as much for the *Charlotine* as they would pay for a post-chaise.

So mounted in the *Charlotine*, and taking the road towards Mountstewart Place, we passed by the foot of Loch Askog, which is a pretty sheet of water; though its banks are rather tame, as they have no wood, and are cultivated to the margin. About three miles from Rothesay, we passed Kerrycroy, a village consisting of seven double cottages placed asunder, and forming a crescent. There is a small harbour here; and a ferry-boat passes over from this to the Largs every day, and carries the Rothesay mail. Each cottage has a kitchen-garden behind it, and a plot of flowers and shrubbery before it; and if happiness arise from a pleasant abode, few people may be happier than the cottagers of Kerrycroy.

The policy of Mountstewart, the seat of the Marquis of Bute, commences at the village. The house was built ninety-nine years ago. It is a plain building; but it has an imposing appearance from a distance, for it is situated on a sort of elevated terrace which terminates in a precipitous cliff towards the shore, and it commands a fine prospect of Cumbra and the coast of Cuninghame. The walks are laid out with good taste, and the wood might do honour to any plantation in the kingdom. On a narrow piece of flat ground between the cliff and the beach, there is an avenue of beautiful beeches, terminated by a grotto. The avenue, according to the old fashion, is perfectly straight, and is of great length; and when you look along from the one end of it, and perceive

the gradual diminution of the trees, and narrowing of the path, till they almost dwindle from the sight, you receive a strong idea of combined grandeur and beauty, or rather of a grand whole made up of an infinity of beautiful parts. The impression is somewhat similar to that produced by a Gothic building, which at the same time strikes by its great magnitude, and pleases by its minute ornaments. In modern gardening the grand is swallowed up in the beautiful. It is small babyish emotions that suit this frivolous age. We must have serpentine walks, to give a constant relief, and a renewed variety to the eye. But the Beech Walk of Mountstewart excites a feeling of a deeper tone, and restores us to the energy of our fathers.

Having left the place of Mountstewart, we passed through a rich cultivated country; and came to the kirk of Kingarth, which, if it had been a little nearer the manse, we might have taken for the minister's barn. Close by the kirk, there is a piece of flat ground, forming a neck about a mile broad, between the bays of Kilcattan and Stravanan. It is composed of dry sterile gravel, and covered with a thin crust of scorched heather: yet such a desert spot has been chosen by the Druids for their religious ceremonies; and three stones of their temple are still standing upright.

The peninsula beyond this barren neck is a cluster of green hills, the most beautiful I ever beheld. If the *Scilly Court* has not yet forsaken the land, I am sure it must sit here. The hills are not in ridges, but separate; the country is studded with them. They are clad with verdure to the top, and the sheep are nibbling along their sides. In the hollows between them are the sequestered abodes of the inhabitants, and their patches of corn and barley; and you have to wimple your way strangely between the hills, to pass from one cottage to another. Nature seems to have been playing a fantastic, but a good-natured gambol, when she made this country. Saint Blain in one of the most hidden spots, in old times, founded a chapel: and it is with a feeling something like enchantment that you meet with an elegant ruin, where you hardly expect to find a human habitation. Old John Jamieson, the traditionary historian of Saint Blain's, informed us that the mother of the saint was a daughter of the Laird of Kilcattan, but his father was no inhabitant of the earth. The mould which composes the burying-ground of Saint Blain was brought from Rome; but some portion of it was lost, by the carelessness of one of the women employed in conveying it from the shore. The saint, in his wrath, decreed that no woman should be buried there; and such was the force of his prohibition that, during the continuance of the Catholic faith, no woman could rest in the holy ground: if any one was interred in it to-day, her body was cast up before the morrow.

We went about half a mile westward from the chapel to see another monument of antiquity. This is the remnant of a fort on the top of Dungoyle, a precipitous hill close upon the shore. The antiquaries say this is one of the hill-forts which the Romans, on their arrival in Britain, found

the natives using for their defence. They were built on the flat tops of hills that were accessible only from one point, and consisted of a dry wall of rough stones. In a few of them the wall has been melted by heat into a kind of imperfect glass: Dungoyle is one of these vitrified ones. The literary people of Rothesay differ about the etymology of the name. On the supposition that Bute was a frontier island, where the conflicts of the Gael and the Picts were carried on, one party derives it from *dun* and *gael*, the fort of the Gael; while another derives it from *dun* and *gall*, the fort of the stranger.

We had carried our dinner along with us, and we ate it on the top of the hill. The ocean and the mighty mountains of Arran were before us; nature reposed in peace and in beauty around us; and the rays of the sun seemed to dance for joy upon the lovely hills. We trode under our feet the evidences of ancient war. What a long chain of generations it must require to connect the present men with the warriors who fought at Dungoyle! Human nature doubtless was the same then as it is now. But before the heart will acknowledge a kindred race, with kindred feelings, it would ask to see a family of the *olden time* unveiled in a living panorama; to see that there were actually parents and children there, that they were gathered around their fire, and that their fire was made of sticks similar to those which grow in our woods still; to stare upon the very faces, and examine the garments of these ancient folk; to listen to their speech, and determine whether the same idioms marked the same habits as our own; and to behold these actual beings agitated by the cares, and elated by the enjoyments of human life. But human feelings pass away with the people; and the image and impress of successive ages are quickly effaced. A few circumstances only remain, and furnish not a coloured picture, but a meagre proof: here and there a relic of human labour, or a proper name which remains significant and appropriate still, convinces the historian that a people flourished on the same spot in the ages of forgotten antiquity. But the chain which connected the heroes of Dungoyle with the present inhabitants of Kingarth, has been mouldered by the rust of time: a single link only remains: the chapel of Saint Blain bespeaks the existence and the labours of a remote generation, who have assembled to worship on the spot where their still remoter fathers fought.

Saint Blain's chapel was used as the parish kirk so late as the time when Episcopacy was established in Scotland. The roof has been suffered to decay, but the walls are still almost entire, for the finger of sacrilege has never touched them. I wish the fort of Dungoyle were likewise held sacred. Every body who comes to Bute visits it as a curiosity; and as a vitrified wall is a rare thing, they must all have portions of it with them, to show their friends. I should find no fault with a few antiquaries or philosophers for taking bits to put into their cabinets. But it is a very culpable want of thought which leads ladies and gentlemen, who know nothing of a vitrified fort but that it is a curiosity, to break away large fragments of the remaining wall. These frag-

ments are placed upon their mantle-pieces; and after a week or two, having been shown to the whole circle of visitors, they are thrown away, and serve for metal to the high-way. If this foolish rapacity be persisted in by every visitor, the last vestiges of the fort will soon be effaced, and Dungoyne will cease to be an object of interest.

Having finished our rural repast, we resumed our seats in the Charlotino; and Peter made all haste to carry us back to the borough of Rothesay.

The castle of Rothesay was anciently one of the royal palaces of Scotland. It was a favourite seat of the Roberts, especially Robert the Second. The Bute family have been hereditary keepers of it for upwards of three hundred years; and it was their permanent residence until the year 1685, when it was plundered and burned by the followers of the Earl of Argyle, who, with a body of the exiled Presbyterians, made a descent upon the West of Scotland, in the reign of James the Seventh. It has ever since remained a ruin, but it is a superb one. During the absence of one of the Earls of Bute, part of the ground surrounding the castle was unfortunately feued in steadings, and the feuars were suffered to employ the stones of the castle in building their houses! But the present Marquis of Bute has displayed a fine taste, and an exemplary generosity, in ordering such repairs as show the ancient magnitude of the castle, and will enable it the longer to withstand the influence of time. Two terraces, that occupied the space between the walls and the moat, have been restored, by the clearing away of the rubbish which concealed them; and they now afford us an agreeable walk.

ROTHESAY CASTLE.

I stood in Saint Bryde's dismantled aisle,
And looked below on an ancient pile :—
It had felt the sun of a royal day,
And had glowed to the dance and the minstrel's lay;
But its walls are now unroofed and bare,
And clad with a plaid of ivy green,
Yet it sternly scowls o'er Rothesay fair,
And frowns on the huts of modern men!

King Robert much loved Rothesay towers,
And much he loved Bute's banks and bowers;
For the Stuart long bore chieftain sway
From the northern Kyles to Glencallum Bay:
And oft he came to his father's halls,
And gathered his court and his nobles there;
And all was mirth within these walls,
And all was holiday in Rothesay fair.

But far is the day since her king or queen
Hath Rothesay's widowed palace seen;
For Scotland's royal race are fled,
And their mansions mourn for the honoured dead.
Ah, rudely now may vulgar eye
Into the queen's own chamber stare;
For half these towers in ruin lie,
The mournful pride of Rothesay fair!

Sad pile, thou hast wept for rebel stain,
And shivered in the blast of cold disdain;
Even Avarice, with unholy vow,
His hand waved fiercely o'er thy brow!
But thy generous chief, of Bute's old race,
Hath soothed thy grief, hath laid thy care,

Hath wiped the tear that stained thy face,
Hath hidden thee snail-like Rothesay fair.

Now, gentle lady! pace the court,
Where queens and dames were wont to sport;
And, soldier! cast a warrior's glance,
Where many a knight hath proved his lance;
And, holy clerk! view the scenes of fame,
And enter the chapel and whisper a prayer;
And say ye all, with heart the same,
That a wondrous place is Rothesay fair.

Lockhart.

A. C.

LEGENDS OF SCOTTISH SUPERSTITION.

No. VI.

THE LAIRD O' GAWFELL AND THE WITCHES. (STIRLINGSHIRE.)

ABOUT eighty or ninety years ago, "Saunders Finlay o' the Gawfell"—a hill-farm on the road between Kirkintilloch and Kilsyth—was, like many other douce people of the period, grievously tormented by devils, witches, brownies, ghaists, bogles, and similar pugnacious emissaries of the Prince of Darkness. Being an extensive dealer in cattle, he had often occasion to visit fairs and other markets in the neighbouring towns, for the disposal of his stock; and generally in returning from such places—especially if he had been more than ordinarily successful in business—he was waylaid and bedeviled by bogles of some description. Once, returning from Falkirk, on a "Saturday 'teen" he was beset by a bogle, and narrowly escaped with his life. The first notice that he got of its presence "was frae Collie—an unco wise brute—wha gied a gurr, and ran forret before the horse, wi' its tail atween its feet. Wi' that, Saunders got sic a cuff on the back o' the neck, as laid him forret wi' his nose on the beast's mane. How lang he lay there, *insensible*, he couldna tell; but when he looked up, it was braid daylight; and the horse's head was within *two fit* o' the brink o' a precipice o'erhanging the Water o' Carron—whaur, if he had gane o'er, neither him nor beast wad e'er hae been heard o' mair!" Regaining the road, he galloped home "as fast as the beast's legs could carry him: and wha does he see there—lying on the door-stane—but Collie, pechin and blawing *as if he had been chased by bogles the hail nicht!*" Out came Lizzy, the gudewife, and having heard the awfu' tale frae Saunders' ain mouth, she cooly replied—"Hoots, awa! Saunders, if ye wadna sit sae lang at the yill caup, e'er ye leave the town, ye wadna meet wi' sae mony bogles by the way."

Lizzy's scepticism, however, soon "gat an unco shogle," if, as the Laird said, "ony thing could hae done it. First ae cow took ill and died—syne anither—syne anither—syne anither—till to a' appearance, Saunders was soon to hae a toom byre. Ae day, twa o' them, died thegither. This was to be borne nae langer—*witchcraft*, he was sure, was at the bottom o' the hail affair;" and as Saunders' sagacity was always on the alert in these matters, his suspicions readily fixed on an old woman—a cottar, in the neighbourhood. It was of no use talking to Lizzy, or any one else of his acquaintance; so saddling his horse, he set off to

Glasgow, in order to consult a celebrated Witch-doctor, who resided in the garret of an old tenement in the Drygate. To him Saunders made his complaint:—respecting the Witches, and Lizzy's incredulity respecting their existence. "Witches!" replied the sage, "they're now mair rife than ever—they play their pranks quite freely sin the burning days are gane. I'll tell ye what it is, gudeman, if ye come to me the morn's morning at gray day-light, I'll let you see, frae this window here, *mae than twenty lums reeking, and every ane o' them is the lum o' a Witch!*"

Saunders' curiosity did not stretch quite so far—he contented himself with inquiring what he should do to get rid of the Witches. "Ye'll pay me twa merks," said the Warlock, (for he could be little less, that knew so well about them), "Ye'll pay me twa merks, and I'll gie you a charm, which ye maun put on the fire, in the muckle whey-pat, and boil; but first, I beseech ye, as ye value the saul that's in your body, divot up the lum-head—rance the doors and winnocks—and fill every hole and bore in the wa's—for if the Witches should chance to get in on you, *they'll rive you to pieces, like the peclins o' ingins!*" He then proceeded to make up a parcel consisting of herbs and other combustibles—the only ingredients which Saunders knew being three or four large "*corking preens.*" These, the Doctor explained, were to torment the Witches. "As the preens papple in the pat," said he, "their points will jag the very heart-strings o' the auld besoms!" This "potent charm" Saunders received and paid for—then returned home to Gawfell, without any one suspecting where he had been.

That night he spent rather longer time than usual "at the beuks," and it was observed that his devotions were more than usually fervent. As soon as the goodwife and the servants had retired to rest, Saunders proceeded to "divot up the lum-head," barricade the doors and windows, and otherwise secure himself against the invasion of the Witches. He then put on "the muckle whey-pat," and with a trembling hand tumbled in the "awfu'" ingredients. Suddenly, such an infernal stink and smoke arose—filling the whole house—that not only the Witches, but their very Master, himself, had he been there, would have run the most imminent risk of suffocation. Lizzy, in the bed, was like to die "wi' hoasting," and the herd lads, who slept in the loft above, were awakened, and thinking that the house was on fire, shouted in desperation, Master! Master! rin to your broeks! we're a' in a low! we're a' in a low!" At the same time a tremendous howling was heard outside the door, and a voice, which Saunders thought resembled that of the suspected Witch, was heard exclaiming "Tak aff that pat—Oh!—for the love of God tak aff that pat, and I'll never harm you or yours ony mair!" Saunders' courage could stand this accumulation of horrors no longer. Jumping into the bed, "he slapped the faulding doors ahint him wi' a bang"—then derved himself below the blankets "aside the gudewife," where he lay till morning, "trem'ling like a quaking aish!" Meanwhile the pot continued to boil, and the Witches continued to howl—beating and kicking the door, at a fearful rate.

At length, as the fire died away, the noise outside died away also, and in the morning all was quiet.

Well, what does the reader think? "Bessie MacTavish took to her *dead-bed* that very day, and she never rase; but died in a very short time, and Saunders was at her funeral. And sic an awfu' day!—wi' thunder and lichtning, Saunders never saw before, and hoped never to see again. Blythe was he, when he saw the auld Witch safely aneath the clod, for he verily believed that the Foul Thief himsell wad hae come, and carried her awa' bodily. But it was na sae ordeene'd—Bessie MacTavish was 'quietly inurned,' and frae that hour, Saunders Finlay o' the Gawfell, was nae mair fashed wi' that Witch—ony way!"

11 Hill Street, Anderdon,
Glasgow.

W. G.

LETTER OF SUNDRY HIGHLAND LAIRDS.

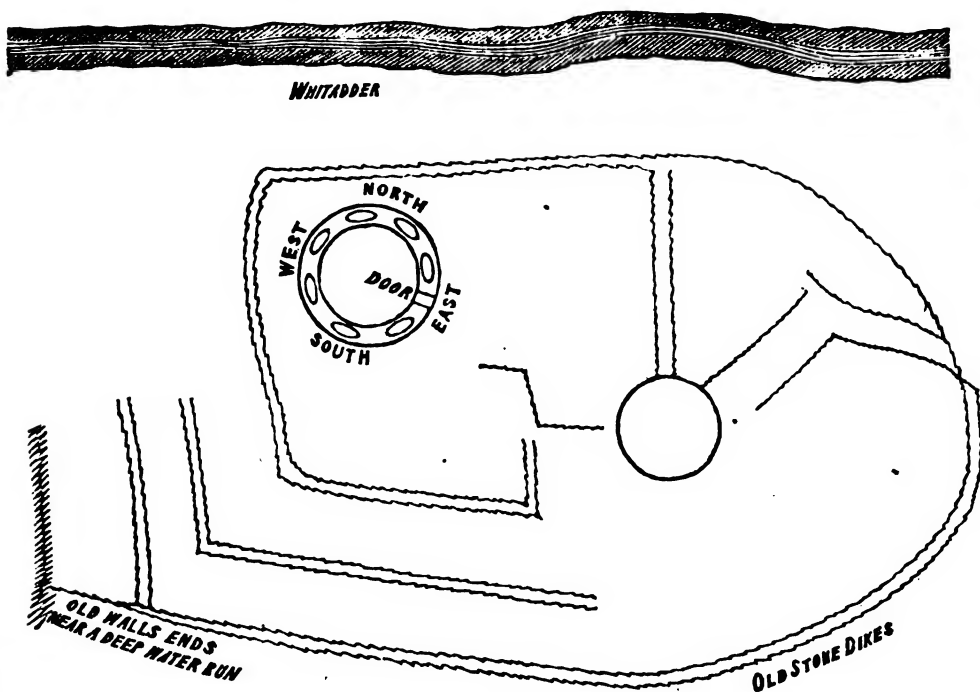
[The original of this letter has no address upon it.]

SIR,—We understand by Borlum, our Bailie, that you desire to know this day our resolutions anent the furnisheing you coalle and candell without paymt. You know verie weelle how heaveie that burden has lyen upon us, and that it has so exhausted us, that much of our Country is waisted, and therfor we doe assure you by these, that we will not advance you any more coalle or candell without pay, because ther is noe law for it, and you may as wel take away all our property by force and violence, as impose upon us any taxes, arbitrary, without authoritie or law; property and libertie is the thing we contend for against arbitrary power, and resolves to adhere to the act of Counsell and Secretaries letter in our favours, as the final resolutione of

Your humble servantes,

Will. M'Intosh of Borlum.
A. M'Pherson of Pivinson.
A. M'Pherson of Kyllihuntly.
Jo. M'Pherson of Sorebeg.
Jo. M'Intosh.
Alex. M'Pherson of Phones.
William M'Intosh of Cathiemore.
Alex. M'Pherson of Eterishe.
A. M'Intosh of Balnespick.
E. M'Pherson, Gargie.
D. M'Intosh, Gargaske.
Don. M'Pherson.
Donald M'Pherson.
La. M'Intosh, Ruthven.
J. M'Pherson, Beucher.
Ja. M'Pherson of Balcheon.
Jo. M'Pherson in Kelliekroon.
J. Gordon in Kinguisie.
Wm. M'Pherson of Noid.
J. M'Phersone of Clune.
Don. M'Intosh of Lynurrlly.
D. M'Pherson of Inlertunie.
Ba. M'Phersone.
D. M'P., Coronach.
Malcolme M'P. son.

Ruthven, 17th Aug., 1697.



EDIN'S HALL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SCOTTISH JOURNAL.

SIR,—At p. 327, vol. i., you have given an account of *Edin's Hall*, from the "Scots Magazine." That account is very meagre and unsatisfactory, and I am sorry that I am unable to clear up the mystery which involves that ancient erection. It is more than eighty years since the writer in the Magazine drew up his account: the building was then in ruins. About fifty years ago, the late Mr John Blackadder, an ingenious land surveyor, and the constructor of an excellent map of Berwickshire, made a measurement of the ruins as they then existed: this, with the accompanying rude sketch, [see above], I here transmit to you. Inside diameter, 54 feet 2 inches; outside, 85 feet 10 inches; thickness of the walls, 15 feet 10 inches. Number of the cells in the walls not certain. So far as recollected, their breadth might be 3 feet, and length somewhere about 8 feet. The entrance to them not known. Recollects the appearance of an arch over their top. The door which led into the Hall was low and narrow, and was on the east. Within the old dikes there are the remains of a number of small buildings—apparently the ruins of old dwelling houses. The distance of the Hall from the Whitadder on the north, was two hundred yards, down a very steep bank. There is a deep hollow on the west, with a small run of water in it. This place has been sometimes called *Woden*, or *Odin's Hall*, but for what purpose it was erected nobody can tell. It is now completely levelled with the soil, and most of the stones have been removed. In the tradition of the neighbourhood, *Edin's Hall* is said to

have been the residence of a giant—and Cockburn-Law, on the northern slope of which it stood, is reputed to have been the last place where the *Picts* made a determined stand in Scotland!

I am, &c.

G. H.

Chirnside, May, 1848.

THE VOYAGE OF THE BARON RENFREW.

THE largest ship that ever swam was the *BARON RENFREW*. In length she had no equal; in breadth she surpassed the *Great Michael*, James the Fourth's favourite man-of-war; and in tonnage she far out-carried the *Great Britain* or the *Columbus*. I have at hand a copy of a lithographed "broadside," with the title, "Description of that unfortunate ship, the *Baron Renfrew*," and happen to have met an "ancient mariner," who assisted to navigate her on her first and only voyage. Perhaps a few particulars from both sources of information may interest the curious. The *Baron* was built in Canada in 1825, by the late Mr Wood, formerly of Greenock or Port-Glasgow, and was intended merely to carry across the Atlantic one enormous cargo of timber, and then to be taken to pieces, that her own materials might be used in the construction of other and better vessels. With these ends in view, she was made of such size, that her registered tonnage was 5294, exceeding by 1404 tons the *Columbus*, a ship built by the same gentleman for the same purpose, and which made her voyage successfully. In length, the *Baron* was 304 feet; in breadth 61 feet; in depth of hold 34 feet; and she stowed beneath decks 9000 tons of timber, with 500 tons on deck.

The Great Michael was 240 feet in length, and 56 in breadth. The Baron's spars, like her timbers and planking, were rough and unfinished, but of great size; she had four masts; and the height of her main-mast from the step was 104 feet; the top-mast 40 feet, and the top-gallant 30 feet. Her main-yard was 74 feet from end to end; the fore-yard 66 feet, and the main royal yard 20 feet; the boom 42 feet; the gaff 25 feet; the bowsprit 58 feet, and the jibboom 48 feet—together 106 feet. Her after main-sail was 55 feet across above, and 60 feet below, with a drop of 46 feet. Her best bower anchor weighed 90 cwt., and her second best, 77 cwt.; one of her cables was 26 inches in circumference; a stream cable was 13 inches; her warps were of ten, nine, and eight inches; and all the other appointments in proportion. The rudder of this enormous vessel was of great size; the iron used in it alone weighed three tons, and it contained one splendid piece of timber, 50 feet long and 26 square, and said to have been one of the finest pieces of timber ever sent out of Canada. The tiller was a rough stick of oak, 33 feet long and 16 inches square; it was guided by three steering wheels, each of which gave hard work to two seamen. The Baron, it may safely be presumed, never was A 1 at Lloyd's; in fact, she was so far from watertight, that she carried a steam-engine of twelve-horse power to drive two twelve-inch pumps; and yet, to keep the water down, required the supplementary labour of one ten-inch and one nine-inch pump, rigged with bell-ropes, and manned by thirty men each. The Baron was commanded by Captain Mathew Walker, with a crew of 93 men, all of whom were accommodated in a poop on deck, 80 feet in length. She left Quebec on the 16th of August, 1825, bound for London, and the enumeration of her cargo is curious. She carried "3207 pieces of pine, 426 of oak, 15 of elm, 25,611 of deal, 23,089 of lathwood, 5 of ash, 23 of hickory, 4 of basswood, 3 of butternut, 1 of birch, 13 of beech, 15 of maple, 34,582 trenails, 5148 staves, 75,765 W. I. staves, 8175 deals, 4502 dealends, 84 masts and bowsprits, 337 spars, 4788 ash oars, 19,511 staves and headings, 5223 planks, and 11 knees."

The passage of the Atlantic was a long one; but better than could have been anticipated. Three or four knots an hour was the average speed at which she made her way through the waters. Occasional gales swept across the track, but they had very little influence on the Baron, never sending her forward at a faster rate than six knots; though now and then, when the furious wind howled with tempest power, and the great hulk surged leisurely along through the chafing sea under all plain sail, stray barques, scudding under close-reefed top-sails, rose up on the horizon far behind, gradually drew near, and keeping a superstitious distance passed on and were speedily out of sight in the gloom a-head. The Baron seemed to defy the power of storm; but bent before it on one occasion. From the time of leaving Quebec, she had shown "a weak side;" that is to say, she had a considerable list; and when about six hundred miles from the Irish coast, in a tremendous sea, she broached-to. The light side

became the undermost; the rush of the water extinguished the boiler fires, and in this condition she remained until the strength of the storm was passed, when she righted. All the pumps were again put on, but for the remainder of the voyage the Baron was partially water-logged, and swam considerably deeper. Early in October the land was descried, and the Baron Renfrew held on her way up Channel, frightening, by her immense proportions, not a few of the superstitious and unlettered skippers who navigated the foreign and coasting craft of the day. One day as the vessel neared the English coast, a smart inward-bound brig dashed boldly within speaking distance of the great ship; and the little skipper, trumpet in hand, ventured to hail. Receiving replies to all his queries, he in return was asked to carry a letter to his port to announce the Baron's approach; but on the bare mention of such a thing, up went every stitch of canvass he could crowd, and away went the brig, but not so fast as her frightened crew could wish, for the proposition had evidently convinced them that the ship they had spoken with was the flying Dutchman! At length, on the 16th of October, the Baron reached the Downs, and was taken in tow by two steamers. Unfortunately, when expectation ran highest, and when the perils of the passage seemed to be all over, a fatal miscalculation occasioned the loss of the ship. The steamers, unmindful of the great depth of water drawn by the Baron, "timorously crept along the treacherous shore," and the ship grounded upon the long sands off Margate. Two days afterwards she was floated, and brought to an anchor; but then a storm arose, and for days the ship slowly dragged her anchors seawards. On the 20th, while the sea ran high, a number of smacks from the shore went off and sent boats to her; but as the ship was now so much strained that the trenails protruded several inches from her sides, the attempt to leave the Baron could not be made without hazard. At last sixty-one of the crew were taken off, but the master and officers remained on board until next day, when the ship began to break up—the storm still continuing. On the 24th, the unfortunate vessel went ashore on the French coast, betwixt Gravelines and Calais, in three pieces; thirteen dogs, it is said, having been drowned on the occasion. Thus terminated the first and only voyage of the great Baron Renfrew.

J. C. P.

OBITUARY NOTICES, CHRONOLOGICALLY ARRANGED.

[Continued from our last]

May 20, 1773. At Hanover, prince Charles of Mecklenburgh Strelitz, an infant about fourteen months old.

May 28, — At Gawsorth, Cheshire, Mr Samuel Johnson, commonly called *Lord Flame*; an excellent comedian, a famous dancing master, a player on the violin, an extraordinary singer, the author of a play called *Hurlo Thrumbo, &c.*

[This extraordinary and absurd production excited a great sensation at the time. Altho' altogether unintelligible, it was acted with becoming

gravity, and received by the audience with the greatest attention : and what is still more extraordinary—applause. Johnson also wrote another drama, called the *Blazing Star*, in which he performed the character of Lord Flame *on Stilts*. A portrait is prefixed. Both plays are of extreme rarity.]

May 30, — At Craigston, Aberdeenshire, Mrs Urquhart of Craigston.

[It is in this family that the representation of the eccentric Knight of Cromarty is said to be vested.]

June — At Vauxhall, John Cranmer, Esq.; the last of the line of Archbishop Cranmer, who suffered death for the Protestant religion in the reign of Q. Mary.

[CRANMER'S BIBLE.—A copy of Cranmer's Bible, edition 1539, in folio, wanting the title-page and two other leaves, was on Friday sold at Mr Leigh Sotheby's rooms for £50. Mr Thorpe was the purchaser. The volume concludes with the following colophon:—"The ende of the New Testament, and the whole Byble fynished in Apryll, Anno M.CCCCXXXIX."—May, 1839.]

Corke, July 1, — Last Sunday, the 26th inst., were publicly interred at Aughadown, the Remains of Richard Tonson, Esq.; All the Clergy and Gentry of the Country, and a vast Concourse of his Tenants and others attended upon the Occasion. The Procession extended above a Mile in Length, and made the most magnificent Appearance ever known in the Country since the Funeral of his Daughter.—Every decent Person had a Hatband and Scarf, and Hatbands were given to every one who attended. The Whole was conducted with the greatest Solemnity and Decorum.

[This gentleman was the predecessor of the Lords Riversdale, and is reputed to have been descended from, or connected with, old Tonson, the well-known bookseller.]

Feb. 5, 1774. At London, Mr James Love, comedian, belonging to Drury Lane Theatre. He was esteemed the finest Falstaff since the days of Mr Quin. His true name was Dance, son of the late Mr Dance, city surveyor, but, on commencing actor, he took the name of Love.

Dec. 30, — In Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, Paul Whitehead, Esq., much admired by the Literati for his many excellent publications. Among other whimsical legacies, he has given his heart, with £50, to Lord Le Despencer.

[Whitehead figures in the amusing and we believe correct picture, given by Johnson, in his *Adventure of a Guinea*, of the profane revelries of Lord Le De Spence, at Medmenham Abbey.]

January, 1775. At Dieppe, John Rhodes, an outlawed smuggler, concerned in breaking open the Custom-House in Dover in 1743; supposed to be worth £30,000.

Nov., 1775. Alderman Webb of Bedford.

[The following lines on his decease, occur in the Westminster Magazine:—

On the Death of Mr Alderman WEBB, of Bedford.

Let mercenary Bards on Pindus dream,
Doat o'er their boasted Heliconian stream;
Set off the hero in a borrow'd praise,
And varnish o'er his death with artful lays;

Vain gilded scenes before their fancies rise,
Mansions of bliss, and bright Elysian skies:
Unknown to *grief* are such poetic fires;
Unfeigned the verse when real woe inspires.
Receive, blest Shade, this humble lay—receive
The last sad gift a *youthful friend* can give:
Those virtues need no borrow'd rays to light,
Which in themselves appear divinely bright:
In their own native charms they shine confest,
And he that paints them truest, paints them best.

All those who knew the generous WEBB will join

Their friendly tears and pious sighs to mine.
His soul was form'd to act such glorious part
Of life, unstain'd with vanity or art:
No thought within his generous mind had birth,
But that he might have own'd to Heaven and Earth.

Practis'd by him each virtue grew more bright,
And shone with more than its own native light.

Ye mansions of the dead, ye seats of rest,
Who never entertained a purer guest,
Inviolat for ever keep your trust,
Till Heav'n itself awake their hallow'd dust.
Ye guardian Angels, whom eternal fate
Around the good and just ordains to wait,
Your sacred charge, the fleeting soul convey
To realms of light, and trackless fields of day.

See the glad choir thro' all th' ethereal road
Welcome their guest into his new abode!
Behold! the winged virtue tow'ring high
Scorns the vain province of mortality.

But ah! the daring Muse attempts in vain
To view him further thro' the shining plain:
The vast immense repels her dazzled sight,
O'erspread with one continued blaze of light.

Wickwar.

B.]

February 20, 1776. At London, Mr Joseph Colver, translator of the Messiah and Noah from the German.

March 26, — At Hackney, Mrs Jane Davis, a maiden lady, aged 113 years. She was born in the reign of Charles II.; her memory and sight continued tolerably good till within a year of her death. She enjoyed some post under Queen Anne.

August 16, — At Kelso, Sir Robert Ker, Bart.—The title descends to William Carr, Esq. of Etall, in the county of Northumberland, now Sir William Carr, Bart. by patent bearing date July 31, 1637, Nova Scotia.

Nov., — At Cork, aged 55, William Owagan, Esq., senior Alderman of that city, and one of the pages who attended King James II. in 1689, when entertained by that city.

April, 1777. Lady Shadwell, in the 96th of her age, in Holles Street, relict of Sir John Shadwell, Knt., physician to their Majesties Queen Ann and George the first.

[Sir John was a son of Shadwell the poet, and ancestor of the present Sir Laurence Shadwell, Vice-Chancellor of England.]

April — Mrs Latter, Bookseller at Reading: she published a volume of poems, which were well received; likewise a tragedy, entitled the *Siege of Jerusalem*, and various other pieces.

Oct. — Mr Thomas Merchant, aged 80, in George's Court, Clerkenwell, Author of the *Notes*

on the New Testament which bear his name, and of several other literary performances.

July 21, 1780. Died at Dunse, Mr James Giekie, writer in Edinburgh.

[This person, like the famous Wm. Jameson, W.S., kept the Court of Session in perpetual hot water. He was the author of various productions—now of rare occurrence—one of which has this strange title, "Speak evil of no Man."]

July 30, — At Bath, Lady Susannah Houston, relict of Sir Thomas Houston.

[This Lady was the authoress of a comedy called "The Coquette," not printed, which is noticed in the Biographie Dramatique, and another comedy with the odd name of "In Foro," not noticed in the above work, the MS. of the first three acts of which belongs to the collector of these obituary notices.]

Aug. 12. — At London, Charles Maitland, Esq., of Raynham in Kent, of Convulsions in the stomach, occasioned by eating mushrooms stewed in a bellmetal saucepan.

Dec. 30, — The Mrs Turbervilles, who died Dec. 30, 1780, were representatives of that ancient family which flourished at Bere Regis, county of Dorset, from the time of Henry III. A younger sister, Mary, married, in 1721, Wm. Dacket, Esq., who died 1749.

[The most celebrated of this family was the poet, who flourished in the reign of Queen Bess, and whose works are much coveted by bibliomaniacs.]

March 17, 1783. Mr Peter Maber, of Ever-shot, in Dorsetshire, having acted with uncommon fidelity, integrity, and firmness, through a life of more than eighty-eight years, retreated from this state to a happier scene of existence. He was steward to the late Thomas Hollis, Esq., and his successor, for many years, and continued such to the last; approved and esteemed by all who knew him. Having in the younger part of his life passed some years on the Continent, he acquired the French and Latin languages; and his ideas of men and things were enlarged and extended, as his strong natural parts were improved, by observations, which he brought into practice. His perseverance and steadiness, in never relinquishing the plain strait road of rectitude, made him respected by those who considered his character; but to the artful and interested he was obnoxious, as they could not bend him to their base purposes, and therefore they unjustly reproached him. He regarded it not, but as idle air, and went on his way *propositi tenax*.—He was a dissenter on a large plan, and from the best of principles, the right of private judgment in matters of religion. He was also a zealous and uniform friend to the civil rights of mankind in general, and a real lover of his country and its genuine constitution. Lamenting the degeneracy of these times, when all love of the public seems swallowed up and lost in effeminacy, luxury, and dissipation, he was full of the same spirit which possessed his father, when he opposed James II., and in similar circumstances, would have acted the like part. The loss of such a citizen is to be lamented at all times, but more especially in the present, when the necessities of the age require such men; and few is to be found.

March, — Anne Simms, at Studley Green, co. Wilts, in her 113th year. Till within a few months of her death, she was able to walk to and from the seat of the Marquess of Lansdown, near three miles from Studley. She had been, and continued, till upwards of a 100 years of age, the most noted poacher in that part of the country; and frequently boasted of selling to gentlemen the fish taken out of their own ponds. Her coffin and shroud she had purchased, and kept in her apartment more than twenty years.

On the 30th of November last, 1784, died at Hints, co. Stafford, at the advanced age of 83, Mrs Dorothy Chadwick, of New Hall, in Warwickshire, a maiden lady, who lived upon an annuity of only 65 pounds till her 78th year, when, by the death of her brother, Charles Chadwick Sacheverell, Esq., she unexpectedly became possessed of considerable landed property in the counties of Stafford, Warwick, and Derby, besides a handsome personal estate. She was the youngest daughter of the late Charles Chadwick, Esq., of Mavesyn Ridware, (who was high sheriff for Staffordshire in the year 1719), and of Dorothy his wife, the daughter of Sir Thomas Dolman, Knt. of Shaw House, Berks. The death of this good old lady was occasioned by a shocking accident which befel her whilst she was alone, charitably employed at her bureau in counting over a hundred pounds as a present to the Poor! Leaning too near the candle (on account probably of the little weakness she had in one eye), her cap unfortunately took fire, and though she tore off the whole of her head-dress, the flames communicated farther, and unhappily spread over her: in this horrid situation a servant, who happened at last to hear her cries, found her fallen upon the floor, and came but just time enough to save her from instant death; yet was she burnt in so dreadful a manner, that, notwithstanding an uncommon strength of constitution, after languishing twelve days in that miserable state, nature became exhausted: she bore her misfortune, however, with uncommon fortitude, and at last expired without a groan.

Dec. 11, — Mrs Kennon, the most celebrated midwife in the kingdom, who had the honour to deliver the present princess of Wales of all her children.

January, 1785. At Paddington, of the gout in his head and stomach, Col. John Peters, who was born at Hebron, in Connecticut, June 1740. He was descended from a brother of Hugh Peters, and Gen. Thomas Harrison, and, on his mother's side, from John Phelps, Esq., characters well known in the last century to Cromwell and Thurlow. Nevertheless, Colonel Peters took an active and zealous part, in 1776, against the American rebellion, and in Canada raised the regiment called "The Queen's Loyal Rangers," of which he was appointed commandant by Lord Dorchester. By his loyalty he lost his property; by his patience and fortitude he supported his mind under a long illness, and yielded up his life with alacrity. He left a wife and eight children at Cape Breton, to lament the loss of an affectionate husband and father, and of a generous and benevolent friend. His remains were interred on Wednesday, Jan.

16, at four in the afternoon, in the New Burying-ground of St George, Hanover Square.—“Rebellion and Loyalty are alike fatal to some families, and alike prosperous to others.”

March, — Rev. Thomas Bray, D.D., rector of Exeter College, Oxford, canon of Windsor, rector of Bixbrand, in Oxfordshire, and of Dunsfold in Surrey. In the earlier part of his life he took an active part in the famous Oxfordshire election in 1754, for which he was rewarded by Lord Maclesfield with the rectory of Bixbrand (commonly called Bix). When the late Lord Harcourt was appointed lord-lieutenant of Ireland, he was made one of his chaplains, but did not accompany him. His lordship gave him the deanery of Raphoe in that kingdom; but being a bachelor, and not young, in 1774 he exchanged it with Dr King, for a canonry of Windsor and the rectory of Dunsfold, though of less value; which preferences Dr King had obtained as chaplain to the House of Commons, whilst the present Lord Grantley was speaker. If ancient laws and rules were not observed in Exeter College, it was not for want of example in the rector, who adhered to them himself, without being morosely severe to those who, being born in later times, could not so easily accommodate themselves to the customs of former days. He was descended from a Cornish family, and when he was grown rich had a coat of arms painted for him, but said he did not know whether any of his family had borne one.

(To be Continued.)

THE ARMORIAL BEARINGS OF THE CITY OF ABERDEEN.

THE ancient arms of the city of Aberdeen were the image of its patron, Saint Nicholas, thus:—Azure, a church massoned sable, St Nicholas standing in the porch mitred and vested proper, with his right hand lifted up, praying over three children in a boiling caldron, of the first, and in his left hand a crosier, or.

Its present arms represent its castle, which its townsmen recovered so remarkably from the English, anno 1288, thus:—gules, three towers, triple towered, within the tressure of Scotland, argent, supported by two leopards proper. Motto, “Bon Accord.”

Thus turned into rhyme by that eccentric divine, the Rev. John Barclay, Minister of Cruden, anno 1685.*

The threefold Toures, the Castle shews regain'd
From enemies, who it by force maintain'd;

* Author of a very curious and now scarce work in verse, which bears the following comprehensive and explicit imprint:—

A Description of the Roman Catholick Church,
wherein

The pretensions of its head,
The manner of his court,
The Principles and Doctrines,
The Worship and Service,
The Religious Orders and Houses,
The Designs and Practices of
That Church are represented in a Vision,
By John Barclay, Minister of Cruden.

Written in the year 1679.

Printed in the year 1689.

The Leopards, which on each hand ye view,
The cruell temper of these foes do shew;
The Shield and Lillies, by the king's command,
As pledges of great goodwill do stand;
The colour, calls the Blood there shed to mind,
Which these proud foes unto their cost did find;
And “Bon Accord” (by which doth safety come
To Commonwealths), establisht was at home.

THE SCOTTISH PALLADIUM, OR FAMOUS BLACK STONE.

KING Edward's Chair, commonly called St Edward's, is an ancient seat of solid hardwood, with back and sides of the same, variously painted, in which the kings of Scotland were, in former periods, constantly crowned; but having been carried away from the kingdom by Edward the First, in the year 1296, it has ever since remained in the Abbey of Westminster, and has been the royal chair in which the succeeding kings and queens of this realm have been inaugurated. It is in height 6 feet 7 inches, in breadth at the bottom, 38 inches, and in depth 24 inches; from the seat to the bottom is 25 inches, the breadth of the seat within the sides is 28 inches, and the depth 18 inches. At 9 inches from the ground is a board supported at the four corners by as many lions. Between the seat and this board is enclosed a stone, commonly called “Jacob's, or the Fatal Marble Stone,” which is an oblong of about 22 inches in length, 13 inches broad, and 11 inches deep, of a steel colour mixed with some veins of red. History relates that it is the stone whereon the Patriarch Jacob laid his head in the plain of Luz. It is also added that it was brought to Brigantia, in the kingdom of Galicia in Spain, in which place Gathelus the King sat on it as his throne. Thence it was conveyed to Ireland by Simon Breck, who was King of Scots, about 700 years B.C., from thence into Scotland by King Fergus,* about 370 years afterwards, and in the year 850, it was placed in the Abbey of Scone, in the sheriffdom of Perth, by Kenneth, who caused it to be enclosed in this wooden chair, and a prophetic verse to be engraved, of which the following is a translation:—

“Should Fate not fail, where'er this stone is found
The Scots shall monarchs of that realm be crown'd.”

This is more remarkable, by its having been fulfilled in the person of King James I., grandfather to the Princess Sophia, Electress of Hanover, grandmother to King George II., who was great-great-grandfather to Queen Victoria.

LAST WILL OF ROBERT MELVILL.

I, ROBERT MELVILL, Preacher at Sympreng, being sent furthe to serve in my calling to the Armye lying about Newcastle, Considering that all the dayes of my appoynted tyme I ought to wait till

* Fergus I., King of Scotland, was crowned at Argyle, in the year of the world, 3619, being 330 years before the Incarnation of our Saviour. After the building of Rome, 420. He reigned 27 years in Scotland, and was drowned at Carrickfergus in Ireland, A.M. 3666.

my change come, Recommening with the Kirke of God, myself, charge, and affaires into the hande of my most mercifull Father in heaven, in the name of Our Lord and Savior Jesus Chryst. Considering wt.all my mortalitye uhn. it shall pleas God to call me out of the transitorie Lyff to his glorie. I leave my wyff, Katharine Melvill, my executrix, to intromett wt. all my goods and geir, Bands and obligationes, or what ells I have right to, or may have right to at my departor, for her awn use and the use of or children, Ihone and Margaret Melvill, to be equally divyded betuix them after her discretions (as she shall find they carye themselves duetifully and obediently to her) at her departor, or sooner, as God shall offer fitt occasione to her to laye out for their advancement, and all she may spair. As to or sone Ihone, I think meet he be put to the Scole of humanitye for a yeer or half yeer, either att Edinbr. or St Androse as his moyr. shall have best opportunitie. And if he be found to proffit, I wold haue him pass his cours at the College. If in St Androse, rather at the old College. If the Regent be a sufficient man. To our kinswoman, Christian Melvill, who hes been brot up be us, uill yt. she haue as portione what we agreed to give her at the last purpose of marriage yt. was offered, un. God shall offer ano other matry. qlk. my wyff and other freinds shall judge fitting for her; the portione to be increased or lesened as she shall cary herself to my wyff. This my lett. will written be me at Sympreng, ye 9. of Sepr. 1644, I subserve wt. my hand befor yir uitness, George Synklar, sone to the Laird of Wasseter, and George Davidson, Reader at Sympreng.

ROBERT MELVILL.

Georg Sinclair, witness.
John Home, witness.

MY LORD CHANSROL OF SCOTLAND, HIS ACCOMPT.

1699.

Jun. 28.	For making on per of black bruches for your Lordship	01 04 00
	For on shambow skein for poc- kets to them	00 10 00
	Fer butons and silk to them	00 08 00
	For Rolars to the bruches	00 10 00
Ag. 11.	For black silk to mak holls in cloth cot	01 16 00
	For 3 dosn moyher butons to the cot, at 14	02 02 00
	For making the holls, putting on the butons, dressing the cot	01 16 00
	For silk to your Lordship's black cot	01 16 00
	For buckrum to it	00 12 00
	For making the cot	03 10 00
	For buckrum and binding to the coachman's cot	00 14 00
1701.	For silk and tust to it	01 00 00
May 3.	For 3 dosn fien butons to it, at 6	00 18 00
	For making the cot	02 10 00
Oct. 29.	For buckrum and binding to black sut vest	00 18 00

For a shambow skein for pokts to the bruches	01 10 00
For Rolars to the bruches	00 10 00
For 3 dosn half fien butons to the cot	02 09 90
For 4 dosn half small for vest and bruches	00 15 10
For making the sut and vest	06 00 00
For silk to sut and vest of your Lordship's, to Mr Dit- son	01 10 00
Dec. 16. For 4 dosn half botons to vest and bruches	00 13 06
For making his sut and vest	04 00 00

REMUNERATION OF LITERARY MEN—AS- SIGNMENTS OF COPYRIGHT.

By the death of Mr Upcott, formerly librarian to the London Institution, and a most indefatigable collector of autographs, the sale of his curious and valuable manuscripts has become necessary. They will be disposed of in the month of June. Amongst the most interesting of these documents is a series of assignments, from authors to booksellers, of the copyright of their works, of which the following gleanings cannot fail to be interesting. The series comprises 585 assignments of manuscripts, with the amount paid for each work. These documents are alphabetically arranged, are illustrated by ninety portraits, and are bound with indices in four folio volumes. They embrace poets, dramatists, and miscellaneous writers from 1706 to 1818. Gay received for his "Fables" and his "Beggars' Opera," £94 10s.; Addison, for his pompously dull tragedy of "Cato," £107 10s.; Oliver Goldsmith, for his careless and clumsy compilation, "The Natural History of the Earth," 800 guineas (having sold the copyright of the "Vicar of Wakefield" for £70); Dr Joseph Wharton, for his learned and most delightful edition of "Milton's Minor Poems" (a work of most laborious research), only 50 guineas; De Lolme, for his admirable "Treatise on the English Constitution," £31 10s.; Godwin, for his "Political Justice," 700 guineas; for "Caleb Williams," 80 guineas; and for "St Leon," 400 guineas; Colley Cibber, for "The Provoked Husband," 100 guineas; Lillo, for "George Barnwell," 100 guineas; Broome (one of Dr Johnson's pets, but a wretched poet notwithstanding), for his "Poems," £35; Holcroft, for his various works, most of them below mediocrity, £2050; Ann Radcliffe (the authoress of "The Mysteries of Udolpho"), for the worst of all her publications, her "Journey through Holland," £500; Malone for his edition of "Shakspeare" (including the payment of his literary contributors), thirty copies of the work and £200; Belsham, for his "Memoirs of George III.," £1100; Francis Hargrave, the father of the English Bar, and author of the admirable argument which was the means of freeing the slave the instant he set foot on British ground, for his "Juridical Arguments and Collections," £250; Hutton, for his "Mensuration," "Arithmetic," and "Ladies' Diary," works which cannot have realised for booksellers less than £30,000,) £284 2s. 6d.; Lady Craven, for a trashy volume of Travels, £250; Rowe, for "Jane Shore," (by which, poor as it is, thousands of pounds have been put into the pockets of theatrical managers and booksellers,) £50; Echard, for his "History of England," £370 10s.; Simpson, for the half of his "Elements of Euclid," £144 14s. 5½d.; Beaton, for his invaluable and laborious "Political Index," three volumes, £250; Berry's edition of "Lord Oxford's Works," (a miserable specimen of editorship), £3000; Burney's "History of Music" and "Tour Through Germany," (the former a standard work,) £300; Strutt's "View of the Dress and Habits of the People of England," a volume of great research and of the highest merit, £250; Mrs Inchbald's "Simple Story" and "Child of Nature," £250 10s.; Mrs Piozzi's gossip

about "British Synonymy," £300; Harewood's "Review of the Various Editions of the Classics," (a work which has proved extremely useful to the Rev. Dr Dibdin,) £25; Vesey, for his "Chancery Reports," £300; and Miller, for his "Philosophy of Natural History," 1000 guineas. Translations appear to have been paid for even more capriciously; Murphy, for his unrivalled version of Tacitus, received £600; Theobald, (the "piddling Tibbald" of Pope,) for wretched translations of the "Odyssey," of "Sophocles," and of "Horace," long ago consigned to the trunkmakers, 50s. for every 400 Greek verses, and £1 1s. for every 120 Latin verses; Dr Langhorne, for his translations, was only paid some 30s. per sheet, (our Howitts and Austens receive as many pounds); whilst Helen Maria Williams, for her beautiful translation of "Paul and Virginia," (a work which has in its English dress realised thousands for booksellers,) only £25. Some editions were paid in kind. Urry, for example, received for the copyright of his poor edition of "Chaucer," 700 small paper and 100 large paper copies; a great deal more than it was worth, if he had the opportunity of realising his stock.

THE ROVER'S DOOM.

[In the early part of the fourteenth century. Undolph Ederic, or Roderic, a famous Danish pirate, was wrecked and lost, with all his daring crew, during a storm in the Frith of Clyde: one tradition says on the coast of Carrick, another that it was on one of the two Cumbræes; however both traditions agree that on the evening previous, far in the sea, a mermaid was heard singing a wild song, predictive of the disastrous event.]

"The breeze is fresh'ning from the isles—
The ocean we must plough—
Go, call the gallant starboard watch
To weigh the anchor now,
And spread the broad sheets to the wind;
We'll seek afar again,
With daring hearts and ready brands
Our fortune on the main."
"O, look to yonder mirky sky,"
The hardy boatswain said;
"The moon is wandering in a cloud
And all is wrapt in shade:
There is no starlight on the deep
No pilot come to guide!—
We cannot leave the frith to-night,
Nor battle with the tide."
"The coast is all unknown to us,
And, list! the breakers roar;
And rocky is the winding frith
We never plowed before.
'Twere better here, by Cumbræ's isle,
To ride till morning break,
Than run upon the Carrick shore,
And lie a helpless wreck."
The Rover's brow grew dark with ire—
"What! speak'st thou thus to me?
I'll teach thee how thou must obey,
When I'm commanding thee;
And wer't thou not my brother's son,
These words had cost thee dear;
Where is thy boasted courage now,
Thou slave of childish fear?"
"O, thou hast seen me in the fight,
When we, off Ronan's isle,
Seized the rich laden, gallant barque,
And won the princely spoil;
Say, was my sabre idle there,
When over thee I stood,

And kept the foe at bay, when thou
Was faint with loss of blood?
"And tell me if I was afraid—
Well thou rememberest now,
The dreadful night a lady came
And sat upon our prow;
When rose the wild unearthly gale,
With lurid lightnings blue;
When in the yawning waves thou lost
The bravest of thy crew?
"This eve I paced the deck alone,
And as I thought on home;
I heard a sweet, clear singing voice,
Amid the ocean foam:
The chorus loud rang in mine ear,
Sung with unholy glee—
'The Rover and his daring crew
Will sleep to-night with me.'"
"Ha! thou has listened to a song
By lying mermaid sung,
Or in thy fancy wild hast heard
A voice spoke by no tongue:
Go, call the watch to spread the sails,
The anchor heave afloat;
And breath not to the wondering crew
What thou hast heard to-night."
The Rover o'er the spray-washed deck,
Paced quickly to and fro,
And looked up in the heavens black,
And on the waves below;
And with a hurrying tongue he spoke,
But in the howling gale
None knew the dark words of their chief,
Nor listened to his tale.
With wild song heard above the storm,
The heavy anchor's weighed—
With sails unfurled to the wind,
The barque about is laid:
"Luff! luff!" the Rover wildly cries,
"I hear the breakers roar;"
Alas! 'tis vain, the sails are rent,
They drift upon the shore.
The midnight-squalls sweep o'er the deep,
The thunder peals aloud;
And the red lightning cleaves the gloom,
Far in the sable cloud:
The dawn lights up a raging sea,
A wreck-strewn, rocky shore;
And on the surging water rides
The Rover's barque no more.

ORIGINAL CHARTERS OF THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE KIRK OF SCOTLAND.

THE original Charters of the Assembly, from 1560 to 1616, were presented to the library of Zion College, London Wall, in 1737, by the Hon. Archibald Campbell, (who was chosen by the Presbyters as Bishop of Aberdeen, in 1721), under such conditions as might effectually prevent them again becoming the property of the Kirk of Scotland. Their production having been requested by a committee of the House of Commons, the records were laid on the table of the Committee Room, on the 5th May, 1834. They were consumed in the fire which destroyed the Houses of Parliament on the 16th October, 1834.

Varieties.

THE ROYALS.—This gallant corps is not only the oldest in the British army, but the oldest in the world. Its origin can be traced back as far as the year 1632, being the representative of a body of brave Scots, formerly in the service of Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden. Tradition has connected its early services with the ancient Scots Guards at the French Court; but it became the first regiment of the line in the year 1633, when it was commanded by Sir James Hepburne, who was killed at the siege of Sauverne. His brother succeeded him in the command of the Royal Scots, and was killed at Lorraine. Lord James Douglas afterwards fell at the head of the corps, when Lord George Douglas (created Earl of Dumbarton) took the command, and the old song "Dumbarton's drums beat bonnie, O," is beaten on the drums of the Regiment as a call to this day. The subsequent commanders were the Duke of Schomberg (killed at the battle of the Boyne), Sir Robert Douglas, Lord George Hamilton, the Honourable James St Clair, the Marquis of Lorn, Lord Adam Gordon, the Duke of Kent, the Marquis of Huntly, the Duke of Gordon, Lord Lyndoch, Sir George Murray; and the present Colonel-in-Chief is the Rt. Hon. Sir J. Kempt. This regiment was frequently called after its Colonel, as "the St Clair Regiment," "Dumbarton's Regiment," &c., and was known in France by the title of "Le Regiment de Douglas," in the time of Louis XIII.

MANNERS OF OUR ANCESTORS.—So recently even as 1662, the manners of our ancestors were so unpolished as to require the publication of the following "General and mixed precepts, as touching civility among men," for the edification of the young "gentry" of England:—

"Sing not with thy mouth, humming to thyself, unless thou be alone, in such sort as thou canst not be heard by others. Strike not up a drum with thy fingers or thy feet.

"Rub not thy teeth, nor crash them, nor make anything crack in such a manner that thou disquiet anybody.

"It is uncivil to stretch out thine arms at length and writhe them hither and thither.

"In yawning howl not; and thou shouldst abstain, as much as thou canst, from yawning, especially when thou speakest, for that sheweth thee to be weary, and that one little accounted for the company.

"When thou blowest thy nose, make not thy nose sound like a trumpet.

"To sleep when others speak, to sit when others stand, to walk on when others stay, to speak when one should hold his peace, or bear others, are all things of ill manners; but it is permitted to a superior to walk in certain places, as a master in his school.

"Hearing thy master, or likewise the preacher, wriggle not thyself, as seeming unable to contain thyself within thy skin, making shew thyself to be the knowing and sufficient person, to the misprice of others.

"It is not decent to spit upon the fire, much less to lay hands upon the embers, or to put them into the flame to warm oneself; nor is it becoming to stoop so low as even to crouching, and, as it were, one sate on the ground. If there be any meat on the fire, thou oughtest not to set thy foot thereon to heat it. In the presence of a well-bred company, it is uncomely to turn one's back to the fire, or to approach nigher than the others, for one and the other savoureth, of pre-eminence. It is not permitted but to the chief in quality, or to him who hath charge of the fire, to stir up the fire with the fire-fork, or to kindle it, take it away, or put fuel on it.

"When thou sittest, put not, indecently, one leg on the other, but keep them firm and settled; and join thy feet even, cross them not one upon the other.

"Gnaw not thy nails in the presence of others, nor bite them with thy teeth.

"Spit not on thy fingers, and draw them not as if it were to make them longer; sniffle not in the sight of others.

"Neither shake thy head, feet, or legs; roll not thine eyes. Lift not one of thy eyebrows higher than the other. Wry not thy mouth. Take heed that with thy spittle thou bowest not his face with whom thou speakest, and to that end approach not too nigh him.

"Turn not thy back to others, especially in speaking; jog not the table or desk, on which another doth read or write, lean not upon any one; pull him not by his cloak to speak to him; put him not with thine elbow.

"Puff not up thy cheeks, loll not out thy tongue; rub not thy beard or thy hands; thrust not out thy lips, or bite them, and keep them neither too open or too shut."—*Sharpe's Magazine*.

HOLY ISLAND—INTERESTING TO ANTIQUARIES.—During the past week some discoveries have been made upon the island which are likely to be interesting to the antiquary. The workmen employed in forming a road-way from the lime-kilns to the place of shipment came upon the foundations of some buildings; and as neither tradition or history assign any habitation or structure to that part of the island, the workman's curiosity was very much excited; and along what is called Snook, on the other side of the island, they traced a line of foundations which occupy in extent about an acre and a-half. In the course of these operations they found two coins of the reign of Ethelred; and, supposing that to be the period when these foundations were formed, they must have existed for upwards of a thousand years. The cathedral was built in the reign of William Rufus, 200 years after Ethelred. The coins have been shown to us, and are certainly a great prize to the antiquary. We were informed they are Saxon sticas; they are in wonderful preservation, the superscription being unimpaired. The coin is made of a composition apparently, being neither silver nor brass. A stica, we understand, was worth about 2d. or 2½d. —*Berwick Advertiser*.

A LEARNED THEBAN—QUALIFICATIONS FOR A PAROCHIAL TEACHER.—The following is a copy of a letter addressed to one of our Highland clergy by a candidate for the situation of parochial schoolmaster. We give the curious epistle *verbatim*, merely suppressing names:—

"REV. SIR,—Having been informed that a teacher is wanted for the parish of H—, I beg leave to apply for the situation, as I am fully qualified to teach all the useful branches of education. I may also inform you that I have a thorough knowledge of sacred music, and will have no objections to officiate, if required, as Precentor. I can play the violin and flute well, and if at any time your reverence require a pleasant companion, I will be most happy to attend and make myself as agreeable as possible (but let it be remembered that I never drink any thing stronger than Sherbet.) Should any of the parents wish their children taught dancing, I will give them private lessons at a very low rate; and in addition to my other qualifications, I understand the diseases and accidents the horse is liable to, and the common distempers incident to cows, sheep, &c. and the methods of cure. I am at present employed as clerk and book-keeper to a clothier and tailor—a situation I detest.

"If you think I have any chance, please write me, and I will forward the necessary certificates, &c. which I am sure will be quite satisfactory.—Reverend Sir, your obedient servant, "J— S—.

"P.S.—I have some knowledge of medicine, and should there be no proper medical practitioner, *inter nos*, I will give advice to the poor gratis. 'Comme il faut lui et ubiqué.' 'Homo sum, humanum nihil a me alienum puto.'—*Inverness Courier*.

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Price 2d.

THE PARISH CHURCH AND BURYING-GROUND OF DALRY.

THE Church of Dalry stands close by the most open and public part of the village. It is a plain quadrilateral building, as devoid nearly of every external architectural adornment, as the humblest dwelling-house situated within the sound of its bell.* The belfry, which is detached, the breadth of the stair to the galleries, from the south wall of the edifice, is, indeed, along with the clock, the only feature the fabric presents indicative of its rank as a place of public worship. It is of older date than the body of the church, having formed part of a preceding structure. The present church was built in 1771, but having received an extensive internal repair in 1821, it presents a much superior appearance within than might be inferred from its homely exterior. It is said, however, to be now not only by much too small for the population, but likewise to be in a very defective condition—the walls being bent and forced outwards, and the roof bent inwards. Be this as it may, these defects are not apparent on a slight inspection; though a stranger might, from the depth of the galleries, the closely arranged seats, and from the feeling on entering it of a want of airiness, be impressed with the idea that it must prove a much more eligible place of worship in winter than in summer.

To the right of the pulpit on the east wall, against which it is placed, is a plain marble tablet, inscribed, "In memory of Hamilton Blair. Daughter of Hamilton Blair of Blair, Esq., and Jane, His Wife. Born the 22d of February, 1777, and died the 5th of October, 1782, aged five years, seven months, and fourteen days.

"Farewell! Thou Lovely Innocent, Farewell!
How much beloved the Verse would fail to tell;
Farewell! ye Friends, from mournful tears refrain,
A Time will come when we shall meet again:
Shall meet again, if we but worthy prove,
In peaceful Seats of Happiness and Love."

Above the tablet is a funeral escutcheon, bearing Blair and Scott quarterly, put up on the death of Colonel Blair of Blair, in 1841; and to the left of the pulpit is another hatchment, affixed on the

demise of his lady, in 1818. It bears Blair and Scott, as on the other, impaling Fordyce; the latter being, gules, a sword in pale, between three boars' heads erased, argent, muzzled, of the field. On a board beneath the last mentioned escutcheon are recorded the following—

"DONATIONS

FOR THE POOR, BY

1809, James Speir of Camphill, .	£	5	0	0
1810, Agnis Kyle in Linn, .		10	0	0
1811, Mrs Hunt of Ashgrove, .		40	0	0
1811, John Service of Holmes of Caaf, .		50	0	0
1812, John Aitken, Farmer in Kirkbank, Parish of Johnstown, shire of Dumfries, .		252	0	0"

In the south-west corner of the church is an old oak seat, originally the family pew of the Boyd's of Pitcon, but which, until lately, had for many years been allotted to the church-going paupers, and is still let annually in aid of their funds. The back of the seat is thrown into panels, and the centre of the upper part is formed into a square compartment, flanked with rudely carved scroll-work, and crowned with a small divided pediment. On the pediment is cut in raised characters, "March 30;" and between the two bounding pilasters of the compartment is a shield, bearing the fess chequed of Boyd, impaled with the saltire and masles of Blair. The initials R.—B., and A.—B., are placed against each other on opposite sides of the shield; the lower part of which disparts in like manner the date, 16.—34. This is still a firm seat, and though long degraded and stuck in a damp corner of the church, might, by a few timely repairs, be made to outlast all the slender fir boarding and benches around it.

In the exterior west wall of the church, between the upper and lower tier of windows, are built three stones, carved respectively with the armorials of Ker, Campbell, and Boyd, impaling Blair. The first is a cheveron, charged with three stars, accompanied with the initials D. K., and the date 1604; *

* The like armorials, accompanied with the same initials, D. K., and date, 1604, are to be seen over the entrance door of the farm house of Kersland, having been preserved when the old manor-house, with the exception of two strongly vaulted apartments, now used as a dairy, was, early in the last century, destroyed. They likewise occur above a door in the garden wall of that ancient residence of the Kers,—a

* The small clear toned bell bears the following inscription: "Franciscus . Hemony . me . fecit . Amstelodamie . Anno . 1661 .

the second is girony of eight pieces, with the letters A. C., and dated as above,—being the armorials and initials of Annabella, daughter of Sir Matthew Campbell of Loudon, spouse of Daniel Ker of Kersland; and the bearings on the third are the same as on the oak seat in the church, but dated 1641; and in lieu of the initials only, the surnames, Boyd and Blair, are given in full. In the wall of the church, facing the principal entrance into the burying-ground, is cut, on a slightly projecting stone, “Remember Lot’s Wife. Luke 17—22;” and on the east side of the building the arms of Blair, impaling Semple, along with the initials I. B.—C. S., and the date 1608, are twice to be met with.* All of these sculptured stones belonged to a former church, which stood on the site of the present one, and their preservation in this manner is creditable to the taste and feeling of those who had the superintendence of the reconstruction of the edifice in 1771.

On a wasted stone in the last mentioned wall of the church, is an inscription, commemorative of several generations of the old family of Harvie of Broadlie, now upwards of a hundred and fifty years represented through the female line by Montgomery of Broadlie and Easter Hills. It is reputed the most ancient memorial in the burying ground, but unfortunately about a third of its scratchy lettering, including the date, are so worn out by the weather, as to render it impossible to ascertain the period of its erection. The following is an accurate transcript of what is yet legible of this meagre memorial:—

“Neir . To . This . Are . Interred . The . Corps
Of . Alexander . Mr . William . Robert . And
John . Harvies . Of . Broadlaie . With His . Son
John . And . Spovse . Margaret . Noble . Mr
Thomas . Harvie.”

On a plate of plain marble, inserted likewise in this wall, is engraved the following melancholy family record: “The Reverend John Fullarton, late minister of this parish, died 23d January, MDCCCII. in the 67th year of his age, and 41st of his ministry, after a life of exemplary piety and diligence in discharging the duties of his sacred office among an affectionate and united people. Mrs Helen Donald, his Spouse, endeared to her family and friends by her amiable qualities, died 21st January, MDCCC. aged 57 years. Robert, their second son, was lost at sea in a passage to America, 16th September, MDCCLXXXV. aged 15. James, their third son, died 13th April, MDCCXCII. aged 16. Isabella, their youngest daughter, died 31 May, MDCCXCIII. aged 21. Helen, their third daughter, died 18th August, MDCCXCVIII. aged 24.

position they have maintained with little injury, now upwards of two hundred and forty years.

* The burial vault of the family of Blair of Blair, is situated beneath the Church, the entrance to which is by an aperture in this wall, below the surface level of the soil. Of the equally ancient families of Ker of Kersland, and Boyd of Pitcon, both of which became extinct during the last century, the places of sepulture are unmarked by any memorial,—the solitary armorials above noticed being the only churchyard proofs extant, if such they can be regarded, that any members of these once flourishing houses repose within its precincts.

“Their surviving children, three sons and two daughters, deeply affected with the loss of so many dear relations, have erected this stone to their memory.”

“Attached to the south wall of the churchyard is a handsome marble monument, composed of a moulded panel and funeral urn, surmounted by an obelisk, and protected, along with the area before it, by an iron railing. The panel is inscribed thus: “Here are deposited the remains of Miller Hill Hunt, Esq., of the Kingdom of Ireland, late a Captain in his Majesty’s 6th Regt. of Foot. Born August 12th 1727; died April 24th 1783. Having run the trying career of active life with unspotted integrity and honour, he dedicated the last fourteen years of his course to reading and social duties in domestic retirement, where he acquitted himself with a refinement of affection and generosity of Friendship rarely to be met with, and ever to be remembered by the grateful objects of his indulgent attention.”

To the left of the above, and within the same enclosure, a square of plain marble bears as follows: “To the memory of Lydia Vere, daughter of John Weir Vere, Esq., of Dominica; born Oct. 15th 1778; died June 7th, 1787.

“Suffer little Children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven.—Mat. 19—14.’
‘Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings I will perfect praise.—Mat. 21—16.’”

Both of these monuments are deeply marked with traces of “Decay’s effacing fingers,” while the area before them waves, year after year, with a crop of nettles, equal if not superior in height to the tallest of epitaph collectors.

The three following epitaphs are on headstones; the fourth is on a monument, composed of a well proportioned pedestal, crowned with an urn; and the two last are on table-stones.

1.

Here lyeth the remains of Robert Whitefoord, eldest son to John Whitefoord, Farmer in Pitcon, who died Sept. 18th, 1759, aged 22 years.

Stope Passengers as you go by,
And hear my early Desteny;
When I was 22 years old
Death upon me did take hold.
This stone stands witness at my head.
Which makes my parents’ hearts to bleed.*

2.

This simple stone, which few vain marbles can,
May truly say, here lies an honest man,†

* On the face of the stone opposite to this inscription, is an incorrect version of “Our Life’s a flying shadow,” &c., which inscription has been already noticed in our remarks on the epitaphs in the much neglected kirk-yard of Beith. The rhymes transcribed from this headstone are not original: they are to be met with of considerable earlier date in the burying-ground of Kilwinning; but not having fallen in with them elsewhere, either on stone, or in any of the numerous printed compilations of epitaphs, the ancient town of St Winning is perhaps alone entitled to the credit of their authorship.

† The above, it is almost superfluous to remark, is the introductory couplet, incorrectly copied, however, of Pope’s beautiful epitaph on Elijah Fenton.

Is erected to the pious memory of Mr Andrew Robinson, school-master here, by Hamilton Blair of Blair, to whom he was long factor, who died 4th March, the year of our Lord 1772, aged 64 years.

3.

Erected to the memory of William Wilson of Baidland Mill, who died Dec. 17th 1791, in the 80th year of his age.

Sincere and honest,
In his dealings just,
He was; though virtue
Saves not from the dust!
But, bless'd Religion,
With each Christian grace,
Dispels each gloom,
And brightens every place.

And on the west face of the stone is the following entry: "Erected to the memory of William Wilson, late of Baidland Mill, who died 17th Nov., 1835, aged 71 years.

4.

Sacred to the memory of the Rev. Thomas Johnstone, Minister of Dalry. He was born July 29th, 1775, and died Septemr., 25th, 1843, aged 68 years. For 23 years he was Minister of this parish, and for 35 was a Minister in the Church of Scotland.

5.

Beneath this stone, raised by the hand of conjugal friendship, slumber the mortal remains of Hamilton Robinson, late Writer in Irvine, who departed this life on the 11th day of February, 1796, in the 39th year of his age. In him were united energy of disposition, elegance of manners, benevolence of heart, warmth of affection, and genuine piety. He died trusting in the merits of a Divine Redeemer.

Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord. Rev. chap. xii. ver. 13.

6.

To the memory of Andrew Smith, Esquire of Swinrigemuir, and Marion Cochrane, his spouse, who died 12th of May, 1814, aged 83 years. Also their children, Elizabeth Smith who died * * 1772, aged 17 years. Andrew Smith, who died in the Island of Grenada in 1774, aged 23 years. Jean Smith, who died 25th January, 1837, aged 79 years. John Smith Esquire of Swinrigemuir, who died 27th April, 1838, aged 85 years.* Janet

* John Smith of Swinrigemuir and Kersland, Esq., one of her Majesty's Justices of the Peace for Ayrshire and Deputy Lieutenant &c., above commemorated, was a gentleman well known beyond the bounds of the county. In early life Mr Smith entered the 95th regiment of foot as an ensign. In 1781, he was in Jersey when the French made their second and last attack on that island, the possession of which had been long an object of their desire. On this occasion the French forces consisted of 2000 men, and the expedition was under the command of Baron de Rullecourt, a man of courage, but of a violent temper. He effected a landing with 800 men during a very dark night, and took prisoners a party of militia—surprised the commanding officer and magistrates, whom he also made prisoners. He then drew up a capitulation, which he insisted on their subscribing; but though they remonstrated that

Smith, who died 3d February, 1842, aged 80 years. Margaret Smith, Relict of James Neill, Esquire of Barnweill, who died 26th June, 1842, aged 85 years.

no act of theirs while under confinement could be held binding, his demands were so imperious, that, to save the town from immediate destruction, they were obliged to comply. He then advanced to Elizabeth Castle, which was garrisoned by British troops, and summoned it to surrender. He was met with a stern refusal. The British troops were under the command of Major Pierson, a brave young officer, who not only rejected the haughty proposals of Rullecourt, but intimated that if the French did not lay down their arms within twenty minutes they must abide the consequences. The Baron would not listen to this, and his forces soon found themselves attacked with such resolute bravery, that in less than half an hour they were put to flight. In the market place they made a stand, and the gallant Major Pierson, in the moment of victory, was killed by a French officer, who deliberately shot him. The deed was promptly revenged, as the officer was shot through the heart by an African servant of the dying hero. At this critical period, Mr Smith was the ensign who bore the King's colours of the 95th. The French were completely defeated, and Rullecourt mortally wounded. This gallant conduct of the British was highly applauded by the nation. A monument at the public expense, to Major Pierson, was erected in the church of St Helier, and the scene of his death became the subject of one of Copley's pictures. The surviving officers stood for their portraits to the artist, and Mr Smith is represented as holding the colours of the victorious troops. The picture was engraved by Heath, and is now become scarce. The likeness of Mr Smith can be readily recognised, and by those who recollect him in his younger days, it is said to be good.

After his return from the army, Mr Smith devoted much of his time to public local affairs, in laying off and improving lines of road, and in discharging the duties of a Justice of the Peace. He also turned his attention to agricultural improvements, and was successful in discovering the principle by which moss could be converted into good vegetable mould. This discovery was communicated to the Board of Agriculture, and a full account of his method is given in the Encyclopædia Britannica, under the article Agriculture. For this communication he received the thanks of the Highland Society of Scotland, and was presented by that patriotic body with two silver cups, bearing an appropriate inscription. He had considerable talent for historical and antiquarian research, and was possessed of a stock of knowledge both literary and scientific far beyond the ordinary country gentlemen of the day. In the year 1801, he purchased the mid superiority of the Barony of Kersland, which had remained with the ancient family of the Kers upwards of 500 years. As a proof of the estimation in which he was held in the district, about three years previous to his decease, he was presented with a piece of plate, to which 300 individuals had contributed. This was given to him as a mark of respect and of gratitude for his public services—a distinction which is the lot of few to attain, and which, now that the receiver is gone, it is a pleasing duty to remember.

In 1822, Mr Smith was admitted a corresponding member of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, and was one of the earliest balloted members of the Maitland Club. To this Society, in 1835, he contributed the "Records of the Burgh of Prestwick, with illustrative notes;" an interesting volume, which throws light on the manners and customs of the country in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

In the kail-yard of the farm-house of Todhills, situated about a mile and a half north of Dalry, is a slightly tapering square pillar, between eight and nine feet in height, and about two feet and a half in diameter. It was erected in

GAELIC LITERATURE.

We quote the following letter (addressed by Dr O'Connor to the Rev. J. Basworth, the author of a most learned and able work on the "Elements of Anglo-Saxon Grammar," which is now unfortunately out of print), in pursuance of the above subject. It is so interesting, learned, and talented, and bears so directly on the antiquity and derivation of language and of letters, as to justify our quoting it at length.

"Since I had the pleasure of seeing you, I have perused your 'Introduction,' which I return with

1817, by the late proprietor, Andrew Smith, a distant relative of the subject of the above memoir. The column stands beneath the outstretching arms of a stately ash, and besides the history of the tree and other matters, it tells us that it was reared for the purpose of guarding it from injury. The inscriptions on the sides of the stone, being all of a commemorative character, we do not for this reason hesitate at appending them to the records selected from the burying-ground of the parish.

1.—SOUTH FACE.

I. K. My Trustees, Robert Glasgow, Esq. of Montgreenan, William Cochran, Esq. of Ladyland.

I stand here to herd this tree,
And if you please to read a vec,
In seventeen hundred and sixty one,
It was planted then at three feet long:
I'll tell more, if ye would ken,
It was planted at the old hyre end.
I'll tell you more you'll think a wonder,
It's allowed to stand for years five hundred.
It has twelve yards cross and round about,
It belongs to no man till that time is out,
But to Andrew Smith though he were dead
He raised it out of the seed:
So cut it neither Top nor Tail,
Least that the same ye do bewail:
Cut it neither Tail nor Top,
Least that some evil you O'ertak.

Erected

By

Andrew Smith
Of Toohilla, Oct., 1817.

2.—EAST FACE.

Andrew Smith and Margaret Glasgow, was married March 1764.

John, there son was born, Febr'y. 1765. Robert, was born, Novemr., 1766. James was born, July, 1768. Andrew was born, Janury., 1770. Charles was born, Febr'y., 1772. William was born, Septemr., 1773. Charles was born, March, 1775. *Margret* was born, October, 1776. Andrew was born, Novemr., 1733, and died 22 August, 1790.

3.—NORTH FACE.

This tree was raised from the seed, and planted 1761. It has 20 feet of ground round it for itself to grow upon, reserved from every after proprietor for the space of 500 years from the above date by me Andrew Smith.

4.—WEST FACE.

There is an oak tree a little from this, planted in the year 1761. It has 20 feet of ground around about it for to grow upon. All within that ground is reserved from all future proprietors by me Andrew Smith, who is the offspring of many Andrew Smiths, who lived in Auchingree for unknown generations.

Grangreale,
20th May, 1847.

W. D.

many thanks for the gratification it has afforded me, and for your honourable mention of my Catalogue of the MSS. of Stowe. Permit me also to express my respect for the abilities which could collect and arrange in proper order, such a mass of information in so limited a space, and to avail myself of this opportunity of explaining some passages in my Catalogue, to which you refer. It appears to me that these passages contain principles of reasoning founded on historical facts, which the limits prescribed by a Catalogue, and apprehensions of prolixity, did not permit me to develop in detail.

"I agree with you in assigning the first place, in point of antiquity, to the Phœnician alphabet, and also in styling that alphabet Samaritan; it might also be styled ancient Hebrew and Chanaanitish; it was the alphabet used in Tyre and Sidon, and in all the regions from Egypt to Assyria, from the banks of the Euphrates to the shores of the Mediterranean, from Chaldee to the Nile. It was the alphabet which the ten tribes of Israel used in the Pentateuch, before and after the destruction of Samaria, before and after their separation under Rehoboam, and that which the Jews used down to the captivity, in their Pentateuch, and other sacred monuments and coins. This ample explanation sufficiently discovers what is meant by the Phœnician alphabet. The Irish bards, from the days of Cuana and Cennfaelad, in the sixth century, to the days of Eochaid and Maolmura in the ninth, of Flan in the tenth, and of Coeman and Tighernach in the eleventh, uniformly agree in the old Irish tradition which is lost in the mist of antiquity, that the first inventor of their Ogham characters was *Feni an fear saoidhe*, i.e., 'Fenius the man of knowledge.'

"This is undoubtedly a glimmering light which may be traced to the Phœnician Druids of the British Islands.* The historical facts I have stated with respect to the Phœnician alphabet, are supported by the most ancient monuments, and by the consent of the learned. Mr Astle need not be quoted where men of the calibre of Montfaucon and Walton are abundantly decisive; and Bryant may indulge in his Chuthite etymology, provided he pays respectful homage to Calmet's dissertations on the letters and antiquities of the Jews, as connected with those of the Phœnicians. His credulity as to the Apamean medal is innocent.† But etymological playfulness sometimes induces even the learned to blend ancient facts

* Lucian's "*Hercules Ogmios*" is professedly a Celtic narrative, delivered to him by a Gaulish Druid, which states that the Tyrcan Hercules was called Ogmia by the Celts, because his strength consisted not in brutal strength, but in his invention of letters and arts.

† Long before Bryant, Ficoroni published *De Nummo Apamensi*, Romæ, 1667, wherein he describes three bronze medals (preserved in Roman museums), which were struck at Apamea in the reign not of Philip of Macedon, but of the Emperor Philip, having on one side a ship, on which is perched a bird holding in its bill a branch. A male and female appear at the window of the vessel, and three Greek letters, assure Mr Bryant that this is a representation of the ark of Noah. But the learned Bianchini dissipates the illusion with little more than a single dash of his pen.—*Scris Un.* 1747. Romæ, 4to., p. 188.

with ancient fables—to incorporate both, so as to render the former as problematical as the latter are false, and thus to sap at once the principles of Christian faith and the foundations of genuine history. I observe, with pleasure, that you confine yourself to the simple fact that, as far as the learned know, the Phœnician or Samaritan alphabet is the oldest, and that you avoid discussions on the antiquity of the Chaldee characters which the Jews adopted in their captivity. On the antiquity of this character it would be dangerous to hazard even a conjecture. We know that the language of Adam was Chaldaic, and that it differed from the Hebrew: but we are ignorant of the origin and antiquity of the Chaldee alphabet, further than that the power, the order, number, and names of its letters evidently denote a common origin with the Phœnician. Both consist of twenty-two letters, differing only in some shapes, and in the addition of points introduced by Masoretic Jews, to supply the place of vowels. St Jerome assures us that, in his time, the Samaritan Pentateuch agreed, word for word, with the Jewish, differing only in the forms of some letters, but not in their order, number, or names.

“From these most ancient alphabets, history conducts us, as if by right of primogeniture, to the Greeks, the oldest European derivative from the Phœnician. You accurately divide the Greek into three classes—Greek from right to left, from left to right, and thirdly, Boustrophedan, or written in alternate lines from right to left, and *vice versa*, as the plough proceeds. Your specimens abundantly shew that in whatever order the Greeks wrote, whether in Boustrophedan, or otherwise, their characters were not affected by their different methods of arranging their lines, and that the Ionic and Attic were as like each other as are the Saxon and the Irish, which Camden pronounces to be identical, although there are a few variations in some of the letters, just enough to establish a distinct class. Herodotus says that he saw in the temple of Apollo Ismenos, in Boeotia, the three oldest inscriptions Greece could boast of in his time; that they differed very little from the Ionic alphabet, and that Cadmus was the first who introduced letters from Phœnicia to Greece, I. v. c. 58.

“Thus, however the fashion might vary in writing from right to left, or otherwise, your accurate specimen of the Segian inscription, and the most ancient and authentic histories agree, that the Greek, and all the most ancient families of letters hitherto mentioned, derive their pedigree from a common source; that the lights of science dawned on Europe from the west; and that the systems and conjectures relating to this subject, which do not rest upon this foundation, however ingeniously supported by Bailly and others, are chimerical—seas of glass and ships of amber. This is one of the principles to which I adhere in my catalogue of the Stowe MSS.; I adopted it from the most learned, after much reading and consideration.

“From the remote periods, and primeval seats of alphabetical writing, your specimens invite to regions nearer home, and to times which are more abundantly illustrated by their nearer approach

to our own. From the Greek alphabet you proceed immediately to the Gothic, giving it precedence before the Latin, no doubt in consideration of a nearer affinity to the Greek in the shape of its letters. In giving this precedence you differ from my catalogue. You argue from the shape of the Gothic letters exclusively. I consider their chronology and history. Pliny, speaking of the origin of letters in Italy, derives them from the Ionian. ‘*Gentium consensus tacitus, primus omnium conspiravit ut Ionum literis uterentur*,’ I. vii. c. 57, 58; and refers them to Pelasgian and Etruscan times, antecedent to the foundation of Rome. ‘*Tacitus Agrees Annal*,’ I. xi.

“Now the Goths had not the use of letters before their irruption into Greece, in the fourth century. Ulphilas was the first who invented an alphabet for them, which he modelled from the Greek, and accommodated to the barbarous pronunciation of the Goths. This fact is stated by Socrates, and by Isidore of Seville, ‘*ad instar Græcarum literarum Gothi reperit litteras*,’ I. viii. c. 6. Tacitus expressly says that the Teutonic nations, into whose provinces the Roman arms had penetrated beyond the Rhine and the Danube, were utterly unacquainted with letters. ‘*Literarum secreta viri pariter ac faeminae ignorant*.’ In fact, no written document has been discovered in the German language older than the Monk Ottofred’s version of the New Testament; and he pleads this very fact in his preface as an excuse for the barbarism of that version: ‘because,’ says he, ‘the German language is uncultivated, and hitherto unwritten.’ Fortunatus, indeed, in the sixth century, mentions the rude *Runes* of the Gothic hordes of Italy. But Hickes cannot produce a single instance of Runic alphabetical writing older than the eleventh century, when Runes, which are only talismanic figures, were first applied to alphabetical use, by expressing words instead of things.

“With regard to Etruscan letters, they certainly preceded the foundation of Rome. This appears from Varro’s quotations of the written annals of Etruria. He expressly states, that in their rituals, or sacred books, the Etruscans registered the commencement of their years and ages. The Pelasgians and Etruscans appear to have been one people, the primeval inhabitants of Italy. Dionysius Halic describes them as colonizing Italy from Lydia, and says that the Romans derived the *Ludi Gladitorum* from them. ‘*Ludorum origo sic traditur. Lydos est Asia transvenas in Hetruria consedissee, ut Timeus refert, Duce Tyrreno, &c. Igitur in Hetruria inter ceteros ritus superstitionum saurum, spectacula quoque religionis nomine instituunt. Inde Romani arcessitos artifices mutuuntur, tempus, enuntiationem, ut Ludi a Lydis vocarentur*.’ I. i. no. 94. This account is supported by Herodotus, who wrote not much more than three centuries after the period to which he refers.

“But independently of these authorities, the forms of Etruscan letters, discovered on ancient marbles and terracottas, dug up about Viterbo, Cortona, Gubbio, and other Etruscan towns, clearly indicate an origin more ancient than the remotest monuments of Rome. The Roman his-

torians themselves derive many of the Roman usages from Etruria. 'Tarquinius Thusciae populos frequentibus armis subigit. Inde fascēs, trabēs, curules, annuli, phaleræ, paludamenta, prætectæ; inde quod aureo curu, quatuor equis triumphatur; togæ pictæ, tunicaque palmatæ, omnia denique decora, et insignia, quibus dignitas eminent.* In short, the more ancient alphabets are, the more they approximate to the ancient Hebrew or Phœnician. Now the Etruscan and the Latin are more ancient than the Gothic; and the greater approximation to the Greek which you find in the Gothic owes its origin to the artful ingenuity of Ulphilas, rather than to hereditary descent. In the Stowe Catalogue, vol. i. p. 3, 4, you will find an account of forty-one oriental alphabets, all of which, with the exception of the most ancient mentioned in this letter, I have passed by as a degenerate, distorted, and upstart race, which had their origin, like those of Ulphilas, in the vanity which makes nations, as well as individuals, advance false pretensions to ancient renown.

"These remarks sufficiently indicate the principles on which I proceed in my Catalogue, with respect to alphabetical antiquities; and I would close here, but that another part of this subject to which you advert relates to the ages of manuscripts. You state correctly at page 12, that I reduce alphabetical writing to four distinct classes, Capitals, Majustals, Minusculæ, and Cursive, as in the Stowe Catalogue, vol. ii., p. 13. I did not use the word Uncials in that passage, lest I should seem to identify Majusculæ and Uncials, as the learned Papobroc and others have done, in my opinion inconsiderately.

"Majusculæ are (as the word imports) opposed to Minusculæ, and though they imply Uncials, they are not, *vice versa*, implied under that class. Majusculæ is a more comprehensive word than Uncial. It embraces letters of several forms, both rustic and elegant, square and angular, and all letters of sizes superior to Minusculæ, excepting capitals. Its toleration of letters of different shapes is such, that, as the Romans tolerated all religions excepting the Christian, so the word Majusculæ tolerated all letters of a larger size than Minusculæ, excepting Capitals. Initials I exclude. They are of various shapes and sizes; they often extend from the top to the bottom of a page; often they sport in fantastical dresses along the four margins, and are from ten to twelve inches high. They can be reduced to no certain standard of dimensions, no model, no shape.

"In short, I stated that Majusculæ form a 2nd class, different from Capitals, and opposed to Minusculæ; but not that Majusculæ and Uncials are the same. Majusculæ may be of different shapes, but must be always of a larger size than Minusculæ, whereas the form of Uncials must be round, and somewhat hooked at the extremities. Their name has no reference to the size, but to their shape, *Unciæ literæ*. Those who derived Uncial from *uncia*, an inch high, were challenged to produce any ancient MS. written in letters of so enormous a size, and were driven to the ab-

surdity of calling semi-uncial letters half an inch high. A Bible written in Uncials at this rate would require a waggon to carry it. St Jerome, indeed, ridicules the dimensions of Uncials in manuscripts, which were written for the wealthy lords of the empire; as there were small and large Capitals, so were there small and large Uncials. They seem to have been introduced in the 3rd century, when the arts declined, and the elegant and simple form of the Roman Capitals declined with them.

"It is erroneously asserted that Uncial writing ceased entirely in the 9th century. It continued in title pages, heads of chapters, divisions of books, and ornamental parts of manuscripts, down to the 12th century, when it was supplanted by modern Gothic. It may be seen in red ink in King Canute's Book of Hyde Abbey, now in this Library, and written between the years 1020 and 1036. It may be also seen in King Alfred's Psalter, in this Library, where the titles of the psalms are prefixed to each in red ink, in writing of the 9th century. You state very correctly that the letters peculiar to Uncial writing are—*a d e g h q m t* and *u*, to which may be added *b l f p*.

"The *a* Uncial was also written with a closed and rounded base; and the *d* was sometimes not closed; the *g* Uncial, with a tail, was sometimes written without a tail; the *h* was hooked nearly in the same manner; the *p* and *q* had frequently flourishes, as if they despised the plain unadorned simplicity of Roman capitals; the letter *r* could hardly be distinguished from the Minuscula *n*, except by a half circular bend in the second shaft, and a little hook at its extremity; the letter *v*, even as a numeral, was rounded into a *u*, and even the *N* affected to despise its ancient perpendicular erectness.

"The transition from writing in pure Capitals to Uncials may be observed in the Medicean Virgil, fine specimens of which are prefixed to Ambrogio's Italian version, folio, Rome, 1763, vol. i. p. 112. The Palatine, and the two oldest Vatican Virgils, namely, Nos. 1631, 3225, and 3867, are all living monuments of this transition. They were written before the Uncial alphabet was completely formed, before Uncial *m* was introduced. The oldest Vatican Virgil is referred, by the Vatican librarians, Holstenius and Shelestrat, to about the reign of Septimius Severus; that is, the beginning of the 3rd century. Novus and Bianchini, whose works are now before me, agree. Burman ascribes the Medicean Virgil to the same age; but, doubting how to describe its characters, styles them Capitals in one member of a sentence, and Uncials in the next. 'Hunc librum, ante 1200 annos scriptum, Literis majoribus Romanis, seu Capitalibus, forma ut vocant quadrata typis describi, eodem caractere, literisque quibus exaratus est Uncialibus imprimi nuper curant Petrus Fr. Fogginius, Florentiæ, anno 1741.'

"I have now trespassed on your time longer than I should; and yet, before I conclude, I must state, that when I classed the Stowe MSS. under four heads, I did so in reference to the collection which was before me, consisting chiefly of Saxon, Irish, and English MSS. Several other modes of writing have been introduced, which did not be-

* Florus. I. i. c. 5; Diodor. I. v.; Strabo, I. iii. and I. xi. p. 530.

long to my province or Catalogue, and are not reducible to any of those classes, even though all might, in a general view of their alphabets, be derived originally from the Roman. The Lombardic, the Modern Gothic, the Set Chancery, the Common Chancery, Court-hand, Secretary, all these forms, which prevailed in the law courts since the Norman Conquest, all are out of the pale of the four classes into which the Stowe Collection may be reduced, with the exception of a few law MSS. of the 13th and 14th centuries.

"I fear I ought to apologize to you for prolixity; but I deem the subject of this letter important in many points of view, and I was anxious that you should not mistake my meaning, where it is somewhat involved by that brevity which the limits of a Catalogue seem to demand.

"I think that a very striking resemblance of all the ancient alphabets to one another, in their order, number, powers, figures and names, supplies clear proof of a common origin; that when history lends her aid to this evidence, both mutually supporting each other, both showing an antiquity approaching to the Deluge, and pointing to an Oriental descent, the mind is compelled to acquiesce in the Scriptural history of the origin and progress of the human race, even independently of the proofs which are supplied by revelation."

In the last paper on this subject, we stated our belief that all known languages are merely dialects of the language of Moscs and the prophets (now spoken in the Highlands of Scotland), more or less refined, according to the state of civilization and learning of different people and nations. We are strongly confirmed in this opinion by the foregoing letter of Dr O'Connor, and by the learned work referred to at the commencement of it. The first alphabet was the Phœnician, or ancient Samaritan; and from this all known alphabets have been derived. Why may not all known languages, in like manner, be derived from the Phœnician or Samaritan language? The Celtic nations of Europe are the descendants of Gomer, son of Japheth, son of Noah. He was the father, according to Josephus, of the Gomarians, "whom the Greeks now call Gauls." Josephus is confirmed in this statement by Eustacius of Antioch, who states that Gomer was the father of the races "whom we call Gomarians, Galatians or Gauls." Isidore, Bishop of Seville, quoted by Mr M'Lean, corroborates these authorities, "Filii autem Japheth, Septem numerantur, Gomer, ex quo Galatæ, id est Galli," E. ix. The descendants of Gomer, or Celts, are allowed to have been the first tide of emigrants from the East who took possession of Europe; yet a remnant of that first tide, who occupy the hills of Scotland, at this day speak the language of Noah—the ancient language of the East! The learned Bosworth, in his Anglo-Saxon Grammar, lays down the order of migration from the East in the following manner:—"The earliest stream we shall find to carry with it the Gomerian, Kimmerian or Keltic race. The second distinct emigration from the East, about the seventh century before the Christian era, contained the Scythian, Teutonic or Gothic tribes, from which most of the modern

nations of Europe are descended." We regret to disturb the theory of Mr Combe, the *Times*, and others, by telling them that the Goths are clearly traced to Japheth, the father of Gomer, the ancestor of the Celts! The Celt and Saxon are therefore brothers—not two distinct races, but descended from one common ancestor.

Dr O'Connor, and, indeed, all the more learned men who have written on the subject, as well as Mr M'Lean, concur in opinion that the Chaldaic, or language of Abraham, Moses, and the prophets, was quite different from the Hebrew. On this point there does not seem to be two opinions; but Mr M'Lean, so far as we know, is entitled to the credit of being the first who essayed to prove that the Chaldaic, the parent language of the Hebrew, and, (as we venture to submit), of all known languages, is, at this day, spoken in the Highlands of Scotland. If this be the case, (and we hold that Mr M'Lean has produced a multitude of witnesses, both from the Bible and the Gaelic, in substantiation of his opinion), the study of the Gaelic language ought to be considered as an indispensable branch of the education of all clergymen, Jews as well as Christians. It is full time for the clergy of Scotland, therefore, to awaken to a sense of the fact, that while the living language of the Bible is still spoken among them, they have been contented, for the last two hundred years, to preach the pure and the holy Word of God to their people in a corrupt and unseemly jargon, calculated to barbarize rather than refine their taste and feelings. It is a merited reproach to the Church of Scotland, that she has never yet roused herself to a sense of her duty to the Gaelic congregations. Were their case represented to the Government, there is little doubt that a grant would be made for the building of a college, and the endowment of professorships, for the cultivation of the parent language of the Bible; and were this more doubtful than it really is, the example of her younger daughter, the Free Church, ought to have taught her, ere this, that the public would not turn a deaf ear to zealous and able advocates of such a cause.

Is not this, says Mr M'Lean, in addressing himself to the "high Minister of Perth," the pedigree, so far, of the Hewbrew?—the daughter of Heber, son of Selah, son of Arphaad, son of Shem, son of Noah? According to this pedigree, Shem was three generations older than Heber. Hence the Shemetic was three generations older than the Hebrew? Until men began to scatter, and to call themselves after the names of others, language had only one name דַּבְרִים, *dabirim*. (In Gaelic, see Macalpine's Dictionary, *abair* or *abairm*.) Macalpine translates this word, "I say, or affirm;" but its real equivalent is found in the Scottish word *quotha*. Plato, in *Erat.*, as quoted by M'Lean, states that "many Greek words are so extremely confused by writing as to render their real meaning uncertain: these, and their proper significations, must be sought for among their *elder* neighbours the barbarians, (from *barb*, and *fear*, or *phearain*, a fierce man, or fierce men, from the East." In short, we might quote a host of illustrious names in confirmation of the opinion, that, to be a successful philologist, a man should first

acquire a perfect knowledge of the Gaelic language, and, we would add, as it is now spoken in the more isolated glens and corries of the Highlands—the central Highlands. The dialect, harsh and horrid, which is spoken along the west coast, compared to the musical and expressive language still spoken in the land of the Picts, affords, even at this day, a strong corroboration of the truth of Chalmers' remarks as to the baneful effects of the flood of barbarism introduced into the country, by the savage and uncultivated Scots, on their return* from Ireland. Ossian, as we have shown, from his place of birth, in a previous number, was a Pict; and a comparison of the poems ascribed to him, as published by the Highland Society of London, from the copies found in Mr Macpherson's repositories, to those collected along the west coast, and published by Dr Smith, will enable the reader to form a tolerably correct opinion as to the difference, in civilization, of the Scots and the Picts, among whom these relics of the olden time were preserved. It has been objected, by sceptics as to the authenticity of these poems, that all the manuscripts found in Mr Macpherson's repositories were modern manuscripts, and that it was thus clearly shown that Mr Macpherson never had any ancient manuscripts, containing any of Ossian's poems—otherwise what was the use of these modern copies? This is easily answered—ancient MSS. are not very easily read by persons unaccustomed to them. Hence the first thing necessary to the translator, was to have the poems transcribed in a fair and legible hand. Second, Mr Macpherson had engaged to print and publish the original poems, funds having been raised, by the late patriotic Sir John Murray McGregor, and others, for that purpose. It was, therefore, necessary to make fair and legible copies of the ancient MSS. for the printers. These were found in Mr Macpherson's coffers—the ancient MSS., borrowed by Macpherson, having been restored to their owners.†

There is a vast amount of Gaelic, or Celtic literature, in existence, in Wales, England, Ireland, and Scotland, which is known and accessible to the antiquary and philologist, both in print and manuscripts; and were the prejudice created against Gaelic literature removed, and encouragement held forth, it is our firm belief that invaluable discoveries might still be made. There is unquestionable testimony borne, by many ancient authors, as to the eminent acquirements of the Druids, in theology, philosophy and science; and there appears no reason to doubt that they left behind them multitudes of manuscripts—some of which surely may have escaped the clutches of the Culdees, whose policy, like that of

all other sectarians, it was to misrepresent their religious predecessors, and destroy all monuments of their worth and learning—witness the conduct of the priesthood at our own Reformation. It is a well-known tradition that Columba and his monks destroyed thousands of the Druidical manuscripts preserved at Iona—which was a Druidical, long before it became a Culdee, place of worship and of learning; and no one can peruse the works of the ancient British writers, (recently published by Bohn of London,) without feeling convinced that they are what they profess to be, viz., translations of old British traditions, found in manuscripts by the early monks, or Culdees of England. The absence of dates, and the ascribing of events and deeds which happened in one age, and were achieved by one hero, to a different age and a different hero, which frequently appears in these works, bear intrinsic evidence of their traditional origin, even supposing the sentiments of the pious translators did not bear in themselves the most convincing proof of their integrity as translators and compilers.

We shall conclude this paper by a quotation, calculated, we think, to convince the reader that Gaelic literature was not thought so unworthy of attention by ancient writers as it has generally been represented by the dogmatical controversialists of modern times. Thus an ancient poet addresses the Celtic bards:—

"Ye too, ye bards, whom sacred raptures fire,
To chaunt your heroes in your country's lyre,
Who consecrate in your immortal strain,
Brave patriot souls in righteous battle slain,
Securely now the tuneful task renew,
And noblest themes in deathless song pursue."

And thus he alludes to the inspiring and enlightened theology of the Druids, compared to the gloomy and absurd theology of the Greeks and Romans:

"If dying mortals' doom they sing aright,
No ghosts descend to dwell in endless night,
No parting souls to gaily Pluto go,
Nor seek the dreary silent shades below;
But forth they fly, immortal in their kind,
And other bodies in new worlds they find.
Thus life for ever runs an endless race,
And, like a line, death but divides the space,
A stop which can but for a moment last—
A point between the future and the past
Thrice happy they, beneath their northern skies,
Who, that worst fear, the fear of death despise.
Hence they no cares for this frail being feel,
But rush, undaunted, on the pointed steel,
Provoke approaching fate, and bravely scorn,
To spare that life which must so soon return."—*Losee.*

D. C.

LEGENDS OF SCOTTISH SUPERSTITION.

No. VII. THE MILK SPATE. (AYRSHIRE.)

ONCE upon a time "the jolly miller" of the Brig Mill, near Girvan, happened to walk forth on a fine summer morning about sun rise, to view the progress of the crops, or some such matter. The mists were just beginning to rise from the low grounds, and were still hanging in dense volumes along the slopes of the uplands. A heavy dew—

* "It is certain that the Damnii, Voluntii, Brigantes, Cangi, and other nations, were descended from the Britons, and passed over (to Ireland) after Divitiacus, or Claudius, or Astorius, or other victorious generals, had invaded their original countries." * * * Lastly, the ancient language, which resembles the old British and Gallic tongues, affords another argument, as is well known to persons skilled in both languages."—*Richard*, quoting Bede's Saxons, &c.

† That Mr Macpherson had borrowed ancient MSS. in the Highlands has been proved on evidence that would be held conclusive of the fact in a court of justice.

gray and glistening—lay upon the grass; and the newly awakened lark—sprung from its nest in the furrow—was winging its way upwards, through “the smoky canopy,” to greet, from a clearer atmosphere, the rising of the God of day. In such a scene, and at such an hour, the miller was much surprised to hear, on the other side of a dyke, along which he was passing, a strange low muttering noise, as of a person engaged in private devotion. Curiosity led him to look over, and there he saw, on her knees, an old woman whom he well knew, and whom common fame reputed to be a witch. Janet was a neighbouring farmer’s wife, and though evidently in rather straitened circumstances, and the dairy stock somewhat of the smallest, yet, by some means or other, lawful or unlawful, she contrived to have always at hand a plentiful supply of milk of the very best quality, and that at times when no one else of her neighbours had it. This led “honest folk” to surmise that Janet “had dealings wi’ the Deil,” and the miller now listened with eager attention to hear the nature of Janet’s “petitions”—if “petitions” they really were. He heard her distinctly repeat the following rhyme:—

“Mear’s milk, and deer’s milk,
And every beast that bears milk,
Frae John o’ Groat’s to Solway sea—
Come a’ to me! come a’ to me!”

She then scooped the dew into her lap with both hands, continuing at the same time to repeat the words, “Come a’ to me! come a’ to me!”

Not content, however, with merely “watching Janet’s motions,” our friend the miller had the fool-hardiness to stoop down on his side of the dyke, and to repeat the magical rhyme, substituting the words, “Come *part* to me! come *part* to me!” He had no sooner done this and begun to gather the dew, than milk began to flow from the cuffs of his sleeves—the flaps of his pockets—the tops of his boots—the lugs of his bonnet—the knees of his breeks—and every other hole and opening in his dress. Horror-stricken, he got up and staggered towards the house as fast as his trembling limbs could carry him—drenching the ground all the way as he went with copious streams of rich, warm, creamy milk, which spouted in all directions from every point of his magically endowed person! Home he arrived, and all the inmates, male and female, were struck aghast by the incomprehensible spectacle. There was their master, the miller, with his coat, proverbially “dry and dusty,” streaming at all points with a fluid as abundant as it was inappropriate! What could it mean? The goodwife herself—always bustling and thrifty—was the first to break silence. Taking a very characteristic view of the matter, she declared “that the Goodman himself wad now be the best cow in the byre!—that he gae mair and better milk than fifty o’ the best milk kye in a’ Ayrshire!”—and straightway ordered that “boins, bowies, bickers, cogs, leglins,” &c. &c. should be brought “to kep,” and preserve the fastly-distilling treasure! Quite overcome by the philosophic composure of his wife, and the unrepressed titterings of her maids, poor Tammas sunk upon the ground in despair. He was quite

unmanned:—literally “quite unmanned.” He felt that he was now not only unsexed but unspiced—he was no longer a man, he was a cow, or rather a whole herd of cows, in the likeness of a single man! Was ever a poor unfortunate wight of a miller so bewitched before? Absolutely “at his wits’ end,” and feeling no interest whatever in the laudable industry of his wife and her assistant dairy-maids, he continued to roar, and kick, and toss, and tumble about, like some unhappy monster in a sea of his own creating. By and by, the floor became deeply flooded, and the more buoyant articles of furniture to swim about in the milky deluge. The house itself was evidently in much danger, and the miller’s “knives” were summoned to carry forth their master to the green before the door. There, with considerable difficulty, he was brought:—still making powerful but most abortive attempts to shake off the magic destiny which had so suddenly and so unexpectedly overtaken him. Not one of all the rustic group which stood around and gazed, with mingled feelings of mirth and terror, on the wondrous spectacle, knew anything of the nature of his enchantment, or of the counter-spell which was to relieve him. There he seemed fated, for ever, to remain, with a never-failing stream of milk continuing to flow from him “away down the loan like a burn,”—quite enough, we are told, to turn, “in time o’ need,” not only his own mill, but all the other mills on Girvan Water!

The morning was now pretty well advanced, and Janet, returning homewards from her morning incantations, saw, near the mill, the newly-created rivulet of milk. Rightly judging that her sorceries had been implicated, in some way or other, in the origin of the phenomenon, she resolved to trace it to its source. There, she found the unhappy miller, seated on a small hillock, “pouring” like some classic river god, his “never-to-be-exhausted urn.” As soon as he cast his fearful eyes upon her, he raised himself, and in a voice now weak as a baby’s, denounced her as the witch. She was seized, and threatened with instant immolation; but on promising to disenchant the miller, and to refrain, in future, from using her unlawful spells, she was pardoned. The fountains of the miller’s fertility were dried up, and the milk-spate passed away—leaving, no doubt, an impression on the minds of the good people of Girvan not likely to be soon effaced. Janet, we are told, very prudently concealed the words of the counter-charm, in order, as she said, “that fools and bairns” might not again be tempted to meddle with such dangerous things as witch-cantrips; and, so far as is known to us, she continued to maintain a tolerably respectable character to her dying day.

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W. G.

THE BLACK DEATH.

THE pestilence known as the “Black Death,” originally broke out in the north of Asia about the year 1345, and after having proceeded through Europe with a destroying course, appeared in England in 1348. Joshua Barnes, the biographer

of Edward the Third, has traced the progress of this terrible disease from its commencement, and his narrative is most graphic and thrilling. He prefaces his account of it with astrological prophecies and with marvellous prodigies, mentioning particularly the appearance of a snake at Chipping-Norton, which had a female head dressed in modern attire. He then makes the pestilence descend upon Cathay in Asia, in the shape of millions of serpents and eight-legged black poisonous vermin, and gives a hideous but picturesque description of its symptoms, as they were written by the Emperor of Constantinople. He informs us that 50,000 were its victims at Paris, and that 9000 more died at St Denys. He then introduces it into England, and alludes to the inscription seen by Stow, the historian, on a column near Smithfield, which stated that 50,000 bodies lay buried beneath, all of which had been destroyed by this plague. The ground thus occupied had been given to the parish for this purpose by Sir Walter Manny. The lives which fell a sacrifice to this relentless destroyer are described as being so numerous everywhere, that their number almost staggers belief. I will give them, however, as I find them stated. Ireland suffered severely from the "Black Death,"—at least the English resident there,—and various parts of Scotland also appear to have been visited by it. It is alleged, however, that our ancestors brought this terrible scourge upon themselves sooner than it otherwise would have come!

Instead of giving a detailed account of this pestilence in my own words, I will take the liberty of extracting, from an early volume of "Fraser's Magazine," a far more graphic description of its ravages than any which I myself could pen, and have no doubt that it will be perused with deep interest. I will only copy the more striking details; but as the whole of the article is very interesting, I may mention to those who have access to a file of the magazine from its commencement, that it is contained in the number for May 1832. After a number of preliminary observations, it is said:—"This dreadful pestilence made its first appearance in the East about the year 1345. It is ascribed by the contemporary writers, Mezeray and Giovanni Villani, to a general corruption of the atmosphere, accompanied by the appearance of millions of small serpents and other venomous insects, and, in other places, quantities of huge vermin, with numerous legs, and of a hideous aspect, which filled the air with putrid exhalations. Constant rain for months together, earthquakes, pillars of fire, showers of snakes and blood, mock suns, and the heavens looking as if on fire, were generally the forerunners of this dreadful scourge. It came into England in the end of the year 1348, and its effects were terrible. The plague appears to have stayed five or six months in one place, and then to have gone in search of fresh victims. Its symptoms are minutely described by many writers, and appear to have been the same in every country it visited. It generally appeared in the groin, or under the armpits, where swellings were produced, which broke into sores, attended with fever, spitting and vomiting of blood. The patient frequently died

in half a day—generally within a day or two at the most. If he survived the third day, there was hope; though even then many fell into a deep sleep, from which they never awoke. The Venetians, having lost 100,000 souls, fled from their city, and left it almost uninhabited; at Florence 60,000 persons died in one year. Among these was the historian Giovanni Villani, whose writings we have already referred to. He was one of the most distinguished men of his age, and he was the annalist of this pestilence almost down to the day of his falling a victim to it. At Avignon, in France, the mortality was horrible. In the strong language of Stow, people died bleeding at the nose, mouth and fundament, so that rivers ran with blood, and streams of putrid gore issued from the graves and sepulchres of the dead. When it first broke out there, no fewer than sixty-six of the Carmelite Friars died before any one knew how, so that it was imagined they had murdered one another. Of the whole inhabitants of the city, not one in five was left alive; and, according to a bill of mortality laid before the Pope, there died in one day 1212, and in another 400 persons. In Paris 50,000 were cut off by it; and its ravages in Germany were estimated at the enormous amount of 12,400,000 souls. About the beginning of August 1348, this fearful scourge appeared in the seaport towns on the coast of Dorset, Devon and Somersetshire, and it spread so rapidly over the whole of England, that, in a short time, hardly one in ten of the inhabitants was left alive. We find no general statement of the total amount of the mortality in London; but there are details sufficient to show that it must have been horrible beyond imagination. The dead were thrown into pits, forty, fifty and sixty into one; and large fields were employed as burial places, the churchyards being insufficient for the purpose. No attempt was made to perform this last office with the usual care and decency. Deep and broad ditches were made, in which the dead bodies were laid in rows, covered with earth, and surmounted with another layer of bodies, which also were covered. The quaint inscription which Stow says he saw on a stone cross in the ground near Smithfield, which had been purchased as a burial-ground by Sir Walter Manny, was as follows:—*Anno Domini mcccxlx, regnante magna pestilentia, consecratum fuit hoc cimiterium; in quo, et infra septa praesentis monasterii, sepulta fuerunt mortuorum corpora plusquam L.M. praeter alia multa abhinc usque ad praesens. Quorum animabus propitiatur Deus. Amen.*" The mortality fell chiefly upon the lower classes of society, and among them, principally on old men, women, and children. It was remarked that not one king or prince of any nation died of the plague; and of the English nobility and people of distinction, very few were cut off by it. No sitting of parliament took place for two years, on account of this scourge, and all suits and proceedings in the courts of justice ceased for the same cause. This terrible visitation was everywhere attended by a total dissolution of the bonds of society. Joshua Barnes, in his History of Edward III., Cantab., 1688, gives the following eloquent description of the state of England:—

'We are told the influence of this disease was so contagious, that it not only infected by a touch or breathing, but transfused its malignity into the very beams of light, and darted death from the eyes; and the very seats and garments of such proved fatal. Therefore parents forsook their children, and wives their husbands; nor would physicians here make their visits, for neither were they able to do good to others, and they were almost certain thereby to destroy themselves. Even the priests, also, for the same horrid consideration, forebore either to administer the sacrament, or absolve the dying penitent. But yet neither priests, nor physicians, nor any other who sought thus to escape, did find their caution of any advantage: for death not only raged without doors as well as in chambers, but, as if it took indignation that any mortal should think to fly from it, these kind of people died both more speedily and proportionably in greater numbers. Then was there death without sorrow, affinity without friendship, wilful penance and dearth without scarcity, and flying without refuge or succour. For many fled from place to place because of the pestilence; some into deserts and places not inhabited, either in hope or despair. But quick-sighted destruction found them out, and nimble-footed misery was ever ready to attend them. Others, having hired boats or other vessels, into which they laid up provision, thought, or at least hoped, so to elude the power of the infection; but the destroying angel, like that in the Revelation, had one foot upon the waters, as well as on the land; for alas! the very air they breathed being tainted, they drew in death together with life itself. The horror of those things made others to lock themselves up in their houses, gardens, and sweet retired places; but the evil they intended to exclude, pursued them through all their defences, and they had their only difference to die without the company of any that might serve or pity them. No physician could tell the cause or prescribe a cure; and even what was saving to one was no less than fatal to another. No astrologer could divine how or when it would cease; the only way left was to be prepared to receive it, and the most comfortable resolution to receive it without fear.' The pestilence extended into Wales, where it raged violently: and soon afterwards, passing into Ireland, it made great havoc among the English settled in that island. But it was remarked that the native Irish were little affected, particularly those that dwelt in hilly districts. As to the Scots, they are said to have brought the malady upon themselves. Taking advantage of the defenceless state of England, they made a hostile irruption, with a large force, into the country; but they had not proceeded far, when the calamity which they courted, and so well deserved from their ungenerous conduct, overtook them. They perished in thousands; and, in attempting to return home, they were overtaken, before they could reach the border, by a strong body of English, who routed them with great slaughter. The remnant carried the disease into Scotland, where its ravages were soon as destructive as in the southern part of the island. 'Scotland,' says old Joshua Barnes, 'par-

took of the universal contagion in a high degree, and in some manner as other countries had done before; only in this there was a difference, that whereas other nations sat still and waited for it, the Scots did seem ambitious to fetch it in among themselves.' However much Scotland may have had to complain of the oppression and tyranny of England under the Edwards, it was unworthy of a brave people to attempt to retaliate on a nation laid prostrate by the hand of Heaven. At the same time there is no reason to doubt that the general cause, whatever it was, of the pestilence, would, at any rate, have soon extended to Scotland, as well as to Wales and Ireland. Early in the year 1349 the plague began to abate in England; and by the month of August it had entirely disappeared. But its effects, in different ways, were for a long time after severely felt."

Glasgow.

E. C.

VISIT TO SHERIFFMUIR.

ON the 19th of August, 1847, we put into execution a visit, we had long contemplated, to the field of Sheriffmuir. The sanguinary, but indecisive, battle fought here, happened on the 13th of November, 1715. The King's troops were commanded by the Duke of Argyll, while those of the Pretender were headed by the Earl of Mar, who had taken up his quarters in Perth, when he received information that the Duke, instead of marching forward through the Lothians, had fallen back upon Stirling. Previous, however, to this intelligence, the ranks of the Earl had been reinforced by the Highlanders, under Seaforth and General Gordon, and he thought, with this force, to cross the Forth, so as to effect a junction with the friends of the Pretender, and then march into England. With this object in view, he accordingly began his march on the 11th, and on reaching Auchterarder, gave his troops a night's respite. Argyll having been informed, by his scouts and spies, of the movements of the enemy, determined on giving him battle. Passing the Forth on the 12th, he pitched his camp on the north side of the Ochils, his left wing resting on the village of Dunblane, and his right on Sheriffmuir. The Earl of Mar, on the same day, arrived within two miles of the royal forces, with an army amounting to 9000 men, while, on the other hand, his opponent could scarcely muster 4000. The morning was not far advanced before the Duke had his men drawn up in order of battle on the grounds of Sheriffmuir, the right wing being commanded by himself, and the left by General Whetham. Glengary and Clanronald commanded the right wing and centre of the Highlanders, who, with their usual impetuosity, overthrew every opposition, broke in upon the enemy, and, after considerable slaughter, compelled them to make a precipitate retreat. Many fell in the pursuit beneath the deadly broadsword, wielded by the powerful arms of the hardy mountaineers. While fortune favoured the Highlanders on the right, she deserted them on the left, where Argyll, after much hard fighting, drove them from their position to the distance of two miles. Brigadier Wightman, seeing the advantage the Duke had gained, hastened to support him with a strong body of men;

but the right wing of the rebels having returned from pursuing the fugitives, threatened to take the royal forces in the rear. Argyle, on seeing this, ordered his men within some enclosures, while the Earl of Mar did the same. During the rest of the day neither party gave symptoms of renewing the engagement, and after nightfall, the royal forces retired quietly to Dunblane, and the rebels to Ardoch. Next morning the Duke gave orders to look after the wounded, and to bury the dead. About 500 are said to have fallen on both sides. The following verse on the battle is truly descriptive:—

"There's some say that we wan,
And some say that they wan,
And some say that nane wan at a', man,
But ae thing I'm sure,
That at Sheriffmuir,
A battle there was that I saw, man;
And we ran, and they ran; and they ran, and we ran,
And we ran, and they ran awa, man."

The day on which we set out was very sultry, but a west wind tempered it considerably. The trees had assumed their deepest green, and although some bore the stamp of autumn, yet upon the whole they were beautiful. Our road lay, for five miles, along the Ochil turnpike, down the vale of Devon, until we reached the small village of Alva, where we ascended the hills. In our journey we passed the mansion of — Johnston, Esq., pleasantly situated and surrounded with thriving woods. Above this a little is a silver mine, which was wrought early in the eighteenth century, by some miners from Leadhills, under the superintendence of Sir John Erskine, of Alva. The silver at the beginning was only found in small threads, but as the work advanced, it became so rich, that 14 ounces of ore yielded 12 ounces of pure silver. During three weeks it produced £12,000, or £4000 weekly. After this, however, it became scarcer, until it totally disappeared, but not before the proprietor, who only expended £50 upon it at the beginning, had made a fortune of £50,000. The interest of the scenery increased as we advanced. Yawning gray rocks, with trees rising from their crevices—rough broken woodlands—hill surmounting hill, as if "dropt in Nature's careless haste," and shelving rocky knolls, formed the successive parts of this varied and enchanting landscape. The gigantic form of Ben-clouch, with its conical point, harmonized admirably with the grand objects of which it commands a view, while the imposing effect of the whole scene was greatly heightened by the noise of mountain streams, which, after hurrying from rock to rock, discharge their waters into those of the "clear winding Devon." At every step the scenery became more wild and sublime. Large fragments of rock, which at various times have fallen from the impending mountains, lay scattered in different places, while others, apparently loose, seemed ready to precipitate themselves on our heads below. Sometimes our zig-zag path carried us over high precipices, whose naked and shaggy fronts often excited our wonder and admiration. At other times we descended into some narrow dell, where the eye was delighted with the softness of the grass, and the luxuriant foliage of the

trees, instead of the dismal appearance of naked rocks, diversified only by the fantastic figures which they occasionally assumed. When we reached the summit of the Middle Hill (one of the Ochils), the scene that presented itself was at once magnificent and grand. Looking to the west—the region of the setting sun—the eye rested upon the beautiful vale of Menteith, bounded by the lofty Grampians, and watered by the "silver Teith," and several lesser streams glittering in the noontide beam. Nearer us was the castle of Stirling, the favourite residence of James I., and the birth-place of James II.—the windings of the Forth—the ruined abbey of Cambuskenneth, where James III. lies buried, and the abbey of Craig. To the south, fields of undulating grain rapidly attaining maturity—extensive forests—scattered villages and gentlemen's seats—the Campsie Fells—the Pentlands—the Lammermuirs—the Bass Rock—Edinburgh and Arthur's Seat—enlivened the prospect. To the south-east lay Saline hills—Cleish hills, upon which are still visible the remains of Roman camps—the hills of Benarty, with the towering Lomonds, blue and misty in the distance. To the north, immense mountains piled upon one another, upon which the clouds were seen to rest, barred further view:—

"He who shall tread this beauteous mountain land,
Shall hear the harpings of the waterfall;
He who on rocky pinnacle shall stand,
Shall hear the eagle to the eagle's call;
Or if he muse within the echoing hall,
Formed by the corry or the fairy dell,
An unseen hand shall hold him there in thrall,
To list the murmurs that for ever dwell
Among the rocks and caves; ah! let him note them well.

Man and his works shall fade and melt away—
He dies; and palace, fane, and monument,
Yield piece-meal unto Ruin's sure decay.
The thick-walled fortress and strong battlement,
For ages deemed impregnable, are rent;
The Pyramids are mould'ring stone by stone;
But Nature—triumphing o'er time's intent,
When man and his, dust unto dust has gone—
Shall smile in youthful bloom on her unfading throne."

Descending the mountain on the opposite side we gained the moor. Here every thing breathed pastoral tranquillity—the great lines of nature lay unbroken by the hand of art. No sound was heard but the shrill cry of the lapwing as we approached its nest, the lowing of cattle, the bleating of sheep, and the loud barking of some shepherd's dog. Every thing around us, in the solitude of hills, appeared quiet and composed, but not sad. The face of Nature wore an air of chastened loveliness, induced by departing day. The winds were sleeping; and we even felt pleasure in the drowsy hum of the humble bee, as it winged its way home, laden with the richest spoil, obtained from every wayside flower.

The whole moor was covered with a luxuriant crop of bent and heath, and while surveying the modest blossom of the latter, we could not help heaving a sigh for the many brave hearts which had sunk there to "fill a nameless grave." After having made a circuit of the scene of battle, we directed our steps to a number of large stones, almost in the centre of the field, and upon which, tradition avers, the Highlanders sharpened their

broadswords, dirks, and axes, the evening previous to the engagement. Indeed, from the appearance of the stones, one would be led to suppose as much, for they are all more or less scratched, as if they had been acted upon by these warlike weapons; but, judging from the date of the battle, it surprised us how these marks could remain so long without suffering from the effects of the weather, situated as the stones are in a cold moorland district, where the snow lies long, and where they are beat upon by every blast that blows. If these marks have been occasioned by what tradition says, they will, in all likelihood, remain for many years to come. One of the stones is called the "Belted Stane," from a grayish sort of belt encompassing it. A few inches still remain between the two extremities of the belt; but we are informed that this space has become gradually less within these fifty years, and the credulous peasantry around are in the firm belief, that as soon as

The two ends o' the belt embrace,
A bluidy battle will tak' place.

A pertinent question is, how did these stones come to be placed in their present situation? They are of great size, and must have been carried a considerable distance. There is no tradition as to their being of Druidical origin.

As there remained no other objects of interest to draw our attention, we left the moor by an easier, though more circuitous route, and reached home as the round disc of the sun was disappearing behind the western wave.

J. C.

13, Dalrymple Place,

OBITUARY NOTICES.

CHRONOLOGICALLY ARRANGED.

[Continued from our last]

15 August, 1786. In Welbeck Street, Cavendish Square, in his 56th year, Thomas Tyrwhitt, Esq; F. R. & A. SS., a gentleman whose critical abilities distinguished him as a scholar, and his unlimited benevolence as the friend of humankind. About 1761 he succeeded the late Jeremiah Dyson, Esq., as principal clerk of the house of commons; which at the end of three years, preferring to "that post of honour" a "private station" devoted to learned ease, he resigned to John Hatsell, Esq. (whose abilities in that important department require no encomium.) Besides a knowledge of almost every European tongue, Mr. T. was deeply conversant in the learning of Greece and Rome, of which latter acquisition some valuable tracts are distinguished proofs. He was thoroughly read in the old English writers, and, as his knowledge was directed by a manly judgment, his critical efforts have eminently contributed to restore the genuine text of Shakspeare. The admirers of Chaucer are also greatly indebted to him, for elucidating the obscurities, and illustrating the humour, of that ancient bard. His loss as a curator of the British Museum (to which office he was elected in 1784, with his friend Mr Cracherode, on the deaths of Mr Wray and Mr Duane, and in the duties of which he was indefatigably diligent)

will be long and sincerely lamented. On the 22d his remains were carried from Welbeck Street, in a hearse and six, followed by two coaches and six, and interred about two o'clock in the family vault in the east aisle of St George's chapel at Windsor. His father, who some years back was one of the canons of that place, as also his mother and sister, are interred in the same vault. The funeral service was read by the Rev. Dr Du Val.—The publications of Mr Tyrwhitt are 1. "Translations in Verse. Mr Pope's Messiah, Mr. Philips's Splendid Shilling, in Latin; the Eighth Isthmian of Pindar in English," 4to. 1752. 2. Observations and Conjectures on some Passages of Shakspeare, 1766," 8vo. (Many other judicious remarks on our great Dramatic Bard were afterwards communicated by him to his friend Mr Stevens for the edition of 1778, and the others to Mr Reed for the edition of 1785.) With a view to raise a spirit of research into classical ancient MSS. unnoticed, his first critical publication in literature was, 3. "Fragmenta Duo Plutarchi, 1773," 8vo. from a Harleian MS. 5612, not, he observes, of any great merit, but to induce further inquiries after such. 4. "The Canterbury Tales of Chaucer, 1773," in 4 volumes, crown 8vo; to which, in 1778, he added a fifth volume. Of this performance it is not too much to say, that it is the best-edited English Classic that ever has appeared. 5. "Dissertatio de Babrio, Fabularum Æsopæarum Scriptore. Inseruntur Fabulæ quædam Æsopæ nunquam antehac editæ ex Cod. MS. Bodl. Accedunt Babrii Fragmenta, 1776;" showing that, in the collection of fables which pass under the name of Æsop, are inserted many from another ancient writer, of the name of Babrius, whose fragments in verse are preserved in Suidas's Lexicon, and many of whose fables, translated into prose, are here printed from a Bodleian MS. This is a small pamphlet, but sufficient to establish the celebrity of his critical acumen on the broadest basis. He published also, 6. some "Notes on Euripides," of which we do not, at the present moment, recollect the exact title or the date. 7. "Poems, supposed to have been written at Bristol, by Thomas Rowley and others in the fifteenth century; the greatest part now first published from the most authentic copies, with an engraved specimen of one of the MSS. To which are added, a Preface, an Introductory Account of the several Poems, and a Glossary, 1777," 8vo. This was twice re-published in 1778, "with an Appendix, containing some observations upon their language, tending to prove that they were written, not by any ancient author, but entirely by Chatterton." This affair became the foundation of a controversy, in the course of which the *Gentleman's Magazine* was honoured with the opinion of some of the first scholars of the age, and particularly with a long and admirable letter from Walpole. Malone and Warton, entered the lists professedly on the side of Mr Tyrwhitt; and were supported by the sterling wit of the "Archæological Epistle," addressed, with the most poignant brilliancy of satire, to Dean Milles, who, with Mr Bryaut and some other writers, defended the originality of the poems. The business, however, was completely settled by, 8. "A Vindication of

the Appendix to the Poems called Rowley's, in Reply to the Answer of the Dean of Exeter, Jacob Bryant, Esq.; and a Third Anonymous Writer, with some further Observations upon those Poems, and an Examination of the Evidence which has been produced in support of their Authenticity. By Thomas Tyrwhitt, 1782," 8vo. The active spirit of our learned commentator had produced, meantime, a very accurate and judicious edition of 9. "ΠΕΡΙ ΛΙΘΩΝ, de Lapidibus, Poema Orphæo a quibusdum adscriptum, Græcè et Latinè ex editione Jo. Matthæi Gesneri. Recensuit, notasque adjecit Thomas Tyrwhitt. Simul prodiit Auctarium Dissertationis de Babrio," 1781," 8vo. The poem on Stones, ascribed to Orpheus, is by this enlightened critic referred to the age of Constantius. The supplement to Babrius consists of additional notes. Of 10, his "Conjecturæ in Strabonem," printed only for private use, 1783. His amiable disposition also prompted him to superintend the publication of 11. "Two Dissertations. I. On the Grecian Mythology. II. An Examination of Sir Isaac Newton's Objection to the Chronology of the Olympiads. By the late Samuel Musgrave, M.D. 1782." For this work a very liberal subscription was raised entirely by the exertions of Mr Tyrwhitt. The last public literary labour which passed through his hands was 12. A newly-discovered Oration of Isæus, against Menecles, which he revised in 1785, and enriched with some valuable remarks (at the request of Lord Sandys, one of the few noblemen who condescend to unite to the talents of a statesman the taste and abilities of a polite scholar.) These few specimens are from the Medicean Library, and are sufficient to show Mr T.'s powers, and to make us regret that his modesty declined the proposal made to him of directing the publication of the second volume of Inscriptions collected by Mr Chishull, and first laid open to the publick by the sale of Dr Askew's MSS. How he succeeded in the illustration of such subjects will best appear by that most happy explanation of the Greek inscription on the Corbridge altar, which had baffled the skill of all preceding critics, and will be a lasting proof how critical acumen transcends elaborate conjecture. Nor must his observations on some other Greek inscriptions in *Archæologia* be forgotten.—He has left, we are informed, to the British Museum, all such of his printed books as are not already in the rich library of that admirable store. Whether his manuscripts (and he had many of great value) are included in this bequest, we are uninformed; or whether any of them are intended for the press: though we cannot but express a hope (and we believe it is not ill-founded) that the publick will still have some further proofs of his profound learning and solid judgment; and that this slight sketch of him will be enlarged by some friend who may have better opportunities of information—it cannot come from any one who more sincerely respected him than the writer of this article.

"Mr T's intimate acquaintance with the ancient English poets (adds a correspondent), enabled him to detect the pretensions of an impostor, whose principal merit, if there be merit in forgery, was, that he conducted his deception so well,

that less enlightened critics could not penetrate the disguise. The first edit. of the poems ascribed to Rowley was superintended by Mr T., who left the question of their authenticity to the impartial publick, only intimating his opinion, that the external evidence on both sides was so defective as to deserve but little attention. In an appendix to the *third* edition of these poems, he shewed that the internal evidence, founded on the language, was sufficient to prove that they were not written in the XVth century, but that they were written entirely by Chatterton. When the late Dean of Exeter, Mr Bryant, an anonymous writer, had ranged the field of controversy, Mr T. published, 1782, 8vo. a "Vindication of his Appendix." To this last pamphlet he put his name, and in it clearly proved that all these poems were written by Chatterton. With this, we presume, the controversy is brought to a fair conclusion. It can never be enough lamented, that Mr T. did not continue the publication of the writings of Chaucer, and compile the Glossary for the whole of them, which he so much regrets the want of."

The annexed account of Tyrwhitt is from an anonymous hand; and, arriving too late to be incorporated with the foregoing notices, is here separately given.

"Mr Tyrwhitt was naturally of a calm and contemplative disposition. He manifested the strongest propensities to literature at an age when other boys are employed every moment they can steal from books in pursuit of pleasure. From the university he carried with him an uncommon fund of various knowledge, to which he afterwards added by the most unwearied application. Even while he sustained a public character, his vacant hours were appropriated to the closest study of dead and living languages. The profundity and acuteness of his remarks on Euripides, Bærius, Chaucer, Shakspeare, the Pseudo-Rowley, &c., bear sufficient witness to the diligence of his researches, and the force of his understanding. His mode of criticism is allowed to have been at once rigorous and candid. As he never availed himself of petty stratagems in support of doubtful positions, he was vigilant to strip his antagonists of such specious advantages. Yet controversy produced no unbecoming change in the habitual gentleness and elegance of his manners. His spirit of enquiry was exempt from captiousness, and his censures were as void of rudeness, as his erudition was free from pedantry.

"Of his virtues a record no less honourable might be made. *Ab uno disce omnes*. To the widow of the late Dr Musgrave he is said to have given up a bond for several hundred pounds, which her husband had borrowed of him. At the same time he undertook the patronage and correction of one of his posthumous works, which produced, by subscription, an ample sum for the benefit of his children. No political sentiments could be at greater variance than those of the Doctor and Mr Tyrwhitt; yet the latter was an unshaken friend to the former throughout all his misfortunes. True generosity is uninfluenced by party considerations, which operate only upon narrow minds. What Mr Tyrwhitt was, may indeed more exactly be inferred from the characters of those with

whom he lived in intimacy—a set of gentlemen conspicuous for their amiable qualities.

(To be continued.)

TREATY AT BILLY MYRE, 1386.*

[This treaty presents an almost unique specimen of the written vernacular of the time at which it was made.]

At Billy Myre, the 27th day of Juyn, the yair of Grace, 1386. It is acordit, Betwene the Lord the Nevill, Wardeyn of the Est March of Ingland agayne Scotland on the ta part; and the Eries of Douglas, and of the March, Wardeyns of the Est march of Scotland agayns Ingland on the tother part.

That ferme trewes, abstinence of Were and Speciale assurance Sal be betwene yaim and thar bondys enterchaneably of Scotland and Ingland, and the inhabitants in thar boundys forseyde, bathe be see and be land—the boundys of the See byginnand at the South Syde of Teys to north syde of the Scottish See :—

In vis mannere,

That warnyng sal be made to thaym, that es in land, as sone as it may be godly wythouten fraude; and to thaym that is upon the see as sone as they be warnyd wythouten fraude or gyle, so that the Wardyns be noght charged befor the warnyng be mayd in mannere as befor is sayd.

Swa yat yir forsayd Lordes ne nan yar bondis sal dona trespas no attemp at in the boundis of the tother part, nouthur be brynnyn, ne slaughter of men takyng and ransomyn of prisoners, takyng of Castelx, Fortreses, walled touns, na nane other harmes in na kyn mannere for ta done fra the makyng of yis endentures to the last day of May next.

To yis effec, yat the Commisars of bathe Partys sal mete about the xiv. marz (March) yat nest (next) comes at place, acordable betwix the Wardyns for ta trete of a Pees perpetual, or a lang trews betwix France and Scotland on the ta part, and Ingland on the tother part.

Item, it is acordit yat durant vis tyme forsayd, yat gyf ony greter or smaler of the Reamnes shapies to do harme into the boundys of the tother part be chiranches (?) or any other mannere, the Lordis forsayd sal sot lettynng yairin after leal poair; and in cais yay may not let yat ayther part sal mak warnyng til othir of xv. davis, and yair sal not be at ya Rydyngs ne harme doyns ne nan of yair Bondys at yair Wyttynglely (?); and gyf ony of yair Bondys trespas in yat manere, the Lordis sal gar yat be amendyt as far furth as yay trespas.

Item, It is acordit that the Castelx of Jed, Rokeburgh, the toun of Berwyk and the Castel, yar

garrisons, servantz, guydes, and catel whatsaever thay be, encontynt in yir spesiale trewes and assurantz, and thay if tha castelx and toun to thaim of thar bondys, swa yat yar may freli and surely wythouten lettynge be the Lordis forsayde, or ony of yair bondys to Entre and Isse, to gang and to come into Inglande, and resorte wyth yair vitailles, harnois, gudes, and catalles whatsoevir yay be, and yat they may sykirly and pesibly by thair vitailles, and othir yair necessaries on Northalne, and on the forsayde castelx and toun to the space of twa myle.

And to the mare sekernesse of Thir trewes, the Lord Nevill hes granted his protektion to the inhabitants of al Teydale, sauant the forest of Jeddeworth, the whilke forest and enhabitants yerin sal be comprehendit in the trewes forsayd.

Item, It is acordit, yat yer sal be non Entercomynge betwene the Reimes (realms), savant the manere exprisit befor of the Castelx and the toun of Berwyk, and men folwand thair gudes wyth hond or wythout Horn, or wyth bathe wythout speir or bowe, and wha sa makes lettynge to silk following, sal make assest for the gudes.

Item, It is acordit, yat nane Pandys sal be tane of nouthyr syde for na mannere of debt na trespasse, for the Lordis or thyr deputz sal se the Pleyntifs hav reson as laugh of the merchies will.

Item, It is acordit, yat the posesion yat the Kyng of Ingland and his legis had in the Shiravedom of Berwyk in the last yhere of xiv. yhire Trowis, sal be in same degree durant yir Trews yat thay were at yat tyme.

Item, It is accordit, yat nane of outhir syde of the Borders forsayd, for theft, murther, Treson, or Ref, sal change fays, or be receit in othirs boundys, and gyf yay be, yai sal be restorit enterchangeably.

Item, It is accordit, yat speceale assurantz sal be on the see, fra the Water of Spee to the Water of Tamyse, for al merchandes of bathe the Roilmes and yair gudes.

[The above truce was to continue from the 27th day of June, 1386, till the last day of May in the following year at sunset, that is, till the end of seed-time. It was afterwards prolonged to the 19th June, 1387. The above article was transcribed from a MS. in the Advocates' Library several years ago.

G. H.

Chirnside.

A SKETCH OF THE SCOTCH PRESBYTERIES.

IN the reign of Charles II., there were two bodies of Scotch Presbyterians, diametrically opposed to the Church of England and to each other, called "Resolutionists" and "Remonstrants," and answering to "Hoadleyites" and "Romaineists" in England—using those terms in their conventional sense. At the Revolution, these two bodies, for the most part, coalesced as "Establishmentarians," but some of the Remonstrants would admit of no settlement that did not embody the solemn league and covenant, whereupon they separated and called themselves "Reformed Presbyterians." Thus, at no period since the Revolution, have the Scotch

* Billy Myre was, two or three hundred years ago, an almost impassable morass, stretching east and west between the parishes of Chirnside, Coldingham and Buncle. It was crossed by a causeway, said to have been first constructed by the Romans, near the modern farm place of Causewaybank, appropriately named from that circumstance. This causeway was usually taken up during the time of war between England and Scotland. About thirty years ago, it was thickly covered with bog-reeds and other aquatic plants, and small dwarf willow trees—and resorted to by thousands of wild ducks. It is drained and cultivated.

Presbyterians been *one*. In 1690, there were—

1. Establishmentarians.
2. Reformed Presbyterians.

In 1733, a dispute arose at Kinross about the placing of a preacher. In 1740, eight preachers were deposed by the General Assembly, and formed the first Secession, so that, in 1740, there were—

1. Establishmentarians.
2. Reformed Presbyterians.
3. Seceders.

In 1747, a dispute arose on this point: on admission as a burgher, an oath was to be taken, embodying the words, "I do profess the religion presently established in this realm." Some of the Seceders thought this a declaration against Romanism, others thought it in favour of the Establishment, and they parted, as "Burghers" and "Anti-Burghers," so that, in 1747, there were—

1. Establishmentarians.
2. Reformed Presbyterians.
3. Burghers.
4. Anti-Burghers.

In 1755, a dispute arose at Jedburgh, similar to that at Kinross. Two preachers were deposed, and formed the "Relief Presbytery," so that, in 1755, there were—

1. Establishmentarians.
2. Reformed Presbyterians.
3. Burghers.
4. Anti-Burghers.
5. Relief Presbyterians.

In 1806, some burghers wished a declaration to be made in favour of the union of civil and ecclesiastical power, others murmured and parted, as the "Associate Synod of Original Seceders," so that, in 1806, there were—

1. Establishmentarians.
2. Reformed Presbyterians.
3. Burghers.
4. Anti-Burghers.
5. Relief Presbyterians.
6. Associate Synod of Original Seceders.

In 1621, the burgher's oath became obsolete, and the Burghers and Anti-Burghers prepared to coalesce; but some Burghers parted off as the "Original Burghers' Associate Synod," thus, when the six bodies were reduced to five, they at the same moment parted into six; and, in 1821, there were—

1. Establishmentarians.
2. Reformed Presbyterians.
3. Relief Presbyterians.
4. Associate Synod of Original Seceders.
5. United Associate Synod.
6. Original Burghers' Associate Synod.

In 1834, the Romainist party in the General Assembly passed the veto act, which gave an absolute veto on the placing of a preacher to the majority of male heads of families being communicants. This being declared illegal by the Court of Session and House of Lords, on the 18th May, 1843, and subsequent days, about 450 Romainist preachers and elders left the Establishment, and formed the "Free Presbytery," so that, in 1843, there were—

1. Establishmentarians.
2. Reformed Presbyterians.
3. Relief Presbyterians.

4. Associate Synod of Original Seceders.
5. United Associate Synod.
6. Original Burghers' Associate Synod, and
7. Free Presbyterians.

—*Inverness Courier.*

Varieties.

THE GARDENS OF CHATSWORTH.—Chatsworth is one of the great places of the day, of which it may be said that its proprietor is a prince, and its gardener a man of title. As a whole, its extent and general grandeur are unsurpassed by any English garden that we know; every department is constructed on a vast and broad scale. We could point out other gardens where some one department is carried out with equal or even greater success than it is at Chatsworth; but, if we take it in all its parts, it has no rival. If we refer to its scenery, it is grand and highly picturesque, with thousands of acres advantageously seen bearing the aspect of boundless woods and parklike ground, through the midst of which runs the meandering, gurgling, but pure and limpid trout stream, the Derwent. Then, there are its acres of Italian gardens—its terrace walls, and raised, straight, and broad terrace walks—its gushing waterfalls and fountains, sending forth their perpendicular liquid columns to the height of several hundred feet; and the piles of rock-work, which have to be passed between the house and the conservatory, which, as a work of art, is most prodigious. Next is the conservatory, which, in magnitude, greatly surpasses all other conservatories which have been built. By our mode of stepping, we made the length to be about 262 feet, and the width 120; the height we do not now remember, but it is a few feet over or under 50. It is surrounded by a gallery or pathway, at the height of 25 feet, overhanging the centre compartment of the house. The floor of the house is traversed by a boundary walk near the glass, a straight walk also passes through the centre, from the extreme ends, and this is again crossed by another, at the middle of the house. The remainder is formed into earth beds, in which the plants are growing. The temperature is kept up by hot-water pipes, surrounding the house, and within the outer wall; and two under-ground trenches, each containing a series of pipes, running parallel to each other the whole length of the house. It will convey some idea of the magnitude of this erection, when we mention that along one side, for a short distance, is planted a hedge of Agave Americana, or American aloe; in another part, and contiguous to the latter, is a grove of mandarin oranges; in another, there is an immense mass of rockwork, upon which is constructed a pathway of rude steps, by which the gallery, or balcony, 25 feet in height, is reached; again, in another, a lake, a pool, or aquarium, is constructed for gold fish, and the growth of water plants; then a grove of plantain, or mums; and in another, a natural group of palms, stamylidæ, &c. planted in the border. Amongst the palms, we noticed an old acquaintance, and one of the finest plants in the house, *cocos plumosa* now nearly thirty feet high. —*United Gardeners' and Land-Stewards' Journal.*

NOBLE BLOOD ANALYZED.—A Prussian nobleman, of a very ancient family, having been overturned while driving in the lectures of his friend Klaproth, he conceived the idea of turning this accident to the advantage of his favorite art. Accordingly, as he and his coachman had both been struck, and both bled, he carried the separate portingers to the laboratory of the professor, who, after various experiments, proved that the quantity of water was far greater than the contents consequently poorer, in his own than in his coachman's blood!

EDINBURGH: JOHN MENZIES, 61, Prince's Street, and 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.
GLASGOW: THOMAS MURRAY, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.
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GLIMPSSES OF THE PAST.

PAGEANTS, &c.

THE desire to imitate or personate ideal, historical, or contemporary characters seems inherent in the human mind. The first independent amusement of children generally consists in playing at ladies and gentlemen; making imaginary bargains and calls; and imitating, with irresistible satire, and a delicacy of caricature not to be surpassed by actors of more mature years, the eccentricities and manners of their elders. The schoolboy takes a higher stand; personates the heroes of the tales he has been reading, fighting all their battles o'er again, and thrice slaying their slain. While among individuals of riper age, there are few but endeavour to give a more animated turn to any circumstance or conversation they may be relating, by imitating the tones or gestures of the individuals they allude to.

As this desire is natural, so the gratification of it is correspondingly pleasing. To be able to step out of one's self—to leave for a little the perpetual sameness of individuality, and, if we cannot be great and wise men, to assume at least the air and language of the wise and great, is a peculiarly pleasing exercise. Even playing the fool hath its charms. And if our assumed folly has nothing vicious in it, and tends to promote a due exhilaration of spirits, instead of censuring it with austere brow or sanctimonious whine, we would say with the philosophical Jacques that, as a relief from the pressing cares and perplexing studies that often weigh too heavily upon us, "Motle's the only wear."

We propose, in this paper, to notice some of the ancient manifestations of this imitative desire, such as Pageants and Processions, as they are preserved in the Burgh Records of Aberdeen.

Foremost among these displays seems to have been the procession at the "offerand of our Lady at Candilmas." "This feast (says Horatia Smith) was derived from the Romans, though writers differ both as to the Pagan ceremony, of which it was an imitation, and as to the Pope by whom it was first established. Some affirm that it was copied from the festival of Februa, the mother of Mars, when the Pagans were accustomed to run about the streets with lighted torches, and that in

the year of our Lord, 684, Pope Sergius, 'in order to undo this false mummery and untrue belief, and turn it into God's worship and our Lady's, gave commandment that all Christian people should come to church, and offer up a candle brennying, in the worship that they did to this woman Februa, and do worship to our Lady.' In some of the ancient illuminated calendars, a woman holding a taper in each hand is represented in the month of February.* So vitally important seems the proper observance of this festival to have been regarded, that our Town Council, by a positive enactment, fixes the characters that the different crafts shall sustain in the procession on those occasions.

5th September, 1442. "Thir crafts vnderwritten sal fynd yerly, in the offerand of our Lady at Candlemas, thir persounes vnderwritten; that is to say,

"The littistares sal fynd,

"The empriour† and twa doctoures,‡ and alsmony honeste squiars as thi may.

"The smythes and hammermen sal fynd,

"The three kingis of Culane,|| and alsmony honeste squiars as thi may.

"The talzeours sal fynd,

"Our Lady Sancte Bride, Sancte Helone, Joseph, and alsmony squiars as thi may.§

"The skynnares sal fynd,

"Two bischopes, four angels, and alsmony honeste squiars as thi may.

"The webstares and walkers sal fynd,

"Symon and his disciples, and alsmony honeste squiars, &c.

The cordiners sal fynd,

"The messyngear and moyses, and alsmony honeste squiars, &c.

"The fleschowares sal fynd,

"Twa or four wodmen, and alsmony honeste squiars, &c.

"The brithir of the gilde sal fynd,

* "Festivals, Games, and Amusements, Ancient and Modern. By Horatia Smith." London: 1831.

† This is supposed to have been the Emperor Augustus.

‡ The doctors who disputed with Christ in the temple.

|| The three wise men, or shepherds, who came from the east to worship the infant Saviour.

§ A local antiquary has made a good joke upon the calbaging propensities of the tailors from this item. It will be observed that the other crafts are desired to furnish honest squiars, but that is considered an impossible thing for the knights of the goose.

"The knightes in harnace, and squaires honestely arraith, &c.

"The baxteiris sal fynd,

"The menstralis, and almsmy honeste squyares as thi may."

Again, in 1505, we find the council confirming the above, "and stour statut and ordanit that the said craftsmen, and their successors, sull perpetualie; in tyme to cum, observe and keip the said procession als honorably as thai can." Then follows the order of procession, much the same as the above, "and gif ony persone or persones hapinis to failye and brek ony poynt befor written, and beis convict tharof, [he] sall pay xl. sh. to Sanct Nicholas werk, and the bayleis unlaw unforgievin: And to the obseruing and keping of the samyn, all the said craftsmen was oblisit, be their handis uphaldin."

In 1530 they again resolve that, "in the honour of God and the blissit Virgine Mary, the craftsmen of this burgh sall, in their best arraye, keip and decoir the processionis on xxi [Corpus Christi] day and Candlemas day als honorabilie as tha cane, every craft with their avin banar, with the armes of their craft tharin, with their pegane; and tha sall pas, ilk craft be thame self, twa and twa, in this ordeur: that is to say, in the first, the flescharis, and nixt thame the barbouris, nixt thame the skynnars and furious togydder, nixt thame the cordonars, nixt thame the tailzours, nixt thame the webstris, valcars, and litstars togiddar, nixt thame the baxtris, nixt thame the wrichtis, masonis, sclaters, and coupers togiddar, and last, and nixt the sacrament, passis all the smiths and hammymen." Next year the same resolution is passed, "Conforme to the auld lovabill constuetudis and ryght of this burgh, and of the nobill burgh of Edinburgh, of the quhilkis rite and constuetude the forsaid prouest hes gotine copy in writte."

There is a considerable difference, however, in the *dramatis personæ* of this year from that of 1442.

"The craftis ar charged to furneiss their paganis vnderwritten:

"The flescharis, Sanct Bestian and his Tormentouris.*

"The barbouris, Sanct Lowrence and his Tormentouris.

"The skynnaris, Sanct Stewin and his Tormentouris.

"The cordinaris, Sanct Martyne.

"The tailzeouris, the Coronation of our Lady.

"Litstaris, Sanct Nicholes.

"Wobstaris, walcaris, and bonet makaris, Sanct John.

"Baxtaris, Sanct Georg.

"Wrichtis, messonis, sclateris, and couperis, the Resurrection.

"The smiths and hammirmen to farneiss the Bearmen of the Croce."

A conspicuous character in ancient pastimes was the Abbot of Unreason, or Lord of Misrule. A puritanical writer, in the time of Queen Eliza-

beth, thus sarcastically alludes to his office and revelries. "First, all the wilde heads of the parish, flocking together, chuse thame a great captain (of mischief), whome they innoble with the title of *My Lord of Misrule*, and him they move with great solemnitie, and adopt for their king. This king annoynted, chooseth seooth twentie, fourtie, threescore, or a hundred lustie guttes like himself, to wait upon his lordlie majestie, and to garde his noble person. Then every one of these his men he investeth with his liveries of green, yellow, or some other light wanton colour. And as though that were not gaudy enough, they bedecke themselves with scarfes, ribbons, and laces, hanged all over with golde ringes, precious stones, and other jewels. This done, they be about the lege twentie or fourtie belles, with rich humbleschiefs in their hands, and sometimes daile some over their shoulders and neckes, bearded, for the most part, of their pretty wape and loving blades, for bussing them in the darke. And thus, all things set in order, they have their hobby-horses, their dragons, and other antiquies, together with their bandie pipers and thundering drummers, to steepe up the *Devil's daunce* withal. Then march this heathen company towards the church and church-yarde, their pypers pyping, their drummers thundering, their stumps daunting, their belles jingling, their handkerchiefs fluttering about their heades like madde men, their hobby-horses and other monsters skirmishing among the church; and in this sorte they goe to the church (though the minister be at prayer or preaching), dancing and swinging their handkerchiefs over their heades in the church, like devils incarnate, which maketh a confused noyse that no one can heare his owne voyce. Then the foolish people they waken they steepe, they laugh, they fleere, and mount upon forms and pewes, to see these goodly pageants solemnized in this sort: Then after this, about the church they goe againe and againe, and so forth into the church-yarde, where they have commonly their summer haules, their bowes, arbours, and banqueting houses set up, wherein they feast, banquet, and daunce all that day, and, perchance, all that night too. And thus these terrestrial foies spend the Sabbath-day. Another sort of fantastical fooles bring to these hell-hounds (the Lord of Misrule and his complices), some bread, some good ale, some new cheese, some old cheese, some custard, some cracknels, some cakes, some tarts, some cream, some meat, some one thing, some another; but if they knowe that as often as they bring anye to the maintenance of these execrable pastimes, they offer sacrifice to the Devill and Sathanas, they would repent and withdraw their hands, which God grante they may."* Under the title of the Abbot of Unreason—a title borrowed from the motto of the town's arms—this character seems to have held a very prominent place among the festivities of the "braif town of Aberdeen," and several instances of council refer to his serious-comic resurrection.

In 1445, the council seems to have been rather out of humour, for they enact that, "for letting and stanching of diuerse enormities done in time

* Stubbes's "Anatomic of Abuses."

* These "Sancta" and their "Tormentouris," seem to indicate some rude representation of their different modes of martyrdom.

bygone be the abbottis of this burgh, callit of bone accorde, that, in time to cum, thai will give na feis to na sic abbottis." We can conceive, however, that some of the more frolicksome of their number rather demurred to this resolution, for it is added: "Item, it is sene speidful to the counsaill that for the instant wher thai will have na sic abbot; but thai will that the alderman for the time, and a baillie quhom that he will tak til him, sall supplie that faut." In 1504, the "bailies and counsaill, riplie arisit," ordain, "in the honour of their glorious patroun, Sanct Nicholes, that all personis burges neichtours, and burges sonnys, habill to rid, to decoir, and honer the toun in their array, convenient tharto, sal rid with the Abbot and Prior of Bonaccord on every Sanct Nicholas day, tharowe the tounne, as vs and went hathr bein, quhen thair warrit be the said Abbot and Prior abesfor; and gif ony man hawand tak of watiris and fishing of the tounne, habill to rid, be warrit be the said Abbot and Prior of Bonaccord, and will not rid, [thai] sall tyn thair takis quhilikis thal: have of the tounne, at the next assodation." Persons not having "takis" of the toun; not appearing when warned, "sall pay to Sanct Nicholes work xx. sh. unforgevin, and viij. sh. to the bailies for their unlaw." In 1528, the council grants to "Johnne Ratray and Gilbert Melisoun" their Abbatis out of reason of this instant year for their feis, the nyxt twa freemen that happie to be maid and desirte be thame."* In 1533, the fees of the abbot and prior seem to be even more problematical than this last, for it is resolved to give them ten merks "of the first mone that the toun gettis in, and ma guidlie forder, howsome it may be gottin."

These processions, however, did not always go off without a brush, for we find on several occasions parties brought before the magistrates for "strublings of my lordis of Bonaccordis." Neither did his reverence always deport himself with due decorum, for while his assailants went the length of "takin his hors and quhynggar" from him, he was charged with "casting of draff on them throw nailes." Those who thus "strublit the guid tounne in stoping of dawning, and plesure dewisit, to the plesure of the samyn," however, were condemned "to cum the morn within the queyrs of Sanct Nicholasse kyrke, in tyme of the hemes, barhead, ilk one of thame with ane candill of wax of ane pound in their hand, and syt doune on their kneels and beseyk the procest, in the tounis name, to forgyt them for the strublings don thairto be thame, in time of their solace and play; and in lyk wyse to beseyk the said provost and guid men of the tounne to mak request to the lordis of Bonaccord to forgyt thame the falt and strublings done to them." On another occasion Alex. Kayn is accused in judgment for his wife, "because she obligit him to answer for her deidis" for the disturbance of the Lords of Bonaccord and their company. Mrs Kayn seems to have been a virago who looked beneath the mere decorations of the outer man; for she calls the nummers "common

beggars and skafferis," and tells them that "their meltyd was bot small for all thair cuttis and hoys, with many oder inurious wordis."

Mysteries, or miracle-plays, seem also to have formed part of the pageants under the direction of the Abbot of Bonaccord, for, in 1440, we find the council consenting to pay the expenses of the play of the "Haliblode," to be performed on the "Wyndmyllhill;" and in 1479, they consent and ordain "the alderman to mak the expense and costis of the common gude upon the ameynt, and uthrie necessaries, of the play to be plait in the fest of Cospos Kristi mixtocum." Robin Huid, "Litill Johnne," and the "Queyne of Maii," seem also to have been characters sustained on these occasions.

These were perhaps jovial, and there is no doubt they were ignorant times; but silently working its way at first, the Reformation at last came down and crashed these revels; and the "Emprieur and the three Kingis of Culame," "the sounge abel men in thair grene cottis, and agit men in honest cottis, offerand to thame," the abbot and prior of Bonaccord, with their horses, their "quhynggars, and cuttit out hoys," must all hide their mimic glory before the potent John Knox. And, although the men of those times perhaps "could not but remember such things were, and were most dear to them," had the Reformers been satisfied with the destruction of these gew-gaw accessories of the olden faith, and had they spared the finer and more elaborate works of art, which, alas! they too wantonly destroyed, we would not think upon them with that bitterness which we are too often constrained to do.—Behold the consummation of the ancient pageants.

"14th May, 1563.

"The said day, Johnne Kelo, belman, maid faytht in judgement that he at command of the prowost and baillies, past, on Saturday wes viij. daies, viz. the v. day of Maii, and on Saturday last was, viz. the xij. day of Maii, throw all the rewis and gettis of this tounne, be open voce, and maid inhibitioun to all burges men, craftis men, and all utheris, inhabitantis and induellaris of the said tounne, that nane of them tak upone hand to mak ony conventione, with taburne plaing, or pype, or fedill, or haue anseinges, to convene the queyns legis, in chusing of Robin Hood, Littill Johnne, Abbot of Ressounne, Queyne of Maii, or sicklyk contraveyne the statutis of parliament, or mak ony tumult, scism, or conventiounne."

Alas! for the abbots and priors of Bonaccord. In these extremely utilitarian times we want a spice of the old festival leven to win us from our perpetual plodding. And we rejoice to see that a move in this direction is taking place throughout the country; and that the establishment of public parks, and the maintaining of the public "right of way" to places of old resort, are becoming popular movements. For a feeling of such extreme exclusiveness is abroad among some of those who, in their

"Fulness of insolent pride,

"Would farm out the sea, and take rent for the tide,"—

that, but for these movements, the poor man would soon find himself so penned in within lorry

* From other entries, this seems to mean the composition money of two freemen.

walls; that the only evidence he would possess of still being upon the green earth of his memory, would be that he was sure he was not in the fair heaven of his faith!

WILLIAM SHARP AND FISCAL

ALEX. WILSON.

1792-3.

[Wilson, the poet and ornithologist, one of the most extraordinary men Scotland has produced, is well known to have taken a decided part in the violent disputes which arose between the manufacturers and the weavers in Paisley, in 1792, and that "he was prosecuted, convicted, imprisoned, and compelled to burn (a satirical paper he had written) with his own hands." It is said by his biographer, and no doubt truly, that he afterwards regretted these "writhful effusions of his pen." The following transcript of the entire case against him may be interesting to our readers:]

Letter Alexander Wilson to William Sharp, 1792.

Sir,

The enclosed poem, by particular circumstances, has fallen into my hands. The author, I can certainly assure you, is on the eve of concluding a bargain for the MSS. The offered price is five pounds.

If you know any person who will advance five guineas, the manuscript from which I copied the enclosed, shall, with the most solemn regard to justice and secrecy, be immediately destroyed and buried in perpetual oblivion. If not, three days shall publish it to the world.

I give you three hours to deliberate on the offer, by which time I expect a final and determined answer, addressed to A. B., to lie in J. Nelson's, bookseller, Paisley, till called for. If the price or copy is not received by four o'clock this present afternoon, I can no longer prevent the author from proceeding with his production as he may think proper.—I am, Sir, your wellwisher,

(Signed) A. B.

Tuesday,

Half-past 11 o'clock, A.M.

(Addressed) Mr William Sharp, manufacturer, Paisley.

Paisley, 24 May, 1792.

This is the letter referred to in my declaration of this date, emitted before the Sheriff Substitute of Renfrewshire.

(Signed) Alex. Wilson.

James Orr.

Unto his Majesty's Sheriff Depute of the county of Renfrew, or his Substitute,

The Petition of William Sharp, manufacturer in Paisley,

Humble Sheweth,

That yesterday, the twenty-second current, the petitioner received an anonymous letter, signed A. B., containing verses entitled, "The Sharp or Haug Mills Detested," which, from their general

strain, innuendos and circumstances alluded to, and likewise from the letter accompanying them, all which will hereafter be submitted to your lordship's consideration—are highly incendiary, tending in the grossest manner to treat the petitioner's respectability; and, as the letter mentioned will obviously demonstrate, are composed with the view of extracting money from the petitioner, the letter declaring "that if five guineas are advanced, the manuscript from which the poem is copied, shall, with the most solemn regard to justice and secrecy, be immediately destroyed and buried in perpetual oblivion. If not, three days shall publish it to the world."

If publications of this nature shall be allowed to pass unregarded, and the conduct and character of people of business lampooned and satirized in the manner here attempted, it is difficult to discover to what degree of licentiousness such a spirit may proceed, or what characters, however respectable, may be held out and exposed to the ridicule and derision of the public. Impressed most seriously with such thoughts, both from consideration of personal and public safety, the petitioner does now most humbly request your lordship's assistance in the discovery and punishment of the author of these highly libellous, incendiary, and dangerous publications.

That your petitioner, from various circumstances, has the best grounds to believe that these verses were penned and transmitted by Alexander Wilson, weaver in Paisley, a person well known to his productions in this way, some of which are at this moment the subject of enquiry, and presented before your lordship.

May it therefore please your lordship to grant warrant for apprehending and bringing before you, the said Alexander Wilson, and any others whom the petitioner suspects may be useful in leading to a discovery of the author of the aforesaid poem; and in case the petitioner shall be able to convict the said Alexander Wilson thereof, or that he was aiding or assisting in framing the same, to grant warrant for imprisoning him within the tolbooth of Paisley, for such time as to your lordship may seem proper, and to require him to produce and deliver up the manuscript, and prohibit and discharge him from ever publishing, printing, or in any way using the same, and to see and amerciate him in a proper sum in name of damages and expenses, and give the petitioner such remedy in the premises as to your lordship may seem proper.

According to Justice
(Signed) William Sharp.

Paisley, 23d May, 1792.

Having considered the foregoing petition, grants warrant to the officers of the court, jointly and severally, to pass and apprehend the person of the before designed Alexander Wilson, and bring him before me for examination.

(Signed) James Orr.

By Mr. James Orr, Sheriff Substitute of the shire of Renfrew, &c.

Whereas information has been given me this day, that Alexander Wilson of Paisley, has written a poem, or been accessory, or art and part therein, entitled "*The Sharp, or Long Mills Detected*,"—tending to calumniate and traduce the character of William Sharp, silk manufacturer in Paisley, in the most unjustifiable manner, and apparently with a view of extracting money from Mr Sharp, as appears from a letter under the signature of A. B., produced and shown to me along with the complaint exhibited against the said Alexander Wilson. That in consequence of the said application, I granted a warrant for apprehending the said Alexander Wilson, and bringing him before me, in order to be examined thereon, and the officers who went in quest of Wilson reported to me, that they had gone in search of him but could not find him at home, and that they had been informed he had gone off to Glasgow early this morning. That considering the poem to be a scandalous, false, and injurious attack upon a person of established character, I consider it my duty in this stage of the business to prevent the publication of such an infamous production. And therefore I do hereby prohibit and discharge the said Alexr. Wilson, and all printers and others, from writing, printing, or publishing the said poem, entitled, "*The Sharp, or Long Mills Detected*," or under whatever title or denomination the said poem or libel may appear, within the county of Renfrew; certifying those who do the contrary, that they will be deemed guilty, as art and part in writing and publishing a scandalous libel against a man who has always held a fair reputation in the world. And in case the said Alexr. Wilson, or any other person, from a consciousness of the offence thereby committed, shall go to any other county in order to get the said poem printed and published, I do humbly recommend it to all sheriffs, magistrates, and justices of the peace, to use their endeavours in order to prevent the printing or publishing such a poem or libel under the foregoing certification, or such other certification as to them shall seem proper; and that they will also grant warrant for apprehending the said Alexander Wilson, if found within their bounds, and bringing him before them, in order to be examined relative to the said poem, as is the malicious author and publisher may be detected and brought to condign punishment. Given at Paisley, the twenty-third day of May, one thousand seven hundred and ninety-two years.

(Signed) James Orr.

On the Complaint, William Sharp agt. Wilson.

Paisley, 24th May, 1792.

Mr James Orr, Sh. Sub.

Compeared the defender, Alexander Wilson, who being examined and interrogated, declares that the letter now exhibited to him, bearing date, Tuesday, half-past eleven o'clock, under the signature of A. B., and addressed on the back thus, "*Mr William Sharp, manufacturer, Paisley*," is of the declarant's hand-writing, and was written by him at the desire of the author of the poem, which was therewith sent to Mr Sharp;

and said poem being now shown to the declarant, declares and acknowledges that it is the same which he enclosed in the said letter, and both the said letter and poem are now deponented and signed by the declarant and sheriff-substitute as relative thereto; and being interrogated, and desired to condescend upon the name of the author of the said poem, declares that the letter before alluded to contains his sentiments, or expresses his sentiments, upon the subject matter of the poem, and he declines giving any answer to the question. Being interrogated, if he is possessed of any other copy of the said poem? declares that he is not possessed of any other copy, nor does he know of any person possessed of any such copy, but acknowledges that he was possessed of the original manuscript from which he copied the poem sent to Mr Sharp; and being interrogated, if he knows at whose instigation, or by whose desire, the said poem was written? he declines answering the interrogatory; and being interrogated, if he ever offered the original manuscript, or a copy of the said poem, to any printer in order to be printed? he declines giving any answer to the question; declares that he did not call at the shop of John Neilson, printer and stationer in Paisley, and enquire if there was any letter addressed to A. B., since he sent the said letter to Mr Sharp, though he has occasion to call daily at Mr Neilson's shop about other matters; and being interrogated, if the five guineas, mentioned in the said letter, had been obtained from Mr Sharp, whether the whole, or any part thereof, was intended to have been given to the author of the poem, or applied to the use and purposes of the letter writer? he declines giving any answer to the question. And this he declares to be truth.

(Signed)

Alex. Wilson.

James Orr.

Allan Maconochie, Esquire, his Majesty's Sheriff of the county of Renfrew. To officers, executors hereof, jointly and severally, specially constituted; forasmuch as it is humbly meant and shown to me, by William Sharp, manufacturer in Paisley, with concurrence of Edward Jamieson, writer in Paisley, procurator of the Sheriff Court of Renfrew, and he, for himself and for the public interest, against Alexander Wilson, weaver in Seedhills of Paisley; that where, by the laws of this, and every well governed realm, the writing, or causing to be wrote, scandalous and libellous papers in the stile of poems, or otherways falsely attacking, traducing, scandalizing, and defaming the character of any person whatever, and throwing out reflections and insinuations against such person's honesty and integrity; or the writing and composing, or causing to be wrote and composed, papers or libels of an incendiary nature, tending to create discord between a manufacturer and his workers, and to stir up combination, opposition, and violence among servants or workers against their masters or employers, more especially in a manufacturing town and neighbourhood; and the writing anonymous letters or letters under fictitious or unknown signatures; and enclosing such poems, containing threatening, in order to extort money from the person, or part

sions to whom sent; are crimes of an heinous nature, and severely punishable. Nevertheless, true it is and of verity, that the said defender has presumed to commit, and is guilty, actor, or art and part of the said crimes, in so far as the said defender having taken up a groundless malice and ill will at the private complainer, did, in the month of May last, at least within these twelve months past, maliciously write, or cause to be written, a very scandalous, ill-natured, and scurrilous paper, or libel, in the stile of a poem, intitled "The Sharp or Lang Mills Detected," a poem, containing this introduction or motto, "*Yes, while I live, no rich or sordid knave, shall walk in peace and credit to his grave;*" the whole of which paper or poem tends to hold out the person meant as the object thereof, in a detestable point of view, and a most injurious attack is wantonly made upon the private complainer's character, and reflections and insinuations are therein thrown out against his integrity, honesty, and fair dealing, for the complainer's name is not there fully mentioned, yet such innuendos, allusions, and descriptions are therein thrown out, that the private complainer is the person against whom such insinuations are meant and intended to apply; and the said paper or libel is of an incendiary nature, and has a tendency to create discord between the complainer and his workers, and to stir up combinations, and excite violence and opposition among the complainer's servants against him in carrying on his business in the manufacturing town of Paisley and neighbourhood thereof, to his great hurt and prejudice; and the defender, not satisfied with composing and writing, or causing to be composed or wrote, the above scandalous paper, entitled a poem, he sent a copy thereof, enclosed in a letter, both of his handwriting, to the private complainer, under the signature of A. B., threatening to publish the same to the world in three days, unless the private complainer sent him five guineas for the manuscript, in which he gives the complainer only three hours to deliberate whether to send the money or not; a copy of which poem, with the letter abovementioned, is herewith produced and referred to. That the private complainer having preferred a complaint to my substitute against the said Alexander Wilson, for his above conduct, he, in virtue of a warrant granted thereupon, was carried before Mr James Orr, my substitute, and upon the twenty-fourth day of May last, did emit and sign a declaration, by which his guilt in the premises appears in the clearest manner, which complaint and declaration will be lodged in the hands of the sheriff-clerk of Renfrewshire in due time, that the defender and his doers may see the same, at least within the time foreshaid, such paper and libel has been maliciously composed and written; and although the complainer's name is not therein fully published, yet is not only apparent, from the style or strain in which it is wrote, and by its being enclosed in the foreshaid letter addressed to the private complainer, and sent to him by the defender, that he, the private complainer, is the person pointed at as the object of the satire; and the said defender, Alexander Wilson, ought and should be decerned and ordained to make pay-

ment to the private complainer of the sum of fifty pounds sterling, in name of damages and assythment; and he also ought and should be decerned and ordained to appear in open court, and beg pardon of God and the complainer, and confess, acknowledge, and declare, that the said insinuations thrown out against the complainer's character, in the foreshaid libel, are scandalous and injurious; and the said defender ought to be fined and amerced in the sum of ten pounds sterling, to the procurator-fiscal of court, to deter others from the commission of such crimes in time coming, and he ought to be imprisoned until payment of these sums; and lastly, the said defender ought and should be decerned and ordained to make payment to the pursuers of the expenses of this process and extract decreet to follow hereupon.

Herefore it is my will, &c.

Principal libell, dated the 27th June, 1792.

Answers for Alexander Wilson, to the Libel brought against him by William Sharp, Silk Manufacturer in Paisley, with concurrence of the Procurator-Fiscal.

The defender is, by the two most material points in the libel, accused of having made an attack on the complainer's character, by writing a poem, entitled the "Sharp, or Lang Mills Detected," in which the complainer affirms that his character is there drawn and represented in a most detestable point of view; and that the defender did transmit the said poem to the complainer, accompanied by a letter demanding money, and threatening to publish the said poem in case of a refusal.

To the first of these accusations the defender replies, that the aforesaid poem, which he acknowledges to have written, never, in his eye, bore the least resemblance, or contained one single feature expressive of the complainer's character. That he has known the complainer these many years, and has always, in conjunction with the world, esteemed and respected him as a very honest man, and the support of many industrious families. The gross acts of injustice, avarice, and oppression, imputed to the hero of that poem, are so opposite to the known character of the complainer—so contradictory to the defender's own opinion of that gentleman, and so remote in every particular from his reputation in public, that he is astonished the complainer should for a moment have entertained the least idea of being the person meant in the above poem—an idea which the world would never have conceived, and which the complainer could not have had the most distant apprehension of, except from the single circumstance of receiving a copy from the writer. This circumstance, innocent and undesigning as it was (from what motive the defender acknowledges himself unable to comprehend,) is interpreted to the basest and most villainous of purposes. The letter is said to have demanded money, and to contain threatening in case of a refusal. It is a well known fact, that the defender, for a considerable time before, had been employed in publishing and exposing his own composition to sale.

In these cases, it was his particular study to make application to persons most concerned in

their taste in literary matters—their liberality, and the encouragement they gave to works of genius. In this light stood the complainer, Mr Sharp, and in this light the defender had ever viewed him. The defender, therefore, on completing the poem in question, transmitted it to the gentleman for inspection, intimating the value he set upon it, and expressing a wish to have it disposed of; and inquiring of the complainer, as of a friend, if he knew of any person to whom it might be disposed, and earnestly requesting that if he knew of none, to return it within three hours, as the author was on the eve of concluding a bargain with a bookseller for the MS. But not one threatening expression, or one demand whatever, was made for money, but the price signified, and the author's property desired to be returned, which the complainer was polite enough to refuse. The same offers, at the same time, were, for any thing the complainer knows, submitted to many others besides him, none of whom have thought proper to conclude themselves lampooned by the simple circumstance of a writer soliciting their advice and assistance in his pieces. If it be asked why the defender, if these were his intentions, did not freely subscribe his name instead of the initials A. B., he replies: That he considers an author at free liberty to acknowledge, or not acknowledge, all, or any of the productions on their first appearance to the public; and considers it prudent in some cases, as he did in the present, for an author to conceal his name until the world shall have decided the merits of his piece.

The last resource of an author, when he cannot dispose of his copyright to advantage, is to become publisher, and that was what the defender, in the present case, declined, as a less safe and more troublesome method—a method where the expense is certain and the gain uncertain. Can any man, therefore, be blamed for endeavouring to dispose of his property? And if I apply to the more intelligent and liberal for their assistance and advice, shall I, without the least shadow of reason or probability, be prosecuted as a libeller and incendiary. I say, without the least shadow of probability; for had the defender's intentions been such as he is accused of—had his design been as the libel expresses it, to extort money from the complainer—had the complainer (as is affirmed) been the person meant as the subject of that poem, after thus exposing his character, demanding money, and threatening him by letter, what refuge could he have had, but in denying and refusing to know either poem or letter. But the defender had no occasion for any such refuge. The complainer would have been the last person on earth he ever would have attributed such vicious conduct to. All he had at heart, was a wish to dispose of his production; and the poem and letter being produced to him before your Lordship, he at once acknowledged to be the writer of both.

The defender, therefore, again declares his innocence of any such malicious intentions as he is accused of. He challenges his prosecutors to produce one single person who ever heard him mention the complainer as being the subject of that or any poem whatever, or ever witnessed

him let fall one single expression derogatory to his probity or honour; so far were the defender's intentions from that, and so undeserving the treatment he has since received, that he no sooner was informed that the complainer imagined himself the subject of that poem, than he, the defender, from the sincerest motives of pity and humanity, refused the most liberal offers made to him for the MS. Kept the whole concealed even from his most intimate acquaintance, nor ever would have been prevailed upon to consent to its publication, had he not been driven to it by the foolish and determined severity of a rigorous prosecution, founded merely on the complainer's chimerical suppositions. From the whole of what has been stated, the defender hopes that your Lordship will have no hesitation to assoilzie him from the charge, and allow him expense of process.

(Signed) ALEX. WILSON.

To the Honourable the Sheriff-substitute of Renfrewshire,

The Petition of Alexander Wilson, Weaver in Paisley,

Humbly Sheweth,

That an action having been commenced at the instance of Mr William Sharp, silk manufacturer in Paisley, against your petitioner, as the supposed author of a certain poem, enclosed and directed to the said William Sharp, your petitioner, in consequence of which, received a summons to compare before your Lordship in Court, upon an affixed day, in the hour of cause; but having failed to make his appearance at the time appointed, he was fined in the sum of ten pounds Scots for contumacy.

That your petitioner having no design whatever of contemning the laws of his country, but by an unfortunate inadvertency, in depending on a person of the law who had promised to speak for him, but who neglected, the above fine was exacted.

Your petitioner, therefore, humbly requests that your Lordship would see meet to remit part of said fine of ten pounds Scots; and as the persons to whom he has applied have, for reasons best known to themselves, declined to appear for him, he solicits that your Lordship would think proper to nominate persons qualified for that purpose to answer for him in Court.

And your petitioner shall ever pray,
(Signed) ALEX. WILSON.

Paisley, August 30, 1792.

Replies for William Sharp and the Procurator Fiscal—Pursuers:

11th Oct. 1792.

Had the defender's intentions and friendship been as pure when he composed the poem produced and libelled as he affects in his defences, the Court would not have been troubled with this action, and the complainer would have saved a great deal of expense that he has incurred. The pretended friendship in these answers, however, is mere affectation, without any reality at bottom, and by no means will atone for the scurrility and

abuse thrown out in the poem against the pursuer, and now published to the world.

That the poem produced is levelled at the complainer and no other, will appear evident at first sight. The very affinity between the title thereof and the defender's surname almost establishes the fact. But when your Lordship examines the third verse thereof, his name is expressly mentioned, and in the fourth verse the same is repeated; and as if that was not sufficient, the pursuer is figured out as one of the town-council, and treasurer thereof, all which applies to him and none else; add to all this, his sending the poem to the complainer, with the sole view to extort money from him, and not in the way of friendship, as he now says, or to take his advice on its merits. The words are, "If you know any person who will advance five guineas, the manuscript from which I copied the inclosed shall, with the most solemn regard to justice and secrecy, be immediately destroyed and buried in perpetual oblivion. If not, three days will publish it to the world. I give you three hours to deliberate on this offer." Can words be stronger, or the meaning more plain, to show the defender's design and intention to extort five guineas from the pursuer; and the threatening to publish it to the world, with a view to destroy his character, is held out as the motive, to induce the pursuer to comply with his most extraordinary demand. His threatening to publish it to the world, shows that he considered the poem as hurtful to the pursuer's character; and the same idea is conveyed in his offer to conceal the same for five guineas. Such conduct ought not to pass unpunished. Was the defender allowed to go on in this manner, no character, however fair or respectable, would be safe at his hands. In the declaration libelled on, he tells your Lordship that he is not possessed of any such copy; yet it is now plain, that in this he was committing a gross falsehood, for since that period he has caused print and publish the same; a copy of which publication is herewith produced. It is submitted, then, how far such piece of conduct is not a contempt of the authority of Court. For the pursuer maintains, that when the poem was the subject of legal discussion for the scurrility it contains, the defender was not at liberty, but at his peril, to print and publish it; and as he has done so, it is not doubted, first, that your Lordship will inflict such punishment on him as the fault deserves.

The defender has now fairly, in his defences, acknowledged his being the author of the poem, as well as the person who wrote and sent the same to the pursuer. The printed copy produced proves, and indeed in his defences he acknowledges, that he has printed and published the same; and his design in so doing, was evidently to destroy the pursuer's character and reputation, and to raise division and discord between him and his workers, as well as in an incendiary way to extort five guineas from the pursuer.

It is therefore not doubted, that your Lordship will immediately decern against the defender as libelled, with full expenses.

In respect whereof, (Signed) NATH. GIBSON,
Treasurer of the Court of Session.

To be continued.

THE WILD SCOT OF GALLOWAY.

BY JOSEPH TRAIN.

"In the Auld Laws and Constitutions of Scotland," edited by Sir John Skene of Canthill, "The doome against Gylascope Makscolan, the Wild Scot of Galloway, is thus recorded:

"At Edinburgh, one Sunday next, after St Dionise (1224) in the Chappour of Halidre-house, it was discerned be all the Judges, as well of Scotland as of Galloway, arrent Gylascope Makscolan, because he entered not his pledge at the day assigned to him, therefore he shall give wad to ye king until he be paid and satisfied. And gif he do in the Contrare, he shall remain in the King's heaveie mercie."

The chronicles of that age represent the men of Galloway as being very savage, and by having almost depopulated the country by their accustomed warfare. When Alexander III. marched towards the southern border, in 1258, to chastise his excommunicated nobles, his army was mostly composed of Gallowaymen, who pillaged the people, and eat flesh in lent. Amidst the evils inflicted on their country by a long continuance of savage warfare, the Galwegians maintained for ages various rights of a distinct people, and were governed by their own laws; but Alexander III. brought the refractory tribes of Galloway more completely under the dominion of the crown of Scotland than any of his predecessors had previously the power of accomplishing.

Allan, the Lord of Western Galloway, accepted the office of High Constable of Scotland, which placed him in dignity next to the King, and gave him the power of life and death, "if any man drew blood of another within two miles of the Court;" but Gylascope Makscolan, the great Thane of the eastern district of the Province of Galloway, was more unruly. Hacketon the poet, who lived in the days of Makscolan, says

"Giff deil was ere in human form,
'Twas that wild Scot of Galloway,"

* Edin. ed., p. 335. By the statute of Alexander II. says Skene, Galloway has her own special laws.—*Auld Laws*, 14. Robert I. confirmed the ancient laws of Galloway, which Edward I., by his ordinance in 1303, attempted to abolish.—*Robertson's Introduction to the R. l. lii.* Galloway had her peculiar judges, who were always called to decide, when the rights of Galloway were to be affected.—*Bern MSS. of the Laws of Scotland.* Why the judges went out of Galloway, to enforce laws peculiar to that province, is not easy now to ascertain. At Holyrood-house, in conjunction with the judges of Scotland, they passed doom against Gylascope Makscolan. Soon after the return of William the Lion from his captivity, the judges of Galloway sat at Dumfries, and decided that whoever were convicted, in Galloway, of breaking the King's park, should forfeit two score cows and three bulls.—*Cal. v. ii.* p. 71. In 1174, A.D., the King's Court was held on the day of the Apostle Philip and James at Lankel; in the presence of Rolland, the son of Uchtred, when it was declared by the judges of Galloway, with other honest men, that Can was due to the King, under certain modifications.—*Cal. v. iii.* p. 362.

† *Chron. Melros*, p. 221-2. *Caledonia*, v. ii. p. 360.
‡ *Hallinshed's Scot. Chron.*, v. ii. p. 368. *Antiquary ed.*, 1804. The same period is also mentioned by the same author in the *Edinburgh*, 1804.

which ~~completes~~ suggested the idea of the following poem:—

Gylascope Mackscolan the Great is my theme;
What a halo of glory encircles that name!
Away with the mystery that hung o'er his birth,
That made many think he was not of this earth:
My tale I will tell that the sceptic may scan,
If the Galloway Wild Scot was merely a man.
Midst the wide-spreading forest of dark Curridoo,
As straight as the pine up to manhood he grew;
The plaid and the trows, from the sunshine or
Nebenwrapt in the moorlands, so manly a form;
His eagle-eye glanced 'neath his dark arching

The sword-bonnet* gracefully sat on his high

So noble his mien was, that some, in disdain,
The high-minded youth called Malscolan the

2.

Gylascope the sprightly cared not, I am told,
For stock and horn music,† to watching the fold;
He went not to late wakes,‡ to laugh or to wail;
Nor went he to listen the schenachie's tale:
He never for a bridal-broose || ran, or at wedding

* The broad Ayrshire bonnet, which became very fashionable, was originally called the sword bonnet. It was first introduced into the lowlands in 1678, by the Highland Host, who were brought from the mountains to destroy the western shires. Each soldier, besides carrying his dirk and sword,† or black knife, in his bonnet, according to Cleland, who wrote a long satirical poem on these pandours of the north.

Each in his bonnet had a sipe,
Adorned with a tobacco pipe."

—Cleland, quoted by Leyden in his "Scottish Poem," p. 122. Edin. ed., 1803.

† The Stock and Horn was a musical instrument formerly in general use among the shepherds in pastoral districts. The Stock was the hinder thigh bone of a sheep; the Horn, the smaller end of a cow's horn, and an oaten reed.—*Jamieson's Etym. Dict.* The instrument is thus described by Burns:—"The reed is not made fast in the bone, but is held by the lips, and plays loose in the smaller end of the Stock, while the Stock, with the Horn hanging on its larger end, is held by the hands in playing. The Stock has six or seven ventiges on the upper side, and one back ventige, like the common flute. This of mine was made by a man from the braes of Athole, and is exactly what the shepherds wont to use in that country.—Vol. iv. p. 209, Liverpool edition, 1800.

‡ These watchings of the dead are very early represented as scenes of amusement rather than of sorrow, in which the chieftain and the vassal equally participated. The hilarity of the wake is thus personified by a modern poet:—

Aa' wha are ye, my winsome dear,
That tak's the gait so early;
Whar do ye win, gin I may speir,
For I right mickle ferly?

I dwell among the cauler springs
That wet the lan' o' cakes,

An' aften tune my canty stridgs,
At bridals an' late wakes.—*Fergusson.*

§ Bridal broose was a race at country weddings, which is still continued in some districts. As soon as the bridegroom sets out to proceed to the bride's house, some of the parties scamper off in that direction, and the who's first re-

Tripp'd light on the green, or catch'd hie at the bedding;*

Nor went to the Oreeeling, to make merry there,
Nor like other yonkers, to tryst or to fair,†
His leman ‡ to treat at the oistlar's board,||
With bannocks of gradyns and haggises stor'd;
Or gipsies to see, casting glaumerie¶ over
The sense of the sage, and the sight of the lover;
But at manly amusements of prowess or art,
He never was hindmost in acting his part.
At ice-rink, or foot-ball, he foremost was still;
Could leap on a kant** over gullet or rill,
Where few ever ventured before him, and never
At sledge, or bar-putting†† was any so clever:
His habergeon was at the wapinschaw‡‡ sheenest;
His Lochaber-axe and his gullie the keenest;

ceives from the hand of the bride's maid, the broose, with which he triumphantly returns to his own party, and distributes the same ere they reach the bride's dwelling.

* The whole of the marriage party formerly attended at putting the young couple to bed. It was the duty of the best maid to undress the young gudewife, whose left-foot stocking she tossed amongst the crowd, and the person who could catch the same was supposed would be next married.

† Trysts, or fairs, were first begun in Scotland about 686. The first fairs took their rise from wakes: when the number of people then assembled brought together a variety of traders annually on these days. From these holidays they were called ferie, or fairs.—*Tablet of Memory*, p. 105. Lond. ed., 1818.

‡ A sweetheart.

|| Taverns were, in Scotland, formerly called oistlar houses. During the reign of James VI. it became the fashion for country gentlemen to live in taverns rather than in their own castles. The Parliament of 1581 interposed by an act against the abuse of some landed gentlemen and others forbearing to keep house at their own dwelling-places, and boarding themselves in ale houses.—*Acta Parl.* iii., p. 222. In March, 1600, the treasurer paid £5, 6s. 8d. to James Creighton, sheriff in that part, for summing Alexander Haining of Serbie, and Sir John Vans of Barnbarroch, to compare before the Lords of Session, to hear themselves discernit to have incurred the pains, contained in the Actis of Parliament, for burding (boarding) themselves in Oistlar houses.—*Cal.*, v. iii. p. 371.

§ Grain burned out of the ear.

¶ Glamoury, the supposed influence of a charm on the eye, causing it to see objects differently from what they are.

** Kent, a long staff used by shepherds for leaping over ditches or brooks.—*Jamieson's Scot. Dict.*

†† The most peculiar diversions of men were feats of strength, namely, pitching a bar of iron, throwing a sledge, a large stone, or quoits, running, leaping, swimming, wrestling, riding, archery, and throwing the javelin: fencing with sword and buckler, the two-handed sword, and playing with the quarter staff.—*Laws of Hovel-Dhaco*, (Munro), in his poem of "Will and Jean," says—

Wha wi' Will could rin or wrestle,
Throw the sledge or toss the bar,
Hap what would, he stood a castle,
Or for safety or for war.

‡‡ Wapinschaw was an exhibition of arms at certain times in every district. By a law of James I., Parliament 9, c. 120, it was required, "That induring the time of weir, ilk laik landed man haucand ten pounds in gudes and gear, all haue for his bodie, and for defence of the realme, ane sufficient action, ane basnet, and ane glove of plate, with ane spear and sword. Quha hes not ane action, and basnet, he sall haue ane guid habergeon, and ane gude knie, in for his bodie, and ane irl knapiskay and gloves of plate. Hair-ower, the King commands that ilk man haucand the valour of ane kow in gudes, sall haue bow, with ane schafie of

The twang of his bow, and the flight of his arrow,
Showed he at the Papingo* had not a marrow;
Which caused him to be designated among
The men of the mountains, Makscolan the strong.

3.

Gylascope went not, like a felon, at night,
As did many younglings, with leister and light,
To stab the dark grilse† in the doachs‡ of the Dee,
Or spurlings to net in the inks§ of the Cree.
But he rose with the lark in the gray of the morn,
His Galloway mounted, where echoed the horn;
As fleet as the Roebuck he clamber'd o'er rocks,
The haunt of the wild goat and den of the fox;
Or far in the woodland, the brake or the fen,
He gallop'd to rouse the dun deer from his den;
An hundred knights saw with what valour he slew
The boar in the forest of dark Curridoo;§
The King thus address'd him—"Well earn'd is
your fame,
Makscolan, the dauntless, be henceforth your
name!"

4.

Gylascope lov'd Beatrix, the fair bellibone,
And Mess John, at the altar, soon made her his
own;
His castle of Threave, in the islet of Dee,
With joy-caridles beam'd, and with wild min-
strelsy;
The arched roof resounded as round went the
bicker;¶
There brimming with bragwort** and mountain
roseaker;††
The ladies danced lightly, the lairds, in the nappy,
Pledged Beatrix the fair, and Makscolan the happy.

5.

Gylascope loved quietness, but wo to the band
Who dared to endanger the peace of the land.

arrows, that is, twentie four arrows: or ane speare, under
the pain aforesaid.—Item, It is the King's will that all
schiffes and lords of the land sall make inquisition anent
the premisses. And sall make wapinschawin after octavis
of pasche next following.

* A wooden bird, resembling a parrot, at which archers
shoot as a mark.—*Jameson*.

† A salmon not fully grown. By some viewed as a
distinct species.—*Stat. Rob.* 1.

‡ A wear, or cruive.—*Stat. Ac. of the Parish of Tong-
land*.

§ A muddy, level shore.—*Maclag. Gal. Encyclop.*

§ Curridoo, or Coire au dore, the black den, was former-
ly a wild, impenetrable forest, and one of the last retreats
of the Caledonian wild boars. Till a few years ago, a cairn
existed on the side of the road that leads from New Gal-
loway to Minnaghive, where, it is said, the conquering spear
of the youthful knight bore his fierce opponent to the earth.
—*Trotter's Tales of Galloway*, p. 137.

¶ Bicker, a bowl, or dish, for containing liquor; properly
one made of wood.

** Bragwort, mead, a beverage made from the dregs of
honey.—*Scot. Dic.*

†† Bear, in some districts, was mixed with darnel, which
they called Roseaker. That being narcotic, occasioned
strangers to find fault with the ale, although it did not
much trouble the inhabitants, who thought it no ill ingre-
dient, as it made the drink stronger. Lithgow, the traveller,
who was, generally, entertained by the nobility and gentry,
found no fault with the ale.—*Cal.*, vol. iii. p. 284.

As the beacon bright blazed, and the war-bug
spread,

How boldly away to the battle he sped;
Regardless of danger, and thirsting for glory,
Resistless he rushed to the midst of the fray:
He put off the Aunandale-reivers to flight,
The caterans of Carrick* off-shrunk from his
might;

Of Erin's wild Cruithne,† who dared to assail
Our hero, few home went to tell the sad tale;
The Danish Sea-King found by Garple a game,
Who fell by the sword of Makscolan the brave.

6.

Gylascope was lord of each mountain and glen,
From the islet of Thrail‡ to the source of the
Ken;

His vassals were many, and ready were they,
For peace or for war still his will to obey.
Alexander the King, for his manrenting slaines§—
For gaupies and marts,¶ lifted in his own domains,
To Holyrood summoned the chief: but I trow,
In the heat of his ire, the King's herald he slew.
"By the might of my crown!" Alexander the
King
Said, "that warwolf** I will out of Galloway
bring."

* Caterans were brigands, who carried off cattle, corn,
or whatever pleased them, from those who were not able to
make resistance.—*Stat. Rob.* 2.

† The Cruithne, or Picts, from Ireland, came out into
this peninsula so numerously, that they filled its ample
extent with inhabitants; from whom, no doubt, it received
the name of Galloway.—*Cal.*, vol. iii. p. 367.—The Irish
shaved the hinder part of their heads, lest they should be
taken by the hair in their flight.—*Ware's An. of Ireland*,
p. 19.

‡ A large stone still marks the place where the warrior
fell, near which have been discovered pieces of broken
spears and human bones at different periods. A hollow
stone, or urn, full of ashes, and large tumuli were also
discovered on a rising ground, called Knockthul, in the
vicinity of the field of battle.—*Trotter's Tales of Gal-
loway*, p. 141.

§ The ancient name of St Mary's Isle.—*Cal.*, vol. iii.
p. 303.

¶ Bonds of man-rent were written engagements of per-
sonal service during life, given by the weak to obtain the
protection of the powerful in feudal times, that certainly
reduced the obligator to a state of servitude, which is called
by Lord Stair, a condition of bondage.—*Institute*. Slings,
in Scottish law, were letters subscribed, in case of slaughter,
by the wife, or executors, of one who had been slain, ac-
knowledging that satisfaction had been given, or otherwise
soliciting for the pardon of the offender.—*Acts James VI.*
On 13th January, 1539, remission, under the Great Seal,
was granted in favour of James Gordon of Lochinvar and
others, for the slaughter of Thomas Maclellan of Bomby;
and on 1st May, 1544, Letters of Slains were granted by
the son of the said Thomas Maclellan to the said James Gor-
don of Lochinvar for the said slaughter.

¶ The Galloway men were, for ages, plundered by their
own chiefs, under a Celtic custom, which consisted in giving
a horse, or some other present by the inferior to the super-
ior, under the name of *caupes*, or *compensations*. This second
Parliament of James IV., in 1490, prohibited the taking
of *caupes* by the heads of kindred in Galloway.—*Stat. Parl.*
ii., 222.

** In Scotland are dogs of marvellous condition, which
are not seen elsewhere, in any quarter of the world, and the
first is aue hound of great swiftness, hardiness and strength.

Scot bowmen and spearmen, in battle array,
Threave fortlet surrounded, and fierce was the
fray;
In clouds arrows down from the battlements
showered;
But into the castle the soldiery poured
Their battering weapons so thick and so fast,
That the drawbridge and gates were thrown open
at last:
In rushed the proud victors, but how did they
stare,
When they found not "The Wild Scot of Gal-
loway" there!
Each mounted his charger, with sleuth-hounds
to bring
The fugitive Makscolan back to the King.

7.

That Gylascope fled to the mountains to hide—
There only tiff danger was over to bide—
The soldiers conceived, and away, without doubt,
They sped, in the hope of soon finding him out;
Brake, cavern, and dell, from the base of the
Bennan,
The hounds in full cry searched away to Dun-
drennan;
But the chief was not there, and, time passing
away,
Beheld every trace of his greatness decay.
His sword and his buckler, Time saw them cor-
rode—
Saw his wambrassiers waste in his wonted abode;
Saw nightly the madgehoulet flit in his hall;
And saw his escutcheon grow dim on the wall;
But the chief returned not, and his friends they
could never
His place of retreat or interment discover.
My tale is now told, and perhaps you may scan
If Gylascope Makscolan the great was a man.

LEGENDS OF SCOTTISH SUPERSTITION.

No. VIII.

THE BROWNIE AND HIS LASS.

(WIGTONSHIRE.)

THE following legend is not assigned to any particular locality, but is a sort of floating tradition in the south-west of Scotland—especially in Wigtonshire:

fierce, cruel against wild beasts, and eger against thieves that offer their masters any violence: The second is a rath, or hound, verie exquisite in following the foot, (which we call drawing,) whether it be of man or beast, yea he will pursue any manner of soule, and find out whatsoever fische cast up, or lurketh among the rocks, by that excellent sense of smelling wherewith he is endued: The third sort is no greater than that of raches, in colour for the most part red, with black spots, or else black, full of red marks: These are so skillful that they will pursue a theefe or stolen goods in a most precise manner, and finding the trespasser, with great assurance they will make a raise upon him: The dogs of this kind are called Sleuth hounds; they are of daily use on the borders of England and Scotland. *Mollinches's Scot. Chron.* v. i. p. 16. These dogs were famous at Rome, as appears from Symmachus. "Seven Scotch dogs," says he, "were so admired at Rome the day before the plays, that they thought them brought over in brown cages."—*Canden's Britannia*, p. 132.

A Brownie—that is, a goblin in the shape of "a big hairy man," with a most decided aversion to that highly important piece of male attire which modern refinement has dubbed "inexpressibles"—was in the habit of entering the kitchen of a certain farm-house, after the family had retired to rest, and amusing himself in a variety of ways—much to the annoyance of the young women who slept in the apartment. The fire in those primitive times stood in the middle of the floor, and a large hole immediately over it served as an outlet for the smoke. From this aperture depended a stout iron chain, with a hook at the bottom, for the purpose of "hinking on the pats," &c., used in cooking. It was one of Brownie's favourite amusements to place his foot in this "cruck" (hook), and, taking hold of the "bools" (links of the chain), to swing himself backwards and forwards over the red embers of the fire—sometimes during the whole length of a winter night. Such a practice became, at length, an intolerable nuisance. It was impossible for the girls to sleep with such a *bizarre* object before them, performing his endless oscillations with all the persevering regularity of a modern chronometer. One of them, therefore, determined to put a stop to Brownie's isochronal movements; and so, next day, heating "the cruck" all but red hot, and leaving other things in their usual state, she retired to rest with her companions. By and by, Brownie came in, and proceeding to the fire, placed his foot in "the cruck," to commence his swinging. A loud shriek of pain—and a sudden spring—and Brownie was up "out at the lum-head"—where he sat during the remainder of the night, howling and moaning, and gibbering; and, doubtless, forming "in his secret soul" schemes of the most luscious vengeance on the fair trickster, who had been the cause of his sorely burned foot.

Next day it was the girl's duty to bake, and the custom then was, to "fire the bannocks" on a large smooth stone, previously heated in the fire for the purpose. Brownie watched the girl from some place of concealment, until he perceived that the stone was sufficiently hot to commence baking. He then sprang out, seized the girl, and placed her upon the glowing block, in precisely the same way that that "satiric bard, Churchill," says our ancestors, seated their kings upon the sacred stone of Scoone.* It would appear, however, that Brownie's shaggy bosom possessed a something resembling what poets call "the milk of human kindness," for he no sooner saw the terror of his victim, and heard her thrilling screams, than his resentment at once subsided—and, as the readiest soothing remedy for her injury, he carried her out at the door, and plunged her in "the burn." Here, her alarm and outcries were, if possible, much greater than before. She imagined he was now about to complete his revenge by drowning her; but, to her agreeable surprise, he laid her gently on the bank—muttering to himself as he went away, "like one more in pity than in anger."

* A somewhat different version says that he dipped her into a "browet of ale," which she was placing at the door to cool.

"Ye're a queer sort o' a bodie—ye'gree wi' neither
hot nor cold!"—a saying which has since passed
into a proverb. When a person is so very quer-
ulous as not to be pleased with anything that is
offered, he is said to be "like the Brownie's lass
—a queer sort o' a bodie, that 'grees wi' neither
hot nor cold!"

11 Hill Street, Anderson, Glasgow. W. G.

OBITUARY NOTICES,

CHRONOLOGICALLY ARRANGED.

[Continued from our last]

Aug. 27, 1756. At Kensington, near Wood-
stock, co. Oxford, aged 61, Mr Thomas Evans,
farrier; a character of a very extraordinary na-
ture; who during his residence in that part of
the country, which was upwards of 20 years, was
never known to purchase more than one loaf of
bread. It is not known that he ever frequented
any place of divine worship; for the acquisition
of money was his sole object; several insignificant
trifles were found in his stables: add to this, that
he was so addicted to penury as to deny himself
the common necessities of life. This very singu-
lar character had amassed no less a sum than be-
tween 2 and £3000, which, on his dying intestate,
falls to two maiden sisters, of Farnham Royal, in
the county of Bucks. No less than 161 guineas,
and about £5 in silver, were found in one corner
of his box inclosed in two purses. This prodigy
was an old bachelor.

Sept. 10, 1786. At Black pool, near Manches-
ter, where he first set out in the world as a ma-
nufacturer, Mr Henry Fielden. He was after-
wards appointed (but was obliged to give way to
superceding recommendations) agent to the
Manchester Volunteers, who so honourably and
cheerfully left England to perform military service
at Gibraltar. He possessed a place in the Custom-
house, where he dispatched every body's business
with all possible celerity, being a stranger to the
insolence of office. He was enjoying a leave of
absence amongst his convivial friends, and pre-
paring for the entertainment of a well-spread table
(though no more hospitable than his own at
Chelsea) where disease is sure to be hovering over
the dishes, when Death, without warning, by
torpor or surprise, took him off by an apoplexy.
He breathed his last in the arms of his son by an
early marriage, now grown up to man's estate,
and heir to a good fortune, who was his associate
in this town. The suddenness of his departure
did not astonish any one who knew him. He was
forty-eight years of age, of a very sanguine habit of
body, and may be truly said to have died from too
much health. Though he was very bulky, he
was very active, and was among the very few who
had a love for archery, or had great skill or
practice in the masculine amusement. The
society call themselves Texophiles. He had a
strong arm and a judicious eye for this once fash-
ionable instrument of war. No man seemed to
have more happiness from the feast of life, or to
have less reason to wish to retire from it. His
jocular temper and good nature were visible in his

countenance. "He was a sleek-headed man,
and such as sleep a nights." He will be long
remembered in the circle of his friends, and ene-
mies perhaps he never had the ill fortune to make;
and his companions will hardly have done talking
till themselves shall be dropping into the grave of
honest Harry Fielden.

Oct. 24, 1788. The Rev. Sandford Hardcastle,
Rector of Addle, in Yorkshire.

Oct. 25, — William James Mickle, Esq.,
Wheatley, Oxfordshire; translator of the *Legend*,
and author of several Poems.

Oct. 25, — Lady Grant, relict of Sir Archibald
Grant, bart. and of Mr Andrew Miller, bookseller.

Oct. 25, — The Rev. Samuel Carter, Rector
of Fersfield, Barford, and Coulton, in Norfolk,
aged 86.

Oct. 26, — The Rev. John Bowle, Rector of
Idmington, near Salisbury, having that day com-
pleted his 63d year. He was descended from
Dr John Bowle, Bishop of Rochester in the last
century, was of Oriel College, Oxford, where he
took the degree of M.A., July 6, 1750. He had
the honour to be one of the first detectors of
Lauder's forgeries; and according to Dr Douglas's
account, had the justest claim to be considered as
the original detector of that ungenerous cheat.
He was the author of a Letter to Dr Percy, and
editor of Don Quixote in Spanish, and of Mar-
ton's Satires, and some old poetry, in English.

Oct. 26, — Wm. Nutt Esq., Horsey.

Oct. 27, — Sir James Cathbell, Governor
of Stirling Castle.

Oct. 27, — The Rev. Mr Driffield, Vicar of
Fetherstone, near Pontefract and Buryham,
aged 83.

Oct. 29, — Dr Robert Plumpton, Master of
Queen's College, Cambridge, Cathedral Professor
in that University, Prebend of Norwich, Rector
of Wimpey, and Vicar of Whaddon, in the county
of Cambridge.

Oct. 29, — The Rev. Timothy Perkins,
A.M. Vicar of Haslingfield, in the county of
Cambridge.

Oct. 31, — William Fraser, Esq., of Fife-
field, in Scotland.

Oct. 31, — Lately, at Mill-hill, aged 72,
Mrs Wentworth, relict of the late General Went-
worth.

Nov. 3, — Mr Schroeter, a celebrated Bay-
sichord-player.

Nov. 6, — The Rev. Thomas Nichols, M.A.
Rector of Wheatacre All Saints, in Norfolk, and
Vicar of Mutford with Barsby, in Suffolk.

Nov. 7, — At Luncarty, in Scotland, Mr
Hector Turnbull, partner in the Bleaching Com-
pany in that place.

Nov. 7, — The Rev. Lovel Noble, Rector
of Froiseworth, in Leicestershire.

Nov. 14, — Thomas Escount, Crewell, Esq.,
at Pinkney, in the county of Wilts.

Nov. 16, — Mrs. Crewe, mother of John
Crewe, Esq., member for Cheshire.

Nov. 18, — Sir Edmund Astell, bart.,
Rear Admiral of the Red Squadron, and member
for Colchester.

Nov. 20, — Peter Gordon, Esq., one of the
oldest Directors of the Bank of England.

Nov. 30. — Samuel Martin, Esq., formerly of the Treasury, and member of Parliament.

1790. — At Chertsey, the humane Mr Howard, of an epidemic fever, caught when administering medical assistance to a young lady in the same distemper. The dreary abodes of the miserable have echoed the praises of him, whose delight was in going about to do good. As a mark of respect from Government, the London Gazette gave account of his death from Warsaw; which is uncommon for that paper to give of a private gentleman.

— At Dublin, William Mylne, Esq., architect and chief engineer to the city of Dublin. Mr Mylne was a member of the corporation of masons in Edinburgh; was convener of the trades in 1765, and built the North Bridge in that city. His ancestors have been masons from father to son, in Edinburgh some hundred years, one of whom built the Palace of Holyrood House.

Tuesday, 12th Jan. 1796. Yesterday se'nnight, in the 90th year of his age, the Rev. Mr Blomefield, Rector of Fersfield, and Author of the valuable History of Norfolk.

[The history of Norfolk is one of the best topographical books ever published. What a pity it is, that in Scotland they are so very few in number, and so defective in information. Amongst those which form an exception, may be instanced Wood's History of the Parish of Cramond, Kennedy's Annals of Aberdeen, Maitland's Edinburgh, and Peterson's Ayrshire, now in course of publication.]

Feb. 1796. — Lately, in Little Britain, Mr Edward Ballard, aged 83, of whom it has been said, that he was the last of that numerous race of booksellers, for which that place was many years famous. Roger North, in his life of Dr John North, speaking of booksellers, in the reign of Charles the Second, says, "Little Britain was a plentiful and perpetual emporium of learned authors; and men went thither as to a market. This drew to the place a mighty trade; the rather because the shops were spacious, and the learned gladly resorted to them, where they seldom failed to meet with agreeable conversation. And the booksellers themselves were knowing and conversable men, with whom, for the sake of bookish knowledge, the greatest wits were pleased to converse."

March 19. — At his house in Lincoln's-inn-fields, George Bond, Esq., one of his Majesty's Serjeants at Law. He had lately been married to an accomplished lady with a large fortune. He possessed many of those inestimable qualities which endear man to society; and is now universally regretted. About the commencement of the French Revolution, he accompanied his learned friend, Mr ERSKINE, to Paris. They were present at the debates in the Convention, and were assigned distinguished seats by the President.

[This gentleman was a brother of Oliver Bond of Dublin.]

Feb., 1796. — Aged 65, the Right Honourable Sir James Eyre, Knt., Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas. He was educated at Winchester school, from whence he was removed to St John's College, Oxford, and having improved the native

powers of his mind by a classical education, he proceeded to the study of the law. His practice at the bar was never very considerable; but his judicial career was not less remarkable from the early period at which it commenced, than illustrious from the ability with which it was uniformly supported. In 1762, he was elected Recorder of London, being then in the 28th year of his age. In 1772, he was appointed one of the Barons of the Exchequer, and knighted. On the resignation of Sir John Skynner, in 1787, he was made Chief Baron of the Exchequer; and in 1792 executed the high office of first commissioner during the vacancy in the Chancellorship. At this period he was also sworn a Member of the Privy Council. His last promotion was in 1793, when he succeeded Lord Loughborough as Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas.

Aug., 1799. — At Dalwich, Mrs Palmer, wife of J. Palmer, Esq.; treasurer of Christ's hospital.

Aug. — At Lewisham, aged 70, Joseph Collyer, Esq.

Aug. — At Chelsea, aged 84, Mrs Winstanley, mother of general Brathwaite; she was a woman beloved and respected by all who had the happiness of her acquaintance.

Aug. — At Egham-hill, Mrs Bunbury, wife of H. W. Bunbury, Esq.

[The Caricaturist. He was the youngest son of the Rev. Sir William Bunbury, Bart.]

Aug. — At Chelsea, Mr William Curtis, author of the Botanical Magazine, and several other works.

Aug. — At Putney, aged 74, Mrs Ann Dignum, mother of Mr Dignum, of Drury-lane theatre.

Aug. — At Hampton Court, in her 86th year, Lady Dowager Dunganon, relict of the late Lord Viscount Dunganon, of the kingdom of Ireland.

Aug. — In Oxford-street, suddenly, and in the prime of Life, — Revely, a celebrated architect and a man of great attainments in his science. He had followed ATHENIAN STUART in his travels through Greece, and residence at Athens; and had availed himself of all the advantages which might be derived from visiting the architectural remains in that part of the East. His collections of drawings, which were made during his oriental progress, are universally known to all the lovers of art, and admirers of classic antiquity. His principal work is the new church of Southampton, which possesses great merit as it is; and would have been a very distinguished monument of his talents, if his original design had been completed. His plans for wet docks on the Thames, which were offered to the consideration of Parliament, display a very comprehensive knowledge of the various branches of his profession connected with such an undertaking. It is said, that he first suggested the conversion of the Isle of Dogs to that use to which it is to be applied. In consequence of some flattering expectations of being employed to erect a suite of buildings at Bath, Mr R. made designs of great beauty and elegance, and replete with convenience, for a new arrangement of the public baths of that city; but this hope was never realised. Mr. Revely was the

editor of the posthumous volume of Stuart's Antiquities of Greece, and was peculiarly qualified by his local and professional knowledge for such an undertaking. Having been a pupil of Sir William Chambers, and possessing all those subsequent advantages derived from travel and residence in Italy and Greece, it might have been supposed that he had a very fair prospect of success in his profession. But Revely was too sincere in the declaration of his sentiments, and too sarcastic in delivering them to attain popularity. He once made a journey to Canterbury with a set of admirable designs for a county infirmary, in consequence of an advertisement from the corporation of that city, inviting architects to make proposals for the erection of such an edifice. His designs were approved and admired: but the committee appointed to conduct the business, proposed to purchase the drawings, and entrust the execution of them to a country builder, in order to save the expense of an architect. Mr Revely, who entertained a very high opinion of his profession, was so much mortified at this proposal, that he warmly observed, that to commit a work of consequence to a common carpenter, when an architect was at hand, would be as injudicious, as if any one in a case of great danger should apply to an apothecary when he could consult a physician. Most unfortunately for Revely, the chairman of the committee was an apothecary; and the architect and his designs were most unceremoniously dismissed. Mr Revely was a man of the strictest integrity, and the little eccentricities of his character in no respect weakened its main supporters.

Aug. — At his seat at Knole, in Kent, in the 55th year of his age, John Frederic Sackville, Duke of Dorset. His Grace was the son of the late Lord John Sackville, by a sister of the present Marquis of Stafford, and nephew of the late Duke of Dorset. Whilst Mr Sackville he sat some time in Parliament for the county of Kent, and was called up to the House of Peers, in 1769, on the death of his uncle. His Grace, long known by the familiar name of Jack Sackville, was for many years well known on the cricket grounds as an excellent player. Whilst a member of the House of Commons, and for some time after he succeeded to the title, he did not occupy any place under government, although during the American war he generally supported the administration. Indeed, being little disposed to business, his Lordship employed much of his time in cricket and gallantry. On the change of ministry in 1783 he came into place; and during the short administration of Lord Lansdowne was appointed captain of the yeomen of the guard; but lost this place again when the coalition ministry came into power. The Duke voted against Mr Fox's India Bill, and was afterwards appointed ambassador to France by Mr Pitt. While in this capacity his Grace experienced what would have been a very mortifying circumstance to most other men, an almost total deprivation of diplomatic employment. Mr, now Lord, Grenville; Mr Eden, now Lord Auckland; and Mr Craufurd, were sent to transact such business and conclude such treaties as were thought necessary. But the Duke was no ways affected by

this apparent slight; except as it gave him leisure for his pleasures and gallantries. When the affairs of France, by the breaking out of the Revolution, began to require great attention on the part of our ambassador, the minister thought proper to recall his Grace, having previously decorated him with the ribbon of the Order of the Garter; and, on his return (1789) consoled him by the appointment to the post of Lord Steward of his Majesty's Household. Soon after he had the good fortune to obtain in marriage Miss Cope, daughter of the present lady Liverpool by her first husband, Sir Jonathan Cope, a young lady about half his own age; by her he had one son and one daughter. From the declining state of his health, or some other cause, his Grace resigned the place of Lord Lieutenant of the county of Kent, with which he had been invested ever since the death of his uncle; and Lord Romney succeeded to the post. His Grace retained his office of Lord Steward for some time longer, but resigned it previous to his death.

Aug. — Dr Edward Smallwell, bishop of Oxford, this reverend prelate has been in the road to preferment ever since the year 1766, when he was appointed one of the king's chaplains, in which station he continued many years. In 1775 he was appointed one of the canons of Christ Church, from whence he was removed, in 1783, to the bishoprick of St David's, on the promotion of Dr Warren to the see of Bangor, where he continued five years; and on the death of Dr Butler, he was translated to Oxford.

Aug. — Thomas Elder, Esq., of Forreth, was Colonel of one of the battalions of Edinburgh Volunteers, Post-master-General for Scotland, and late Chief Magistrate of the Scottish Metropolis.

[Mr Elder was the son of respectable and industrious parents. He was, in early youth, placed with Mr Husband, an eminent wine-merchant, whose daughter he married, and whose partner he became.]

(To be continued.)

CURIOUS EPITAPH.

The following inscription in a churchyard in the Duchy of Hanover, for upwards of a century, puzzled alike the learned and unlearned. By accident the meaning was recently discovered, and the solution is equally remarkable for its ingenuity, and for the morality it inculcates:

O — quid — tua — te
be — bis — bis — abis
ra — ra — ra
— es —
et — in —
ram — ram — ram
— I — I —
Mox eris quod ego nunc

Solution.

O Superbe, quid Superbis? tua Superbia te Superabit. Terra es, et in terram ibis. Mox eris quod ego nunc — O vain man! why shouldst thou be proud? thy pride will be thy ruin. Dust thou art; and to dust thou shalt return. quod ego nunc thou be what I am now.

REMARKABLE CASE OF HENRY JUSTICE,
ESQ.

Saturday 8, 1736.

HENRY JUSTICE, of the middle Temple, Esq., was tried at the old Baily for stealing books out of Trinity college library in Cambridge. He pleaded that, in the year 1734, he was admitted Fellow Commoner of the said college, whereby he became a Member of that Corporation, and had a property in the books, and, therefore, could not be guilty of Felony, and read several clauses of their Charter and Statutes to prove it. But, after several hours debate, it appeared that he was only a boarder lodger by the words of the Charter granted by Hen. 8. and 2 Eliz. So the jury brought him in guilty of the Indictment, which is Felony within Benefit of the Clergy, to Transportation.

Monday 10.

Mr Justice was brought to the Bar to receive sentence, and moved, that as the court had a discretionary power, he might be burned in the hand and not sent abroad; First, for the sake of his family, as it would be an injury to his children, and to his clients, with several of whom he had great concern which could not be settled in that time; 2dly., for the sake of the university, for he had a number of books belonging to them, some in Friends' hands, and some sent to Holland, and if he was transported, he could not make Restitution. As to himself, considering his circumstances, he had rather go abroad, having lived in credit till this unhappy mistake, as he called it, and hoped the university would intercede for him. The Deputy-recorder commiserated his case, told him how greatly his crime was aggravated by his education and profession, and then pronounced he must be transported to some of his Majesty's plantations in America, for seven years.

[March, 1752. Eliza, the wife of this unfortunate Gentleman, died. She was the authoress of *Amelia*, or the distressed wife.]

EXTRAORDINARY FROST IN 1740.

The following extract from a letter of an English gentleman at Leyden, in Holland, dated Jan. 1, 1740, merits preservation:—

Books being now laid aside, our chief study and care is how to thaw our Estates and Drinkables, as Water, Milk, Beer, &c. My wine is tolerably strong, yet the whole freezes into a solid Mass; bread cannot be cut without being first set by the Fire near an hour; in the same Manner we serve our Butter, and also our Oranges, which are otherwise as hard as Stones; Boiling strong Punch put into a Bowl, presents us with Ice in eight minutes; My Barber coming yesterday to shave me, put a little hot water into his Basin below stairs, and in the Time he was coming up to my chamber it began to freeze; Warm Urine from a Man's body freezes in six minutes; Spittle directly as it falls to the Ground. But what is more remarkable, a gentleman of my acquaintance having a bottle of water fixed upon a pump that was not frozen going directly to pour some into a glass, it was immediately Ice;

But what is more surprising, part of the stream from the bottle to the glass froze, and stood up in the Tumbler like an Icicle; the like certainly was never known in these climates. Two persons were found dead in one house yesterday morning, and some others are since dead."

CRANMER'S BIBLE.

At page 203 of this Journal there is a notice relative to the sale of this rarity. The copy then sold was the edition 1539. The following description of the edition 1550, which is almost as rare, may be considered interesting:—

CRANMER'S BIBLE. 1550. 4to

The title in black letter, of a large bold type, arranged as under at the very top of the page, the imprint being quite at the foot,

¶ The Bible in Englishe,
that is to saye. The content of al the holy
scripture, both of the elde, and newe
Testament, accordinge to the
translation that is ap-
pointed to be rede
in the
Churches.

¶ Prynted by Edvard whytechurch.
Cum priuilegio ad imprimendum solum.
M.D.L.

The reverse of the title is blank. Then follows Cranmer's prologue to the reader, occupying 7 pages, very closely printed in a letter rather larger than that used for the rest of the volume.

In this type, as well as in that used for the title-pages, the letter W appears to have been wanting; as in the prologue the printer has made use of a letter far too large for the rest, and in the titles, two V's supply its place.

Following the prologue is, The summe & content of all the holy Scripture,—2 pages. On the reverse of the last is, The names of all the bookes of the Bible—together 6 leaves.

The text, Genesis to Deuteronomy,—fo. i. to lxxxvij, followed by a blank leaf. The seconde parte of the Byble, Josua to Hiob, fo. ij. to cxxxiij. The thyrde parte—The psalter to Malachi, fo. ij. to cl. The volume of the bookes called Hagio-grapha, fo. ij. to lxxxvij. The newe testament in english, translated after the Greeke, containing these bookes, Matheue to Revelacion,—fo. ij. to cxi. On the last column of the reverse of cxi begins, ¶ A Table to finde the Epistles and Gospels,—filling also the whole of the following leaf, which is not numbered.

The whole volume, marginal notes, interpolations of the text, headings of chapters, running titles, and folios are in black letter. The volume is altogether well printed, with a good, well cut type. There are no wood-cuts, even to the title-pages; but the initial letters to each book are remarkably large and handsome. The letter R, at the beginning of the epistle to the Galatians and Philippians, is very singular, and rather exceeds the bounds of decorum; it represents a school-master in the act of administering corporal chastity.

tisement, with a most tremendous rod, to an unfortunate scholar, who reclines in proper position across his knees.

A full page contains 61 and 65 lines. The signatures run in 8's.

Deuteronomy begins on	folio lxxij
Isaiah	li
Matthew commences on the back of	
the title to the New Testament.	
The Acts	fol. 1
Revelations	cv

AN ANCIENT MS.

In 1796, there was in the possession of the Rev. Robert Rennie, Minister of Kilsyth, an old MS., which that gentleman, in the Statistical Account thus describes: "It seems to be a Chronicle of Scotland. The most of it is legible. It takes up the History of Scotland at the Christian era, and contains a regular series of all the remarkable events in every King's reign, with the name of the Kings, down to the year 1565. I have compared it with many histories and Annals of Scotland, but am of opinion that it is an original, and not a copy." Can any of our readers give any additional information regarding it?

Varieties.

PIERRE BAYLE.—His "Historical and Critical Dictionary" was the only work which he published in his own name. Its author, who had been well acquainted with the evils of persecution, became an excellent and useful advocate of toleration. Exiled from his country, in consequence of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, he was invited to Rotterdam as a professor of Philosophy. He was deprived of his chair, however, by the influence of M. Jurieu, a Protestant minister, and, like himself, an exile. Bayle had combated his predictions, which misled many, and gave rise to some excesses. It was then that, enjoying all the leisure a man of letters could desire, he undertook the writing of his Dictionary. This gained him much popularity with all who were favourable to the progress of civil and religious liberty. Well informed on all public and political topics, he contended, with advantage and success, against those sentiments which he deemed adverse to the rights of human nature. Bayle was the son of a Protestant minister; but, becoming a student in the College of Jesuits at Toulouse, he turned Catholic at the age of twenty-two: soon after he returned to the Reformed religion. He possessed excellent abilities; but was accused by some of irreligion and pyrrhonism.

ORIGIN OF THE GOLDEN CROWN IN THE ARMS OF THE HOUSE OF CALONNA.—In the dispute on the grand question, whether our Lord and his Apostles, and primitive disciples, had any property, or had between them all things in common, the former of which was maintained by Pope John XXII. in several decrees, and opposed by Michel de Cesene, father Bonagratia, and Wm. Okam, and the Cordeliers, on the other, A.D. 1277, an appeal was made to the Emperor Louis of Bavaria, who was the declared enemy of the Pope, and had opposed the validity of his election: his Majesty held an assembly of the heads of the Gibelins at Trento, where he proposed several grounds of accusation against his Holiness, whom he called, in derision, Prester-John, proceeded in the spring of the year with his whole force into Lombardy, and caused himself to be crowned at Milan, King of the Romans, with the iron Crown. He then passed the Appenines, and rendered himself master during

the rest of the year of most of the cities of Tuscany, and of the Ecclesiastical State; whilst the Pope, still resident at Avignon, renewed his former excommunication against him; but having at length, on the 15th of the following January, quitted Viterba, he made his solemn entry into Rome about three days afterwards, where he was received with all honour and magnificence; and on the 16th of the same month, which was on Sunday, he was conducted with every imaginable pomp from Sta. Marie Maggiore to the Church of St Peter, where he was consecrated with his Empress by two Bishops, and crowned by four Roman Barons, of whom the senior was Sciarra Calonna, chosen for this purpose by the fifty-two elected to represent the Roman people, to whom, it was asserted, the right of crowning the Emperor belonged, in the absence of the Pope; for they claimed that he should perform this ceremony only in virtue of first citizen of Rome, in the name of the Senate and of the people, and of the Clergy, who had deputed these four Barons for that purpose. "Pretendant enim Urbis hoc eis competere, Papa etiam nolente, presertim cum senatores prius papam requisiverunt ut ad urbem se transferret." Hence it was that Sciarra Calonna, he first of the four Barons, and then Prefect of Rome, who placed the Imperial Crown upon the head of the Emperor, in acknowledgment, received from him the addition of the Crown of gold, *par dessus*, underneath the column which that illustrious house afterwards bore in its arms.—*Mainburg, Liv. 6, p. 572.*

VIENNA, SEPT. 12, 1774.—The emperor, accompanied by the grand duke of Tuscany, in making a visit to the hospitals at an unexpected time, as is usual with him, perceived a little door in a dark corner, which he ordered to be opened; but he was obeyed with so much reluctance, that it raised his curiosity: Upon going in, he descended into a kind of dungeon, where he found a female, rather young and handsome, covered with rage, and laid upon straw. The monarch was very much surprised and affected at this sight, and soon interrogating the unfortunate person, she answered with a noble air, which neither her misfortunes nor her sufferings could deprive her of:—Sire, I am a woman of family, and have the honour to be your subject. I have long suffered shame and misery in this place, without deserving that double punishment. When I was twenty years of age I had the misfortune to please the baron de B—: his love was not honourable: he only sought to gratify his unlawful passion; but I would not hear of his addresses without his marrying me, which he did, and I brought him three children, to whose fortunes I am a stranger. Before I was placed here I heard he was in Moravia, where he has married another wife; but I would not complain. This new lady, uneasy and suspicious, persuaded him to sacrifice me; and I was seized one night and confined here, where I have been for several years. I see your majesty designs to take my cause to heart, and will loose my fetters; but, Sire, I have three sons, and if the shame of my husband should be made public, it will retort upon them; let me therefore beseech you to spare him for their sakes; and, if I may request one favour more, design to insure me an asylum in some convent, and that I may again press to my bosom those children whom I suckled." The emperor willingly granted the lady her request, has caused the young barons to be found, and has taken them under his own care. The second wife of the baron is punished with perpetual imprisonment, himself exiled, and all his estates forfeited to his children.

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GAELIC LITERATURE.

AS stated in a former number, the Celtic and Saxon races are descendants of Japheth, the son of Noah. They migrated to Europe, from the East, at different periods, and under different names. As the whole of the immediate descendants of Noah spoke the ancient language, the face of the country, whence the Celts and Saxons came, is dotted, as it were, with Gaelic names. The prevalence of these striking memorials of a Gaelic people in the East, has led to various conjectures as to the original country of the Gael. One, says Mr M'Lean, finds their language and customs prevalent in Canaan and Arabia, settled by the descendants of Ham; another finds them in the isles of Greece, occupied by the descendants of Shem; another in that part of Asia inhabited by the descendants of Japheth; and a modern traveller, Mr Laing, it may be added, finds Gaelic names, and other memorials of a Gaelic race, in Scandinavia, the country of the Goths! The whole of these persons naturally inferred that all these countries were at one time occupied by the Gael. Had they possessed Mr M'Lean's "golden key," or a knowledge of the Gaelic language, they would have discovered that it is the language, and not the race, that has changed in these countries. The people, and the radix of their different dialects are still Gaelic.

An eminent professor of languages found so great a resemblance between the ancient Gothic and the Gaelic, as to express an opinion that the Northmen and the heroes of Fingal could have no difficulty in conversing with one another in the days of Ossian; and we do not find an interpreter mentioned from the beginning to the end of Ossian's poems. This is at once a corroboration of our position, and of the evidence adduced in favour of the authenticity of these poems—for we may fairly presume that, had they been fabrications, in place of translations, Mr M'Pherson would not have omitted to introduce an interpreter—since, we venture to say, it never occurred to him that the Gothic and the Gaelic languages were, at that time, nearly the same. The Saxon and the Gael are, therefore, of "the same race"; and they spoke the same language, long after they had migrated from the common country of their ancestors, and formed separate nations in

Europe. The effects of education, locality, and climate, in changing manners and customs, features and figures, are sufficient to account for every difference that has ever been fairly discovered between them, or any other nation of the Gael, or white people, at the present or any other age. That the conductors of the leading journals in this country, and even philosophers, like Mr Comb, should argue that the Saxon and the Gael of the present day are distinct races, and distinguished by quite different physiological developments, only proves, what we formerly remarked, that all men, however learned and philosophical, are apt to fall into the beaten track of literature. Systems and theories are thus formed or adopted by illustrious individuals, who would otherwise spurn such ridiculous and mischievous fallacies as have been recently propagated, on this subject. Can any one peruse the following sketch, which we copy from Mr Bosworth's able work on the Anglo-Saxon language, without feeling convinced that the Saxons, as well as the Celts, are descended from Japheth? It has been compiled "chiefly from Turner's learned History of the Anglo-Saxons."

"The sons of Japheth, migrating from Asia, spread themselves over Europe. The earliest tribes that reached and peopled the western coasts of Europe were the Kelts, (the *c* in Gaelic is equivalent to, and pronounced like, the Saxon *k*) and the Kimmerians, Commerians, or Gomerians; from Gomer, the eldest son of Japheth, such changes of names not being uncommon. It can not now be ascertained at what period the Kimmerians passed out of Asia: but, according to Herodotus (Melpom. xi.) they were settled in Europe before the Scythians, by whom they were attacked in 685 before the Christian era, and obliged to retreat towards the west and south. The ancient Kimbri, so formidable in the earlier ages of the Roman history, were a nation of this primitive race, which, in the days of Tacitus, had almost disappeared.

"The Kelts were a branch of the Kimmerian stock, that dwelt more to the south and west than the other Kimmerian tribes. The Kelts spread themselves over a considerable part of Europe, and from Gaul entered into the British Isles. Though Phœnician* and Carthaginian

* This name is said to have puzzled etymologists, and if we keep in view that Gaelic is a natural language, we can have no difficulty in finding the radix of this word.

navigators probably visited Britain, the aboriginal inhabitants, the ancient Britons, were the Kelts, who were conquered and driven into Wales by the Romans.

"The Scythians, or Goths, are descended from Magog, (Parson's Remains of Japheth, ch. iii. p. 68.) They were the second source of European population. They entered into Europe from Asia, like the Kelts, about 680 years before C., as previously noticed. In the time of Herodotus, they were on the Danube, and extended towards the south. In Cæsar's time they were called Germans; and had established themselves so far to the westward as to have obliged the Kelts to withdraw from the eastern banks of the Rhine. They became known to us in later ages by the name of Goths.

"From the Scythian, or Gothic stock, sprung the Saxons, who occupied the north-west part of Germany. We may here observe the terms Kimmerian and Scythian are not to be considered merely as local, but as generic appellations; each of their tribes having a peculiar distinctive denomination. Thus we have seen one tribe of the Kimmerians, extending over part of Gaul and Britain, were called Kelts: and now we may remark that a Scythian, or Gothic, tribe were called Saxons. The Sakai, or Saccæ, were an ancient Scythian nation; and Sakai-suna (the sons of the Sakai), contracted into Saksun, seems a reasonable etymology of the word Saxon. Some of these people, indeed, were actually called by Pliny (lib. vi. c. ii.) Sacassini, which is but the term Sakaisuna spelt by a person unacquainted with its meaning.

"The Saxons were as far to the westward as the Elbe in the days of Ptolemy; and therefore, in all likelihood, as ancient visitors of Europe as any other Gothic tribe. Their situation, between the Elbe and Eyder, in the south of Denmark, seems to indicate that they moved amongst the foremost columns of the vast Gothic immigration. The Saxons, who first settled on the Elbe, were an inconsiderable people, but in succeeding ages they increased in power and renown. About anno domini 240, the Saxons united with the Franks (the free people) to oppose the progress of the Romans towards the north. By this league, and other means, the Saxon influence was increased, till they possessed the vast tract of country embraced by the Elbe, the Sala and the Rhine, in addition to their ancient territory from the Elbe to the Eyder. In this tract of country were several confederate nations, leagued for mutual defence. Although the Saxon name became, on the Continent, the appellation of this confederacy of nations, yet, at first, it only denoted a single state. We shall only mention two of these confederate nations, the Jutes and Angles,

is a sound produced by pressing the lips together, and forcing the wind through, as they are quickly separated, so as to produce an echo of a short and sudden puff of wind. Hence *fead*, described by M'Alpin, in his Dictionary, "as a hissing noise, as of wind." "*Fead an aonich*, the hissing of the wind on the heath." "*Dean fead*, whistle, &c." No name could, therefore, be more appropriate for men carried over the water by the winds, than *Pho-dhaonian*, or Phenicians.

both in the present duchy of Sleswick. Hingest and Horsa, who first came to Britain, about A.D. 449, were Jutes, but the subsequent settlers in this island were chiefly from the Angles; hence, when the eight Saxon kingdoms were settled in Britain, in A.D. 586, it formed the Anglo-Saxon Octargy, generally, but most improperly called the Heptargy. They were called Anglo-Saxons, to point out their origin:—Anglo-Saxon denoting that the people so called were the Angles, a nation coming from the Saxon confederacy. In subsequent times, when the Angles became alienated from the Saxon confederacy, by settling in Britain, they denominated that part of the kingdom which they inhabited, Angle-land (the land of the Angles), Angles' land, which was afterwards contracted into England.

"From the entrance of the Saxons into Britain they opposed the Kelts, Kimmerians, Kimri, or Britons, till, on the full establishment of the Saxon Octargy, in A.D. 586, the Britons were driven into Wales. The Anglo-Saxons retained the Government till 1016, when Canute, a Dane, became King of England. Canute and his two sons, Harold and Hardi-Canute, reigned twenty-six years. The Saxon line was restored in 1042, and continued till 1069, when Harold II. was slain by William Duke of Normandy, commonly called William the Conqueror. Thus the Anglo-Saxon dynasty terminated, after it had existed in England about 600 years. The Saxon power ceased when William the Conqueror succeeded to the throne, but not the language; for though it was mixed with Danish and Norman, the vulgar Saxon continued to be spoken by the old inhabitants till the time of Henry the Third, A.D. 1298. See a writ in Saxon issued by this King in Somner's Dictionary Unnan."

So much for the origin and descent of the Saxon and the Gael. Let us now look whether their language does not also show an affinity.

It has become a favourite phrase of late that the schoolmaster is abroad. We rather think, in so far as language is concerned, that he has been abroad these two thousand years. Had he been at home, and continued to cultivate the elegant simplicity and expressive brevity of the original language, instead of deviating into corrupted and confused dialects, and fenced them in with a thousand, so called grammatical rules, which, according to Mr Bosworth and many other eminent men, as well ancient as modern, are unnecessary if not injurious, it had been so much the better. At present, an artificial and erroneous system of teaching languages has become so fortified in the hands of the mere *dominies* of the profession, that those among them who have sufficient good sense to see and to regret the state of matters, deem it imprudent to attempt the necessary reformation, lest it should be a bar to their professional success and reputation—as in all probability it would.

Hence we find that the more distinguished philologists of modern times have been, comparatively speaking, self-taught men, at least in regard to language. We question whether the authors of Job, of the Illiad, of Ossian, or of the Koran, were, all or either of them, stunned and concussed

into a perfect knowledge of the prater-pluperfect; but we have no doubt that many a dignified teacher, in ruminating on the importance of grammatical tuition, may have greatly wondered how those authors could possibly have conceived and expressed such beautiful thoughts and feelings, in pure and correct language, antecedent to the ages of grammars.

The sketch we have quoted, and the authorities to which it refers, can leave little doubt that the Scythians and Commerians were equally the descendants of Japheth; and the ancient British authors to whom we formerly referred (and who have recently been placed within the reach of the public, by Bohn of London), as well as Spenser, in his work formerly quoted in the *Journal*, have shown that the ancient Irish, and also the Picts, were of Scythian descent. Indeed, the names Scythian and Saxon appear to us to be genuine Gaelic, i. e., *sgaith-dhuine*, and *sac-sonn*, the shield man, and the burdened or heavy armed warrior, compounded as above.

By comparing Bosworth's Anglo-Saxon with the Highland Society's Gaelic Dictionary, any reader curious on the subject, may satisfy himself of the near affinity and striking resemblance between the great majority of words in ancient Saxon and modern Gaelic. We may remark, however, that the same words not unfrequently form different parts of speech, or are differently spelt, in the different languages, as in the following examples, viz.

Anglo-Saxon.	Gaelic.
ganra, a gander	ganradh, a gander (dh silent)
clugga, a bell	claga, bells
muna, a monk	manach, a monk
liot, a light	lios, a torch
merg, morrow	mairich, morrow
sona, soon	sona, lucky
scipa, a ship	sciba, the crew of a ship
uig, a temple or idol	uig, a secret corner or recess
hige, mind	aigne, mind
gedal, a portion of land	gedac, a portion of land
cyne, a king	cinne, a clan
freo, freeman	freamh, (the mh pronounced) one of the roots of a tree or a clan
rie, kingdom	rioh, a king, and righac, a kingdom
mædin, a maid	maighdean, a maid (the gh silent)
duna, mountains	duna, billocks
wilo, a girl	calin, a girl
eau, water	auiu, water
heretoha, leader	feur-toaich, leader
scir, a county	agir, a parish
fæder, father	athair, father
wer, a man	feur, a man
mader, mother	mathair, mother
wafard, a lord	fiathard, a great chief (the th aspirate)
boga, a bow	bogha, a bow (the gh silent)
wen, a woman	ben, a woman, or wife
maga, a maw	mag, a maw, and maga, maws
laga, laws	lagha, laws (the gh aspirate)
waeg, away	fag, to leave, or be off
crat, a cart	cairt, a cart
spura, spurs	sporn, spurs, &c. &c.

We have not gone in search of the above specimens, but taken it from one or two paragraphs of Mr Bosworth's Grammar (used in his grammatical

illustrations), lying on the table before us. With a little trouble we could furnish a multitude of examples, whereby it might be clearly shown that the Saxon and the Gael are not only of the same race, but that they spoke the same language for many ages after they descended from one common ancestor, and formed separate tribes and nations. The Gaelic is much more like the Anglo-Saxon than the English of the present day is, as we will prove by some subsequent quotations; but, in the meantime, we may remark, that the liberties taken with the Saxon or Gothic, by the ancient writers of that language themselves, is quite sufficient to account for the difference between its remains and the remains of the language of the Celts, which had the advantage of being under the guardianship of learned orders of men—the Druids and the bards—from a very remote period of antiquity. The following quotation will bear us out in this remark, viz., “The variety of Anglo-Saxon writers, and their little acquaintance with each other; but, above all, their total disregard of any settled rules of orthography, have occasioned many irregularities in the language, and thrown difficulties in the way of the learner, which, at first sight, appear truly formidable. But, on closer inspection, these difficulties present no insuperable obstacle. The principal difficulty consists in this: the Anglo-Saxon writers often confounded some letters, and used them indifferently for each other. This is the case to a most surprising extent with the vowels and diphthongs, so that the consonants, though often treated in the same manner, form the only parts of the language which possess anything like a fixed and permanent character. This observation will be fully exemplified in the following remarks on the transposition and substitution of the different letters. B, F, or U, are often interchanged, as Beper, bepep, a beaver. Ipig, meg, ivy. Ober, aper, ouer, over. Ebolsan, epolsan, to blaspheme: Fot, uot, a foot. C often interchanges with G, H, and Q, as donces, thonges, thoughts. Eyth, Kyth, kindred. Eyning, kyning. Acer, aker, a field. Epen, quen, wife, &c. C, and CC, are also often changed into H, or Hh, before s, or th, and especially t, as strehtan, they strewed, for *streeton*, from streccan. Absian for acsian, or axian, to ask; sebeth for seeth, seeks, from siccan, to seek. D and C are often used indiscriminately for one another. D is changed into S, especially in verbs, as seathan, to boil, or seeth; soden, boiled; ic creath, I said; thu credi, thou saidst; he wyrth, he is, or becomes; thu wewde, thou becomes. G is often changed into h and w, as heretoha for heretoga, a leader; dahum for dagum, with days; gisregan, to be silent; geruwade, he was silent; sorh for sorge, sorrow, &c. &c.”

We have, in the above, which could have been carried in the same manner to the end of the Saxon letters, a sufficient explanation of the manner in which the Scythian Gaelic has been manufactured into modern English. That the language of the Commerian tribes has not undergone so extravagant a change, is to be ascribed to the philosophic orders which existed in these tribes, their influence over the people, and their custom of rehearsing their poetry and traditions on all festive occasions. That we are not rash in call-

ing the Druidical order, including the bards and Seannachies, philosophic and learned, we shall endeavour to show in our subsequent papers on this subject.

The specimens of Anglo-Saxon quoted by Mr Bosworth, clearly disprove his opinion—that nine out of every ten words of modern English are Anglo-Saxon. We have quoted the above without any intention of questioning that opinion, yet appeal to the words in proof of our opinion that nine-tenths of them are Gaelic, spelt differently from the modern orthography of Gaelic scholars, but having the same radix and a similar meaning—while we can scarcely find one out of the ten that could have given origin to the English words used by himself in his *translation*—as we think it may, very properly be characterised. Had philologists and grammarians a knowledge of the Gaelic language, and written their lexicons and grammars with a view to the restoration of the connection between one dialect and another, the difficulty of acquiring languages would be greatly simplified and facilitated. But either the pompous affectation of learning which still characterises some teachers, or the absence of a common sense and searching simplicity in philologists, have hitherto only served to confuse the subject, and to lead the cultivated dialects farther and farther astray from their original source, and from one another. The learned author of the Anglo-Saxon Grammar states, for instance, that there are only two parts of speech—the noun and the verb—and quotes some of the most eminent philosophers and linguists of ancient and modern times in support of that opinion. If this be the case, and we believe it is, the student of language is little obliged to the schoolmaster for the complication of rules and declensions which meets him in the outset. Mr Bosworth also seems to maintain that those who, in writing English, approached the nearest to the simplicity of the Anglo-Saxon, are the most admired for their style. We will, on a future occasion, quote some interesting specimens of Anglo-Saxon; and also the Lord's prayer, in that and several other dialects of the Gaelic language, with some English translations, of different dates, to be compared the one with the other; and have little doubt that they may have a tendency to interest the reader in the Saxon and Gaelic question.

We may remark here, that the ancient Gothic alphabet consisted only of sixteen letters—so that in this also it agrees with the Gaelic. Indeed, such is the coincidence and agreement of both dialects in every respect, that the one admits of being changed word for word into the other, with perfect elegance and freedom, while neither admits of being so translated into the English. This may be shown in the following example from Caedman's paraphrase of Genesis, which Turner characterises as the oldest specimen of the Epic poem in any European language.

Us ic riht micel
Thact so rodra werd
Wereda wulder cýning
Wordum heregen
He is macqna sped
Færo Alemihtig.

Translation by Mr Bosworth.

To us it is much right
That we the ruler of the firmament,
The glory king of hosts,
With words should praise,
With minds should love.
He is in power abundant,
Almighty Lord!

The Gaelic scholar cannot admit that the above is a literal translation; but he will at once admit that the real sense of the verse could not truly and elegantly be transferred into English excepting by a paraphrase, or the addition of connecting words. The following appears nearly the literal translation, assuming, as we do, that the more important words of the verse are pure Gaelic: We (think it) right unwise that He (the) Knight (of the) sky, (the) ruler (of) men (and) kingdoms, (should not with) words (be) praised, (with) minds loved. He is (to the) centre spotless, (the) root (of) all might.*

	Gaelic.	Plural.	Anglo-Saxon.	Plural.
N.	sac, a sack	saic	saac, a sack	saac-as
G.	shaic, of a sack	shaic	saac-ia, of a sack	saac-a
D.	sac, to a sack	shaicibh	saac-e, to or by a sack	saac-um
V.	shaic, O sack	shaicibh	saac-a, sack	saac-as
	(bh proun. v)			
	Hebrew.	Plural.	Greek.	Plural.
N.	seq a sack,	seq-im	zakk-os	zakk-oi
G.	le-seq, of or to a sack	le-seq-im	zakk-on	zakk-oo
D.	me-seq, from a sack	me-seq-im	zakk-oo	zakk-oi
A.			zakk-ov	zakk-oi
V.	be-seq, in a sack	be-seq-im	zakk-e	zakk-oi
	Latin.	Plural.	Italian.	French.
N.	sacc-us	sacc-i	il sacco	le sac
G.	sacc-i	sacc-orum	del sacco	du sac
D.	sacc-o	sacc-is	al sacco	au sac
A.	sacc-um	sacc-oi	il sacco	le sac
V.	sacc-o	sacc-i	O sacco	O sac
Ab.	sacc-o	sacc-is	dal sacco	du sac

It appears to us quite clear, that of all the above languages only one is original; and it is much more easy to conceive that the Greeks and Latins borrowed and added to their alphabets, declensions, &c., than that Feini and Ulphilus borrowed from the Greeks and Latins, and afterwards contracted and simplified their alphabets and parts of speech. It appears to us also that the Gaelic and Saxon, even judging from the above specimen alone, have an air of antiquity, strongly corroborative of the claim of paternity we advanced for them.

But a forcible argument as to the Greeks and Latins being a Gaelic people can be adduced not only from the radix of their respective words, but also even from their own names. We are aware of the extent to which etymology has been perverted by humorous and ingenious persons, and of the wonderful flexibility of the Gaelic language, and the discredit to which any argument founded on the derivation of words is liable, in consequence, in the estimation of severe inquirers; but where words are not strained or perverted, and the inference is clear, simple and natural, such arguments should at least be regarded as an important pendicle of evidence. It will be admitted that we

* Here then we have a characteristic specimen of the vaunted language of Dr Johnson, in which thirty-eight words are necessary to translate what is elegantly expressed in nineteen words of Anglo-Saxon.

subject etymology to a severe test when we submit that the names of three ancient races of people in Greece are pure Gaelic; namely, the Athenians, the Dorians, and the Ionians; yet we are of opinion that the unprejudiced reader will find that they have been formed on principles which accord not only with good taste, but with the custom whereby the name Caledonians has been formed since then. Athenian is but *achi-dhaoine* (or *dhaoinain*, which, though common is not in good taste,) a little altered—*Doire-dhaoine*, or *dhaoinain*, is equally close to the name Dorians, while *I-dhaoine* or *I-dhaoinain*, strikingly resembles Ionians. Any person who has the ordinary amount of intelligence, and understands Gaelic, will at once see that Athenians means the men of the plains; Dorians, the men of the groves; and Ionians, the men of the isles—or at least, that such is the meaning of the above Gaelic words, having their radix in *Achi*, *Doire*, and *I*, from which they appear to have been derived and compounded.

We will conclude this paper by observing, that, if it be a fact that all races of the Gael, or white people, are descended from one source, nothing can be more probable, than that that they spoke one language at an early period of society. It being much more probable that this language underwent changes and acquired additions, than that every tide of emigrants from the native country totally dropped the old and invented a new language, in every new locality in which they settled, it follows that a person, thoroughly versant in the original language, would find himself in the possession of a key to all the others. It is surely time that so important a fact as this should be known to the schoolmaster.

D. C.

WILLIAM SHARP AND FISCAL

v.

ALEX. WILSON.

1792-3.

(Concluded from our last.)

To the Honble. The Sheriff Substitute of the County of Renfrew,

The Petition of Alex. Wilson, present Prisoner in the Tolbooth of Paisley,

Humbly Sheweth,

That in consequence of an interlocutor passed by your Lordship in *causa* William Sharp and Fiscal against your petitioner, he was adjudged to be imprisoned for the space of 14 days, to be then liberated, upon giving sufficient security of his good behavior for two years to come.

That your petitioner, well aware that the weight and influence of those whom he has the misfortune to be accused by, may prevent many persons of respectability in this place from befriending him in the manner he well knows they would cheerfully have done, and fearing lest his pursuers, availing themselves of these circumstances, may extend his imprisonment by insisting on better bail than your petitioner has in his power to give, your petitioner hereby informs your Lordship that *John Bell*, boiler to John King of Greenlaw, and brother-in-law to your petitioner, is the person your petitioner wishes to be taken as surety, and he is willing to engage himself as such.

May it therefore please your Lordship to cause inquiry to be made if necessary into the character and responsibility of the said John Bell, that he may be accepted of as bail for your petitioner, and that your petitioner may be liberated at the expiration of the time specified, which is to-morrow, February 5.

And your petitioner, as in duty bound, shall ever pray.

(Signed) Alexr. Wilson.

Tolbooth of Paisley,
Feby. 4th 1793.

To the Hon. The Sheriff Substitute of the County of Renfrew,

The Petition of Alexr. Wilson, present Prisoner in the Tolbooth of Paisley,

Humbly Sheweth,

That your petitioner, having by your Lordship's interlocutor of date Jany. 22nd, in the *causa* of William Sharp and Fiscal against your petitioner, been adjudged to be imprisoned for the space of fourteen days; to be taken before your Lordship, and there to deliver up the whole copies of a poem entitled "*The Sharp or Lang Mills Detected*," to which he might have access or have in his possession; also, during his fourteen days imprisonment to collect all of the said poems that were in his power, to give sufficient security of his good behaviour for two years, and before his liberation to be conducted in custody to the market place, and there to commit to the flames the whole of the poems so delivered up and collected. That your petitioner, having now fulfilled every part of the interlocutor, except that of delivering up the poems, here declares: That he has no copies of said poem in his possession: that he has access to none: that willing to fulfil the interlocutor in every particular, he has done every thing in his power to procure a copy or copies of said poem, and finds it absolutely impossible.

May it therefore please your Lordship, from the consideration of the above facts, to accept of the bail which your petitioner has in readiness, and to grant liberation to your petitioner according to the interlocutor, and your petitioner shall ever pray.

(Signed) Alex. Wilson.

Tolbooth of Paisley,
Feby. 1793.

In *causa* William Sharp and Fiscal against Alex. Wilson.

Paisley, 10th July, 1792.

Mr James Orr, Sh. Subt.

Act, A. Gibson instructs execution of citation and writs libelled on. Alt. absent. Craves that the Sheriff will hold the defender as confessed, and make *avizandum* with the cause.

In respect of the defender's absence, holds him as confessed, and makes *avizandum* with the cause.

Paisley, 26th July, 1792.

Mr James Orr, Sh. Subt.

In respect of the defender's failure to appear, finds him contumacious—fines and americates him

in the sum of Ten Pounds Scots to the Procurator-fiscal of court for his contumacy; grants warrant for imprisoning him till payment of that sum, and thereafter until he shall find sufficient caution acted in the books of this court, to attend the whole diets of probation, and for pronouncing sentence in this action, and authorizes the clerk of court immediately to issue precepts to that effect.

Paisley, 30th August, 1792.

Mr James Orr, Sh. Sub.

The pursuer's pror. present. The defender gives in an incidental petition. Having considered the petition for the defender, nominates and appoints Messrs James Walkinshaw, and John Snodgrass, procurators of court, to conduct the petitioner's defence, and allows them to see and answer the libel, to the thirteenth day of September next.

Paisley, 13th Sept., 1792.

Answers by the defender, personally present. The pursuer's pror. to reply to 27th curt.

11th Oct., 1792.

Replies for the pursuer, with poem therein mentioned.

Avizandum, to the Sh. Depute.

Paisley, 22d January, 1793.

Mr James Orr, Sh. Sub.

Parties pror. present.

Having advised the process, and received the opinion of the Sh. depute, finds that, upon a summary application from William Sharp against the defender, upon the twenty-fourth day of May last, he came before me for examination, when he acknowledged a letter, under the signature of A. B., and then authenticated by him, was of his handwriting, by which a poem was transmitted to the complainer, which poem was also then authenticated by him: Finds that, upon advising the said application, together with the said poem and letter produced, I, upon the twenty-third day of May last, prohibited and discharged the defender from writing, printing, or publishing the said poem, entitled, "The Sharp or Lang Mills Detected," or under whatever title or denomination the said poem or libel might appear, certifying him, that if he acted in the contrary, he would be deemed guilty, or art and part of writing and publishing an infamous libel against the character of a man who has always held a fair reputation in the world: Finds that afterwards the said William Sharp raised the present action against the defender for having sent to him the said poem, with the said letter signed A. B., to which action the concurrence of the Procurator-fiscal was given, and wherein it was concluded for a solatium and a fine: Finds that, in the answers for the defender to the libel at the instance of Mr Sharp and Fiscal, he admits his having consented to the publication of this poem, in consequence of what he is pleased to call the foolish and determined severity of a rigorous prosecution: And finds that a printed copy of the said poem, thus acknowledged to have been published with the defender's consent after the com-

mencement of the prosecution, has been produced in process, coincides with the manuscript copy authenticated by the defender's signature: Finds that, in the publication in the face of my interdict, the defender has been guilty of a very aggravated contempt of this court: Therefore grants warrant to officers of this court, jointly to search for and apprehend the person of Alexander Wilson, defender, wherever he may be found within this shire, and to incarcerate him in the Tolbooth of Paisley, therein to remain for the space of fourteen days, and ay, and until he finds good and sufficient caution, to the extent of three hundred merks Scots, for his good behaviour for two years to come; requiring, hereby, the magistrates of Paisley, and keepers of their prison, to receive and detain him accordingly: Further, ordains the defender instantly to deliver up to the clerk of court, every copy of the said poem in his possession, or to which he has access: And further, to answer upon oath, against next court day, such questions as I shall cause to put to him, in order to discover where any copies of said poem, printed and published contrary to my interdict, may be found: And I further ordain, that before the said defender shall be let at liberty, he shall be conducted to the market place of Paisley, and shall there, with his own hands, commit to the flames the whole copies of the said publication that shall have been delivered up by him, or otherwise collected, excepting always the copy libelled on: And declares, that when this interdict has been fulfilled, the sheriff will then resume the consideration of this process.

(Signed) James Orr.

Paisley, 5th Feby., 1793.

Mr James Orr, Sh. Sub.

Parties pror. present.

Compeared, Alexander Wilson, defender, who being examined and interrogated, by whose desire and employment the poem libelled was printed, and who printed the same? the declarant begged leave to decline answering the questions. Acknowledges that the poem was printed at his expense; declares that the poem was sold by James Selater, stationer; declares that he cannot say how many copies of the poem were thrown off by the printer; and being interrogated, if he knows how many copies were sold or disposed of? declines to answer the question; and being interrogated, if he knows that secret means were industriously used to disperse the said poem by throwing the same privately into houses and weaving shops in Paisley, and by whom such means were used? declared that he thinks it improper to answer such questions, and therefore declines answering the same; declares that he has not got any of the copies of the said poem collected, nor is he possessed of any copy thereof, and this he declares to be truth.

(Signed) Alex. Wilson.

Paisley, 5th Feby. 1793.

The defender lodges a petition, with a letter mentioning that he has got two copies of the poem libelled.

5th Feby., 1793.

Mr James Orr, Sh. Sub.

Having considered the petition for the defender, and letter therewith sent, ordains him to lodge the two copies of the poem libelled, mentioned in the said letter, in the hands of the clerk of court; and farther, ordains the defender to be carried in custody, on the sixth day of February current, at eleven o'clock forenoon, to the head of the outer stair of the Tolbooth of Paisley, and then and there, with his own hands, to commit to the flames the said two copies of the poem libelled on, in terms of the interlocutor, of date the twenty-second day of January last.

Eodem die.

The clerk of court certifies that the defender has lodged in his hands two printed copies of the poem entitled "The Sharp or Lang Mills Detected," and that he has also lodged a bond, with sufficient caution, in terms of the interlocutor, date the twenty-second day of January last.

(Signed) John Peers, dept.

Mr James Orr, Sh. Subt.

The pursrs. pror. present.

Paisley, 6 February, 1793.

The clerk of court reports, that this forenoon at 11 o'clock, he delivered up the two copies of the poem in his hands to the defender, who, with his own hands committed the same to the flames, as ordained by the interlocutor of yesterday's date.

(Signed) John Peers, dept.

Avis. to the Sh. Deputo.

Paisley, 23 April, 1793.

Mr Jas. Orr, Sh. Subt, p. p. p.

Assigns the fourteenth day of May next for pronouncing sentence, and ordains the defender then to attend with certification.

(Signed) James Orr.

Paisley, 14 May, 1793.

Mr James Orr, Sh. Subt, p. p. p. and def. p.

Having resumed the consideration of this process, and advised with the Sheriff-Depute: Finds that the defender has committed the wrongs charged, and that his conduct during the proceedings has tended to aggravate and not to alleviate the charge: Therefore fines and amerciates him in the sum of five pounds five shillings stg., to the private complainor, and in the sum of two pounds twelve shillings and sixpence, to the procurator-fiscal: Finds the defender liable in expenses, modifies the same to three pounds ten shillings sterling, and decerns against him therefore, and for the extract conform to the clerk's certificate: Grants warrant for imprisoning him in the tolbooth of Paisley until payment of these sums, and authorises the clerk of court to issue extracts immediately, reserving to the court to alleviate or remit the fine to the procurator-fiscal in case the defender shall, within eight days from this date, give in a letter to the private complainor contain-

ing suitable acknowledgments for the wrong done him of which he is hereby convicted.

(Signed) James Orr.

Collated D. G.
14th May, 1848.

[In a portion of the MS. from which the foregoing is printed, the title of the poem libelled is written—"The Shark (in place of Sharp), or Lang Mills Detected." This may probably be the correct reading.]

OLD PUNISHMENTS.

"THE first instance of punishing murder by hanging is 30 July, 1630; till that time, the punishment was always beheading, whatever was the rank of the criminal. Theft, notour adultery, &c., were always punished with hanging. In one instance (June 1604) murder was punished with the wheel; it was in the case of William Weir—'He was sentenced to be broken alive upon a row or wheel, and lie exposed thereon for twenty-four hours, and thereafter the said row, with the body on it, to be placed betwixt Leith and Warriston, until orders shall be given to bury the body.' Royston's MS. Abst. from 1536 to 1674. i. page 216. The first instance of hanging in chains is in March 1637, in the case of Macgregor for theft, robbery and slaughter. 'He was sentenced to be hanged in a chenzie on the gallowlee till his corpse rot.' Royston, i. page 369. During the Usurpation, fines were often lessened, or altogether remitted on the application of the parties. Royston, i. page 450."—*Introduction to MacLaurin's Criminal Cases.*

"*Reign of Charles II.*—Impoysonments, so ordinarily in Italy, are so abominable amongst English, as by 21 Henry VIII. it was made High Treason, though since repealed; after which the punishment for it was to be put alive into a caldron of water, and then boiled to death. At present it is felony without benefit of clergy.

"If a criminal indicted of petit treason, or felony, refuseth to answer, or to put himself upon a legal trial, then for such standing mute and contumacy, he is presently to undergo that horrible punishment called *Peine forte et dure*; that is, to be sent back to the prison from whence he came, and there laid in some low, dark room, upon the bare ground, on his back, all naked, his arms and legs drawn with cords fastened to the several corners of the room; then shall be laid upon his body iron and stone, so much as he may bear, or more; the next day he shall have three morsels of barley bread, without drink, and the third day shall have drink of the water next to the prison door, except it be running water, without bread; and this shall be his diet till he die. Which grievous kind of death some stout fellows have sometimes chosen, that so not being tried and convicted of their crimes, their estates may not be forfeited to the king, but descend to their children, nor their blood stained.

"Perjury, by bearing false witness upon oath, is punished with the pillory, called *Callistrigium*, burnt in the forehead with a P, his trees growing upon his grounds to be rooted up, and his goods confiscated."—*The Mirror*, 1632.

"21 Aug., 1735.—At the Assizes at Lowes in Sussex, a man, who pretended to be dumb and lame, was indicted for a barbarous murder and robbery. He had been taken up on suspicion, several spots of blood, and part of the goods being found upon him. When he was brought to the bar, he would not speak or plead, though often urged to it, and the sentence to be inflicted on such as stand mute read to him. Four or five persons in the court swore that they had heard him speak, and the boy, who was his accomplice, and apprehended, was there to be a witness against him; yet he continued mute. Whereupon he was carried back to Horsham jail, to be pressed to death, if he would not plead. They laid on him first 100 weight, then added 100 more, and he still remained obstinate; they then added 100 more, and then made it 350 lb., yet he would not speak; then adding 50 lb. more, he was just dead, having all the agonies of death upon him. Then the executioner, who weighs about 16 or 17 stone, lay down upon the board which was over him, and, adding to the weight, killed him in an instant."—*Old London Magazine*, Aug. 1735.

"A poor serjeant was lately found murdered upon the Parade at Lisle in Flanders; the last person seen in his company was another serjeant, who being suspected to be the murderer, was put to the torture to make him confess the fact. Accordingly he was stripped naked, and seated in an iron chair, with an iron collar full of spikes round his neck, and a scorching fire kindled close to him. In this situation he continued an hour and ten minutes, and every ten minutes was asked if he would confess? But the man, persisting in his innocence, was, as it were, roasted alive, his skin being all over one continued piece of crackle. It was natural to suppose that a man who had undergone so excruciating a trial would have been released; but that is not the case,—if he survives, he survives only to be made a galley-slave for life. Such is the punishment for a criminal who is only suspected to have been guilty of a murder in France."—*Gentleman's Magazine*, July 1769.

"In the Castle of Braal, in the county of Caithness, resided in the first quarter of the thirteenth century, a nobleman of the name of Earl John, concerning whose posterity it were, we fear, useless to inquire at this time of day. This said nobleman, not being of an over-amiable disposition, had procured for himself, by his deeds of cruelty, the distinctive, though unenviable appellation of '*the Bloody Earl*.' Some of the country people in the neighbourhood complained to him, in the year 1222, that the Bishop, a man of the name of Adam, who resided close to the Earl's castle, was unmercifully severe in the exaction of tithes. The '*Bloody Earl*' immediately enjoined them to *boil* the Bishop forthwith. An immense number of the Earl's tenants accordingly congregated together, besieged the Bishop's house, and actually boiled him in one of his own large brewing vessels. The infuriated populace at the same time, and in the same utensil, boiled the Bishop's favourite monk, a man of the name of Serlo. Alexander the Second, the reigning monarch of Scotland, immediately repaired in person to Caithness, on being apprised of the barbarous deed, and

forthwith ordered upwards of eighty persons concerned in the affair to be executed. The Earl himself fled; but, obtaining a pardon from the king, he returned to his estates. In a short time after, however, he was killed in the town of Thurso, while attempting to murder another person."—*Elgin Courier*, (circa 1836.)

"On 20 June, 1788, several men were ordered to be hung, and a woman at the same time was *burnt alive*! Margaret Sullivan was the name of the latter, and her crime was '*feloniously and traitorously colouring divers pieces of base metal, of the size of shillings and sixpences, so as to resemble the current coin.*' The '*Gentleman's Magazine*' of that date speaks thus of the death of this woman — '*After the man had been suspended some time, the woman was brought out, attended by a priest of the Romish persuasion, and as soon as she came to the stake, she was placed upon a stool, which was instantly removed from under her, and she was left suspended, when the faggots were placed round her, and being set on fire, she was soon consumed to ashes.* Mr Pitt, himself a lawyer, 'tis hoped, will not suffer this cruel remain of savage legislation to escape his notice, and continue a disgrace to the enlightened sense of this country.'—*Gentleman's Magazine*, 1788.

"The following are atrocious instances of the use of the '*Pilniewink*.'—In the year 1804, at Moulinearne Market, Mr —, land surveyor of —, was witness to the following facts. A party of gipsies had stolen, or been suspected of stealing, some articles from a John B—, farmer in the Braes of Athole. B— took several of the gipsies, and boring holes in the form before his door, and making a like number of wooden pins, he put a finger of each hand of four or five of the gipsies into the holes, and drove in pins upon them till the blood sprung from the fingers. The rumour of the transaction coming to the ears of a justice of the peace, an enquiry was set on foot. B— was alarmed, and by means of various presents, one of which was a pony, he induced the gipsies to leave the country, and then the story dropt. This, I apprehend, is the last use of '*Pilniewinks*' in this country. In the year 1745, indeed, an old gentleman, then tutor in a considerable family in the Hebrides, used to say, that the mode of punishing petty crimes in the district in which he lived, was to take out the tine, or tooth of a harrow, to put a finger of the culprit into the hole, and then drive the tooth in again upon the finger. Sometimes this kind of torture was applied in order to extort confession, when an additional stroke on the tooth was struck at each reiteration of the question."—*Scots Magazine*, 1817.

Glasgow.

E. C.

THE ARMOURER AND HIS MAN.

SHAKSPEARE has given peculiar celebrity to a battle fought in Smithfield, in London, on an Appeal of Treason, in the year 1445, being the twenty-fifth of Henry VI. It affords a scene in one of his three parts of the Life and Reign of that monarch, and is partially retained in the recent compilation, entitled *Richard Duke of*

York. The reader may not be displeased to find the original scene extracted here :—

HENRY VI. PART II. ACT II. Sc. 3.

Enter King, Queen, York, and Salisbury.

SCENE.—A House near Smithfield.

York. Please it your Majesty,
This is the day appointed for the Combat;
And ready are th' Appellant and Defendant,
The Armourer and his Man, to enter the lists,
So please your Highness to behold the fight.

Q. Mar. Ay, good, my Lord, for purposely therefore
Left I the court, to see this quarrel try'd.

K. Hen. A God's name, see the lists and all things fit;
Here let them end it, and God guard the right!

York. I never saw a fellow worse bested,
Or more afraid to fight, than is th' Appellant,
The servant of the Armourer, my Lords.

[Enter at one door the Armourer and his Neighbours,
drinking to him so much, that he is drunk; and he
enters with a drum before him, and his staff with a
sand-bag fastened to it; and at the other door his
Man, with a drum and sand-bag, and 'Prentices drink-
ing to him.]

1 Neigh. Here, neighbour Horner, I drink to you in a
cup of sack: and fear not, neighbour, you shall do well
enough.

2 Neigh. And here, neighbour, here's a cup of char-
neco.

3 Neigh. And here's a pot of good double beer, neigh-
bour; drink, and fear not your man.

Arm. Let it come, i' faith, and I'll pledge you all;
and a fig for Peter.

1 'Pren. Here, Peter, I drink to thee; and be not
afraid.

2 'Pren. Be merry, Peter, and fear not thy master;
Peter. I thank you all; drink and pray for me, I pray
you; for, I think I have taken my last draught in this
world. Here, Robin, if I die, I give thee my apron: and,
Will, thou shalt have my hammer; and here, Tom, take
all the money that I have. O Lord bless me, I pray God:
for I am never able to deal with my master, he hath learned
so much fence already.

Sal. Come, come, leave your drinking, and fall to
blows. Sirrah, what's thy name?

Peter. Peter, forsooth.

Sal. Peter? What more?

Peter. Thump.

Sal. Thump? Then see thou thump thy master well.

Arm. Masters, I have come hither as it were upon my
man's instigation, to prove him a knave, and myself an
honest man; and touching the Duke of York, I will take
my death I never meant him ill, nor the king, nor the
queen; and, therefore, Peter, have at thee with a downright
blow.

York. Dispatch: this knave's tongue begins to double.
Sound trumpets, alarum to the combatants.

[They fight, and Peter strikes him down.]

Arm. Hold, Peter, hold; I confess, I confess treason.

York. Take away his weapon; fellow, thank God, and
the good wine in thy master's way.

Peter. O God, have I overcome mine enemy in this
presence? O Peter thou hast prevailed in right.

K. Henry. Go, take hence that traitor from our sight,
For by his death we do perceive his guilt.

And God in justice has receiv'd to us

The truth and innocence of this poor fellow,

Which he had thought to murder wrongfully.

Come, fellow, follow us for thy reward.

[Exeunt.

The real name of the Armourer was "oon
William Catour," or Cator, residing in Fleet
Street; that of his "Man," or apprentice, as

given by different antiquaries, was Dain,* David,
or Daveys. From documents presently to be
cited, it will appear to have been "John Davy."

"The real names of these combatants were John
Daveys and William Catour, as appears from the
original precept to the sheriffs, still remaining in
the Exchequer, commanding them to prepare the
barriers in Smithfield for the combat. The names
of the sheriffs were Godfrey Boloynne and Robert
Horne; and the latter, which occurs in the page
of Fabiani's Chronicle that records the duel,
might have suggested the name of Horner to
Shakspeare. Stowe is the only historian who has
preserved the servant's name, which was David.
Annexed to the before-mentioned precept, is the
account of expenses incurred on this occasion,
duly returned into the Exchequer. From this it
further appears, that the erection of the barriers,
the combat itself, and the subsequent execution
of the Armourer, occupied the space of six or
seven days; that the barriers had been brought
to Smithfield in a cart, from Westminster; that
a large quantity of sand and gravel was consumed
on the occasion, and that the place of battle was
strewn with rushes."

"In Mr Nicholl's 'Illustrations of the Manners
and Expenses of Antient Times in England,'
1797, 4to., is the Exchequer Record of the expenses
in the appeal John Daveys and William Catour."
—Douce's *Illustrations of Shakspeare*, vol. ii.
p. 8.

"This yere" (anno 1445, twenty-fifth of Henry
VI.), says Grafton, "an Armourers servaunt, of
London, appeled his master of treason, which
offered to be tried by Battaille. At the day assign-
ed, the friends of the master brought to him
malmesye and *aguavite*, to comforte him with all,
but it was the cause of his and their discomfort:
for he poured in so much, that when he came into
the place, in Smithfelde, where he should fight,
both his witte and strength fayled him: and so,
hee, being a tall and hardie personage, overladed
with hote drinckes, was vanquished of his servaunt,
being but a cowarde and a wretch, whose body
was drawn to Tiborne, and there hanged and
beheaded."

The Quarterly Review, in its Article on
Mr Kendall's Argument, has inquired how the
drunkenness of the Armourer is to be reconciled
with the oath, which is to be taken by the Com-
batants, that they have neither ate nor drank
on the day on which they come to the Battle?
Doubtlessly it was an abuse, originating, perhaps,
as Mr K. had already suggested: "In this age of
popular sobriety, a caution, to those who may
have occasion to wage Battle, to beware of Malm-
sey and *eau de vie*, may be unnecessary; and yet
Mr Poynder may add, with advantage, the case of
the tipsy Armourer, to his valuable memoir on
Dram-drinking. But, for us, it is not perhaps
impertinent to recollect, that the mistaken kind-
ness of the Armourer's neighbours was only an
abuse of the solemn provisions of the Law of
Appeal, which called on the Lord, upon whose
lordship the battle was fought, to provide the
combatants freely a *manger et boire*; especially

* Antiquary Discourses.

as this particular is further connected with some other just and grave considerations, belonging to the process, and which further show the humanity, or at least the justice, of the *barbarous ages*."

The following documents, which we extract from the Preface to the Anti-Duello, have not previously, we believe, existed otherwise than as manuscripts. They consist in copies of four original warrants, relating to the Battle between John Davy and William Catour, and are not only curious as records of that transaction, but valuable even in point of law, as evincing some very unexpected circumstances. We have seen above, that the property-men at our theatres give the Combatants "sand-bags" at the end of their staves: and this particular has been thus illustrated by one of the commentators:—

"With a sand-bag fastened to it.—As, according to the old laws of duels, Knights were to fight with the lance and sword; so those of an inferior rank fought with an ebon staff or battoon, to the further end of which was fixed a bag, crammed hard with sand. To this custom Hudibras has alluded, in these humorous lines:—

'Engaged with money-bags, as bold
As men with sand-bags did of old.'

"Now, the flagrant absurdity of the playhouse direction, and the commentary in its support, or from which it is derived, is manifest from the very text itself; for, how is 'Peter' to dispatch the Armourer at a stroke, if his 'battoon' is armed only with a 'sand-bag'? But, besides this, the commentary is made in ignorance of the facts most commonly reported by antiquaries; namely, that the staves with sand-bags were used only in Battle in Writs of Right, where there was no intention to kill;* and that the staves used in deadly combats were really armed, at first with horn, and afterwards, perhaps, with iron.† Further the engraving bears testimony to the truly formidable description of the weapons employed, which are more like pick-axes, or the tomahawks of Indians, than "staves with sand-bags." But, beyond all this, the documents below apprise us of the very important point, that *both the combatants, upon Battle being awarded, actually received lessons in the use of arms, from persons assigned and paid by the Crown.* The warrants, No. 1 and 2, severally assign to the Appellant and Defendant persons to be "intendant, and of counsell," with them; and these "intendants" and "counsellors" might seem, at first sight, to have been lawyers appointed to aid them in their pleadings. It is to be observed, however, that these assignments are made after the pleadings are finished, that is, after the Battle is awarded; and the warrant No. 3, distinctly discovers to us, that the services of "our well-beloved Philip Treher, Fyshmonger," on the occasions described, consisted in "teching certain points of armes," which is otherwise called, "teching [intending] and counselling John Davy." The warrant, No. 4, shows further, the case of the Crown, in providing armour, as well as intendants. We are not, however, to forget that this was an

Appeal of Treason. The following are the warrants:—

(1.)

"BY THE KING.

"Trusty and welbeloved: For as much as John Davy hath nowe late appelled before yo Constable and Marshall of yis our Reaume oon William Catour, of London, Armurer, of Treson ymagined and doon agenste oure psone, [persone,] for whiche cause ye saide Constable and Marshall have, by y assent of bothe pties [parties] assigned unto yem a day of Bataylle, as lawe wol, We yfore [therefore] wol and charge you yat [ye] be intendant and of counsaill with ye said John Davy, Appellant. And yees our lres [letters] shall be your Warrant. Geven at Westmr, ye xvi day of Novembr.

"To Phelip Fyshmonger"
(2.)

"BY THE KING.

"Trusty and welbeloved: For as moche as John Davy hath nowe late appeled before the Constable and Marshal of this our Reaume of England oon William Catour, of London, Armurer, of Treson ymagined and doon agenste our psone, for whiche cause ye said Constable and Marshall have, by y assent of bothe pties, assigned unto yem a day of Battayle as lawe wol; We wol yfore and charge you, yat ye be intendant and of counsel with the said William Catour, Defendant, as ye cas requireth. And yees our lres shal be your Warrant. Geven at Westmr ye xiiij day of Decembr. [A^o 25 Hen. 6.]

"To Maistr Hugh Payne.

"To John Latemer."

(3.)

"BY THE KING.

"Reverend fader in God, right trusty and welbeloved! For as moch as we, in consideration of th' attendance and labour that oure welbeloved Philip Treher, Fyshmonger, hath had by our spal comendement, as wel in teching certain points of armes unto the Priour of Kilmayn, which late appelled y Erl of Ormond of hault treason, as in teching and counselling John Davy, which late appeled oon John Catour, Armorer, of treason also, have geven unto hym xx li by weye of reward, to be taken by the handes of our Tresorer of England. We wol and charge you, yat under our pree [privy] seel, being in your warde, ye do make oure lres [letters] directed unto our said Tresorer and Chamberlayn of our Eschequier, commanding them to paye unto ye said Philip ye said xx li by waye of reward, in redy money, or ellse to yere him suffisont assignement of the same. And yee our lres shall be your warrant. Geven under our signet at our Castel of Wyndesore the xxvij day of Decembre, yere of our Regne XXV.

"Blackeney."

(4.)

"BY THE KING.

"Reverend fader in God, right trusty and welbeloved for as moche as John Davy hath nowe late appelled before the Constable and Marshal of this our Reaume of England William Catour of London, armurer, of traision ymagined and doon by hym ayenst oure persone, for which cause the said Constable and Marshal have by assent of

* See argument.

† Idem.

bothe parties assigned a day of bataille unto them, as lawe wol. We therefore wol and charge you, that under our privie seel, being in yor wared, ye do make oure tres of warrant, in deue forme, directed unto oure wel beloved 'Squier John Stanley, Sergeant of our Armoury, charging hym to do, make and ordeigne, in al goodly haste, good and souffisant armure for the said appelland, and al other harneys and wapen necessary unto hym in that behalve; and over this, We wol, that under oure said pre seel, ey do make oure other tres sevelles, in deue forme, directed unto Sir John Steward, Sir John Astley, Knights; Edmond Hampden and Thomas Montgomery, 'Squiers; and to Thomas Parker, Armourer, to be intendant and of counsel with the said Appellant, and semblable tres unto Sir Thomas Gray, Sir Robert Stokesbroke, Knights, John Lovell, Sir John Sharpe, 'Squiers, and to Harman, Armourer, dwelling in Southwark, to be intendant and of counsel with the said partie Defendant, as the cas requireth. And thees our lres shal be your warrant. Geven under our signet, at our castel of Wyndesore, the XIX day of Octobi, the year of our Regne XXV.

"W. Crosby*."

OBITUARY NOTICES, CHRONOLOGICALLY ARRANGED.

[Continued from our last]

July, 1799. Lately at Versailles, where he lived oppressed with years and misery, citizen Giroust, a musician, formerly of some celebrity. When young, he obtained, like Thomas, two prizes for two different compositions on a proposed subject. He had been master of music at the *Innocens*, had directed the *Concerto Spirituale* at Paris during six or seven years; and at the time of the dissolution of the band at the Chapel Royal, Versailles, he was *sur-intendant*, or super-intendant of it. Of late he has composed several civic songs for the national and decadary festivals; among others, the well-known piece, *Nous ne reconnissons sous l'empire des lois, &c.* The minister of interior, who had learned the distress of Giroust but very recently, had just presented him, in the name of Government, with the sum of 800 francs; but the neglect in which he had languished for some time previously, had ruined his health. At the time of his death, he sold honey and milk to the inhabitants of Versailles.

July, — Dr Edward Smallwell, bishop of Oxford. This reverend prelate has been in the road to preferment ever since the year 1766, when he was appointed one of the king's chaplains, in which station he continued many years. In 1775 he was appointed one of the canons of Christ Church, from whence he was removed in 1783 to the bishoprick of St David's, on the promotion of Dr Warren to the see of Bangor, where he continued five years; and on the death of Dr Butler, he was translated to Oxford.

April, 1800. On the Halifax station, where he commanded, Admiral George Vandeput. He was promoted to the rank of Captain, in 1765, and to

that of Admiral, in 1799. He was a son of Sir George V., renowned for his famous contest for Westminster. The Admiral was a plain manly character, a judicious critic in the arts, and in private life esteemed for his worth and intelligence.

Oct., — In Broad-street Buildings, aged 54, Mrs Mary Mullett, wife of Mr Thomas Mullett. She was the eldest surviving daughter of the Rev. Hugh Evans, M.A., and sister of the Rev. Caleb Evans, D.D., successive Pastors of the Baptist Congregation of Protestant Dissenters in Broad-Mead, Bristol, and Presidents of a very respectable establishment in that city, for the Education of Candidates for the Christian Ministry. In her, a mild and happy temper was united to a well informed and benevolent mind: and through the whole of her life, to the moment of her death, she recommended and exemplified every moral and Christian virtue. She was an affectionate wife, a tender mother, a kind sister, and a generous, steady friend. Her benevolence extended to the utmost bound of her capacity, in relieving virtue in distress; and in various instances she has been the disconsolate widow's aid, and the orphan's protection and support. Piety, humility, and charity, were her characteristics; and by the faith, hope, resignation, and confidence of a Christian, her life was uniformly and happily regulated. Recovering from the effects of several paralytic attacks, her family and friends were indulging the hope of her perfect restoration, and of enjoying her society for some years. On the day of her death she was in more than usual health and cheerfulness, and in full vigour of mind; when, at dinner, she suddenly exclaimed, Oh! my head—fell on her husband's arm, and spoke no more. To her family her death is an irreparable loss; but to her an instant translation to that state of felicity which had been her frequent and most delightful contemplation. Her memory, by her numerous friends, will be ever held in esteem and veneration.

Oct., — Suddenly at Cheswick, while drinking tea, Louis Weltjie, late chief cook to the Prince of Wales. He appeared to be in good health during the course of the day and the evening; but just as he began to drink the second cup, he suddenly fell back and expired. Being a very gross and corpulent man, it is supposed his death was occasioned by a stroke of the apoplexy. The history and fortune of this man are somewhat singular; he was by birth a German, and formerly sold cakes and gingerbread about the streets. After he received the appointment of chief cook and clerk of the kitchen, he soon became purveyor to Carlton-House and the Pavilion at Brighton, in which situation he acquired a considerable fortune. Some years since his daughter having taken a liking to a young cook, the subordinate of Wiltjie, married him, which greatly excited the indignation of her father, who preferred his complaints to his Royal Patron. He represented the *disgrace* and *degradation* of his family by so humble an alliance, and warmly solicited the dismissal of the offender. The good sense of his Patron saw the matter in a very different light, which induced him to observe, that the *inequality* was not so great as to outrage the

* Cottonian MSS. Titus c. 1.

feelings, or wound the *pride* of a man who could not entirely forget his own former situation. He was, therefore, advised to make the best of the affair, and reconcile himself cordially with his son-in-law and daughter. Instead of prudently adopting this counsel, the enraged father persisted in urging the discharge of the offender against the *dignity* of his family, threatening to consign both husband and wife to indigence; to prevent which, the illustrious person alluded to, discharged Weltjie himself, and put the son-in-law in his lucrative situation. Weltjie and his broken English, together with his *ridiculous* airs of consequence, used to afford much mirth to the gay frequenters of Carlton-House, who will probably heave a sigh to the memory of one from whose ministry they derived such excellent entertainment.

Oct., — By his own hands, Mr John Cole, formerly one of the band of Drury-lane Theatre, and originally a pupil of the famous violin player, Pinto, and patronized by Garrick. About twenty years ago he married a sister of Sir Thomas Apreece, who brought him a handsome fortune; but being much attached to the situation he held, he continued in the Theatre thirteen years, and quitted the orchestra and the profession together about the year 1793. By his lady he had two children, a son and a daughter; the son he bred to the church, and he will in a short time become possessed of a living of £400 per annum. About two years ago his wife died, since which he has been observed to be much dejected; and on the night of the last performance of "The Beggar's Opera," at Drury-lane, he applied to Mr Shaw, and told him, that he was very unhappy; he said that his wife being dead, his son at college, and his daughter at a boarding-school, he was lost for want of society; but if he could be re-engaged at the Theatre, he should recover his wonted spirits. Mr Shaw promised him the first vacancy. His despondency, however, increased; he appeared much disordered during the whole of last week, frequently walking about his room for hours together.—Independent of his own private fortune, he was allowed £50 a year by Sir Thomas Apreece, which was paid quarterly, when Sir Thomas usually presented him with a £5 note. The fortune of his wife was settled on herself and children. The deceased was free from any pecuniary embarrassments. In his apartments were found £40 in cash, and many valuable articles. The Jury sat on the body on Wednesday, and brought in a verdict of *Lunacy*.

Nov., 1800. The Rev. Reginald Braithwaite, M.A., rector of Brinkley, in this county; vicar of Hawshead, in Lancashire; chaplain to the late Duke of Roxburgh; and one of his Majesty's justices of the peace for the county of Lancaster; B.A. 1789; M.A. 1762. The rectory of Brinkley is in the gift of St John's college, and the vicarage of Hawshead in that of the Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster.

[Was this gentleman a descendant of the well-known Richard Braithwaite, the author of *Drunken Barney's Journal*? This was alleged, but with what truth we know not.]

Nov., — At his chambers, in Clifford's-Inn, aged 36, Mr Amos Simon Cottle, late of Magdalen

College, Cambridge, and translator of the *Edda*. He was a young man of considerable talents, and promised in due time to make a respectable figure in life. As a poet, and even as a prose writer, he had exhibited among his friends many specimens of considerable merit, besides his *Edda*, and the pieces by which he is known to the public.

Nov., — Thomas Wooley of Woodhall, Esq., Salop.

[He devised his estate to his widow for life, and after her death to his right heir. The estate was, in 1828, claimed by Frances Wooley, said to be a grand-daughter of Edward Wooley, the youngest of the six sons of Thomas Wooley, sen. This was proved by a settlement dated in 1669. The deceased Thomas descended from the elder son; but there was no evidence of the extinction of the four intervening sons. Nevertheless the claimant obtained a verdict—See Carrington and Payne, vol. iii. p. 402.]

Jan., 1801. At Bawburgh, near Norwich, in his 82nd year, John Wagstaffe, one of the society of friends. He was born at Overton in Hampshire. At the early age of ten years he was placed as an apprentice to a baker in the metropolis: where, during those leisure hours which even the busiest may create, he laid the foundation of that scientific respectability which he afterwards attained. His education being extremely limited and narrow, afforded no presage of ripening talents. But his ardent attachment to literature enabled him successfully to combat every obstacle opposed to its advancement. "Genius," as defined by the biographer of Sir W. Jones, "is the power of application:" this power he possessed in an eminent degree, and the reward of his assiduity, extensive knowledge improved by habitual thought, affords a source of encouragement to the similarly circumstanced in life. At the expiration of his apprenticeship, he settled in Norwich. An indefatigable attention to the concerns of business and the cares of a family engaged the greater portion of his time; his industry and economy securing a praiseworthy independence, and affording an ample provision for the comforts of old age. This, as well as every subsequent period of his life, still afforded a retreat from the avocations of business, and enabled him to pursue his love of science and the liberal arts. Like the Edwin of Beattie, he delighted to wander in the paths of poesy. "Song was his favourite and first pursuit," and afforded a peculiar relish to his powers of retirement. One of his poems entitled "Stonehenge," and inscribed to his friend and neighbour Edward Jerningham, Esq., contains some noble reflections on that venerable pile of ruins, and was well received by the public. Natural philosophy engaged his early and continued attention. From a frequent correspondence with the Bath Agricultural Society, he was elected one of its honorary members, and gratuitously presented with a copy of its works. He was among the earliest and most arduous promoters of the setting of wheat, which now so greatly and beneficially prevails. In various branches of horticulture and planting he was eminently versed, and possessed a well grounded knowledge of botany, entomology, and other departments of natural history. His mind, expand-

ed by liberal cultivation, exhibited a brilliancy and compass of imagination, united with a vigour of understanding rarely possessed, and fully exemplified the remark of Dr Johnson, that, "a tradesman, by the economy of time and a devotion of his leisure hours to study, may become, if not a learned, at least a very useful and sensible man."

Of his social character, cheerfulness, strict integrity, and active benevolence were leading traits. His morality was that of the Christian dispensation; and his life, devoted to virtuous and honourable occupations, was rewarded with a peaceful close, and a happy earnest of unfading immortality.

(To be Continued.)

NOTICES OF LEGAL USAGE AMONGST THE ANCIENT NORTHMEN.

THE manners, customs, and superstitions of the English, the idioms of their language and spirit of their laws, were the thing not otherwise notorious, would sufficiently prove their descent from, and affinity to, the spreading nations of Northmen. It may thence be assumed that a few details, curious enough in themselves, connected with the ancient institutions of one of those nations may be interesting. A work on Teutonic Legal Antiquities, published at Gottingen, by Dr Jacob Grimm, furnishes authority.

The penal laws of the Teutones were sanguinary and barbarous in the extreme:—yet, what is at once a mark of our kindred character, and of the inefficacy of inordinate punishments, they were even anxious to afford some loop-hole for the criminal's escape, either in the shape of quibble, or by an ordeal of chance. How far such humane facilities were necessary, will appear after a sample of the revolting fictions adjudged. *Removers of boundary stones* were buried up to the neck in the earth, and ploughed to death! With that frequent taste for spell-like formalities we find amongst rude people, it was further directed, that a new plough, four unbroken horses, and a ploughman who had never turned a furrow, should be brought to the act. Forest burners were placed with their naked feet exposed to a slow fire, and kept there until these dropped off. But the most horrid fate befel him who destroyed the bark of trees—a fate we almost shrink from describing. His navel was dug out, nailed to the barked tree, and the unhappy wretch driven round, until he had belted the denuded trunk with his own bowels.

All this, too, at a time when every man's life had its evergelt, or price. A race, born and bred warriors, deemed the spilling of blood but an offence of circumstances. Indeed, a reluctance to shed it seems to have been a crime, for we find cowards condemned to be "smothered in mud." At the same moment, the manly and chivalrous, though mistaken and unchristian, feeling which governed, peeps out in the fact, that a woman's evergelt was treble a man's, because she could not defend herself.

The Northmen have always been remarkable for a more respectful and affectionate treatment of the fair, than has prevailed in Southern and

Oriental regions. They surpassed the polished Greeks and Romans in this respect. Amongst the Teutones, it was lawful for a host to beat soundly a guest who spoke immodestly before the ladies, and the privilege was a rare one.

The lords of the soil were of old, as at present, inexorable in the enforcement of "game laws." Of their strictness in the land whereof we speak, some idea may be formed from what appears to be meant as a good-natured fishing indulgence. To us it savours marvellously like the liberty to catch larks when the sky falls. The grace runs thus:—"If a good fellow of the country enter the water, with his hose and shoes on, and catch hold of a fish, and eat it with good friends, he has done no wrong." What with first and second proviso, it is to be feared the old German boors took little by the license.

The savage custom of exposing new-born infants prevailed in ancient Germany. The learned are aware it was by no means confined thereto. Amongst the Teutones, it was usual to leave the child on the floor of the chamber, whereon the mother herself lay, until the father, being called, acknowledged his offspring, either by taking it in his arms, or by directing it to be cast forth. Then comes in another of those superstitious observances, so often made part and parcel of eldern codes. The infant might not be legally abandoned, if it had acquired a right to live by tasting food. A story is told, that Liafburga, mother of St Ludiger, was preserved to the world through such an incident. The babe had been carried away by a servant, with orders to immerse it in a pail of water; he did so, but the destined mother of the saint clinging to the sides of the vessel instinctively, was pitied and snatched away by a matron passing, who applied some honey to her lips ere the emissary could prevent. Strictly, however, the law only permitted the exposure, not the destruction of children; nor was it capriciously acted on.

The tenures whereby the ancient vassals held their lands were often exceedingly whimsical. Grimm cites an example amusingly characteristic. Certain monastic tenants, whenever they indulged in the luxury of a roasted capon, were bound to expose it, cooked, for a brief while in the hall of the convent, in order that the brethren might enjoy the gustatory savour. Whether there existed a further understanding, that one or other of these should be invited home to partake more earnestly, he does not add. We should suspect there did; and thence the exaction, unless, indeed, we can believe the self-denying friars meant the tantalizing service as a penance to themselves. The old Germans exhibit a sense of *bon hommie* amidst their feudal barbarities; as for instance, though it was allowable to wring the neck of a hen that strayed beyond prescribed limits, yet it was required to be thrown back into the owner's premises, together with such a supply of herbs as would suffice to garnish it handsomely for table.

There does, or did, flicker amongst the vulgar in England, a conceit that children born before marriage might be legitimated by being placed under their mother's garments during the ceremony. With the Teutonic people it was law.

Perhaps it may have been likewise so with our Saxon and Danish ancestors. The same people appear to have exactly defined the age at which a man might be called an old bachelor. It was when he had seen fifty years, three months, and three days. Like ourselves, they seem never to have dared an attempt at similar precision with regard to ancient maidenhood. The right of adoption obtained: one form of it consisted in making the adopted put on the shoes of the adopter. It has been asked, whether our phrase of "standing in his shoes," may not owe its origin to this custom.

The wild poetry infused throughout the forms and usages of the Northmen is often imposing. The language of their feudal courts partook of it, and we are tempted to conclude these mixed notices by a specimen. It presents a condemnation to a dreadful sort of outlawry:—"For this we judge thee and doom thee; and take thee out of all rights and place thee in all wrongs; and we award thy feifs to the Lord from whom they came, thy patrimony and acquired property to thy children, and thy body and flesh to the fowls of the air, the beasts of the forest, and the fish of the water; we give thee over to all men and all ways; and wherever man has peace and safe conduct, thou shalt have none; and we turn thee forth upon the four ways of the world, and no man can sin against thee." Another, reciting the penalty on a breach of solemn compact, may be tolerated:—"He who breaks this compact shall be banished, and driven as far as man can be driven: wherever Christian men go to church, and heathen men sacrifice in temples—wherever fire burns and earth greens; child cries for its mother, and mother bears child—wherever ship floats, shield glitters, sun melts snow, fir grows, hawk flies the long spring day, and the wind stands under his wings—wherever the heavens vault themselves and earth is cultivated, water runs, and man sows corn, shall he be refused the church and the Lord's house, and good men deny him any home but hell."

C. S. A.

MARRIAGE OF PRIESTS IN THE TIME OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

QUEEN ELIZABETH, in the first year of her reign, issued injunctions, "as well to the Clergie as to the Laitie of this realme." The twenty-ninth injunction is curious, and perhaps but little known.

"Item, although there be no prohibition by the Word of God, nor any example of the primitive Church, but that the Priestes and Ministers of the Church, may lawfully, for the avoyding of fornication, have an honest and sober wife; and that, for the same purpose, the same was by Acte of Parliament in the time of our deare brother King Edward the Sixt, made lawfull; whereupon a great number of the Cleargye of this realme were then married, and so yet continue. Yet bycause there hath growne offence, and some slaunder to the Church, by lacke of discreete and sober behaviour in many Ministers of the Church, both in choosinge of their wives, and in undiscreete living with them, the remedie whereof is necessarie to bee sought: It is thought therefore verie neces-

sarie, that no maner of Priest or Deacon shall hereafter take to his wife any maner of woman, *without the advise and allowance first had upon good examination by the Bischoppe of the same diocese, and two Justices of the Peace, of the same shyre, dwelling next to the place where the same woman hath made her most abode before her marriage*, nor without the good will of the parents of the sayd woman, if shee have any living, or two of the next of her kinsfolkes, or for lacke of the knowledges of such, of her maister or mistresse where she serveth. And before hee shall be contracted in any place, hee shall make a good and certaine prooffe thereof to the Minister, or to the congregation, assembled for that purpose, which shall be upon some hollyday where divers may be present. And if any shall do otherwise, that they shall not bee permitted to minister either the woorde or of the Sacraments of the Church, *nor shall bee capable of any ecclesiasticall benefice*. And for the maner of the marriages of any Bishops, the same shall bee allowed and approved by the Metropolitan of the province, and also by such Comissioners as the Queene's Majestie shall thereunto appoint. And if any Maister or Deane, or any head of any Colledge, shall purpose to marrie, the same shall not be allowed, but by such to whome the visitation of the same doth properly belong, who shall in any wise provide that the same tend not to the hinderance of their house."

ORIGINAL LETTER OF RICHARD III.

RELATIVE TO THE MARRIAGE OF HIS SOLICITOR-GENERAL, THOMAS LYMAN, WITH JANE SHORE, THE MISTRESS OF EDWARD IV.*

By the King.

Right Reverend fadre in God &c. Signifying unto you that it is shewed unto us that our servant and solicitor Thomas Lyman mercuriously blinded and abused with the late (wife) of William Shore now being in Ludgate by our commandment hath made contract of matrimony with her (as it is said) and intendeth to our full grette merrivle to proceed to the effect of the same. We for many causes would be sorry that hee soe shulde be disposed. Pray you therefore send for him and in that ye goodly may exhorte and sture hym to the contrarye and if you find him utterly set for to marry her and noon otherwise will be advertised then (if it may stand with the law of the church) we content (the tyme of marriage deferred to our comyng next to London) that upon sufficient suretie founde of hure goode, bering ye do send for hure keeper and discharge him of our said commandment by warrant of these. Committing her to the rule and guiding of her fadre in God &c. the bishop Lincoln our Chauncellor.

EXTRACT FROM A MS. OF SIR ALEX. CUMMING OF CULLEN, BART.

My views have terminated, for these five-and-twenty years past, in forming a plan to make the Cherokee Indians, and the territories originally be-

* Harl. MSS., No. 2878.

longing to these people, subservient to the interest of the British Crown and nation, and at the same time to exalt the condition of that people, by their submission to our government and laws.

In the year 1719, I was involuntarily called from my business of the law of Scotland, in order to examine the nature of those principles which were formed by John Law, to aggrandise the power of France, and to set her up above that of all other nations upon the face of the globe. The principles there recommended by him had so intoxicating an effect as to create an epidemical distemper, which seemed to turn the heads of all Europe, and occasion the budding forth of several lesser schemes, which proved the ruin of many thousands here in England. The evident danger that threatened my own family, from the schemes that were recommended at that time by the South Sea Company and the Bank of England, could not fail to trace their cause to this source.

[Sir Alexander, according to Nisbet, was descended from the Comyns, Earl of Buchan. His father died on the 5th of February, 1725.]

THE FITZCLARENCE FAMILY.

Soon after the accession of his late Majesty, one of those families of English travellers who are to be met with at every inn, in and out of town on the continent, had arrived late at night, at a somewhat crowded hostelry in a remote part of France, where they clamoured in vain for admission. They were told there was no accommodation for the party, which consisted of a papa, a mamma, and two daughters. As it was dark, wet, and stormy, and there was no shelter nearer than some miles, they insisted, with pertinacity, on the doors being opened to them. The host expostulated, the travellers vociferated; the storm increased, and so did their impatience: argued the innkeeper, my last rooms were taken this afternoon by some English travellers like yourselves—you don't expect they will turn out for you? In the midst of the altercation, the soft voice of an English lady within, appeased with its sweet sound the jarring elements without, for it offered the weary wayfarers a share of the accommodations which her husband and herself had secured. The husband, albeit, somewhat reluctantly consenting to give up a charming night with his bride, joined in welcoming the discomfited party, who were soon seated by a blazing fire, the ladies in the sleeping-room and the gentleman in the *salle-a-manger*, and all sorts of contrivances arranged by the pretty hands of the fair bride herself, assisted by her waiting maid, to make their guests comfortable for the night. Shawls, pelisses, pillows, were heaped on chairs and on the floor, and the young bride smiled humorously to see how cleverly she had settled every thing to the satisfaction of the ladies. After taking as good a refreshment as a French country inn afforded, that is, supping on smoked omelett and bad butter, and some bread and wine, the stranger ladies began to converse on general topics, and, amongst other subjects, that of the new reign and the new court was discussed. As the strangers became more talkative the pretty bride became silent, until the former had all the conversation to themselves. Numerous anecdotes were related of the Fitzclarences family, and all the impertinences which jest books have recorded, from Rochester to Beau Brummel, were revived and fitted to each of the male members. The females next came under the lash, and denying them one quality after another, their total want of beauty was decided as an incontrovertible fact. "Do you know them well?" ventured the bride. "O! yes," said the mother, "we have seen them thousands of times at Bristol and at Windsor, they are all so proud and so stuck up, you never saw such creatures." "Indeed," said the bride, "which of them do you know best." "We know

'em all," said the youngest daughter; "Lady Falkland, with her great black eyes, I see very little in her; but as for Lady Augusta, whom they call a beauty, she is the worst of all, and as for pride and"—"Good Heavens," exclaimed the bride, colouring with emotion, and entirely off her guard, "who can you mean, ay, my sister Augusta, or my brother Frederick's wife?" Had a thunderbolt fallen at the feet of the travellers, they could not have felt more conscience-stricken. Nothing now was left but to make apologies, the most abject—the most humble, to the fair creature, whom their ignorance and ill-nature had so much shocked. Professions of loyalty and attachment to the sovereign, and entreaties of forgiveness were showered upon the flushing Lady Falkland, as with that bewitching smile, half serious, half comic, so well known to the inmates of her family, and so peculiar to each of its members, she relinquished her own bed to the sister, and throwing herself on a pile of pillows, bid them all goodnight.

THE BRUMMAGEM LAD.

A FINE NEW SONG.

["Written for a wager by an eminent northern divine, and inserted in the *Remains of Peter Corcoran*, a review of which will be found in *Blackwood*."]—MS. note on copy formerly in the possession of the late J. H., Esq., W.S.]

I.

Go back to Brummagem; go back to Brummagem;
Youth of that ancient and halfpenny town!
Maul manufacturers; rattle and rummage 'em—
Country swell'd heads may afford you renown.
Here, in town rings, we find fame very fast go—
The exquisite light weights are heavy to bruise;
For the graceful and punishing hand of Belasco
Foils—and will foil all attempts on the Jews.

II.

Go back to Brummagem, while you've a head on;
For bread from the Fancy is light weight enough;
Moulsey, whose turf is the sweetest to tread on,
Candidly owns you're a good piece of stuff.
But hot heads and slow hands are utterly useless,
When Israelite science and caution awake;
So, prithee, go home, youth! and pester the Jews less,
And work for a callet, and not for a stake.

III.

Turn up the raws at a fair or a holiday,
Make your fist free with each Brummagem rib,
But never again, lad, commit such a folly, pray,
As sigh to be one of the measmates of Crib:
Leave the P. C. purse for others to handle—
Throw up no hat in a Moulsey burnt sun;
Bid adieu to the twopenny port to Jack Randall,
And take the outside of the coach—one pound one!

DIALOGUE BETWEEN PRINCE CHARLES AND LORD BREADALBANE.

WHEN Prince Charles had an interview with the old Earl of Breadalbane in Holyrood, his lordship evaded all ceremony, upon the excuse of his infirmities, and endeavoured to shorten conversation by pleading deafness. His Lordship, it may be proper to notice, had apartments in Holyrood—these still belong to his descendant, the Marquis. The following dialogue occurred:—

Earl. Sir, I believe I am the oldest Peer in Scotland, and the only one who remembers your Royal grandfather in this Palace.

Prince. Do you remember him, my Lord; pray, how did you like him?

Earl. In some respects very well, in others I had great objections to him.

Prince. Perhaps you did not like his religion.

Earl. No, Sir, it did not suit with Britain.

Prince. That might be an objection to my grandfather in these days; but, at present, princes as well as private men, have too much sense to suffer any impediment from religion in the pursuit of great views.

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**THE ECCLESIASTICAL ANNALS OF
KILBARCHAN.**

THE parish of Kilbarchan derives its name from St Barchan, with the Gaelic prefix, *cil*, a church, a cell, or abode of a saint. St Barchan is said to have been a bishop and confessor in Scotland, who died in 839, A.D., and his death is held on 6th April.* In the humorous, and especially locally celebrated poem, called "The Lyfa and Death of the Pyper of Kilbarchan, or an Elegy on Habbie Simson," by Robert Semple of Beltsaes, written about 1650, the author says—

See kindlie to his neighbours neist,
At Beltane and Sanct Barchan's feist,
He blew, and then held up his beist
As he war wad; †
But now he neidna him arreist, ‡
For Habbie's deid.

The Kirk of Kilbarchan was granted by Walter, the High Steward of Scotland, in 1164, to the monastery which he founded at Paisley. The monks of Paisley had the rectorial teinds and revenues of this parish; and the cure was served by a vicar. In 1227, it was settled that the vicar of Kilbarchan should have the altarage in name of vicarage.

In Bagimont's Roll, the vicarage was taxed at £4, being a tenth of its estimated value. At the Reformation, this vicarage was held by Maister John M'Quhyn, who reported that its revenues were let to William Wallace of Johnstoun for 40 merks yearly, no part of which rent had been paid during the year before. The kirk lands passed into lay hands then. At the same period the rector's teinds and stipends, which belonged to the abbot and convent of Paisley, were let for £66 : 13 : 4. a-year. || There was a charter granted by Maister John Makquhyn, vicar of Kilbarchan, with the consent of the abbot and convent of Paisley, to Alexander Conynghame of Craighends, of the kirk lands of his vicarage of Kilbarchan, 22d July, 1568.

Mr George Crawford, in his history of Renfrew-

shire, says there was a chapel at Ranfurlie, founded by the Knockses, lairds of Ranfurlie, and dedicated to Saint Mary, to which the lands of Kirkland were annexed.* A little to the east of the old castle of Ranfurlie, there are the vestiges of an old Romish chapel; though nothing remains but the foundation, yet the present tenant, Robert Donaldson, says, his father remembered the walls three feet high. The floor was of clay, which being dug, contained human bones. The farm is called Priestoun; and the house remains the same as when the priest lived in it.†

Thomas Crawford of Auchinames, about 1400, founded a chapel within the kirkyard of Kilbarchan, and dedicated it to Sanct Katharein. He made a competent endowment for a chaplain to serve at the altar of the Virgin Mary in the parish church of Kilbarchan, and also to celebrate divine service in this chapel of St Katharein. He mortified the four merk land of Lawmarnock, and the twa merk of Glentyan and Dantoun (callit the Gleib and Land of the Chapel), with an annual rent of three merks furth of his lands of Callicochant, Corbar, and Auchinames—the Patronage or Advowson of the Chaplainry to belong to him, and his heirs. Other descriptions mentioned Lawmarnock, Glentyan, and Dantoun, with the mill and pertinents, callit ye Chapelane of St Katharine. This endowment was confirmed by charter, by King Robert III., on 24th October, 1401.‡

It is probable the tile tenement in Paisley may be of this Sanct Katharine, or part of her endowment.||

The Reformation knocked down the Virgin Mary's altar, and shut up St Katherine's chapel; and the endowment of the chaplainry was taken again by the family of Auchinames, the heirs of the founder, as being the patrons.§

William Crawford of Auchinames, who lived about 1550, married Anabella Chalmers, daughter of the laird of Gaitgirth. The superiority of the Gleib and Lands of the Chaplainry of St Katharine, by some way, became the property of Maister

* Crawford, by Robertson, p. 21.

† Sir John Sinclair's Statistics, vol. xv., p. 489.

‡ Chalmers' Caledonia, vol. iii., p. 839. Robertson's Crawford, p. 81. Semple's Crawford, p. 122. Mr Chalmers and Mr Crawford (particularly the latter), in this passage made sundry mistakes.

|| The Corcefiat Inglishes, Scot. Journ., ii. p. 182.

§ Chalmers, p. 840.

* Chalmers. But the fair, St Barchan's day, at Kilbarchan, has been held, time immemorially, on the first Tuesday of December, old style.

† As he were mad.

‡ Arrest.

|| Chalmers' Caledonia, vol. iii., p. 839.

John Chalmers of Coreth. At his death James Chalmers of Gaithirth, his heir, succeeded to this chaplainry, who sold it, by a disposition dated at Irvine, to William Montgomerie, writer, and rector of Ayr, who again alienated it on 2d May, 1600, to Patrick Crawford of Auchinames, whose descendant, Archibald Crawford of Auchinames, had two retours, in 1676 and 1695 (containing his other lands), of advowson of this chapel, situated within the cemetery of the parish kirkyard.*

In the Churchyard there are still seen some remains of an ancient church or chapel, but without any date, or other inscription, preserved to show the time, or object of its building.†

There was a religious house, namely, the chapel of St Bryde, situated in the west of the parish, and founded by the Sempills, Lairds or Barons of Elliotstoun, in, or before, the fifteenth century. The founder thereof granted, as an endowment, the lands and village of Kenmuir, which were annexed to the chapel of St Bryde. John, first Lord Sempill, demolished this chapel, as it seems, and founded a larger establishment, the collegiate kirk, at Sempill, on 21st April, 1504, in the neighbouring parish, Lochwinnoch, for a provost, six chaplains, two singing-boys, and a sacrist. Among the other endowments "farther, with the rents of the lands and the village of Kenmuir, formerly annexed to the Chapel of St Bryde, should be hence drawn by the Provost and the Chaplain of the Collegiate Kirk of Sempill."‡

The house formerly the chapel was afterwards used as a common farm-house. The husbandman was one Thomas Orre in 1677 and 1709.¶

Francis, Lord Sempill, erected a corn-mill, in the summer of 1701, upon the burn called St Bryde's Burn, near the Burnbrae, "conforme to the mill lately built be the Laird of Ralstoun, near to Clerk's Brig in Both paroch."§

After the erection of the mill, the chapel became the abode of a cottar, and it was soon gone to ruin: not a stone of it now remains. An ash tree, or two, mark the site of the chapel, on the opposite side of the road, by the gate of the house of St Brydesmill, which is now the dwelling house of the Factor of Castlesemple.

Roger, vicar of Kylberchan, was a witness to the charter, by Maldoven, ¶ earl of Levenax, of the lands of Drumthroker and Drumthglunan to the Monastery of Paisley: without date. It was executed between 1225 and 1228.**

Sir Henry Mouss, vicar de Kilbarchan, was one of the original vassals of the turch of Pasley after its erection in 1488; and he was Fewar of

two Tenements, the one in the Palace Green and the other in the Quharrell Hill. He was Ffewar of a Burgh, and of an outfield, Tenement, 18 and 28 June, 1490.†

Sir Thomas Schuy, vicar of Kilbarchan, granted a Tack of the Teind Schewes of the Kirklands of Kilbarchan, to Gabriel Conynghastel of Conynanis, 26th May, 1535.‡

Maister John M'Quhyn was vicar of Kilbarchan at the Reformation, and, in 1568, is mentioned before:—"Maistir Robert Conynghastel of Willyart receivit fra the Laird of Craighance, 12th November, 1574, the soume of Fourtie pundis compleit payment for my richt, kyndnes, chertie and propertie of ye Kirklands, hynd ed ge Kirk of Kilbarchane, pertenant hitherto to me, be Maistir Johne Macquhen, vicar of ye sameyn."§

Adam Watsoun, reidar of Kilbarchan, about 1570. His stipend was £20.¶

Robert Cwik, minister of Kilbarchan about 1573, or so. His stipend was £33, 6s. 8d., with the Gleib and Manse of Houstoun. The office of Reader was vacant: his stipend the hallie quene, £26, 13s. 4d.‡

Dene Archibald Hamiltoun, Factor of Kilbarchan "grants me to haif ressaiv fra ye hands of ane honourable man, Alexander Conynghastel of Craighance, of Fourtie schilling for Tenchdis of ye landis of Craighance, Kaymhill, Mandway, and Lyntquhyt, for 1574 and 1595, Atth. Paisley, 15 November, 1375." Mr Robert Stirling, minister at Kilbarchan in —. His widow, Margaret Graham, had a transaction with regard to money, 28th December, 1613.¶

Gavin Hamiltoun, vicar in Kilbarchan in 1605, 1601, 1602, 1603, 1604, 1605, 1612, 1614, 1617, 1634, and 1636. "The Presbiter of Paisley, 16th Januar, 1604, being informit be their brether, Mr Patrik Hamiltoun, that certane Parishioners of Lochquinioche superstitiouslie behaved yameselvs be ringing of girdills and others in Minisdykes, efter ane profane and Godless maner, be behav yameselvis in disgyissing yameselvs, quhill it is nathing less than abominatioun in yeyes of ye Lord: as also being informit be their brether, Gavan Hamiltoun, vicar of Kilbarchan, that James Andro, &c., usit superstitious playis a little before Yuill, in the day callit Yaille evening, come throw ye clachane of Kilbarchan, making open proclamatioun, and giving open liberte to all men to tak pastyme for ye space of wecht dayes, as also usit superstitious playis upon the 26 of December, at ye Corrsford, and gave yameselvs to strolling and drinking. The Brittons ordanit all the forsaid persons to be summond to ye Presbiterie day."¶ Hamiltoun was a Notar public, and his law deeds were dated in the above years.†

* Quharrell, quarrell, quarrel, a quarry, or mine, of stone of any sort. I saw, some time ago, a silly newspaper, which founded upon the vagary of the name of Quarrelstone, a noted coal village, being from the quarrelsome habits of the inhabitants!

† Renfrewshire Advertiser, 29th March, 1845.

‡ Booking Paper of Paisley, page 4.

§ Register of Ministers, Readers, &c. of Renfrewshire.

¶ Ibid. p. 84.

¶ Renfrewshire Statistics, p. 240.

* Inquisit. Special. No. 174 and 179.

† Renfrewshire Statistics (1838), p. 353.

‡ Wishaw's Description of the Sherifdoms of Lanark and Renfrew, page 285.

§ Kilbarchan Record.

¶ MS. Contract.

¶ Maldwin, Earl of Lennox, gave to the Abbey of Paisley the lands of Drumochar and Duntreghlan, after the death of Ralph, the King's chaplain, together with the annuity which he paid out of them, to the Earl, viz. three morks of silver, one chaldor of meal, another of malt, &c., which is confirmed by King Alexander II. anno 1228. — Douglas's Peerage, p. 460.

** Cartul. de Paul. p. 158.

by Master André Hamiltoun, minister of Kilbarchan, in 1605, 1614, 1624, and 1643. His son, Alexander, was a witness to a law deed in 1643.* Mr Andro Hamiltoun, minister at the Kirk and Gavin Hamiltoun, vicar at the said Kirk, were witnesses in the same document, 10 November, 1614.

Mr Andro Hamiltoun, minister, &c., set for three years a certain part of vicarage tithes to a certain laird.

The civil war was going on in 1645, between the Loyalists, adherents of Charles I., headed by the Marquis of Montrose, and the Covenanters, led by David Leslie. "Three of the Loyalists being taken prisoners by the Covenanters, viz. Sir William Rollock, Sir Philip Nisbet, and Alexander Ogilvie of Inverquharitie, were executed at Glasgow. Upon occasion of these executions, the Rev. Mr David Dickson, then Professor of Divinity, said, "the wark gangs bonnilie on," which passed into a proverb. Montrose, in the meantime, had brought his main army towards Glasgow, which he did not enter, deterred, it is said, by the plague, which still prevailed in the city. He remained in the neighbourhood for several days, expecting the Covenanters coming out to give him battle; but, finding they had no intention of doing so, he returned with his army to Arthol. Leslie behaved with great civility to the citizens; though he jeeringly borrowed from them £20,000 Scots, as the interest, as he termed it, of the £40,000 which, it was alleged, they had lent to Montrose. At Montrose's approach, the ministers retired to the West Country, and took refuge at Kilbarchan.†

Mr John Stirling, ordained in 1649, minister at Kilbarchan.

Major Alexander Hamilton of Forehouse, and his spouse, were Mr John's parishioners, and became the subjects of a curious case of church censures; viz. Mr Hugh Peibles, minister at Lochwinnoch, 25 April, 1660, reported to the Paisley Presbytery that as was appointed he did rebuke before the congregation of Lochwinnoch, Alexander Hamilton in Kilbarchan parish, and Katharine Blair, his wife, for scandalous conversing, eating and drinking, with the Lord Sempill, and the rest of his popish family, now excommunicat, particularly at their superstitious observance at Yodyside Giles Sempill, for the same fault, and for darning with them at the same occasion. Item, James Allanson, John Gillis, Ninian Tarbert, for profaning of the Lord's day, in the house of Garscawp, at their superstitious observing of Yodyside.‡

Mr John Stirling was ousted, in 1662, for non-compliance.

The Laird of Johnston, in 1670, for having Mr John Stirling, who had been his parish minister at Kilbarchan, in his house, and hearing him preach once to his family, was apprehended, and brought before the Chancellor, where it was like to stand hard with him. . . . The reverend

Mr John Stirling, very narrowly escaped from his own house, and was diligently searched for by the soldiers, but got off happily.*

He took the indulgence, in 1672, the ecclesiastical authorities appointing a colleague with him, Mr James Walkingshaw, to repair to Kilbarchan.

Mr John Stirling, 11 Oct. 1643, married Jean Maxwell, from Inchinnan. They had—

1. John Stirling, born 18 August, 1664.
2. James, born 1 May, 1656.
3. Elizabeth Stirling, born 7 October, 1655.
4. Marie, born 20 May, 1659.
5. Elizabeth, born 8 June, 1660.
6. James, born 13 June, 1662.†

They had no other births recorded in the Kilbarchan register, for he was deposed in the last mentioned year. He must have lived elsewhere till 1672.

Mr John Stirling, settled at Inchinnan in 1691, may have been, perhaps, a son of the Kilbarchan minister. He was transported to Greenock in 1694.‡ In 1701 he was appointed Principal of the College of Glasgow. He died in 1727, in his 61st year. Mr John Simson was Professor of Divinity from 1708 till 1740. His new opinions were not compatible with those of the Principal, who chiefly carried on the process against him in the Church Courts, in 1716. Though Simson was married to a niece of Stirling; they were reckoned enemies in a public capacity. The Principal left 5000 merks to his own wife; 10,000 merks to the heirs of his brother; £2000 to the Library of the College, with all his books; £1000 to the Society for Christian Knowledge; £100 sterling to the town, the annuitant of which for two sermons yearly, one against Popery, the other against Socinians and Arians; £100 to the poor of Glasgow; £100 to the poor of Kilbarchan; 200 merks to the poor of Inchinnan; and 300 merks to the poor of Greenock.§

Mr James Walkingshaw was appointed a colleague to Mr John Stirling in 1672; they took the indulgence.

Maister Alexander Duncan, sometime episco-

* Wodrow, vol. ii. p. 153.

† Ibid. vol. ii. p. 203.

‡ Kilbarchan Record.

§ Robertson's Renfrewshire.

§ Wodrow Correspondence, ii. p. 160.

¶ Maister, or Magister, applied, in ancient times, to a person who attained to eminence in sciences or letters, and who, particularly, settled in some honourable office of state, or as rector of some parish. Sir, or Domine, was applied to a young, or unplaced clergyman, or a chaplain; they were also called the Pope's Knights. The academic degree of Master of Arts was nearly to the same purpose. The Maisters were advocates, physicians, clergymen, or persons in learned or dignified offices of the king, or the state. Maister was used in Scotland down till about 1730, or 1740. Maister John Paisley, minister of Lochwinnoch, died in 1728. There were in his parish four Maisters, who used that title from their gaining the degree of M.A., till their death; and who got no benefices:—Maister Robert Orr of Brannockhill, graduated about 1699; Mr Robert Bredine, parish schoolmaster, admitted in 1691; Maister Robert Bredine, or Brodie, of Calderhaugh, married in 1704; and Mr Robert Barclay of Kershall, living about 1730.—Captain Mackey, in his Journey through Scotland, published in 1723, explained the degree of the

* Robertson's Renfrewshire, p. 864.

† Brown's History of Glasgow, p. 86.

‡ Renfrewshire Statistics, p. 240, &c.

§ Wodrow, 8vo. vol. ii. p. 327.

but owing to the remonstrances of an intelligent clergyman, viz., The Rev. John Warner, the judicious minister of Kilbarchan, the farmers have departed somewhat from the evil of their ways; and, though much of alertness has been obtained; yet, in so changeable a climate, earlier ploughing and sowing ought to be more watchfully attended to.

It is reported that Mr Warner was the Contractor of the East of Mr McDowall of Castlesempill, in 1773 and 1774, between the Hall of Thirdpart and the Fancy Brig near the House of Castlesempill, of the Black Cart, 9 feet deep, 36 feet broad at the bottom, and 63 feet wide at the top. The length was nearly two miles, and cut off the windings of the river; by which above 400 acres of the Loch of Sempill was got dry in summer, of a very deep rich soil, where a hay crop is taken off yearly.†

An eminent student, Mr Archibald Arthur, a native of the parish of Renfrew, (afterwards Professor of Moral Philosophy in the College of Glasgow, distinguished by his sound philosophical views and his eloquence), applied for a license to preach in October, 1767. His trial discourses, in the presbytery of Paisley, "underwent a very strict discussion; nor, among other opponents, did he encounter an opposition less formidable than that which was understood to be directed, if not openly conducted, by Dr Wotherspune, then a minister in Paisley, and afterwards, when he was appointed President in the College of New Jersey, one of the American legislators. His defence on this occasion was conducted with complete success, and his discourses vindicated from the charges brought against them, by the eloquence of the Rev. Messrs Fleming and Warner, who will long be remembered as enlightened philosophers and theologians; and by the good sense and knowledge of Christianity possessed by the Rev. Mr Davidson at Buchanan, who afterwards, as Principal of Glasgow College, became his friend and colleague."‡

He died in 1786, unmarried. His brother, Patrick Warner of Ardeir, erected a handsome monument, a fine pillar, to his memory, in the Kilbarchan kirkyard, of the celebrated freestone of Ardeir.

Rev. Patrick Maxwell ordained minister of Kilbarchan, in 1787.

He changed his name from Maxton for a burying in the college, as it is said, appropriated to the name of Maxwell.

He died in 1806. He married a Miss Cochran. No issue.

Rev. Robert Douglas ordained assistant and successor in 1802. He was an able man and a fine scholar. He was appointed presbytery clerk. His lady survives, and his family are flourishing.

He died in 1846.

Mr Douglas' eldest son, James Douglas, M. A., surgeon, and lecturer on anatomy in Glasgow. He had eminent abilities. He published a tract,

or an essay, of 48 pages, on Phlebitis, Glasgow, 1835. He discovered an important fact in morbid anatomy himself, before he saw the work of Cruveilhier, a French author, who forestalled him in publishing this discovery. But, alas! he was cut off by the effects of a fever in the beginning of his fame.

Rev. Robert Graham was ordained in the spring of 1847, minister of Kilbarchan.

Lochwinnoch,
12th May, 1848.

THE SCOTTISH PALLADIUM, OR LIA-FAIL.

THE Lia-fail, or Leac-fail, of which a sketch was given in the Journal, No. 39, is certainly the most memorable stone on record; whether we consider its history, or its position as the coronation chair of the greatest sovereign of modern times. The eastern origin of the Celtic nations to whom it belonged of old, is no longer considered problematical; and the Spanish extraction of some of the more powerful clans in Ireland is still believed in by persons whose opinions are worthy of respect, notwithstanding the ignorant or affected sneers of the "beaten track" men against "milesian fables," the truth of which they are incapable of testing.

The tradition that the Lia-fail followed the head of the patriarch Jacob, on the night of his sublime vision on the plain of Luz, or Bethel, may not carry along with it the conviction whereby some associate other relics of antiquity with sacred history; but it is certainly venerable from its unquestionable antiquity, and it cannot be denied that the Lia-fail, according to the tradition, has been the coronation chair of the sovereigns, whom our illustrious Queen represents, for upwards of thirty centuries.

We have seen it mentioned in some work which we forgot, (our note on the subject having unfortunately been mislaid,) that the ancient history of the Lia-fail had been written on itself; in the ancient Irish or Samaritan character; and that the ruthless invader, by whom it was carried to England, caused it to be chiselled off or obliterated, in the same spirit in which he dealt with all the other memorable records of Wales, Ireland, and Scotland, which fell into his hands. As an inspection of the stone itself might enable a skilful antiquary to ascertain the truth or groundlessness of this statement, we trust that some one of the able contributors or readers of the Journal, may have an opportunity of examining the stone, and will be so good as publish the result.

We copy the following from an Irish work, which represents it as part of the inscription written on the Lia-fail:

Cineadh scuit, mor, an fhine,
Mun budh breag an chaininne,
Mar a fuighid an Liagh Fail,
Dlighid faitheas do gabhail.

But we cannot regard it otherwise than as by much too illiterate and inelegant for an early period of Irish literature. We think it must have been copied by some modern pen, totally unac-

* Chalmers' Caledonia, iii. p. 795.

† Semple, p. 155.

‡ Rev. Archd. Arthur, M. A., Prof. of Moral Philosophy's Discourses on Theological and Literary Subjects. Edited by Professor Richardson: 1803. 6vo., p. 502.

quainted with the pure fountain of Celtic poetry, or printed by some individual who was incapable of correcting the proof. The "beaton track" men will, of course, laugh at the idea of any thing approaching to refinement in ancient Celtic literature; but we can assure the impartial reader that all our researches into the lore and lays of the olden time, both Irish and Highland, have only tended to convince us, that the ancient were far superior to the modern inhabitants of both countries, in their mental as well as physical condition. The lore and lays of both kingdoms are more and more characterised by the most withering condemnation of every thing base and mean, and of the most soul-stirring admiration of all that is good and great as we ascend, step by step, into antiquity—thus affording sufficient evidence that the people who delighted in such strains and traditions, must have been far removed from a state of ignorance and barbarity.

But apart altogether from the evidence afforded by their interesting poems and traditions as to the superior state of civilization of the people of Ireland, and Scotland, during the existence of the patriarchal in comparison to that of the feudal system, we may only see from the history of Ireland, since the days of Henry the First, and of Scotland, from the days of Malcolm Canmore to that of James the second, that the people must necessarily have greatly deteriorated in their character during that most disastrous period of feuds and raids. Those who can form an estimate of the demoralizing effects of war, especially a civil war, will scarcely doubt that the bloody and rapacious system which prevailed in these kingdoms, during the above period, for the purpose not only of defrauding the people of their political rights and privileges, but also of their means and substance, cannot have operated otherwise than most unfavourably both on their character and circumstances.

But whether the feudal barbarity to which the people had been thus subjected for nearly a thousand years, has or has not been the cause, it appears to us to be an unquestionable fact, in so far as the lore and lays of ancient and modern times may be regarded as the criterion, that the ancient Irish and Highlanders were high above the modern in every estimable qualification.

Believing the lines in question to have suffered from the copist or printer, we beg leave to submit them to the reader a little altered in the orthography and the position of the words, but neither adding, nor taking from the original meaning of the verse:

Chimhth Sentich, an saor fhinne!
Mairbhéugheach an fhaie inne,
Far am faighear an* Lea-fail,
Ná fliathas a ghabhail.

Before submitting the translation, we may observe that *flathas* is the word now used for heaven; and that that cannot be the sense in which it is here applied. *Flath* is a supreme chief or hero;

* *Lia, Liagh, or Leac*, is a flat stone, and *fail* is to print, stamp, or engrave. That there was an inscription on the stone originally, is thus implied by the name.

and *flathas* is here used in reference to the sway or government of the supreme chief or hero of the Scottish tribes. If the lines be translated rigidly, they run thus:

The free-born tribes of the Scots shall multiply,
If the ancient prophecy be not falsified,
Wherever the Lia-fail is found
(And there) by hereditary right, assume supreme (or heavenly) sway.

But if we translate them rather according to the spirit than rigidly according to the words, they may be thus rendered:

If truth the ancient prophecy sustain,
The sovereign Scot, with god-like sway shall reign,
And free born tribes, in growing strength abound,
Where'er the sacred, old Lia-fail is found.

The writer of the sketch in the *Journal* remarks that the prophecy had been fulfilled on the accession of James VI. to the throne of England; but was it not previously fulfilled in Spain, Ireland, and Scotland, in the persons of Cathelus, Shinn Breac, and Kenneth McAlpine?

OBITUARY NOTICES, CHRONOLOGICALLY ARRANGED.

[Continued from our last.]

Feb., 1801. Died lately, near *Wootton*, in Northumberland, aged 87, Sir Patrick Oswald Ewins, Bart., who formerly married *Elizabeth* Centuci, a Neapolitan Lady, by whom he had issue an only son, born at Eagle Hall, *Somerset*, this son marrying without his father's consent, the latter formed the resolution, and did dispose of all his estates, and invested the whole produce thereof in the public funds, and withdrew into a very humble retirement about 40 years since, leaving his son (since deceased) the scanty pittance of £40 a-year only, and whom he never afterwards could be prevailed upon to be reconciled to or see. The deceased, it appears, made many wills, and by the last, after giving in legacies about £50,000 bequeathed the residue of his immense property (exceeding, it is said, £300,000 sterling) to a distant relation at Newry, in Ireland, who, dying but a very short time before the testator, the title and whole residue of this splendid fortune devolved by lapse to Mr James Ewins (now Sir James Ewins, Bart.) the testator's grandson; of Newport, Monmouthshire, performer, a man of unblemished character, probity, and integrity, with a large family of children.

June, — Aged 75, Mr J. Russell, leather-cutter; who, for upwards of twenty years, lived a very abstemious life, restraining from all animal food and fermented liquors. He rendered himself very conspicuous in the religious world, as he professed opinions, in a great measure, peculiar to himself, which bordered, indeed, upon fanaticism; he also wrote several religious controversial pamphlets, as the "Ram's Horn," &c.

Oct., 1802. In his 83d year, Mr Tooke, Esq., of Thompson, near Watton, and of the Temple, London. Mr Tooke was a gentleman of considerable property; and a strenuous advocate for the

constitutional liberties of his country. To him the celebrated John Horne Tooke, Esq., is indebted for his latter name, and a valuable estate given to him by the deceased many years since, in honourable and grateful testimony of the then Mr Horn's strenuous exertions in the cause of liberty, against the partisans of ministry, during the late American war.

Oct. 12, — In Brook Street, Bath, Edward Vanburgh, Esq., descended from Sir John Vanburgh.

Dec. 19, — At Chelsea, Captain Thomas Baillie, late clerk of the deliveries of his Majesty's ordinance, and formerly lieutenant-governor of Greenwich Hospital.

[The celebrated amateur etcher.]

May 29, 1804. At Revel, of a contagious fever, after a severe illness, Captain John Millar, of the Russian navy. He was bred in the English navy, under the tuition of his relation, the late gallant Admiral Roddam Home. When only ten years old, he fell overboard when the ship was under sail, and was miraculously preserved by his efforts, assisted by one of his shipmates, who plunged into the ocean to save him. On another voyage, the ship in which he served was set on fire by a thunder-bolt, and with difficulty saved. He was a Midshipman in the Romney, when she took the Artois, and was in the Commodore's squadron in the action at St Jago. In the year 1788, the twentieth year of his age, he entered into the Russian navy, as second lieutenant, under the command of Prince Toubetski, and in the following year was severely wounded in the action between the Russian and Swedish fleets on the coast of Finland, commanded by the King of Sweden, and the Duke de Sudermania, where many brave British officers were killed. His Captain, without asking anything for himself or his first lieutenant, demanded Mr Millar's promotion to the same rank he himself held; and his gallantry in that action is recorded in the History of the Empress Catherine the Third.

July 10, — At Paris, in the 74th year of his age, Francois Ambroise Didot, the celebrated printer. At the age of 73. Didot read over five times, and carefully corrected before it was sent to the press, every sheet of the stereotype edition of Montagne, printed by his sons. At four o'clock in the morning he was pursuing his fatiguing occupation. About eighteen months previously, he projected an alphabetical index of every subject treated upon in Montagne's Essays. He had collected all his materials, at which he laboured unceasingly; and perhaps too strict an application to his favourite study accelerated the death of this eminent artist and benevolent man.

July, — At Bath, Viscountess Kilwarden, relict of Viscount Kilwarden, Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench in Ireland, who was murdered by the insurgents in Dublin, on the 23d July, 1803.

July 15, — At Margate, J. P. Oldfield, aged 16, of whose life the following account is, we are assured, not less true than it is extraordinary.

At the age of five years and a half he had a scarlet fever, which brought on him a paralysis of

the lower extremities, and debilitated his body for the rest of his life; but his mind presented the finest display of human perfection. Whatever he read he instantly had by heart; his favourite pursuits were the mathematics, philosophy, astronomy, geography, history, and painting, in all of which he had made a great proficiency. His favourite authors were Locke and Newton; and his retentive faculties were so strong, that he never forgot a single incident with which he had been once acquainted. He could relate every circumstance of Grecian, Roman, and English history; was master of astronomy, and pursued it up to all its recent discoveries; had a fine taste for drawing and painting, and would frequently take admirable likenesses of persons who struck him from memory. He wrote a hand like copper-plate; and at a very early period of his life had made himself master of arithmetic. He was never known to be out of temper, and though he suffered an illness of ten years, which terminated in a dropsy and bursting of a blood vessel upon the lungs, he was never once known to repine or be impatient. His wit was brilliant and refined; and his loss will ever be deplored by those who had the happiness of knowing him.

Aug. 9, — At Lowestoff, of an apoplexy, aged 83, the Rev. Robert Potter, A.M., prebendary of Norwich, and Vicar of Lowestoffe, the learned translator of the tragedies of Sophocles, Æschylus, and Euripides.

Aug., — At London, Henry O'Hara, Esq., a gentleman well known in the fashionable world. He was riding down Piccadilly in the evening of the 8th, while an immense crowd from the Brentford election were assembling before Sir Francis Burdett's house, and a gentleman's carriage driving furiously against him, he was so bruised as to occasion his death.

Aug. — Lately, at Dublin, Otway Cuffe, Earl of Desart, in the county of Kilkenny.

Aug. 6, — In his 70th year, the Rev. Thos. Twining, rector of St Mary, Colchester. He was of Sidney College Cambridge, B.A. 1760, M.A. 1763. He published an excellent translation of Aristotle's Poetics, and also a Sermon on Sunday Schools, 4to. 1787.

Nov. 6, — At London, the Rev. Samuel Ayscough, one of the librarians of the British Museum, and late vicar of Endham, in Kent. He might truly be termed a pioneer of learning, for he not only compiled the immense catalogue of two volumes folio, of the library of printed books in the British Museum, but also a very systematically arranged catalogue of all the manuscripts in that institution, besides an index to Shakspeare, and indexes to the Monthly Review, the Gentleman's Magazine, the Annual Register, &c. &c.

Nov. 6, — At Hagburn, Mr Thos. Waugh, writer in Jedburgh.

April, 1805. Lately, at Snaith, near Whitby, the once celebrated Signior Rosignol, whose successful imitations of the notes of singing birds excited universal approbation. He appeared in London about twenty-five years ago, at the celebrated Breslaw's, in Cockspur-street, opposite the Haymarket, London. His exhibition consisted

of tutored birds. A number of little birds, to the amount (we believe) of twelve or fourteen, being taken from different cages, were placed upon a table in the presence of the spectators, and there they formed themselves into ranks, like a company of soldiers. Small cones of paper, bearing some resemblance to grenadiers' caps, were put upon their heads, and diminutive imitations of muskets, made of wood, secured under their left wings. Thus equipped, they marched too and fro several times, when a single bird was brought forward, supposed to be a deserter, and set between six of the musketeers, three in a row, who conducted him from the top to the bottom of the table; on the middle of which, a small brass cannon, charged with a little gunpowder, had been previously placed; and the deserter was situated in the front of the cannon. His guards then divided, three retiring on one side and three on the other, and he was left standing by himself. Another bird was immediately produced; and a lighted match being put into one of his claws, he hopped boldly on the other to the tail of the cannon, and, applying the match to the priming, discharged the piece without the least appearance of fear or agitation. The moment the explosion took place, the deserter fell down, and lay apparently motionless, like a dead bird; but, at the command of his tutor, he rose again. The cages being brought, the feathered soldiers were stripped of their ornaments, and returned into them in perfect order. After he had quitted Breslaw, his next performance consisted in counterfeiting the notes of all kinds of singing-birds, when he assumed the name of *Rosignol*, (*Angl.* Nightingale,) and appeared on the stage at Covent Garden Theatre, where, in addition to his imitation of the birds, he executed a Concerto on a fiddle without strings; that is, he made the notes in a wonderful manner with his voice, and represented the bowing by drawing a small truncheon backwards and forwards over a stringless violin. His performance was received with great applause, and the success he met with produced many competitors, but none of them equalled him. It was, however, discovered that the sounds were produced by an instrument concealed in the mouth; and then the trick lost all its reputation.

April 15. — The Right Hon. George Carpenter, Earl of Tyrconnel. He was born July 11, 1750.

April. — Lately, Mr Joseph Welch, bookseller. He was the compiler of the List of Westminster Scholars published in 4to. 1788.

April. — Lately, at Hampton Court Palace, Lady Edwards, aged 98, grandmother to the present Earl Cholmondeley.

[This lady was the widow of Sir Frances Edwards, Bart., and mother of Hester, his daughter and heiress, who married George Viscount Malpas, 4th Earl Cholmondeley.]

May. — Lately, the Rev. John Clark Hubbard, rector of St John's, Southwark, author of "Jacobinism, a Poem," "The Triumph of Poesy," and other poems.

May, 1806. In his 81st year, greatly respected by his numerous friends and acquaintances, Mr T. Browne, for many years a respectable bookseller

and stationer, near the Strand, at the Hull Subscription Library, and great agent of the Rev. T. Browne, author of many beautiful printed pieces, which, formerly, appeared in the *Flask* and *Vertisier*, under the signature of *Alexis*, since collected and published for the benefit of his widow.

June. — Died at Newcastle, aged 84, *Nathan Walker*, a truly honest and independent minded seaman, who had visited most parts of the globe, and had been engaged in many perilous adventures. He was a native of *Pikashie*, was pressed in 1745; and on board the *Happy James* of 20 guns, was in pursuit of the *Pratender* in most of the creeks of Scotland. He afterwards served on board the *Cambridge* eight months, without ever being on shore; was at the capture of *Guadaloupe* in 1758, and at the memorable siege of the *Havannah*, in 1761, when the *Cambridge* lost 125 men in 20 minutes, before the *Myra* Castle. He had the yellow fever with several others of his ship, and was the only one that recovered. At the peace he entered into the merchant service, in which he at length got married; and then maintained himself and his second wife, who was bed-ridden for twelve years, by selling small wares about the country, refusing relief from the parish, although offered it, till at last, being unable to travel, and reduced to a mere skeleton, he was obliged to receive some small assistance.

Aug. 10. — At *Somerset*, the Rev. Robert Ingram, vicar of *Wormsley* and *Boxted*, in *Essex*. He was of *Bonnet College*, B.A. 1748, M.A. 1753.

Sept. — Monday evening, died, at the *Hot Wells*, Bristol, *Patrick O'Brien*, the Irish Giant. This extraordinary man, whose height exceeded eight feet, was born in *Kinsale*, in *Ireland*, and had long been the wonder of the age. He is to be interred at the *Catholic Chapel*, in *Trenchard Street*, Bristol. A gentleman had the curiosity on Thursday to attend, with many others, to see the stupendous coffin, prepared for this remarkable personage, by an undertaker of Bristol; and he informs us, that its length is nine feet, five inches, and that five men got into it with ease, and had the lid placed upon it. The brass-plate contained the following inscription: — "Patrick O'Brien, of *Kinsale*, *Ireland*, whose stature was eight feet one inch. Died Sept. 8, 1806, aged 46 years."

Oct. — After a short illness, in the 14th year of his age, Mr Thomas Masklin, an eminent print-seller in Fleet Street, and the projector and proprietor of the *Poets' Gallery*, and of the magnificent edition of the Bible. In Mr Masklin, the Arts have lost a most industrious and enterprising tradesman, and Society a valuable and respectable member. We understand that his widow will continue his business, on the same liberal and extensive plan as that on which it has hitherto been conducted, and that the Bible will be completed and delivered to the subscribers by Christmas next.

Nov. 6. — At *St Andrews*, of an apoplexy, John Rotherham, M.D. F.R.S.E., professor of Natural Philosophy in that University. He had discharged the public duties of his office the preced-

his day, and spent the evening as usual with his family apparently in perfect health, but in the morning was found expiring in his bed, and no medical relief was effectual. He was a man of very extensive learning. He received his classical education in the public grammar school of Newcastle, and his mathematical and philosophical studies were directed by his venerable father, assisted by Messrs Hutton and Harrison; he then became a pupil of Linneus and Bergman at Upsal, where he graduated. The botanical system of the foremost of these great men he successfully defended in a pamphlet of considerable ingenuity. For several years before the death of Dr Black, he was chosen by that celebrated chemist as his assistant in his public lectures. In the important station which he afterwards filled, he discharged his duty with diligence and credit; and he will be much regretted by his colleagues and the University at large.

March, 1807. Kyd Wake, the printer, who, about the year 1795, was convicted of insulting the King on his way to the Parliament House, and suffered an imprisonment of five years for it. His death was occasioned by his being crushed between the wheel of a waggon and a post in *Paul's Chain, St Paul's Churchyard*.

March, 1807. At Cockermonth, in Cumberland, at the advanced age of 86, Mr William Gifford, Father of the English stage since the days of the *celebrated Sheridan*. This gentleman was the son of *Mrs Gifford*, proprietor of Woodman's Fields Theatre, to which the public were indebted for the introduction of Garrick. The younger Gifford also, in conjunction with his father's Comedians, exhibited with Garrick at Ipswich, previous to exhibiting in London. He performed for twenty years on the London boards with considerable success.

Nov. 20, 1808. Lieut. Col. Robert Honyman, second son of Lord Armadale. He served as a volunteer during the whole campaign in Egypt, where he was honoured with the approbation of Sir Ralph Abercrombie, and acquired the esteem and friendship of Sir John Moore, General Hope, Lord Nisbly, Spencer, and other distinguished officers. At the attack on the Dutch lines, at the capture of the Cape of Good Hope, he, under Sir David Baird, led on the 92d regiment, of which he was major, and was severely wounded. As Lieutenant-Colonel of the 18th regiment of foot, he lately received the thanks of the Commander-in-Chief of the Island of Jamaica, for his active services in suppressing a mutiny of the black troops in that island, where he has since fallen a victim to the fever of the country, at the age of 37.

[From the youth of this gallant gentleman, it may be inferred that he was that son of Lord Armadale, who, it is said, got a commission when at school, and who was heard "greeting" for his "partridge" after attaining the rank of a field officer.]

Feb. 20, 1809. At Perth, Mr James Morrison, bookseller, died and justly regretted. Mr Morrison was amongst the first persons who endeavoured to revive the taste for old Scottish poetry, by his edition of *Blind Harry's* *Barbarian*,

&c., which, to the credit of Perth, were printed and published there.

Feb., 1809. Chevalier O'Gorman. This celebrated character died last week at Droichead, in the west of the county of Clare, in an advanced age. He was one of the individuals who seemed to have been born to exhibit, in his period of existence, the strange fluctuation of human events and the instability of the affairs of man. The Chevalier was a native of that county, and had to boast of lineal descent from ancient Irish royalty. He left the land of his forefathers at an early age, for France, where, having connected himself with a distinguished noble family, he was introduced into the first circle of elevated life. The magnificence of his establishment, in the city of Paris, and the splendour of his equipages are strong in the recollection of many persons this day living; and it is notorious, that no man possessed more influence and consequence than he did at the Court of Versailles, where he moved with all the attributes of nobility in the days of the unfortunate Louis. He owed his declension, and his comparative subsequent obscurity, to that parent of misfortunes and wretchedness of thousands—the French Revolution.

(To be Continued.)

LEGENDS OF SCOTTISH SUPERSTITION.

No. IX.

THE GUDE NEIGHBORS.

(WICKHAMPTON.)

A shepherd's family had just taken possession of a newly erected onstead, in a very secluded spot among "the hills o' Gallowa," when the goodwife was, one day, surprised by the entrance of a little woman, who hurriedly asked for the loan of a "pickle saut." This, of course, was readily granted, but the goodwife was so flurried by the appearance of "a neighbor" in such a lonely place, and at such a very great distance from all known habitations, that she did not observe when the little woman withdrew, or which way she went. Next day, however, the same little woman re-entered the cottage, and duly paid the borrowed "saut." This time, the goodwife was more alert, and as she turned to replace "the saut in the saut kit," she observed "wi' the tail o' her e'e," that the little woman moved off towards the door, and then made a sudden "bolt out." Following quickly, the goodwife saw her unceremonious visitor run down a small declivity towards a tree, which stood at "the house end." This tree was somewhat stunted in its dimensions, and the trunk barely sufficient to eclipse the passing figure of the fugitive, yet—strange to say—though she was seen to move with considerable velocity on the one side, she did not re-appear on the other, as she must necessarily have done had she continued her course. Did she remain behind it? Proceeding to the tree, the goodwife looked around, but no little woman could be seen, neither any place where one might conceal herself. The truth at once flashed upon her mind—the little woman was a fairy, and she had chosen this as a convenient place to make herself invisible—the tree, perhaps,

serving as a screen to hide the performance of the feat from any one who might happen to look from the cottage. Such at least, for the present, was the shrewd conjecture of the shepherd's wife. In a few days her little "neibor" again returned, and continued from time to time to make similar visits—borrowing and lending small articles, evidently with a view to produce an intimacy:—and it was uniformly remarked that, on retiring, she proceeded straight to the tree, and then suddenly "gaed out o' sight." One day, while the goodwife was at the door emptying some dirty water into the jaw-hole, her now familiar acquaintance came to her and said, "goodwife, ye're really a very obliging bodie—wad ye be sae good as turn the lade o' your jaw-hole anither way, as a' your foul water rins directly in at my door?—it stands in the howe there, on the aff side o' that tree, at the corner o' your house en." The mystery was now fully cleared up—the little woman was indeed a fairy, and the door of her invisible habitation being situated "on the aff side o' the tree at the house en," it could easily be conceived how she must there necessarily "gae out o' sight" as she entered her sight-eluding portal. Standing, likewise, at the bottom of the declivity, which drained the goodwife's jaw-hole, it could easily be seen how the said jaw-hole was truly "the source" of a very serious annoyance to the fairy—often destroying the comfort of her domestic arrangements to an extent which no good housewife could willingly endure. The desired "sanitary reform," however, was one which was easily and speedily effected—the "lade o' the jaw-hole" was turned in another direction, and the shepherd's wife and the fairy continued, we are told, to live together on terms of mutual "gude neighborship" ever after.*

A similar story is told of another moor-herd who was interrupted in the erection of his onstead by the appearance of a whole fairy family. The patriarch of the unearthly group informed the architect, that if he built his house in that particular spot, it would stand in such awkward proximity to their invisible mansion, "that the *dreep frae his thack would fa' exactly down their lum.*" The legend then proceeds to say, that the shepherd instantly removed his materials to another site, where his accommodations were equally perfect, and where they could give no annoyance to those whom he was willing to receive as his "gude neibors." It is added, that his ready acquiescence secured the good-will of the fairies to him and descendants for several generations.

As a contrast to the preceding anecdote, I may give another, which has been handed down as strictly authentic in the family to which it refers. About the middle of last century, ———, tenant in ——— parish of New Luce, Wigtonshire, was in the practice of attending to his "bestial" early

on Sabbath mornings, before preparing to set out for the kirk, which happened to be situated at a considerable distance from his farm. One morning, while engaged in this very pardonable work of necessity, a little woman in a green gown, and having a remarkably clean white muck on her head, suddenly entered the kitchen. She carried in her hand a bason, and asked for the loan of some oat meal.

"A bason o' meal!" said the goodwife, "and wha are ye that come to borrow meal sae early on the Lord's morning—I wad like to ken?"

"Deed, goodwife," said the little woman courteously, "I'm the nearest neibor ye hae—my house is in the grun' there, even down below your door stane—and really ye'll oblige me very much if ye wad lend me the meal, as I have na a scant within the door, to make brose for my bairns' breakfast."

"Na, na," said the goodwife, sorely puzzled between her wish to accommodate the fairy, and her reluctance to break the Sabbath, "ye can get nae meal here—the day. Could na ye hae come yesterday? Or can ye no put aff till the morn?"

"Na," said the fairy "I canna put aff—I mae hae the meal the now."

"Awel," said the goodwife resolutely, "an ye canna put aff, ye'll get nae meal here. I'm no in the practice o' borrowing and lending on the Lord's day, and I'm no gaun to begin wi' ye."

"Then, goodwife," said the fairy, "ye'll dearyly rue't e'er lang—ye may een tak my word for it,"—so saying she turned on her heel and left the house.

It was not long till the Goodman, "cam in frae the byre," with the woeful intelligence that "the twa-year-auld stirk had coosen itself in the stae, and was hanged dead in its ain tether,"—a sad lesson of the folly of refusing the fairies any thing, however inconvenient it might be to comply with their request. And it is to be remarked that this misfortune of "the stirk," was to the Galloway farmer only the beginning of his sorrows. In a short time he fell into ill health, and a series of pecuniary losses ultimately reduced the family to great distress. In fine, "that they no er, had a day to do weel" from the time that the goodwife refused—even from religious motives—to give the fairy "a bason o' ait meal, to mak brose for the bairns' breakfast."

11 Hill Street, Anderson,
Glasgow.

ACCOUNT OF CLAVERLEY CHURCH, SALOP.

THE fine old Church of Claverley is in the hundred of Brimstrey, about six miles east of Bridgnorth in the county of Salop. The following minute and accurate account of the Church was obligingly contributed by a gentleman of great research:

"The Church, with the great and small tithes of the parish of Claverley, formed a part of the possessions of the Deans of Bridgnorth, till the reign of Edward VI., when they were vested in the Crown by an Act of Parliament passed in the second of that reign. From this period it became a perpetual curacy, and its clergy were stipendiary, with a very inadequate income, till the late

* See the story of Sir Godfrey Macculloch, in the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border." The supplemental, i.e., the supernatural portion of Sir Godfrey's story, seems to have been borrowed from some old legend like the above, for the purpose of more effectually concealing the person who created "the little old gentleman on the white palfrey," and rescued the knight so opportunely from his impending fate.

grants, being within the Royal peculiar and exempt jurisdiction of Bridgnorth. It was dedicated to All Saints, and is an interesting structure, being considered the third erected here since the Christian era, at present possessing a small portion of the Saxon with a much larger of the Norman style of architecture. It is capacious, being 103 feet long, and 49 feet 4 in. broad; and though built of excellent stone, procured from a mine in the township of Claverley, had been for many years suffered to proceed to ruin. Many of its ornaments, despoiled fragments of pinnacles, portions of windows, and other stones of early workmanship, had long lain scattered around the edifice, to the disgrace of its wardens and the higher circles of its votaries, and the no little regret of the admirers of this antique pile. Through the perseverance of Richard Cotton, Esq., who, appreciating its former grandeur with sentiments of grief and respect, on account of its dilapidated state, began the great work of repair in 1819, which had been so long refused, and by his means most happily and comprehensively carried into effect at a very considerable expense to himself, whilst he was executing the office of warden. It was probably built in the reign of Richard II., the oldest memorial therein being 1428; so that it is evidently prior to that period.

The patrons and parish chancel, with that of Edward Gatacre, Esq., on the north, the porch and west end of the nave or choir, and the lower part of the tower, are of masonry coeval with the before-mentioned reign. The south chancel belonging to the Gatacre family, which is of the same style of architecture, is supposed to have been added about 20 or 30 years afterwards. A very great repair took place about the year 1494, when about one half of the tower and whole outside wall of the nave and side-aisle were re-erected. The campanile or bell-tower stands lofty, having had pinnacles at each corner, and in the centre between the parapets. Within is a loud ring of six bells, with a clock and dial; the two latter were the gift of the Rev. Richard Dovey of Farmcote, the last male of that family.

In the interior of the Church are four chancels, divided from the choir on the south by two elliptic arches, and by circular ones on the north, sprung from three heavy Norman pillars, with wooden screens underneath. Three of these chancels were doubtless originally erected by some of the mesne lords of the several manors within that of Claverley, in each of which were altars, where the priests used to chant the Roman service of obits, masses, prayers of requiem, &c., for the safety of the souls of the departed great, and of such others as had been benefactors to the priesthood and the chantry. The one situated on the south side of the edifice, through which the inhabitants pass into the choir, is the mausoleum of the Gatacre family: two of its chiefs, with their wives are interred under raised tombs, covered with alabaster slabs. In its eastern window are some specimens of stained glass, giving a perfect figure of the Virgin Mary, with a scroll above inscribed, "Sanctæ Mariæ;" and that of an Angelus Dei, inscribed as before; the colour of the paint of these figures is mostly yellow.

"The other chancel on the north side, adjoining to that of the Gatacre family, belongs to Thomas Astley Crowther, gent., but formerly to the ancient and respectable family of Spicer, who probably founded the chapel there, and that perhaps in right of the manor of Sutton. The chief of this family, with his wife, was interred therein, under an alabaster slab, level with the floor, having the following inscription, in old English characters:

"B. G. R. S. R. S. Hic jacet Richardus Spicer, Merchant, et Alicia ux. ejus, qui quidem Richardus felicitet obit die Mensis Martii, anno Dni Millesimo cccc^{mo} xl. octavo, cuj. animæ miseretur Deus. Amen."

"After the death of Richard Spicer, this chancel, with other possessions in this parish, fell to his descendants the Brooks of Claverley, who disposed of a part of their estates in this township to the Astleys, a branch of those once resident at Patshull, from whom the present proprietor, Thomas Astley Crowther, gent., is descended. At the east end of the north chancel of the Gatacre family, and adjoining on the north side to that of the patron, once stood the vestry, which must have been taken down prior to the interment of Lord Chief Justice Brook in 1558, whose costly monument is placed against the entrance.

"The principal chancel, and somewhat more spacious, is that in which the Communion Table stands, and belongs to the patron. It was erected by some one of the Deans of Bridgnorth, as Prebendary of Ludstone, and Lord of that manor, to which this rectory was attached. This chancel has lost its originality, its battlements have been removed, and a high ponderous tiled roof now covers its walls. It is much to be lamented that these edifices should be thus mutilated; and such hideous deformity suffered to remain, without calling upon the parties liable to restore them to their ancient respectability. Its ceiling had no doubt been of the like beautiful wood carving as that over the choir, but had carelessly gone to ruin, and the present introduced in 1601, as appears by that date carved on the end of one of the trussels supporting the larger timbers of the roof, and on another of these trussels are carved the arms of Gatacre, impaling a cross pattee fleury, 1 and 4, the like inverted 2 and 3; this probably signifies that the Gatacre family took upon it a part of the expense of that repair. At the east end is a very handsome and spacious window reaching from within a short space of the Communion Table to the roof, divided by four mullions; on the north and south are two small windows, with some few traces of stained glass remaining. Within are three ancient wooden stalls facing the Communion Table; and on the south side are three niches arched, probably for the holy water-pots and another much smaller for the piscina. On each side of the Communion Table is a projection in the wall acting as a stone bracket for placing some of the images thereon relating to the ancient worship, or perhaps for the larger lights. The ceiling over the choir is curiously formed of large massive wooded frame-work in panels, the part over the desk and pulpit is most beautifully decorated with richly embossed carving, covering each connected joint, nowhere equalled in this

part of the country. In the windows int his Church, it is said, were formerly displayed the arms of Ferrers, &c., the ancient lords of this manor,* and near to the top on the north compartment of the large window of the patron's chancel, is still to be seen the arms, viz. Gules, a fess between six cross crosslets, 3, 2, and 1, Or, of Thomas Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, who succeeded to that earldom in 1389, and married Margaret, daughter and coheir of Robert de Ufford, Earl of Suffolk, and died 2 Hen. IV. 1400.

The following monumental memorials were copied by D. Parkes, Esq., when he visited the Church, July 11, 1821.

At the north-east corner of the Gatacre chancel, is an alabaster tomb; on the table are three cumbent figures; the Lord Chief Justice in his official robes, in the centre; a wife on each side, with ornamented head dresses; flowing mantles, single ruffs round their necks, three rows of chain necklaces hanging loose, ruffles with braids at their hands. Round the tomb their numerous progeny, in the respective dresses of their time. Round the verge of the tomb, the following inscription, in old English characters:

"Here lyeth the body off Robert Brooke, famous in his time for virtue and learning; advanced to be Com'on Serjant of the Cité of London, Recorder of London, Serjaunt at the Law, Speaker of Pylament, and Cheife Justice of the Com'on Pleas; who, visiting his frendes and country, decess'd the 5th day of September, 1558, after he had begotten of Anne and Dorothee, his wifes, xvii children. Upon whose sowles God have mercy."

On an alabaster slab, a little raised from the floor, in a mutilated state, are the effigies of a man in armour, beard pointed, short hair, spurs, 5 point rowels. The lady—loose robe, with embroidered sleeves, ornamented head dress, a single ruff round her neck, and ruffles at her wrists. At their feet are portrayed eleven children. Round the verge of the slab is the following inscription, in old English:

"Hic jacent corpora Willielmi Gatacre, Armigeri, et Helene uxoris ejus, qui quidem Willielmus obiit xlii die Decembris, anno Domini 1377, quorum animarum propitietur Deus. Amen."

On an alabaster slab, raised from the floor with common bricks, and in a very mutilated state, are the effigies of a man, with a loose robe and curled hair, and a lady with a flowing mantle, open sleeves, and ruff round her neck. Under the figures, the annexed inscription, in Roman capitals:

"Deus misericors. Here lyeth buried Francis Gatacre of Gatacre, esq. who had to wife Elizabeth, the daughter of Humphrey Swynerton of Swy'erton, esquire, in the county of Stafford, and they had issue between them 4 sonnes, William, Tho. Thomas & John, and 3 daughters, Margaret, Elizabeth, and Dorothea. She died the 19th of Ivne, in the ycare of ovr Lord 1599, on whose sole God . . . Amen."

Arms: Quarterly, Gules and Ermine; on the second and third 3 piles of the first, on a fesse Azure five bezants: impaling, Argent, a cross formée fretty Sable.

On a tablet against the north wall of the chancel, is a Latin inscription, which is as follows: "Hic jacet humatum corpus Thomae Ashley, arm. et die quarto Mali, anno Domini Millesimo septingentesimo decimoq. septimo, et ætatis sue septuagesimo sexto, obiit efflavit."

On a table, against the north wall of the chancel, is a Latin inscription, which is as follows: "Richard Dovey of Farmcott, gent. died 1st day of Sept. 1711, aged 44 years."

Margaret, his wife, daughter of Edward Fregleton of Powkhill, gent. died 23d of August, 1734, aged 51 years.

Arms: Azure, a fess Argent, between 3 doves of the same, beaked and legged Gules.

On a marble tablet against the north wall of the chancel, is a Latin inscription, which is as follows: "Non procul ab hoc loco inhumatur corpus Johannis Hawkins, gen. qui ex hac vita migravit decimo quarto die Januarij 1680. Pariter corpus Margarite uxoris Edwardi Fregleton, gen. et sororis prædicti Henrici Hawkins, hæc hanc vitam deposuit vicesimo quinto die Aprilis, 1701."

On a tablet of white marble against the south wall, is a Latin inscription, which is as follows: "William Woolryche Esq. late of Lichfield in the parish, gentleman, died the 12th day of June, 1815, in the 39th year of his age."

In the village of Claverley, facing the north gateway into the churchyard, is an ancient stone cross, raised on steps; the base and shaft are plain, but the capital is canopied, and the niches were formerly decorated with sculpture.

ANCIENT ROYAL BEDSTEAD

The curious in regard to ancient art have in the present an opportunity of gratifying their taste in no ordinary degree, by paying a visit to the shop of Mr Crow, Meal Vender, who has been raked from the gloomy recesses of some howlet-haunted biggin, and restored to open day and another age, a heavy, elaborately-carved oaken bedstead, which, from its ornate construction and the style of their execution, appears to have been the regal couch of Scotland's sovereigns, a century or two at least before she made England a present of her sovereignty. By the antiquary must be looked upon as a relic of great interest and the more valuable from the fact of its being complete, and in a state of such perfect preservation, that it would not only not disgrace, but adorn, the sleeping apartment of the most magnificent monarch, provided always that his sympathies conformed to a considerable extent with the furniture. It is a massive affair—the head and foot panelled, the cornice and stock heavy, the side-board high, the foot-board peaked and higher still, while all around, on post, stock, cornice, &c., and a straight half-inch has been left untouched by the chisel. The devices are floral; but conspicuous on the roof, the royal arms of Scotland are perceived at once, about 18 inches or so from the head, and at an equal distance from the foot, the sceptre, sword, and regal crown, are as easily distinguished. The space between is occupied by stars, and other decorations emblematical of kingship. On the sides the bed, there is likewise a table, evidently equally ancient, and assorting in every respect with the bed, having the same devices and tracery being formed of the same material, and comparatively as massive in its construction. Both were found, we believe, among the old lumber of a castle.

* Harl. MSS. a small folio vol. p. 42.

lar, and were, when discovered, so thickly incrustured with clay, and other adhesive substances, that the carving was scarcely traceable, or but guessed at from the inequalities of the surface. To scrub it off was to involve a great amount of patience and labour; but as it was known that the filthy mass was at one time the honoured occupant of a palace bedroom, the drudgery of cleansing the whole was submitted to and persevered in until it presented the fair proportions and interesting details alluded to. We could wish, for the sake of "auld langsyne," to see it again the respected property of some one whose fortune would enable him to do it befitting honours.—PERTH-SHIRE ADVERTISER, April 20.

[This very interesting relic is now in Edinburgh, and exhibited at No. 4, N. Bank Street. It is one of the most unique specimens of the royal furniture of Scotland we have seen. In addition to the foregoing description of it, we may add, that the four posts are surmounted with crowns, and that the peaked foot-board contains a device of cupids, in which are blended the rose and the thistle. It is pretty evident, however, that this formed no part of the bed originally, but had been added after the union of the crowns. If we may be permitted to hazard an opinion as to the age of this royal remain, we would say that it may be as old as the reign of James V., who added the concentric circle to the crown, which the devices on the bedstead display. James VI. is well known to have had a great partiality for the Palace of Falkland, which the ancient bedstead in question no doubt graced at one time, and possibly it may be a relic of his magnificence—the peaked foot-board, with the rose and thistle, being an addition after his ascent to the English throne.]

REMARKABLE ACCOUNT OF THE ORIGIN OF HER MAJESTY'S WRITERS TO THE SIGNET.

There is a gentleman styling himself Robert Bang (Bang?) Hall, Esquire, who has, it seems, published a work on Spain, and one entitled "Scenes at Home and Abroad," and who, to enlighten the cockneys of London, has enriched the literature of his country by a sort of sketch of "Highland Sports and Highland Quarters,"—a charming little *ouvrage* in two volumes, with very delicious pictorial illustrations, in which the author occupies the most prominent place. This Mr Hall has made very original discoveries in his northern progress, and brought to light facts hitherto unknown. Thus he, while discoursing on Kirkwall, records the existence of "the Earl of Stewart," the last feudal "Earl of Orkney,"—a nobleman who now, for the first time, figures as a Scottish Peer.

But this novelty is nothing in comparison to what we now give in Bang's own fluent and appropriate language:—"On requesting to be informed as to what might be understood by the distinction of W. S. to the names of so many northern lawyers, the reply was, Sir W. Scott was a writer to the signet; and being learned in the law, all were doubtless desirous to follow his footsteps; therefore, by the payment of a douceur

—to whom deponent sayeth not—numerous attorneys were permitted to add W. S. to their names—anxious, no doubt, to be thought writers to the signet—also, or "Wise Solicitors," or W. any thing else you like to call them, commencing with a S. We cannot presume to say what may be the particular duties of a Writer to the Signet; but they are certainly important, as it requires some thousands to perform them.

We certainly did not know till now, that Sir Walter Scott had been an attorney, and that the "Wise Solicitors" were so very numerous; but we dare say it must be all true, as our voracious friend asserts it to be so. We have never had the good fortune to cast our eyes over this gentleman's Spanish lucubrations, or his Foreign and Domestic Scenes, but we have no doubt they are fully as instructive and truthful as his narrative of Highland sports and Highland quarters, in which he acts the part of principal trumpeter.

THE DUKE OF ROXBURGH'S SALE.

In the month of July, 1812, the very valuable and extensive library of the Duke of Roxburgh was brought to the hammer by Mr Evans of Pall Mall, London. All the collectors of first and rare editions were, on this occasion, drawn into competition, and the consequence was that prices were obtained much beyond that of any previous sale. On the 30th day, the sales had realised upwards of 20,000*l.*, and the whole library upwards of 30,000*l.* It is generally believed that it cost the noble Duke not more than 3000*l.*

The following are a few of the books, with their prices and purchasers' names:

"The Festival," printed by Caxton, in two columns, 105*l.* Lord Spencer.

"The Proffyttable Boke, for Manes Soul, called the Chastysing of Goddes Chyldren," printed by Caxton, 140*l.* Lord Spencer.

"Life of Sainte Katherine of Senis," printed by Caxton, 95*l.* Mr Clarke.

"A Translation of Cicero on Old Age," printed by Caxton, 115*l.* Mr Nornaville.

"The Boke of Seynt Albans," * by the Ladye Julia Berners, printed at Saint Albans, anno 1486, imperfect, 147*l.* Mr Triphook.

"The Mirrour of the World," printed by Caxton, anno 1490, 351*l.* 15*s.* Mr Nornaville.

"The Kalyndar of the Shyppers," folio, printed at Paris, anno 1508, 180*l.* Mr Nornaville.

"Callymachi Hymni," Florence, 1542, 400*l.* 63*l.* Mr Payne.

"A Discourse of English Poetrie," by W. Webbe, 1566, 4*to.* 64*l.* Mr Triphook.

"Paradise of Daintie Devises," 4*to.* 1580, 55*l.* 13*s.* Mr Rice.

"A Collection of Old Ballads, in 3 vols. folio, 477*l.* 13*s.* Mr Harding.

"Guy Earl of Warwick," a metrical romance printed by Copland, 4*to.* 43*l.* 1*s.* Mr Heber.

"Gower's Confessio Amantis," printed by Caxton, 1493, folio, 336*l.* Mr Payne.

* A complete copy of this work was last year discovered at Bristol, among some rubbish at a broker's, and was sold for a few pence.

"The Passetyme of Pleasure," by Stephen Hawys, printed by Wynkyn de Worde, anno 1517, 81l. Mr Dibdin.

"The Example of Vertu," by Stephen Hawys, printed by Wyndkyn de Worde, anno, 1530, 60l. Mr Rice.

"Il Decameron di Boccacio," folio, first edition, printed at Venice, by Valdarfer, anno 1471, 2260l. Marquis of Blandford.

"The Boke of the Fate of Armes" and of "Chyvalrye," printed by Caxton, 336l. Mr Norn-aville.

"The Verie trow Historie of Jason," 94l. 10s. Mr Ridgeway.

"The Recuyell of the Historeys of Troye," by Raoul Le Fevre, Caxton, 1471, 1060l. Mr Ridgeway. This was the first book printed in Britain.

"History of Blanchardyn and Eglantyne," printed by Caxton, 216l. 5s. Lord Spencer.

About the same time, the Duke of Devonshire purchased the valuable and extensive library of Count Maccarthy, for 20,000 guineas.

W.

CURIOUS ANECDOTE OF A DOG.

The following curious fact was related under circumstances which leave it without the possibility of doubt; and yet 'tis strange, 'tis passing strange!

A gentleman from Scotland arrived at an inn in St Alban's, as on his way to the Metropolis; he had with him a favourite dog, which, being apprehensive of losing it in London, he left to the care of the landlord, promising to pay for the animal's board on his return in about a month, or less. During several days the dog was kept on a chain, to reconcile him to an intimacy with his new master; he was then left at liberty to range the public yard at large with others. There was one amongst his companions who chose to play the tyrant, and he frequently assaulted and beat poor Tray unmercifully. Tray submitted with admirable forbearance for some time, but his patience being exhausted, and oppression becoming daily more irksome, he quietly took his departure. After an absence of several days, he returned in company with a large Newfoundland dog, made directly to his tyrannical assailant, and, so assisted, very nearly beat him to death. The stranger then retired, and was seen no more, and Tray remained unmolested until the return of his master. The landlord naturally mentioned a circumstance which was the subject of general conversation, and the gentleman heard it with much astonishment, because convinced that the dog had absolutely journeyed into Scotland to relate his ill treatment, and to bespeak the good offices of the friend who had been the companion of his journey back, and his assistant in punishing the aggressor. It proved to have been so; for, on arriving at his home in the Highlands, and inquiring into particulars, he found, as he expected, that much surprise, and some uneasiness, had been excited by the return of Tray alone; by the two dogs, after meeting, going off together; and by the Newfoundland, after an absence of several days, coming back again foot sore, and nearly starved.

Now here may be supposed to have taken place all that Mr Locke so admirably insists upon, of a distinct association of ideas; because Tray must have reasoned with himself that, although his own strength was insufficient to combat with the stronger assailant, when aided by a friend he was more than a match for him; he must have had confidence in that friend; and he must also have had the means of communicating his wrongs; his desire of revenge, and the means of accomplishing it.

THE FORAY.

"The red sun is setting,
And closing the day;
Our chargers are ready—
Up, up and away.
Over mountain and moor,
Through forest and moss,
The broad lands of Carrick,
By star light we'll cross.
Thus spoke the young chieftain,
And spurred on his steed;
And his gallant spearmen
Soon mounted in speed.

They rode in the gray dusk
Through Lendal's green bowers,
And soon left behind them
Ardmillan's high towers.
They cross'd the deep Girtan,
And mounted the hill;

As th' young moon was rising
Behind dark Penkill;

"They'll start at our coming,"
The young chieftain said;
As he reined in his steed,
With his hand on his blade.

"Ho! speed on brave Roland,
To th' tower by the sea;
The half of my spearmen
Will follow with thee.

Stop not at the Abbey,
But speedily pass;

What care we for penance,
Priests, prayers, or mass?

Then hie through the forest,
To deep-flowing Deen;

And we, o'er the dark moor,
Will meet with thee soon.

The young chieftain spurred on
His swift, gallant gray;

And through brake and forest
He bounded away;

Ere midnight he halted
By Doon's crystal wave;

With his silver bugle
Three loud blasts he gave.

The signal is answered,
And soon by his side

All harnessed for battle,
His bold spearmen ride.

"Ho! Roland, thou quickly
Hast sped on thy way;

How fared thou at Tanderay?
Tell me, I pray!"

"We sack'd the strong fortlet,
The warder we slew,
And startled the English
With our wild halloo:
They follow, they follow,
As swift as the wind;
Their chargers are neighing
And prancing behind."

"Speed onward and harry
Green Barbieston glen;
Take the beeves from the lea,
The sheep from the pen:
Through the path in the moor
Drive the booty away,
On the green hill of Hadyet
Encamp with your prey.
Here, with my brave spearmen,
Awhile I'll remain,
To meet with the Saxon
And his warrior train."

On his silver bugle
Three shrill blasts he blew,
That, far off at sea, scared
The slumbering seawe.
And deep in the forest
The loud echoes rung,
As he shouted his war-cry,
And gallantly sprung
Through brake and deep morass
With his hardy men,
To meet with the Saxons
Adown in the glen.

There's noise in the forest
Heard far in the night,
For the outlaws and Saxons
Are closing in fight.
The night-bird is screaming,
And winging away,
The fleet deer is bounding
Afar from the fray.
And loud is the shout heard
By mountain and glen,
Of the gallant young chieftain
And his hardy men.

The chargers are neighing,
The arrows fly keen;
The blood of the warriors
Has purpled the green.
The moonlight and starlight
Dread conflicts reveal,
Loud clashes the broad-swords,
Bright gleams the sharp steel:
'Mid splintering of lances,
And groans of the dying,
Lo! pale and all bloody,
The young chief is lying.

Ah! deep in his bosom
The cruel wounds bleed,
Again he will never
Remount his gray steed.
They have borne him away
To the glittering pool,
With the limpid water
His temples they cool.
The Saxons are flying—
He leans up to hear—

His spearmens' triumphant
And long-echoed cheer.

"From my bleeding bosom
My doublet undo;
Bind on my good broad-sword,
My trusty and true:
And call round my spearmen,
And dig me a grave.
Let me sleep in this valley,
By Doon's purling wave:
I fought the false Southerns
My country to free;
Fought is my last battle
Dear Scotland for thee.

"From my hand take the ring
Set with jewels most rare,
Give it to Egidia
The peerless and fair:
And tell her I died
As true knight should die—
My feet to the foemen,
My brow to the sky;
My sword in my right hand
The dying among:
With the name of my true love
Last heard on my tongue.

"'Twas eve, on Knockdoonan
I wandered alone,
The wind through the birches
Did fitfully moan;
The sky was all cloudy,
And o'er the wild heath
There came a thick gloom
Like the darkness of death—
It was not a dream
That stole o'er my brain,
I saw a wild vision
I see it again.

"Hence, hence from my sight
Ye dread phantom, away!
* * * * *
There's ice in my body
And fire in my brain,
That red night of slaughter
I see it again;
They look on me now
As they look'd on me when—
They shouted for mercy
But shouted in vain.

Long may'st thou wait, Roland,
Ere thou wilt behold
Thy gallant young chieftain
The fearless and bold;
He sleeps in the valley
By murmuring Doon,
His death-bed was lit
By the cold silver moon:
In sorrow they hollowed
His lone couch of rest,
He sleeps with the cold turf
Piled high on his breast.

Howwood,
8th June, 1848.

J. D. B.

Varieties.

TREASURE TROVE IN 1760.—*Newcastle, April 12.* At a sale of household goods lately at Winton, five miles from this town, a woman bought a very large old bureau for 4s. 6d.—being esteemed no better than lumber; after the sale, she got a nailer, her neighbour, to assist her in removing it, who, forcing it open in the middle, discovered some papers and loose gold; told her of it, and made it fast again, and getting more help, took it away whole; in getting it out, one of the papers fell, and the gold jingling, was taken notice of by one of the assistants; but the nailer saying it was only a bag with a few nails he had put out of his pocket, it passed; after getting it home, and dismissing the assistants, the purchaser and her friend the nailer went to work, and took it in pieces, and were paid for their trouble with several purses and papers of gold to a considerable amount. She gave the nailer five papers untold, which appears by what he has since done, in paying his debts, and purchasing a house and shop to work in, to amount to £200 and upwards; and is told by the woman to apply to her if he wants more; but he is satisfied, and looks on it as a piece of particular providence, being deeply in debt and out of credit, with a sick wife and a small family. This old piece of furniture is in memory to have passed through several sales within forty years; none of the gold is of a later coinage than James II., and it was in an opulent family in this neighbourhood in the year 1745.

BIGAMY AND THE SCOTCH LAW OF MARRIAGE.—A curious case of bigamy came before the Huddersfield Magistrates. Mr J. Hellawell, the son of a respectable tradesman in Huddersfield, was sent in his youth to study medicine in Glasgow. He completed his studies there in 1833. During the latter part of the time he was residing in Glasgow he lodged at the house of a Mr Nicol, who had two daughters, the eldest of whom proved *enceinte*, and Mr Hellawell was the reputed father of the child. When this circumstance was discovered, Mr Hellawell removed to other apartments, but continued to visit Miss Nicol regularly afterwards. A consultation was held by the family, to know what must be done with respect to Miss Nicol's situation, when it was decided that her brother John should invite Mr Hellawell to take coffee with him one evening; which he did. This was in 1833. At this meeting there were present Mr and Mrs Nicol, their two daughters, their son John, and Mr Hellawell. The old gentleman began to speak of Margaret's being likely soon to become a mother, when, it is alleged Mr Hellawell remarked, "O, Mr Nicol, we are married; are we not Margaret?" To which she replied, "Yes." "Then," said Mr Nicol, "we will say no more about it." It is said he neither asked when, nor where, nor how. Since that period Mr Nicol and his son are dead; and now, after a period of 15 years, a charge of bigamy is brought against Mr Hellawell because he has refused to advance money for the maintenance and education of the child, now nearly 15 years old. In 1838 Mr Hellawell established himself as a practising surgeon in Huddersfield; in 1841 he married a lady of some fortune in that town, and which marriage took place openly and publicly in the parish church, and was proclaimed to the world in all the local newspapers. By this marriage, Mr Hellawell has a boy about four years old, but his wife died in March 1845. The prosecutrix states that she had no idea that he had got married until about eight months since: she states that during this long period she never received a letter from Mr Hellawell, but had herself frequently written to him.—A professional gentleman from Glasgow appeared before the bench to expound the Scotch law of marriage, which he divided into regular and irregular marriages. This, he stated was an irregular marriage; but, according to the law of Scotland, stood good. When the whole evidence had been summed up, and the defence made, the bench stated that their decision was to hold Mr Hellawell to bail, himself

in a surety of £50, and two others of £25, to answer the charge at the York assizes.—October, 1847.

WONDERFUL DOG.—We read in an English gazette of an act which would indicate a certain extent of reason in brutes. Mustapha, a strong and active greyhound, belonged to an artilleryist of Dublin.—Raised from its birth in the midst of camps, it always accompanied its master, and exhibited no alarm in the midst of battle. In the hottest engagements it remained near the cannon, and carried the match in its mouth. At the memorable battle of Fontenoi, when we broke the square battalions of the Hanoverians, the master of Mustapha received a mortal wound. At the moment when about to fire upon the enemy, he and several of his corps were struck to the earth by a discharge of artillery. Seeing his master extended lifeless and bleeding, the dog became desperate and howled piteously. Just at that time a body of French soldiers was advancing rapidly to gain possession of the piece, which was aimed at them from the top of a small rising ground. Who would believe it, if the fact was not attested by several witnesses worthy of credit. Doubtless, with a view to revenge his master's death, Mustapha seized the lighted match with his paws, and set fire to the cannon loaded with case shot; seventy men fell on the spot, and the remainder took to flight. After this bold stroke, the dog laid down sadly near the body of its master, licked his wounds, and remained there twenty-four hours without sustenance. He was at length with difficulty taken away by the comrades of the deceased. This courageous greyhound was carried to London, and presented to George II., who had him taken care of as a brave servant.

GERMANS NOT DUTCH.—Among other prevalent errors, it is not unusual in England to characterise the German as being heavy, dull, and phlegmatic, in which respect to confuse them with the Dutch, who certainly are so. But although we meet with examples enough of *opercose*, *ponderosa*, perseverance, especially among the German literati, yet the prevailing trait among the inhabitants of Prussia, and of almost every state, if compared with the English, would certainly be liveliness and susceptibility, rather than dullness and phlegm. Hence the variety of their public amusements, in particular their partiality to constant rural excursions, and to concerts and petty banquets enjoyed *ad fresco*. The German, whatever be his rank and pursuits, seems always determined to make the most of his lifetime. With this view, he rises every morning at six o'clock or earlier, when he has coffee and *misch brod*—in short, an English breakfast, is punctually served. Thereafter he proceeds to the fulfilment of whatever duties depend on his own head and hands, and he is especially observed, the horrid condition of existence without pursuit or employment, of being obliged to say, "When it was morning, I wished for the night; and when it was night, I sighed for the morning," is almost unknown to the Germans. Idleness is every where held in abhorrence; nay more, it is repudiated by the laws under every state.

I remember to have heard at Paris of a German Prince boasting that he came from Strasburg thither in a very short time; I do not now recollect the space, but some hours less than it had ever been done before in a chaise, upon which a sensible Frenchman, who was by, told his Highness, he hoped he never would mention it again, for that if it was publicly known, it would probably be the cause of destroying several hundred horses; as every foolish blockhead, who travelled that road, would be for trying whether he could not do as much as a German Prince.—*Chronicle, 1760.*

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RHYMES AND SUPERSTITIONS OF CLACKMANNANSHIRE, &c.

Prise the auld elm tree,
On the tap o' the knowe,
A seed shall fa' aff,
Whilk a tree shall grow;
And a cradle it shall mak,
To rock the wee bairn
Wha'll conjure the ghaist
That haunts Pitfairen."

PITFAIREN is situated on the south bank of the river Devon, and consists of a few miserably tiled houses, inhabited by colliers, miners, and others. Two or three hundred years ago, the inhabitants of this place, as well as those of the surrounding districts, were thrown into much alarm and consternation by the nightly appearance of a ghost, or apparition, newly risen, with its cerements, from the grave going round and round an old elm tree, repeating, in a low but audible voice, the above lines. It came to pass at last that an elm tree did grow near the one mentioned; but whether it had sprung from the seed, or had been planted there by the hand of some superstitious person, was never fully understood. After attaining considerable magnitude, the proprietor, upon whose ground it grew, ordered it to be cut down and given to a wright in the neighbourhood, who, after it had lain a long time in his wood-yard, repaired an order to make a cradle. Putting implicit confidence in the veracity of the prophecy, and thinking the fulfilment of it at hand, he, unknown to any one, made the cradle from the identical elm tree. The child who had been rocked in it gave proofs of great knowledge at an early age, and when he had reached his fourteenth year entered a religious house to study for the church. Paying a visit to his parents, after a long absence, the wright, who was now an old man, let "the cat out o' the pock," telling what he had done. Naturally of a bold disposition, the young man, providing himself with "book and candle," repaired after nightfall to the spot, where he received the following revelation:—"For the sake of gold I became a murderer. Wealth could not procure me happiness. I died, and since that time my restless spirit is compelled to wander here—the scene of my crime—until my guilt be made known to the world.

VOL. II.

When morning comes, dig downwards to the root of this tree, and you will find the bones of the murdered person. Remove them from hence, and then I shall have peace." Saying this the ghost began its weary rounds again. As directed, the young man, with a few of the inhabitants of the hamlet, dug around the tree. A great number of bones were discovered. These were carefully collected, and carried to an adjoining churchyard, where they were buried. The ghost was never seen afterwards.

"In Quarrel-burn
The witches meet,
Syne through the air
They scour fu' fleet
They flee! and they flee!
Till they reach 'Lochy Faulds,'
Whaur auld Nick in person
His tribunal holds."

Sixty years ago, "Quarrel-burn" was a famous rendezvous of the witches of Dorrer. They met in the evening, and when the necessary preliminaries had been entered into, they mounted their broomsticks and rode through the air, until they reached "Lochy Faulds," situated at the foot of Gloomhill. An oak tree, whose twisted and moss-grown trunk has stood the blasts of many winters, still marks the spot where these hags held their midnight revels. Beneath its spreading branches there is a round circle of brown earth, upon which neither grass nor any vegetation ever grows. People said some "black deed" had been committed there. Others said that fire had been the cause of it. Tradition, however, tells a different story. The witches having been informed that a farmer had spoken rather disrespectfully of them, on account of the death of some of his cattle, they determined on vengeance. An opportunity soon offered, and the farmer was carried away to "Lochy Faulds," to stand his trial before the tribunal over which His Black Majesty presided in person. On reaching the place, he was told to disprove what had been reported of him, or, if he failed in doing so, they would deal with him as they thought proper. The farmer stood up and protested his innocence; but his accusers, not being at all satisfied, told him that he must give them some proof before they could believe him. Scarcely able to speak, the poor man, in a fit of desperation, said, "May a round ring encompass me, and may grass never grow upon it any more, if I am not innocent of the crime laid to my charge." Wonderful! The

thing happened! We are not told what became of the farmer.

To show that these witches were of a cruel and revengeful disposition, we subjoin the following anecdotes:—"In a small cottage, on the summit of Sheardale Braes, lived a man named Patie M'Nicol. He was a wee, booly-backit body, and wore aye a blue coat, plush waistcoat and knee-breeks, and a 'Tam o' Shanter' bonnet, wi' a red tap. It was darkly hinted that he was in league with the witches. He never wrought ony, but yet he always had plenty. The Bible he would not read, nor allow a religious book to enter his door. The minister (Mr Couples) hearing this, went to him, and endeavoured to show him the errors of his ways; and so far succeeded as to get Patie to tak' the present o' a Bible! Every Sunday after this saw Patie at the kirk; and although the distance he had to walk was about three miles, yet he was never absent, unless sickness prevented him. He was quite a changed man. But mark his punishment. He had ga'en awa' oot, in the gray o' the gloamin', to tak' a walk. Suddenly a soughin' soun' cam ower his head, and immediately he felt himself lifted from the grun', and carried thro' the air wi' an awfu' velocity. Naeist mornin' he was found, half dead wi' cauld and hunger, on the very tap o' 'Sea Mab,' among the very highest o' the Ochils. He was ta'en hame, but he never got the better of his unmerciful treatment. He had na a day to thrive, and he dwined awa' like snaw aff a dyke, until he sunk into the grave."

"The next object of their machinations was the worthy divine who had been instrumental in bringin' Patie to a knowledge of the richt. Noises and loud screams were heard in a' the corners o' his hoose, and when he gaed to see what was the matter, he could see naething! Aet time, in particular, the noises were heard to such a degree that the minister was obliged to leave his hoose in the Middle Bank, wi' naething but his sark on. He ran doon to a sma' oot, ca'd the Willow Wands, a muckle black boar following him a' the way. Matters, however, did na end here, for on the Sunday following, as he was gaun awa' to the kirk, things like planks o' wood rowed doon afore him a' great part o' his way; but he being a God-fearin' man, withstood a' thae demonstrations, and baffled Satan completely."

"The Castle o' Campbell,
The Burn o' Care,
And the bonnie town o' Dollar,
I'll never see mair."

These words have been popular in Dollar for many years, and are reported to have been spoken by a female, who, when Montrose applied the torch to the castle in 1646, rather than fall alive into the hands of his soldiers, exhibited a heroic contempt of death, by ascending to one of the highest towers, and throwing herself down upon the pikes of the besiegers. The other places mentioned in the rhyme have been treated upon already in the first volume of this work.

"Easter Hough-head, and Waster Hough-head,
The nettle and foxglove shall grow whaur ye stood."

Between forty and fifty years ago these places were extensive farms. The Banks of Dollar, upon which they are situated, were then almost all under cultivation, and heavy crops of oats, barley and potatoes, were the rewards of the husbandman's toils. But where these articles grew, the whin and broom are only to be seen; and among the ruins of the farm-houses, the nettle, foxglove, and other wild weeds grow luxuriantly. For these two or three years past, Mr Menteith has been busy ploughing up part of the ground which has lain so long fallow; but being late in sowing, it is far in the season before he can reap; and what is reared (to use an old farmer's expression) is "nearly a' caff."

"The stane coffin stan's at the kirk door,
Wi' the banes o' young Jeanie within;
And the priest aye starts as he enters the kirk,
For she de'd for the love o' him."

Long ago a cottage stood near the Devon, in the neighbourhood of the village of Tullibody. It was tenanted by William Wilson and his wife. He rented a piece of ground, on the produce of which, together with an annuity left him by his father, they managed to live, if not in affluent, at least in comfortable circumstances. They had a daughter, their only child—

"Young Jeanie was the fairest flower
That bloom'd on Devon's side;
The apple o' her father's eye, the olive ood her
Her mither's hope and pride."

"Her hair was like the raven's wing,
Her breist was like the snaw;
The rosy tint bloom'd on her cheek,
Her heart was guileless a'."

"And mony a gallant wooer cam,
And ask'd her for their bride;
But she turn'd awa' wi' a gentle 'Na,
And a blush she could na hide."

"At last there cam' a godly man,
Wi' a face baith young and fair;
And she has gien to the holy man
A lock o' her raven hair."

"But little she wist the ill she did,
For ere the leaf decayed,
She found herself a trodden flower,
All ruined and betrayed."

Before she died she ordered that her body should be enclosed in a stone coffin, and placed by the side of the church door, so that when the priest went in and out, he might behold that which contained the victim of his seduction.

"There's Alva, and Dollar,
And Tullicultry,
But the bonnie bras o' Menstrie
Bear awa' the gree."

In the vale of Devon, the slopes of Menstrie are acknowledged to be the most beautiful. This, however, is questionable. The bras of Dollar, with the glen, the latter ornamented with hundreds of noble trees, are, in our opinion, far superior. Alva can also boast of its woods, and splendid waterfalls. Menstrie has been long famous for its production of hazel nuts, which are gathered every season by poor people, and sold at a good profit to venders of fruit.

"An honest miller once dwalt in Menstrie. He had a very bonnie wife, and the fairies takin' a notion o' her, carried her awa'. The puir man was much cast doon at the loss o' his wife, mair especially as he heard her, every morning, chanting aboon his head (but he could na see her) :—

'O! Alva woods are bonnie,
Tilliecountry hills are fair;
But when I think on the brass o' Menstrie,
It maks my heart aye sair.'

Riddlin' caff (chaff) ae day at the mooth o' his mill door, he chanced to stand upon ae fit, as the hens do in rainy weather—the enchantment which boudid his wife was immediately broken, and lo! she stood beside him. The Miller o' Menstrie had a brither in misfortune—the drunken *Sautman* o' Tullibody. His wife was continually flyting upon him for his misconduct, but a' she said fell like rain in a desert, and produced nae effect. Seeing she could na be happy wi' him, she prayed that the fairies might tak' her awa'. The fairies took hold of her in a twinklin', and up the lum they flew singin'—

'Deedle linkum dodie,
We're aff wi' drucken Davie's wife,
The *Sautman* o' Tullibody.'

They carried her to Cauldham—the palace o' the fairies—whaur she lived like a queen. 'Blude,' they say, 'is aye thicker than water,' and the wife asked permission to live wi' her husband again. This was granted, and as she left the fairies, one of them presented her wi' a sma' stick, saying, 'as lang as ye keep this, your gudeman will drink nae mair.' The charm was successful. Davie becom' a sober man, and the gudewife never forgot the kindness o' the fairies."

"Harry not the robin,
Harry not the wren,
For, if you harry their nests,
You'll never thrive again."

The robin is a very tame bird, and will enter, in winter, without fear the habitations of man; but as summer advances it retires to the woods, and very seldom shows itself. About six years ago, one of these birds built in the corner of a window sill of the house of Mr Robert Christie, Dollar. The parent birds never hesitated to enter the house, and would even have picked crumbs off the hands of the inmates. The wren is a very small bird. Its tail is much prized by anglers; but who would think of shooting a wren, and fifteen or sixteen young ones depending on her, for the pitiful reward of a few feathers?

"Ane's joy,
Twa's grief,
Three's a waddin',
Four's death!"

The magpie was (and is?) considered by the superstitious an ominous bird—a messenger of good or evil. If a few of these birds congregate together in a garden, in search of food, which they generally do early in the morning, the people in the houses adjoining conclude that one of the family is to turn sick or die. In our boyish days, when we went fishing, should two of them cross our

path, we not unfrequently turned home, for, if we persisted in going, we were quite sure to be unsuccessful. Then we were as firm believers in their powers as any one; but now, having come to better judgment, we suspect that neither water nor weather was in our favour.

"There were such sturly ploemen
On the farm o' Bogha's
But Brownie in ae night,
Wrought mair than them a'."

The Brownie was very like a man in shape. All his body was covered with brown hairs, hence his name. He possessed great strength; slept all day and worked all night, when the whole farm-house was hushed in slumber. He was very harmless, and had more of a forgiving than a revengeful turn of mind. His meat was sowans and sweet milk, while his bed consisted of straw made up in some cozie corner of the barn. To the farm o' Boghall, near Dollar, Brownie rendered essential services; but it happened one very severe winter, when the snow lay deep upon the ground, and the frost was so intense as to freeze every running stream and well, that the "gudewife," afraid that her friend the Brownie would die, and quite ignorant that she was doing wrong, laid down some warm blankets upon his couch of straw. On seeing this, he straightway departed from the place, saying:—

"To leave my old haunts, oh! my heart it is sair,
But the wife gae me blankets—she'll see the mair;
I've work'd in her barn, frae evening till day;
My curse on the blankets that drove me awa';
All the boon that I asked were my sowans and straw,
But success to Bogha's although Brownie's awa'."

Whether owing to Brownie's departure, or "Fortune's wayward freaks," Boghall, it is well known, was never the same again, and even at the present day, it is little better than a wilderness.

"The links o' the Forth
Are worth an earldom in the north,"

from their number and fertility. The Forth takes its rise in Benlomond, in the west part of Stirlingshire. Numerous streams augment its waters, and, on reaching Stirling, it presents a not insignificant appearance. Here it begins those celebrated meanderings which have given rise to the above rhyme. The course through which it runs, consists chiefly of a rich loamy substance, very favourable to the production of crops. From Stirling to Alloa the distance by water is twenty-four miles, while by land it is only six. It is said that "there are as many links in the Forth as in a young man's heart."

"Tie 'Keltie's mends'—drink off your drop
Before you daur to move a step."

The united parishes of Fossaway and Tallboile are situated to the north of the village of Clack. The soil is of all varieties, consisting principally of a light gravelly substance, very unfavourable to the production of crops. In a short time, however, the aspect of these parishes will be rendered at once picturesque and beautiful, as large plantations of pine and other trees, which delight in a loose soil, are in a thriving state.

In ancient times these places were not unfrequently honoured with a visit from royalty itself. On a particular occasion one of the James's left Stirling for his other palace at Falkland, and in passing called upon the Laird of Tullybole. The old baronial hall being found too small to accommodate the guests, temporary sheds were erected, and the season being summer, the occupiers felt no inconvenience. Among the followers of the king was a soldier, famous alike for his bacchanalian propensities, and for his bravery in the field. This fellow having challenged the whole of the Laird's adherents to a drinking bout, one of them immediately engaged him. The two champions began their orgies, drinking out of large quaichs. The second morning dawned upon the contest, when the soldier, quite overcome, fell down "dead drunk," and Keltie (for that was the name of his opponent), seeing his fall, drained another cup to the bottom to show that he was victor, and next lay beside his discomfited companion. When he awakened he found his opponent still sleeping. He endeavoured to arouse him, but in vain; his soul had winged its way to another world. A grave was dug into which the body was put, and to this day the spot is called the "Trooper's Dub."

It was the general custom, after this, for the Lairds of Tullybole, at the conclusion of an entertainment, to order in "Keltie's Mends," or parting cup, which was drained by each guest before he left.

Craiglaw, a farmhouse near the old castle of Tullybole, is at present possessed by a gentleman of the name of Keltie, a lineal descendant of the great bacchanalian, but we are not aware if he is in the habit of keeping up the custom of his ancestors.

"Up by Colross
And doon by Colmain,
Round about the 'Saddlehill,'
And come awa' hame."

Colross, Colmain, and the "Saddle Hill," form part of the Ochil range. The sheep farmer to whom these belonged, before engaging a shepherd, gave him the above task to perform (no very easy matter), in a limited time. If he succeeded he was immediately engaged.

The meadow of Craiginin, in the vicinity of these hills, was (and is still), famous for the quantity of hay it yearly produces. Nearly seventy years ago, David Wright rented the farm of Craiginin. His servants, on cutting the grass of the meadow, were in the custom of leaving it to the management of the fairies. These aerial beings came from Blackford, Gleneagles, Buckieburn, &c., and assembling on the summit of the "Saddle Hill," descended to their work among the hay. From morning till evening they toiled assiduously. After spreading it out before the sun, they put it into coils, then into ricks, when it was conveyed into the adjacent farm-yard, where they built it into stacks. This kindness of the fairies David Wright never forgot to repay, for, when the sheep shearing came round, he always gave them a few of the best fleeces of the flock. He flourished wonderfully, but finding his health

daily declining, and seeing death would soon overtake him, he imparted to his eldest son the secret of his success, and told him ever to be in friendship with the "gude neebors." The old man died and was succeeded by his son, who was at once, hard, grasping, and inhospitable. The kind advices and injunctions, given him by his father, were either forgotten or unattended to. Hay-making came round, but young Wright, instead of allowing the "groengoons" to perform what they had so long done (thinking thereby to save a few fleeces), ordered his servants to do the work. Things went on very pleasantly the first day, but on going next morning to resume their labour, what was their surprise to find the hay scattered in every direction. Morning after morning this was continued, until the hay was unfit for use. In revenge for this, he destroyed the whole of their rings, ploughed up their green knolls, and committed a thousand other offences. He had soon reason, however, to repent of these ongoing.

One day the dairymaid having completed the operation of churning, carried the butter, as was her wont, to the "butter well," on the east side of the house, to undergo the process of washing, preparatory to its being sent away to the market. No sooner had she thrown it into the well, than a small hand was laid upon it, and in a second the bright, golden treasure disappeared beneath the crystal waters! The servant tried to snatch it; but alas! it was lost—irrecoverably lost for ever! and as she left the place a voice said:—

"Your butter's awa'
To feast our band
In the fairy ha'."

The horses, cows, and sheep, sickened and died; and to complete all, Wright, on returning from a Glendevon market, night overtook him in the wild pass of Glenqueich. He wandered here and there, and at last sunk into a "well-e'e," in which he perished.

After his death the farm-house went gradually to demolition, and its bare walls are now only to be seen.

13, Dalrymple Place.

J. C.

THE PARISH CHURCH AND CHURCH-YARDS OF SORN AND CATRINE.

Of the many sequestered hamlets scattered over the wide-spreading county of Ayr, there is scarcely one that in point of beautiful seclusion will stand a comparison with the village of Sorn. It is situated on the right bank of the water of Ayr, at the lower end of a narrow fertile valley, encircled by gentle swelling grounds, the wooded summits of which, in every direction, bound the horizon. As it consists chiefly of only a short double row of lowly cottages, with a population not exceeding three hundred, and as there is in the neighbourhood neither noisy factory, vomiting "sooty exhalations," nor clanking engine's steam, the village and its environs are in perfect keeping with the repose and rural amenity of the scenery. From the west the valley is overlooked by the ancient Castle of Sorn, a building possessed in

past ages by several of the most illustrious families in the kingdom,* and is still, along with an extensive modern addition, inhabited by the proprietress of the estate. It is built on a precipitous rock, the base of which is steeped in the Ayr, and its venerable walls, though stained and corroded by the atmospheric action of countless years, may yet, to all appearance, withstand the pressure of "Time's iron hand" for centuries. Contiguous to the church, which is situated between the castle and the village, the river is spanned by an elevated bridge of two arches, which, though somewhat inconvenient for the purposes of modern commerce, its antique cast harmonizes better with the surrounding objects than would a more modern structure, reared with the utmost deference to utility. Still nearer to the church than the bridge, on one side of the road, stand the corn-mill and the smithy, and on the other the parochial school-house; while, sentinel like, a few paces westward of these, and watching, as it were, one of the principal entrances into the valley, the two-storied inn rears its whitened form:—objects, each and all, with their accompaniments, imparting rich poetic effect to the landscape. Between the churchyard and the northern confines of the valley intervenes the glebe, presided over by the abode of the pastor, a "shy retiring" mansion, its form being partially veiled by the foliage of umbrageous trees, but bespeaking, by its neatly kept walks, its verdant carpeting, bedecked with shrubs, and hedges interspersed with lilac and holly, the cultivated taste of its successive occupants. In fine, the hamlet of Sorn is one of those spots, which, without being eminently picturesque, cannot fail, from its quiet beauty and unmarred reality, to draw, during at least one half of the circling year, a warm eulogium from every visitor enamoured of

"Earth's green face, the untainted air of Heaven,
And all the bliss of Nature's rustic reign."

The church, as already stated, stands a short distance westward of the village. It was built in 1653, and underwent a thorough repair in 1826, both of which dates are cut on a stone in the south elevation of the building. It seems thus to be the primary church erected here, as prior to its foundation the district now constituting the parish of Sorn formed part of that of Mauchline, from which it was not finally and completely separated until 1692.* It is still, notwithstanding its recent repair and beautification, an edifice partaking more of the homely character of our early presbyterian churches than of those erected during the present century; though questionless, its simple and unassuming form is in better keeping with the scenery than would be any pseudo-gothic structure, designed as our country churches but too frequently have been, by uneducated builders. It is of the form common to nearly all the old rural places of public worship throughout Scotland, namely, an oblong square, with an aisle extending from its north side. It is lighted by four tall windows and as many shorter ones, all with

pointed heads. The east gable carries a small belfry surmounted by a cross, and the other two are crowned with similar symbols. To the belfry gable are attached the joings, which seem to have been placed there previous to the construction of the gallery stairs, else the culprit must have been punished in a sitting posture. The interior of the church presents nothing to note, unless it be that the family pews of the lairds, and the benches of the tenantry, are all equally simple and unadorned.

The walls of the churchyard have lately been repaired, and the steps at the end of the school-house, giving formerly, at all hours, free ingress to the visitant, have been removed. Buchanan of Catrine-Bank seems to be the only landed proprietor of rank who buries here; or, at least, the only one whose family place of interment is denoted by any superior indication of sepulture. A tomb of a quadrangular form, with circular turrets or buttresses at the angles, surmounted by a cornice and embrasures, has of late years been built over their burying-ground. The entrance door is in the west wall, and in the opposite end is a mock one. On each side of these is a narrow blank window, and in the side walls are pairs of a similar form; all of which, as well as the doors, are finished with pointed heads and label mouldings. The design is chaste and appropriate, and though the masonry seems excellent, we would not wish the luxuriant masses of ivy that will soon entirely mask its features, to be in aught diminished.

Of the following epitaphs the first four are on monuments built into the south and east walls of the church; the fifth is on an altar stone; and the other five are on perpendicular memorials.

1.

Mr Mungo Lindsay,
Born anno 1666, and placed 1692;
Died March 1738.

So long he lived in this secure retreat,
Neither affecting to be known or great;
Humble and pious taught the great concern,
Which yet he thought he ne'er enough could learn;
Skill'd in the Sacred tongues of Heavenly truth,
The only language of Jehovah's mouth;
He led his flocks through the delicious fold,
(Heaven's gentle dews and rain it yield)
Shunning law suits by deeds he us'd to write,
He sav'd their purse and clear'd their doubtful right;
And with rare bounty Gratiified the Poor,
From the rich treasures of his blessed store,
Which by the laws of God and man decreed
To his long dear and valuable friends.

Christian Begg,
His Relict caused erect this monument.

2.

In memory of Geo. Smith; born 20 July, 1813; died 3 May, 1816; and William Somervell, born 27 May; died 2 Decr. 1821: 11d and Vth sons of the Rev. Lewis Begg of Sorn.

Our tender flowers whose loss we mourn,
Shall feel spring's genial powers return,
Shall bloom through Jesus' life and love,
And drink the dews of Paradise.

* Old Stat. Account, vol. xx. p. 169.
† New Stat. Account, p. 144.

But few little children to come unto me. Mat. xix—14th.
In his favour is Life. Pa. xxxth—5.

To preserve from Oblivion the Fate of George Wood who was shot at Tinkornhill, MD.CI.XXXVIII. for his adherence to the Word of God; and the Covenanted Work of Reformation; and to manifest Gratitude for the invaluable Religious Privileges now Enjoyed. This stone was erected by Subscription MD.CCCXXVII.

The above is on a monument composed of a basement, into which is inserted the original "Martyr stone," and a panel surmounted by a pediment. The inscription fills the panel, being broken into sixteen lines of unequal length, some of the lines containing one and two words only—a form we have thought it unnecessary here to observe.

In memory of Isabella Howat, wife of John M'Intyre, Catrine; born xxv October MD.CCLXXIII.; died 11 July MD.CCCVI.

She lived a life of Faith on the son of God, and enjoyed the peaceable possession of those Religious Liberties for which her forefathers fought, and George Wood, her great-grand uncle laid down his life.

Sacred to the memory of Agnes, daughter of the reverend James Connell, who died in 1786, and also the said revd. James Connell, who died in 1789, in the 37 year of his Ministry in this parish. Distinguished throughout the course of that Ministry by an Exemplary discharge of the Pastoral, Domestic, and Social duties.

This stone is erected in testimony of Duty, Affection, and Respect, by James Connell, Esquire of Conneath.

Erected by James Struthers, Daldillan, in memory of his son John, who was lost in the Euphrates, while engaged in attempting to explore the navigation of that river about 80 miles above Anna, by the sinking of the Tigris Steamer, of which he was the Engineer, during a violent hurricane 21st May 1836; in the 29th year of his age. Also of his two daughters who died in Sandhead; Janet 10th January 1807, aged 9 months, and Mary 27th May 1809, aged 5 years.

Erected by John Barclay, Catrine, in memory of his daughter Elizabeth, who died in the 11th year of her age, on the xvth year of June, MDCCCXXV.

"Death has no dread, but what frail life imparts;
Nor life true joy, but what kind death improves;
No bliss has life to boast till death can give
Far greater; life's a debtor to the grave,
Dark lattice letting in eternal day."

Erected by Archd. Killing and Margt. Gemmel, Catrine, in memory of their only Child, Margaret; born 10 Novr., 1832; died 24th Feby. 1834.

Here lies a flower, that with too much haste
Of Fate cut down, did in her blossom waste;
In whose untimely fate, fond man may see,
Youth, vigour, strength, what mortal things they be.

Erected in memory of Janet Brown, who died 16th May, 1843, aged 86 years, and of George Fulton, who died 6th Sept. 1843, aged 84 years. By their Affectionate Children.

The Children have hope in death, but the wicked are driven away in their wickedness.

10.

Sacred to the memory of William Niven and Jane, his Master, his wife. The former, after a life of exemplary Piety, humble trust in the Redeemer, and untiring zeal in his service, departed this life on the 15th day of October, 1844, aged 60.

The latter possessing a kindred character, died in the 24th year of her age, on the 30th January, 1869, being 41 months after her marriage.

"And they shall be mine, with the Lord, in that day when I make up my jewels."

This monument of affection is erected by Jane Niven, their only daughter, wife of James Bone, Farmer, Grass-milles.

Let us for matchless mercy Christ adore,
They are not lost but Only gone before,
With glittering crowns and golden harps they stand,
To bid us welcome to the heavenly land.

THE CHAPEL OF EASE AND BURYING-GROUND OF CATRINE.

The village of Catrine, situated on the western confines of the parish of Sorn, and two miles and a quarter below the parochial church, stands likewise on the north bank of the Ayr, and, like the latter, in a beautiful holm or valley, but on a more airy and expanded scale than the one of which we have above attempted a sketchy description. This busy and populous assemblage of straight lined streets and houses of an uniform aspect, is altogether, as every one knows, of modern growth, being one of those upstart creations, called into existence by the wonder working power of commercial enterprise. The sheltered and beautiful situation of the village, and its justly celebrated environs, are too well known, and have, moreover, so little connection with the subjects of our investigation, that but for the remarks on the scenery of Sorn, we would have scarcely alluded, all lovely as it is, to that of "Catrine Valley." With the consciousness then of having already deviated considerably from our prescribed walk, we shall only add, inviting though the subject be, that the fertile basin enlivened by this model of a cleanly and orderly manufacturing establishment, is surrounded by rising grounds either highly cultivated, or covered with thriving plantations; that the woods and lawns of Catrine Bank and Catrine House encircle it to the south and east; and that the far-famed "braes of Ballochmyle," displaying a dense mass of variegated foliage, commence immediately westward of the village. "Bending," says Chambers, in the "Land of Burns," "in a concave form, a mixture of steep bank and precipice, clothed with the most luxuriant natural wood, while a fine river sweeps round and beneath them, the 'braes of Ballochmyle,' form a scene of bewildering beauty, exactly such as a poet would love to dream in during a July eve."

The chapel, with the exception of the staircases, is by much the most imposing structure in the place. It is built on the side of an eminence bounding the valley on the north, and its site is so elevated as to command a view of the whole village, and its more proximate neighbourhood. Access to it is obtained by four or five flights of

stairs, or more circuitously, by a road slanting from the west end of the principal street athwart the bank. The house is of considerable dimensions, being eighty feet in length and fully fifty in width. It has a bold projection in front, finished with a pediment and vases at the angles, and which, besides enclosing the gallery stairs, was intended to serve as the basis of a steeple; but of the construction of which there seems at present as faint a prospect as when the church was built, now between fifty and sixty years ago. In the projection, on each side of the principal entrance, is a tall window with a pointed head, and in both of the recessed parts or body of the church, are two of the like form. The pediment is pierced in the centre with a circular aperture, over which, from the mouth of a large, white and uncouth mask, depend festoons of drapery, supported on the right and left by ties. When to these features it is added that the basement of the steeple has rustic quoins of equal lengths, and the body of the building unequal ones, some idea may be formed of the appearance of the edifice. From its position and dimensions, the chapel is a conspicuous object in the valley;—its effect would, however, be much more imposing were a light “star-ypointing” spire, to enliven its heavy looking aspect, while to the stranger it would more unequivocally indicate the connexion of the edifice with the establishment. The interior is finished in a style so very plain, as not to present a single spot upon which to append even the shred of an observation. The burying-ground lies on the acclivity west of the chapel. It was laid off and enclosed only some sixteen or eighteen years since, and is not very commodious, nor has it become popular as a place of interment, the inhabitants having been accustomed to bury in all the neighbouring parishes. At this date, we were told, that only between five and six hundred interments had taken place within its precincts. It does not contain above twenty memorials, all of which are in the shape of head stones, and the epitaphs on the whole of these are nearly as brief as the obituary records of a newspaper. Unfond to leave this dormitory without a solitary epitaphian memento of our visit, we selected the following inscription to which the preference was given on account of its being the only one graced with a scriptural quotation:

Erected in memory of Andrew Cowan and Ann Borland, his Spouse, who died, the former, 12th July, 1842, aged 32; the latter, 1st August 1839, aged 33 years.

The Righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance.

Psalm 112—6

W. D.

Glasgow,
17th June, 1848.

CURIOUS EXTRACTS.

No. I.

Midwives Baptizing Infants. Midwives, heretofore, frequently performed the office of baptizing infants in cases of necessity. The following process, relative to that custom, is entered in the Constitutional acts of the Diocese of Rochester:—
1529, Oct. 14. *Edm. Gaynsford, excothetiz, ex-*

aminat' dicet in vim juramenti sui sub hæc formâ verborum:—“I, the aforesaid Elizabeth, seeing the child of Tho. Everye, late born in jeopardy of life, by the authoritie of my office, then beyng midwife, dyd christen the same child under this manner—In the name of the Fader, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, I cristen thee Denys, ifluendand' meram aquam super caput infantul’—Interrogata erat, whether the child was born and delivered from the wyfe of the said Thomas; whereto she answereth and saith, that the child was not born, for she saw nothing of the child but the hedde, and for perell the child was in, and in that tyme of nede, she cristened as is aforesaid, and cast water with her hand on the child's hedde. After which so done, the child was born, and was had to the church, where the priest gave to it that chrystynden that tukkyd, and the child is yet alivf.”—*Gentleman's Magazine, Dec. 1785.*

A sign granted. The following is an extract from a sermon preached by Dr South, anno 1667: “A commander in the Parliament's rebel army coming to rifle and deface the Cathedral at Lichfield, solemnly, at the head of his troops, begged of God to shew some remarkable token of his approbation or dislike of the work they were going about. Immediately after which, looking out at a window, he was shot in the forehead by a deaf and dumb man. And this was on St Chadd's day, the name of which saint the church bore, being dedicated to God in memory of the same. Where we see, that as he asked of God a sign, so God gave him one, signing him in the forehead, and that with such a mark as he is like to be known by to all posterity.”—*Gentleman's Magazine, Jan. 1786.*

Singular Decision against a Gentleman. In “a Journal of the Session, &c., by William Forbes, Advocate,” folio edition, 1714, p. 342, it is stated that “John Purdie was fined by the Justices of Peace in one hundred pounds Scots for fornication with Christian Howison, his servant, conform to the act 38 Parl. 1661, he being the eldest son of an heritor, and so a gentleman in the construction of law. When charged for payment by Thomas Sandilands, collector of these fines, he suspended upon this ground, that the fine was exorbitant, in so far as he was but a small heritor, and the act of Parliament imposeth the one hundred pounds upon gentlemen transgressors; and as all heritors are not gentlemen, so he denied that he had the least pretence to the title of a gentleman. The Lords sustained the reason of suspension to restrict the fine to ten pounds Scots, because the suspender had not the face or air of a gentleman; albeit it was alleged by the charger, that the suspender's profligateness and debauchery, the place of the country where he lives, and the company haunted by him, had influenced his mind.” Nov. 9, 1709. Sandilands agt. Purdie.—*Edinburgh Magazine, Sept. 1785.*

Preservation of Sir Henry Lee by his Dog. Three miles from Blenheim, there is a portrait of Sir Henry Lee, with a mastiff dog which saved his life. It seems a servant had formed the design of assassinating his master and robbing the house; but the night he had fixed on, the dog, which had never been much noticed by Sir Henry, for

first time followed him up stairs, got under his bed, and could not be got from thence by either master or man; in the dead of the night the same servant entered the room to execute his horrid design, but was instantly seized by the dog, and being secured, confessed his intention. There are ten quaint lines in one corner of the picture, which conclude thus:—

"But in my dog, wherof I made no store,
I find more love than those I trusted more."

—*European Magazine*, Jan. 1786.

Singular Circumstance. Wednesday, 8 April, 1787: An inquisition was taken at Newbery, Berks, on the body of a child near two years old, who fell into the river Kennet, and was drowned. The jury brought in their verdict "Accidental Death." The body was discovered by a very singular experiment, which was as follows: After diligent search had been made in the river for the child to no purpose, a two-penny loaf, with a quantity of quicksilver put into it, was set floating from the place where the child, it was supposed, had fallen in, which steered its course down the river upwards of half a mile, before a great number of spectators, when the body happening to lay on the contrary side of the river, the loaf suddenly tacked about, and swam across the river, and gradually sunk near the child, when both the child and loaf were immediately brought up, with grabbers ready for that purpose.—*Gentleman's Magazine*, 1767.

A new way of Duelling. A writer in the "Gazetteer," who signs Harry Nodde, proposes that it should be enacted by a national law, that duellists should decide the point in dispute, by coming to the field furnished with rotten eggs, and at an agreed upon distance discharge egg for egg; that the spectators should adjudge the victory to the best marksman; that the other should ask the victor's pardon, and that the victor should grant it, and give his hand to shake; and that it should be premised, that if either hero stooped his head, or turned his face, he should be deemed vanquished, and posted as a coward. By such a law, he says, all alien of honour, in which our armies have so great a share, would be induced to learn the art of throwing or slinging to a hair-breadth, like the Benjaminites; which might be of great use against an enemy not so qualified.—*Old Scots Magazine*, May 1752.

Glengarry

E. C.

ANECDOTES OF THE LENTHALL FAMILY.

WILLIAM LENTHALL, Speaker of the House of Commons during the Long Parliament, married a daughter of Ambrose Evans of Lodington, in the county of Northampton, by whom he was the father of John Lenthall, who was created a baron by Cromwell. Sir John was twice married, and by his second wife, Mary Blewitt, had his successor William, who, on his father's demise on the 28th November, 1681, inherited his estates, but did not long enjoy them, as he died on the 5th September, 1686, at the early age of 27, leaving by his wife, the Hon. Catherine Hamilton, two

sons, John and James. Thus far the information is taken from Burke, whose accuracy is not always to be relied on.

When John was born or died is not ascertained, but he married a Miss Hill, and by her was father of William, who died at Witney, in Oxfordshire, Monday 22, October, 1781, aged 75½. He had come from his family-seat at Burford that morning, in apparent good health, with the intention of dining with Mr Weston, the Rector of Witney, but was suddenly seized with an apoplexy, he within one hundred yards of the Rectory, and died in an instant, without a sigh or groan.

This William could not have been the William to whom we are about to refer; but, having little faith in Master Burke, we should be inclined to think that the gentleman, whose humble apology we are about to give, was an uncle of the gentleman who died in 1781, and son of the John Lenthall of whose death we have found no notice.

It seems that William, the elder, inflicting perhaps the leaven of bitterness which he said by some to attach to republicanism, took it in his head to defame two worthies of the names of Manley and Walker, in a certain poem entitled a "Trip to Liverpool." It may be inferred that a prosecution was threatened, and it is presumed, avoided by the publication, in the *London Gazette*, of the following abject apology:—

"Whereas I, William Lenthall of Lincoln, gentleman, have wrote and published a poem entitled a Trip to Liverpool, where there are scandalous Reflections on Mr Manley and Mr Walker: I do hereby own them to be false and groundless, and humbly beg their pardon; and do consent that this shall be published in what manner they shall think fit. Witness my hand, this 30th day of November, 1705,

William Lenthall.

Witness, William Thomson.
Thomas Barshane."

Of the poem in question we have never seen a copy—it may, perhaps, be lost among the innumerable tracts and pamphlets which have remained so long uncatalogued in the dark recesses of the Library of the Faculty of Advocates.

The following anecdote, from the *Stephensiana*, relates probably to the junior William Lenthall, as it is in keeping with the general character of that gentleman:—

"Mr Lenthall (descended from the speaker Lenthall) lived at Burford, within a few miles of Black-Burton. This gentleman, who was a very good master, had a very good butler. One morning the butler came to his master with a letter in his hand, and rubbing his forehead in that indescribable manner which is an introduction to something which the person does not well know how to communicate; he told Mr Lenthall, that he was very sorry he was obliged to quit his service.—'Why, what is the matter, John? has any body offended you? I thought you were as happy as any man could be in your situation?—'Yes, please your honour, that's not the thing, but I have just got a prize in the lottery of £3000, and I have all my life had a wish to live for one twelvemonth like a man of two or three thousand a year."

and all I ask of your honour is, that, when I have spent the money, you will take me back again into your service. 'That is a promise,' said Mr Lenthall, 'which I believe I may safely make, as there is very little probability of your wishing to return to be a butler, after having lived as a gentleman.' Mr Lenthall was, however, mistaken. John spent nearly the amount of his ticket in less than a year. He had previously bought himself a small annuity to provide for his old age. When he had spent all the rest of his money, he actually returned to the service of Mr Lenthall, and I saw him standing at the sideboard at the time when I was in that country."

Besils-Legh, the estate of the Lenthalls, was in the hundred of Hornie, and deanery of Abingdon, and county of Berks. It lies about five miles to the south-west of Oxford, on the road to Faringdon. The manor anciently belonged to the family of Leghs; from whom it passed, by a female heir, to the family of Besils. Hence the name. William Besils died in 1516, leaving a daughter, Elizabeth, who married Edmund Fettiplace. The speaker Lenthall bought it from the Fettiplaces, and occasionally resided there. His son, Sir John, who died in 1681, is buried at Besils-Legh. The manor-house has been pulled down, and the family residence is now at Burford.

The speaker's descendants still exist in the male line, and, unlike too many of the good old families of the great civil war, inherit the estates of their predecessors.

O! si sic omnia.

J. M.

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE LINCOLN CLUB IN JULY 1786.

THE Green Man, a small inn eight miles from Lincoln, on the London Road, is situated in the parish of Blankney, and belonged to Charles Chaplin of Blankney, Esq. From the sign, which represents a man dressed in a suit of green, one should suppose that it was originally kept by a servant of the family, probably the game-keeper or liveryman, and thence derived the appellation of the Green Man.

About the year 1741, the club-room, 30 feet by 18, with lodging-rooms and garrets, were added by Thomas Chaplin, Esq., and a bowling-green and summer-house were placed contiguous thereto. The busts of the principal members of the club (cast in plaster), with the arms and names of each painted in an escutcheon, within a medallion, are as follows:—

Lord Monson of Burton, Chief Justice of His Majesty's Forests, South of Trent, and LL.D., died 1774, aged 47.

Lord Robert Manners of Broxborne, a General in the army. He served in parliament for Kingston-upon-Hull, and died 1782, aged 64 years.

Lord Sherrard Manners. He was brother of Lord Robert, and M.P. for Tavistock. He died 1741-2, unmarried.

Lord Charles Manners, brother of Lord Robert.

He was Major-General in the army, and died December 7, 1761.

Lord Vere Bertie, Branton. He represented the borough of Boston two sessions, and died 1768, aged 59.

Lord Tyreconnel, Bolton. He was a Knight of the Bath, and Member of Parliament for Grantham. He died 1762.

Thomas Whichcot, Harpswell. He represented the county of Lincoln upwards of thirty-four years, and declined offering himself as a candidate at the general election in 1774, on account of his age and infirmities. He died 1776, aged 76.

A bust without name or arms.

John Chaplin, Blankney. Father of Charles Chaplin of Blankney, Esq. He died —, having served in Parliament for Lincoln and borough of Stamford successively.

Thomas Chaplin, Blankney, the supposed builder of the club-room. He died —.

Charles Chaplin, Blankney, now of Tathwell in Lincolnshire.

Robert Dashwood, Well Gore. He died —.

Thomas Noel, elected knight of the shire, for the county of Rutland, on the death of his elder brother, John Noel, Esq., 1728. He was, in 1786, the father, or oldest member, in the House of Commons.

Bennet Noel. Brother of Thomas Noel, Esq., was colonel of the 43d regiment of foot. He died —.

Eight medallions, without bust or arms.

ARMORIAL DECORATIONS AT FOUTHILL IN 1822.

THE subjects for admiration presented to the lovers of the fine arts on the disclosure of the riches of Fonthill Abbey must have afforded ample gratification to every class of visitors. The judges of architectural excellence enjoyed the long expected opportunity of contemplating in detail the stupendous results of Wyatt's best efforts, applied with unrestricted means to this his favourite work, and powerfully aided by the taste and genius of the accomplished Founder. The naturalist is delighted by the disposition of the grounds, and the variety of rare exotics which, intermixed with the native plants of the soil, luxuriated equally throughout the Abbey precincts; whilst the interior decorations of the edifice itself offered to those who were enabled to appreciate them, some of the finest specimens in painting, sculpture, stained glass, vases, and cabinets of exquisite workmanship. Satisfied with a cursory review of these attractions, I felt my attention irresistibly drawn towards the Armorial ornaments, and which seemed to have escaped the notice of, or to have been little understood by the generality of observers. At first view, indeed, they appeared to be of so highly interesting a description, that, comprehending nearly all that our heralds have been accustomed to consider as noble and distinguished in their science, the association might be supposed to have been intended rather for decorative effect than historical illustration. The eye glanced around in vain for explanations from the attendants in other points well in-

structed, or from some one amongst the crowd skilled in heraldical lore—and access to such of the surrounding splendid collections of books as might have imparted the exquisite knowledge was by a very proper precaution at a period of such promiscuous resort, barred by a strong intrenchment of wire. Nothing remained but to preserve notes of the series of escucheons, on friezes, ogees, and windows, until a proper opportunity should occur for solving the different genealogical problems which they successively presented. A subsequent reference to authorities at the respective sources of information has elicited so much matter conceived to be interesting to the antiquary, that I have been induced to add the produce of my lucubrations to the variety of descriptions already published of this singular and magnificent structure.

The arrangement of these armorial decorations appears to have been governed by a principle of admitting those only to which Mr Beckford and his immediate paternal and maternal connexions were strictly entitled by descent or intermarriage.

The GREAT GOTHIC HALL is adorned with a number of shields, placed around the cornice at the height of above seventy feet, and representing the arms of Mr Beckford, and some of his principal quarterings, viz.

1. Per pale Gules and Azure, on a chevron Argent, between three martlets Or, an eagle displayed Sable, within a bordure of the fourth charged with a double treasure* flory and counterflory of the first. *Beckford*.—2. Vert, on a

* The grant of the double treasure, under the authority of the Earl Marshal of England, registered in the Herald's College, bears date, 20 March 1810, and recites that Wm. Beckford, of Fonthill Gifford in the county of Wilts, Esq. Representative in Parliament for Hindon in the said county, only son and heir of William Beckford, late of Fonthill Gifford aforesaid, Esq. deceased, by Maria his wife, daughter, and at length coheir of the Honourable George Hamilton, who was the second surviving son of James the sixth Earl of Abercorn, had obtained a previous patent, under the like authority, dated 11 August, 1791, whereby his arms had been placed within a bordure Or, charged with a treasure flory Gules, as a memorial of his lineal descent from the blood royal of Scotland; for that his mother, the said Maria Hamilton, was descended, in a direct line, from James the second Lord Hamilton by the Princess Mary Stuart, his wife, eldest daughter of James II. King of Scotland; that, in consequence of more minute researches since the assignment of the said bordure, it had been ascertained, upon strict evidence recorded in the College of Arms, that the House of Hamilton, and the said Grantee, therefore, as Co-Representative of his maternal Grandfather, the said George Hamilton, &c. by the laws of Arms, entitled to bear the Royal Arms of Scotland among the other quarterings of the illustrious family of Hamilton. That it also appears that, independently of the numerous descents, through various noble families, from the blood royal of Scotland, which are verified in the line of Hamilton, the Grantee's Grandmother (*ex parte maternâ*) Bridget, sole daughter and heir of William Coward, Esq., sometime Representative in Parliament for the City of Wells, was, by her mother, Mary, daughter of William Hastings, Esq., by her Grandmother, Bridget, daughter and at length sole heir of Sir Thomas Halk, by her Great-grandmother, Catherine, daughter of Sir Edward Seymour, and by her Great-great-grandmother, Elizabeth, daughter of Henry Brune, Esq., through several collateral lines, descended from the said blood royal. That the Grantee's said paternal descents, through the families of

head A., a cinquefoil between two lions, passant guardant Gules, *Hering*.—3. Quarterly, 1st and 4th *Hamilton*; viz. Gules, three cinquefoils Ermine, pierced of the field; 2nd and 3d, *Arran*; viz. Argent, a lymphad Sable.—4. *Hamilton* before the introduction of the feudal coat of *Arran*, which augmentation was granted by James IV. King of Scotland to his Cousin-german James Hamilton the first Earl of Arran, together with that Island in fee.—5. Argent, on a bend Azure, three buckles Or. *Lewis*.—6. Argent, on a fess Azure, three mullets Or. *Muir*.—7. Or, a lion rampant Gules, over all a bendlet Sable. *Abernethy*.—8. Gules, three rampart A. *Ross*.—9. Azure, three garbs Or. *Comyn*.—10. Gules, seven masles conjoined Or. *Quincy*.—11. Gules, a cinquefoil Ermine, pierced of the field. *Blomont*.—12. Lozengy Or and Azure. *McLennan*.—13. Per pale Or and Sable, a bend vair. *Goodyr*.—14. Gules, a bend A, surmounted by a fess Or. *Fiddisworth*.—15. Or, three chevrons Gules. *Ferry*.—16. Gules, a pale Or. *Grantmesnil*.—17. Azure, a lion rampant Argent, ducally crowned Or. *Galloway*.—18. Azure, fretty and squares of fleurs de lis Or. *Morville*.—19. Or, three piles Gules. *David Earl of Huntingdon*.—20. Or, a lion rampant, with in a double treasure flory and counterflory Gules. *Scotland*.—21. Azure, a cross flory between five martlets Or. *Sains Kings*.—22. Argent, a lion rampant Azure, a chief Gules. *Waltherf*.—23. Pale Barry indented Argent and Gules. *Aldred*.—24. Azure, six garbs, three, two, and one. *St. Kvelioc*.—25. Gules, a lion rampant A. *Gernona*.—26. Or, a lion rampant Gules. *Meachines*.—27. Azure, a wolf's head erased at the neck Argent. *Lopus*.—28. Sable, an eagle displayed Or. *Algar*.—29. Azure, a galley in full sail Or, the sails and pennons Argent. *Cuthbert*.—30. Argent, on a chief Gules, two mullets of the field. *Douglas of Dalkith*.—31. Azure, three mullets in chief A. *Dinglas*, ancient.—23. Gules, a fess Ermine. *Crawford*.—33. Argent, a man's heart Gules, ensigned with an imperial

Coward, Hastings, Hall, Seymour, and Brune, are not participated by any of the other branches of the House of Hamilton, he deriving the same as aforesaid immediately through his said grandmother Bridget, the wife of the said George Hamilton, whose only male representative he is; That the said William Beckford having intermarried with the Lady Margaret Gordon, only daughter of Charles the Earl of Aboyne, by whom he has issue two daughters and coheirs expectant, namely, Margaret-Maria-Elizabeth Beckford, and Susanna-Euphemia Beckford, his said daughters, are also maternally descended by numerous lines from the blood royal of Scotland through many of the noble families of that kingdom, as well as through several Sovereign Houses of Europe; That, in consideration of such an extraordinary accumulation of descents from royal and illustrious families, and in order to preserve the memory thereof, an augmentation to the bordure, so first assigned, of a double in lieu of a single treasure, was thereupon granted, to be borne by him and his descendants for ever according to the laws of Arms.

* This quartering devolves to Mr Beckford, as representative of his Grandmother (*ex parte paternâ*) Bathsheba, daughter of Julius Hering, of Jamaica, Esq., and sister and coheir of her brother Nathaniel Hering. She married Peter Beckford, Esq. Speaker of the House of Assembly, who was the son and heir of Peter Beckford, Esq., President of the Council, Lieutenant-Governor and Commander in Chief of the Island of Jamaica from the reign of Car. II. to that of Queen Anne. This family of Hering is of considerable antiquity; the sixth lineal ancestor of the above named Julius Hering having been seated at Orsley Manor, near Coventry, about the reign of Henry the Seventh. The family has matched with the St John's Gellibrand, Oakesbridge, &c. The present Baroness Holland and the late Lord Penryn are descended from the above Julius Hering; and the Lady of the Hon. and Rev. John Lumley Esq. descends from Oliver Hering, Esq. who married the daughter of the said Julius Hering.

crowns Or, on a chief Azure, three stars of the first. *Douglas*, augmentation.

The above quarterings, from five to thirty-three inclusive, are introduced by Hamilton, and may be borne by the heirs of the different branches descending from the Duke of Chatelherault.

34. *Argent, a chevron between three bears' heads erased Sable.* *Reading*.

This quartering is peculiar to the Abercorn branch. Mr Beckford's maternal great-grandfather, James the sixth Earl of Abercorn, married Elizabeth, daughter and heir of Sir Robert Reading, Baronet, by Jane Countess Dowager of Monmouth.

After ascending, by the grand flight of steps, into the GREAT OCTAGON (over the lofty arches of which I observed several shields alternately charged with the arms of SCOTLAND, the SAXON KINGS, BELLOMONT, and LATIMER) I entered, on the right hand, the magnificent Gallery, sometimes called ST MICHAEL'S GALLERY, from an intention, as I was informed, of placing in the windows the arms of certain of the Knights of that order, from whom Mr Beckford derives his descent. This gallery is lighted by a grand oriel at the south end; an oriel, between two rich Gothic windows on the east; and five windows towards the west. In the first east window are, in stained glass, figures of Venerable Bede and Roger Bacon, with the following arms:

The achievement of Mr Beckford and the Lady Margaret Gordon, his wife, viz. BECKFORD, quartering HAMILTON and ARRAN, and impaling six quarterings, viz. 1. GORDON-ABOYNE.—2. GORDON.—3. BADENOCH.—4. SETON.—5. FRASER.—3, as first.

Under the above are two achievements, also beautifully stained in glass, of the family of Catesby, of high antiquity in Northamptonshire, and from which Mr Beckford is lineally descended; his great-great-grandfather, William Hastings of Hinton, Esq., having been the son of William Hastings, by Amy, daughter of Hugh Catesby of Hinton. On the dexter side are the arms of Sir William Catesby of Ashby Legers, Knight—the father of William Catesby, the favourite of Richard III., and his second wife Joan Barre, viz.:

1. *Catesby*—Argent, two lions passant in pale Sable, ducally crowned, Or.—2. *Crawford* Gules, fretty, or a chief A.—3. *Mountfort*—Bendy Or and Azure, a bordure Gules.—4. *Braundeston*—Argent, two bars Gules, over all a bend Azure.

On an escutcheon of pretence:

Barre—Gules, three barrulets Argent, each charged with two pallets Sable; a knight's helmet and mantling, surmounted by the crest of *Catesby*, an antelope's head couped A. between the attires Or, two battle-axes erect proper, with an escroll, and the motto "Secret et heureux."

On the sinister side the achievement of John Catesby of Althorpe and Hinton, Esq. (second son of the said Sir William Catesby and Joan Barre), and of his wife Anne, daughter of Sir Robert Lilton of Knebworth, knt. viz.:

Althorpe, formerly *Oldthorpe*, was possessed by the *Catesby* family, before it passed to the *Spencers*. This John Catesby inherited the manor from his uncle John Catesby by will dated Oct. 16, 1488, and alienated it to Sir William Spencer, of Wormleighton.

The six quarterings as above, impaling, *Lilton*—*Reading*, on a chief indented Azure, three ducal crowns Or.

In the corresponding second east window, under the figures of St Etheldreda and St Columba, an achievement containing a selection of six quarterings of Mr Beckford; viz.:

1. *Beckford*.—2. *Hamilton* quartering *Arras*.—3. *Coward*—Or, two bars Sable, the first charged with two, the other with one cinquefoil; Argent.—4. *Hall*—Sable, three battle-axes erect Argent.—5. *Rogers*—Argent, a chevron between three bucks trippant Sable, attired Or.—6. *Bevil*—Argent, three torteaux.

Beneath are two other achievements of Mr Beckford's ancestors of the house of Catesby, viz. on the dexter side, the arms of John Catesby, of Ashby Cranford, alias Ashby St Leger, Esq., and of Emma his wife, daughter and heir of Robert Cranford, viz. *Catesby* with *Cranford*, on an escutcheon of pretence—Crest; helmet, and mantling as before. On the sinister side, the achievement of John Catesby, of Ashby Legers (son of the former), and of his wife Rosia, daughter and coheir of Sir William Mountfort, of Lapworth, knt. viz. *Catesby* quartering *Cranford*; and, on an escutcheon of pretence, *Mountfort* quartering *Braundeston*.

The south oriel is decorated with figures of the great Fathers of the Church, St Jerome, St Athanasius, St Ambrose, and St Augustine, and with four shields of the following paternal connexions of Mr Beckford, viz.:

1. The achievement of Mr Beckford's late uncle, Francis Beckford, of Basing, co. Hants, Esq.

Beckford (without the treasure and filially differenced by a mullet), impaling, 1. *Bertie*. 2. *Willoughby*. 3. *Vere*. 4. as first, being the arms of his first wife, the Lady Albinia Bertie, daughter of Peregrine Duke of Ancaster; and, on an escutcheon of pretence, Argent, three barrulets; and in chief three lions' heads erased, Gules, being the arms of his second wife Susanna, daughter and heir of Richard Love, of Basing, Esq.

2. The achievement of Francis-Love Beckford, of Basing, Esq. (son and heir of the above by his second wife), and of Johanna his wife, third daughter and coheir of John Leigh, of Northcourt in the Isle of Wight, Esq. viz. Beckford, quartering, 1. *Love* of Basing as before. 2. *Love* of Goudhurst—Vert, a lion rampant Argent. 3. *Freeland*—Argent, a chevron Ermines between three mullets Gules. 4. as first; and, on an escutcheon of pretence, *Leich*—Argent on a chief embattled Gules, three plates.

3. The achievement of Mr Beckford's aunt, Elizabeth Countess of Effingham, daughter of Peter Beckford, Esq., by Bathshua Hering. Her Ladyship married, 1. to Thomas Howard, Earl of Effingham, Deputy Earl Marshal, and 2. to Field Marshal Sir George Howard, K.B.

* *Howard* and quarterings, impaling *Beckford*.

4. The achievement of Mr Beckford's late cousin-german

* It is remarkable that individuals of three branches of the noble house of Howard are descended from the family of Beckford; viz. 1. Henry Howard, Esq. (only son of Lord Henry Molyneux-Howard and nephew to the present Duke of Norfolk, 1822), whose grandmother, Mary-Ballard Long, was daughter and heir to Thomas Beckford, Esq. grandson of Peter Beckford, Esq. Lieutenant-Governor of Jamaica, before mentioned. 2. Charles Augustus Ellis, Lord Howard de Walden (of the Suffolk branch of Howard), whose great-grandmother Anne, the wife of George Ellis, Esq. was eldest sister to the Countess of Effingham, and next to the present Mr Beckford. 3. Thomas and Richard, the two last Esqs of Effingham, sons of the above Countess.

Peter Beckford of Stapelton, co. Dorset, Esq. M.P. for Morpeth (only child of Julines Beckford, of the same place, Esq. M.P. for Salisbury, by Elizabeth, daughter and coheir of Solomon Ashley, of Ashby Legers, Esq., which Julines was a younger brother of the late William Beckford, Esq. of Fonthill), and of Louisa his wife, daughter of George Pitt, Lord Rivers; viz. Beckford impaling Pitt—Sable, a fess cheque between three bezants. The issue of this marriage, William Horace Beckford, now of Stapelton, Esq. is presumptive heir to the barony of Rivers.

The east oriel is decorated with the following stained glass:

1. In the centre are the arms of James II. King of Scotland, and of his consort Queen Mary of Gueldres.

Scotland—impaling per pale Azure and Or, two lions combatant, the one of the second, the other Sable.

The lustre of the descent of Mary of Gueldres can scarcely be credited, except by the patient genealogist who has investigated the lines of her ancestry. Daughter of Arnolph II., Duke of Gueldres and Juliers, by Catherine of Cleves, the daughter of Mary of Burgundy, she reckoned amongst her lineal progenitors, emperors of the east, of almost every dynasty, czars of Muscovy, and sovereigns of almost every imperial and royal house in Europe.

2. On the dexter side are the arms of James I. of Scotland, and of his consort Joan de Beaufort, daughter of John Marquis of Dorset, the son of John of Gaunt.

Scotland impaling Beaufort, France and England quarterly, within a bordure company Argent and Azure.

3. On the sinister side are the arms of James Lord Hamilton, and of his consort the Princess Mary Stuart, daughter of King James II. of Scotland, by Mary of Gueldres.

Hamilton (without Arran) impaling Scotland, and the crest of Hamilton, out of a ducal coronet Or, an oak fruited, the stem penetrated transversely by a frame-saw proper.

In each angle of this oriel is the royal crest of Scotland, with the motto—"In my defence."

Although the maternal descent of Beckford was good, his paternal descent was bad. He sprang from "Rum punchcons and sugar barrels," as Sir Archy M'Sarcasm has it. His origin, in the male line, was purely civic. He had a great fancy for genealogical pursuits, and has left behind him a MS., entitled "Liber Veritatis," in which, according to rumour, are recorded the blots in the escutcheons of the noble families in both kingdoms. This volume, we fear, will not in our time see light.

The following extract, from an article in Colburn's Magazine, is exceedingly characteristic of Beckford:—"Finding Mr Beckford so affable and communicative, I asked whether he had built the wall round Fonthill in a year. It was seven or eight miles in extent, I believe, and twelve feet high. He replied, that the contract ran for a year, but, on the contractor representing that he should be ruined if bound to the original day of completion, he had a month or six weeks more conceded to him, in which time the wall was completed. 'Some persons say,' he continued, 'that I built the wall before I began the house, to cut myself wholly off from mankind. Why, I had always one, sometimes two, hundred workmen with me. I built the wall because I would not have my grounds intruded upon by sportsmen. In vain were they warned off. Your country gentlemen

will transport a pauper for taking a few twigs from a hedge which they will break down without ceremony. They will take no denial when they go hunting in their red jackets, to exterminate death a poor hare. I found remonstrance in vain, so I built the wall to exclude them. I never suffer an animal to be killed but through necessity. Early in life I gave up shooting, because I consider we have no right to murder animals for sport. I am fond of animals. The birds in the plantations of Fonthill seemed to know me; they continued their songs as I rode close to them; the very hares grew bold. It was exactly what I wished."

We know no more delightful volumes in the vast ocean of modern literature, than the second tome of Beckford's letters—giving an account of his sojourn in Portugal; and the separate account of his visit to Alcobaca. We have read them both at least half a-dozen of times over, and each time with renewed delight.

OBITUARY NOTICES, CHRONOLOGICALLY ARRANGED.

[Continued from our last]

May, 1809 At Walthamstow, David Barclay, Esq., in the 81st year of his age, the last grandson of Robert Barclay of Urie, who wrote the celebrated Apology for the Quakers.

17th May, — Miss Leontine Drummond, of the noble and unfortunate family of Melfort, aged 16 years.

[This young lady was a daughter of Leon Maurice Drummond, by Marie Tonquemaire. Leon opposed the claim of Charles Edward, Duke of Perth, in the male line, on the ground of illegitimacy. The Duke, who was a Roman Catholic ecclesiastic, succeeded his brother, but his death, without issue, at Rome in 1840, transferred the right in his person to Louis, only son of George, whose claims have been brought before the House of Peers. There was little difficulty in establishing the propinquity—the only obstacle in his way being the various attainders.]

Nov., 1809. The Rev. James Maidman, aged 70, many years rector of Perivale, in the county of Middlesex, and Minister of Kingsland Chapel, after a long and severe indisposition, solely brought on by the arduous duties of his profession, which he continued to serve long after his constitution was greatly injured. He was well known as a true Christian, and a man in whose strict integrity every one might confide. He is sincerely lamented by his disconsolate widow, and numerous friends.

Jan., 1810. At Carlton, in Cotesdale, Mr. William Walker. His death is not more lamented by the neighbourhood where he resided, than by his numerous acquaintance in Skipton, where he formerly lived as a respectable druggist. He was author of "Juvenile Poems," and received a present from the poet, Mason, on their publication.

May, 1814. At Chester, aged 100, Charles Lloyd, a well-known mendicant. He was found

to possess cash and bank notes to the amount of upwards of £400, which he had at interest; and at this time of his decease 25 guineas in gold, and £5 in silver, were found secreted in the linings of the rags which unwrapped him. These fruits of his impositions it was his custom to extract by a piteous tale of wo, and complaints of penury and starvation.

Died at Madras on the evening of the 24th December 1814, his excellency Vice-admiral Sir Samuel Hood, Bart. K. B. commander in chief of his Majesty's ships and vessels in the East Indies. *Ætatis 52.* It is with the deepest regret that we announce this melancholy event. Sir Samuel Hood had raised himself so high in the public estimation by the number and importance of his services; had shown himself so admirable in the conduct of every enterprise in which he had been engaged; was still so young in years, so unbroken in spirit; and so thoroughly possessed of the enthusiastic admiration, and entire confidence of every man in his profession, that this loss cannot be considered other-wise than a severe and irreparable misfortune to his country at large; and to those who had a nearer view of his excellence, who had served under his command, or have lived in his society, his death is unspeakably afflicting. He possessed in a peculiar degree the qualifications which form a great commander: to the calmest and most accurate judgment, he added a presence of mind, and rapidity of perception under every change of situation, that enabled him to turn every event which arose even out of unforeseen difficulties and dangers, to the purpose he had in view. In common with Nelson, he was anxious and impatient while there remained a doubt that the foe could be grappled with, but when the battle began, his matchless intrepidity, his coolness, and the precision with which his orders were given, diffused a confidence that was uniformly attended by victory. But it was not only on these great and trying occasions that he proved himself one of the best officers in the service; he was eminently skilled in every branch of his profession, whether scientific or practical. He was intimately versed in astronomy, as connected with navigation and geography; in ship building, in fortification, and in all branches of mechanical philosophy. He studied, without any exception, the languages, laws, and customs of every country that he visited. His strong natural taste for scientific inquiry, and an unbounded curiosity to see every thing with his own eyes, were kept in perpetual action by the belief that these acquisitions of knowledge might one day be useful to his country. That they did prove so, those who are acquainted with his life can amply testify. His surveys of the coasts in North America, recommended him to early notice as an excellent surveyor; the bold and original idea of fortifying the Diamond rock, at Martinique, and the immediate execution of it, proved him to be a skilful engineer. The extraordinary defence of Salerno with a few marines opposed to an army, his capture of Tobago, St Lucia, Demerara, &c. &c., his decision after the failure at Tenerife, all exhibit him as an able general. His gallant capture of a Russian ship of the line, in presence of the Russian fleet, follow-

ed by his politic and conciliatory self denial, in sending the flag which he had just taken, to the King of Sweden, as if it had been a trophy of the Swedish arms; and some years before, his communications with the governors and pachas in Syria, and innumerable other instances, place him high as a statesman and negotiator. The leading circumstances of his naval life it is needless to particularize, as they are fresh in the remembrance of all, and have become part of the history of his country; his memory, like that of Nelson, with whom he acted in some of his most trying and most glorious days, will for ever be held sacred in that profession to which he devoted nearly forty years of his life. The unaffected modesty and simplicity of one who had filled so great a space in public admiration, was not the least remarkable part of his character. He had the rare facility, even to his latest years, to preserve undiminished the vivacity of youth, and that taste for simple pleasures which so seldom survive a mixed and active intercourse with the world. The charm which this happy feeling communicated to his conversation and society, had something in it irresistibly pleasing. He was no less the delight of his friends than the pride of his country. With a mind of this temper, we may easily conceive the warmth of all his domestic feelings,—but we forbear to enter minutely into the sacred privacy of domestic life. Blessed in the society of a mind worthy of his own, he was perhaps one of the few men, who in dying, would scarcely have wished to change any circumstance of his public or private life.

Jan., 1815. Thomas Mullett, Esq., merchant. This gentleman was born at Taunton in 1745, of parents belonging to the community of Friends, among whom he was brought up; but on his marriage, he relinquished his connection with that society. He was educated for commerce, and, humanly speaking, was the architect of his own fortune; for, by continued and persevering efforts, he at length attained an honourable independence. In the pursuits of trade, he thrice visited the United States of America, and there formed connections upon an extensive scale, and of high respectability. At Bristol, where he began his career, and resided for many years, he took the lead in every thing that concerned the welfare of that flourishing city, and he was the last of the twelve persons that invited Edmund Burke to offer himself as its representative. There too it was that he opposed, in every stage of its progress, the unfortunate war which severed the colonies from the parent state. It was towards the close of this war that Mr Mullett first visited the United States, and was introduced to General Washington, with whom he passed some time at his seat, Mount Vernon. One day, being alone with that great man in his library, the General asked him if he had seen any person in America competent to the task of writing a history of the unhappy contest. "I know of one, and only one, competent to the task," replied Mr M. The General eagerly asked, "Who can that individual be?" His guest remarked, "Cæsar wrote his own Commentaries." Washington bowed and replied, "Cæsar wrote his own Commentaries, but I know

the atrocities committed on both sides have been so great and many, that they cannot be faithfully recorded, and had better be buried in oblivion. Mr Mullett married Mary, daughter of the Rev. Hugh Evans, and sister of the Rev. Dr Caleb, E., president of the Baptist Academy at Bristol. This lady bore him eleven children, of whom a son and three daughters survive, and died in 1800. The disorder which put a period to the life of Mr M. was the dropsy, the severe and accumulated sufferings of which he bore with the fortitude of a man, and the resignation of a Christian: conversing freely, and even cheerfully, about his approaching dissolution, and giving deliberate orders about his funeral. He expired Nov. 14, 1814, and was interred on the 23d in Bunhill-field's burial-ground, where an appropriate funeral address was delivered by the Rev. John Evans of Islington. From that address, which the author has since given to the public, the preceding particulars are extracted.

April. — Died lately, at Lisbon, the celebrated engraver, Bartolozzi. He was born at Florence in 1733. This great artist studied the principles of that art, in which he so eminently excelled, under Wagner, at Vienna. He was engaged by Mr. Dalton to come to England in 1764, when he soon after was made a royal academician, and appointed engraver to the King. His works are so well known, that it would be superfluous to mention them; the number is stated to amount to 2054. In 1802 he left this country for Portugal, being invited there by the Regent, from whom he received a pension, the honour of knighthood, and was appointed the head of an institution, the object of which was the encouragement of the arts. [He was the father of Madam Vestris.]

March. — In Giltspur-street Compter, Felix Cesar. O'Neil O'Hanlon, a notorious swindler. About fifteen months since he visited Birmingham, and representing himself as a commissary attached to the army of Lord Wellington, put almost the whole of the manufactures of that place in requisition. Of saddles alone, he had given an order for 20,000. At Bath, having undertaken to defray the joint expense of a chaise to London, he became acquainted with Mr Hawkins, a banker, with whom still maintaining the character of a commissary, and representing himself as the protégé of Lord Wellington, he so far ingratiated himself, that he obtained his consent in three days to marry his daughter. To this family he pretended to be possessed of large property, and offered to make a settlement of £20,000 on his future bride. To solemnize the nuptials in a suitable manner, a vast number of tradesmen were duped. The fraud was, however, soon discovered, and the anticipations of splendour and happiness, entertained by the young lady and her friends, were quickly disappointed by the arrest of the deceased. His conduct while in prison was irregular, and a wound, which he had received in his leg from a duel, was brought to such a state of irritability, as to produce mortification and an inflammatory fever, which caused his death.

July. — Lady Harriet Acland, sister of the late Earl of Chester. She was the widow of

Colonel Acland, who was actively employed in the American war. In 1767, Lady Harriet accompanied her husband to America, and underwent a variety of hardships both from cold and fatigue. In the midst of all these difficulties and dangers the major was taken dangerously ill, and this amiable woman was his only nurse. When scarcely recovered, the troops were ordered to the attack of Ticonderago, and Lady Harriet, at the request of her husband, was induced to remain behind. By the exertion of the troops Ticonderago was taken, but the major received a dangerous wound. The moment this misfortune reached her ears, she resolved to fly to his assistance, and had the happiness of saving his life by her unremitting attention. At this period, the tent in which Lady Harriet slept took fire, and it was with great difficulty her life was preserved: yet her undaunted mind never for an instant forsook her. Immediately after this accident happened, the major was ordered to give battle, and Lady Harriet was confided to the care of the baggage-guard. A dreadful fire of musketry soon announced that the action had commenced. She remained for several days in the most anxious state of suspense with her companions in affliction, the wives of Major Hornage and Lieutenant Beynett. Major Hornage was soon afterwards mortally wounded, and to this soon succeeded the intelligence dreaded that Lieutenant Beynett was no more. Lady Harriet now dreaded to inquire whether she bore the melancholy title of a widow, or had still the happiness to be a wife. At length she was overwhelmed with affliction, on being informed that the British had been defeated, and that her husband, covered with wounds, had been made a prisoner. In a few hours she recovered her fortitude, and addressed a letter to General Burgoyne, imploring his permission to pass over to the enemy's camp. With this request the General complied, and he wrote a few lines to the American General Yates, to permit her to attend the object of her care. She immediately went on board an open boat, without covering to protect her from the dews of the night, and proceeded up the river to the enemy's camp. For eight hours she was obliged to remain in this situation. At daylight the sentinels were induced to deliver the letter to General Yates, who once more restored her to her gallant husband. The person of her ladyship was highly graceful and delicate, and her manners elegantly feminine.

[Her ladyship's elder sister married O'Brien, the actor—a subject of great merit to the stage, who, as usual, makes the most of it. O'Brien was an excellent and gentlemanly person, well deserving a good wife: but that really was no reason why the actor should be extinguished in the green age, by the insertion of William O'Brien, Esq. of Hinsford, in the county of Dorset, as the happy bridegroom. The politeness of these peerage assemblers is disgusting, and has been censured most deservedly by Lord Hatter. The duchess of Sutherland was not very pure as the founder of that family was a footman. Lady Harriet was the mother of Sir John Dyke Acland, Bart. and Elizabeth, who married Henry George, Earl of Carnarvon, who, by his brother's death,

without issue in 1785, succeeded to his estates, whilst the baronetcy went to their uncle, Sir Thomas, the ninth baronet.]

(To be continued.)

ROMAN ANTIQUITIES.

[From the Newcastle Chronicle, October 26, 1822.]

GEORGE GIBSON, Esq. of Reedsmouth, has lately presented to the Society of Antiquaries of this town, a curious and interesting collection of Roman antiquities, found about three months ago upon that gentleman's estate of Housesteads, on which, as is well known, is the celebrated station supposed to be the ancient *Borcovicus*, one of the stations *per lineam valli*. As the workmen were searching for stones in a small knoll in the field at the bottom of the hill on which the station stands, and close adjoining to the West side of a round hill called the Chapel hill, a stone, which partly appeared above the surface, resisting their efforts to raise it, they found it necessary to clear away the soil around it. In doing so, they soon discovered that the stone in question was an altar standing upright; and being presently induced by other appearances to extend their search, they proceeded with the utmost caution to clear away the ground to a considerable extent, and to some depth. When this was effected, they found that they had opened an area or chamber about 12 feet square, and surrounded by walls about 4 feet high on the inside, but not level with the surface of the ground. The sides faced the four cardinal points of the compass, and towards the northern end of the east side was an opening evidently intended for an entrance. In the western side was a rectangular recess, occupying nearly three-fourths of its length. About two feet in front of this recess, and so placed as to afford a free passage round them, were standing, with their faces to the east, a curiously sculptured stone, and two noble altars in excellent preservation, one on each side of the stone, and resting against it. Each of the altars bore an inscription, "*Inviato Mitre Sæculari*," cut in bold and fine shaped characters. The upper part of the stone was broken off, but luckily the fragments were lying near it, and these, being fitted to their places, the stone has been restored to nearly its original shape, and sufficiently so to ascertain its nature and design. The lower part of the stone presents merely a plain uninscribed tablet, about 20 inches high and 2 feet broad. In the upper part of the stone an opening is cut in the shape of an egg, with the smaller end downwards. This opening is over-arched and nearly encircled by a band about 10 or 12 inches broad; on this band are sculptured, in relief, the several Signs of the Zodiac; and it is worthy of remark that the summer signs are much larger than the winter ones. Within this opening there is placed the upper half of a small human figure (no doubt of *Mithras*), resting with his lower extremity on what appears to be a hemisphere, which lies in the smaller end of the egg with its flat surface upwards. Upon the head of the figure, and supporting as it were the centre of the band on which the Zodiac is sculptured, is

something which is evidently too large and projecting for a cap, and has the appearance of another hemisphere inverted. The figure has originally had arms, but these are now lost; the hands, however, remain, carved in bold relief, upon the inner edge of the band, one on each side opposite the other, from which it is evident that the arms of the figure have been extended. In the right hand, which is in the sign *Gemini*, is a sword; and in the left, which is in the sign *Virgo*, there is a lighted torch. The whole of this stone, with the exception of the arms of the figure, and a small part of the centre of the band, has been recovered; only one sign of the Zodiac (*Cancer*) is wanting. Behind, and near this stone some other sculptured fragments were found, particularly two large cross-legged Phrygian figures, such as are usually seen as the attendants of *Mithras* in the bass-reliefs representing him killing the bull*. These figures have evidently belonged to such a bass-relief (which probably occupied the recess behind the altars and Zodiac) as a fore leg of the bull yet remains beneath one of them, and they both have the appearance of having been broken off a larger stone. It is much to be regretted that the whole of this stone has not been recovered; since, without doubt, it must originally have been a very fine representation of *Mithras*, the figures being above two feet high, cut in bold relief, and displaying much spirit and skill in their design and execution; from a fragment of the right shoulder, a hand grasping a sword handle, and part of the drapery of the Phrygian dress, which have been found, and which without doubt have formed part of it, the figure of *Mithras* must have been nearly as large as life; the leg of the bull is also of corresponding size. Each of these figures bears a torch, crossing their bodies in a slanting direction, and with the thumb elevated; the left hand of one of them is resting on something which appears to be a caduceus. The minor sculptured fragments were, the horn of a bull, and a rude figure, supposed to be a scorpion, &c. In other parts of the chamber there were four or five other smaller altars found, only one of which was inscribed ("*SOZI*, &c.") This altar was standing in the north-east corner, near the entrance; and besides a short inscription, there was carved on its capital a bust of the sun, with rays encircling the head. From this account there can be no doubt that the chamber thus opened had been a temple, or part of a temple, dedicated to *Mithras*, the worship of whom, as is well known, was performed in caverns and subterraneous temples; with which the half-sunk state of the chamber accords satisfactorily enough. The whole of these relics, with the exception of one of the large altars, and that inscribed "*SOZI*," have been presented by Mr Gibson to the Antiquarian Society of this town, and are now in their possession. Such an addition to the numerous and valuable Roman antiquities, found at Housesteads, Carrvorran, &c., which they before possessed, cannot fail to render their collection one of the most curious and interesting in the kingdom.

* Several of these bass-reliefs will be found engraved in Montfaucon's *Antiquities*, vol. I. in the chapter of *Mithras*.

ORIGINAL LETTER OF CHARLES I.

To our trusty and well-beloved John Grubb, Esq.

Charles R.,

Trusty and well-beloved, wee greet you well. Though we are unwilling, in the least degree, to press upon our good subjects, yet we must obey that necessity which compells us, in this publique distraction, where our own money and revenue is seized and deteyned from us, to hold on anything which, with God's blessing, may be a means to preserve this kingdome. We must therefore desire you, forthwith to lend us the sum of £200, in money or plate, for our necessary support, and the maintenances of our army, which we are compelled to raise for the defence of our person, the Protestant religion, and the Laws of the land. Wee have trusted this bearer to receive it of you, and wee do promise you, on the word of a king, to repay it with interest. And of this service we cannot doubt, well knowing you are too much concerned in the safety of our person, and the preservation of the publique peace, to neglect this opportunity of expressing your care of both.

"Given at our Court at Oxford, this 17th day of February, 1642."

[The original letter, entirely autograph, of Charles I., and sealed with his own seal, was, in Nov. 1822, in possession of a descendant of the individual to whom it was addressed.]

TO DR CHEYNE,

ON HIS HISTORICAL CHARACTER OF GEORGE BAILLIE,
ESQ., OF LEWES,

Who died, August 6, 1738, in the 73d year of his age.

Let venal pens in trifling numbers flow,
And undeserv'd praise on Peers bestow;
Thy panegyrics want no help of art,
Spontaneous offerings of an honest heart.
Oh, happy Baillie! blest with length of days,
Well may thy happiness our envy raise;
Happy in life, more happy in thy end;
Most happy after death in such a friend,
Thy virtues and thy worth to recommend.

[Mr Baillie was the father of Lady Murray of Stanhope, whose interesting memoirs of both her parents were printed, for private circulation, in 1822, at Edinburgh, in 8vo., by Thomas Thomson, Esq.]

Varieties.

INDIANS OF THE TERRITORY OF HUDSON'S BAY.—The Indians throughout the wooded countries east of the Rocky Mountains are employed in hunting the rich furred animals, for the purpose of selling them to the Hudson's Bay Company. A considerable number of their young men are constantly occupied in conveying the provisions and stores by water to the different forts, and bringing back the furs there collected. At the beginning of winter, the season when the skins are in the best condition, they receive a supply of provisions, guns, and other necessary articles; and in spring bring to the several stations the produce of their chase. The British seldom hunt, unless for sport, or

to supply the table. The natives, in a great measure, are supported by the Company; and when at the forts, for traffic or other purposes, they live at frequent intervals during three months at a time. The aliment procured by themselves is chiefly fish, found abundantly in the numerous lakes and rivers. Deer, though pursued with activity, forms a precarious resource, rendered more so by that improvidence which makes the hunter never think of laying up any store of food. A party have been known, after spearing a vast number of these animals in their spring autumn excursions, merely to cut out the tongues, and allow the carcasses to float down the nearest river; though they knew that, two or three months after, they would be exposed to the utmost extremities of famine. Every Company's post serves as an hospital, to which they resort during sickness, and are supplied with food and medicine. When winter arrives, the diseased and infirm are frequently left there, while the rest are employed in hunting. The directors have made great efforts to introduce vaccination, though it has been hitherto opposed by strong prejudices; but fresh instructions have been sent out on this subject, in consequence of the violence with which the small pox is raging on the border territory. This people, since the use of spirits and incentives to quarrelling have been withdrawn, are become peaceable, have made some progress in civilization, and their numbers are increasing. The Company have made the most laudable efforts to instruct and civilize them, employing, at great expense, teachers and missionaries, and notwithstanding the obstacles opposed by their wandering life and rude habits, some success has been attained. The whole number in the territory east of the Rocky Mountains is estimated at 150,000.

REMOVAL OF STAINS FROM BOOKS.—Nearly all the acids remove spots of ink from paper, but it is important to use such as attack its texture the least. *Sulphuric Acid*, diluted into five times or six times the quantity of water, may be applied with success upon the spot, and after a minute or two washing it off with clean water. Application of *oxalic acid* is attended with the least risk, and may be applied upon the paper and plates without fear of damage. These acids taking out writing ink, and not touching the printing, can be used for restoring books where the margins have been written upon, without attacking the text. When the paper is disfigured with stains of iron, it may be perfectly restored by applying a solution of *sulphuret of potash*, and afterwards one of *oxalic acid*. The sulphuret extracts from the iron part of its oxygen, and renders it soluble in different acids. The most simple, but at the same time very effectual method of erasing spots of grease, wax, or oil, or any other fat substance, is by washing the part with *ether*, and placing it between white blotting paper. Then, with a hot iron, press above the part stained, and the defect will be speedily removed. In many cases, where the stains are not bad, rectified *spirits of wine* will be found to answer the purpose.

VANITY CURED.—Not long since a gentleman observing the daughters of one of his tenants dressed in the tip of the mode, with high caps and negligees, grew alarmed at the growing luxury of the farmer, and was determined to take him down, having then a good opportunity to do so, his lease being just expired, which the farmer renewed, indeed, but with an addition from his landlord of one hundred per annum. This had such an effect on the farmer, knowing the cause, that he ordered his daughters to produce their caps, on pain of his eternal displeasure, when he made a pile, and committed them to the flames, a victim to their vanity and his own folly.—1773.

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NATIONAL ANTIPATHIES BETWEEN
ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND.

THE antipathy existing between the people of England and Scotland in former times may easily be accounted for in the disastrous wars which continued to be waged amongst them for so many centuries. They had, in short, become hereditary enemies, each with a long catalogue of national injuries to resent. In the Scottish acts of parliament, and other documents, the English are frequently spoken of as "our auld enemies of England," and all intercourse with them was of course strictly forbidden. There was thus little opportunity for conciliation, or the indulgence of satirical humour, between the two people. When they interchanged visits, it was with ruthless armies, and fire and sword were the instruments of their resentment—not the pen. There have been, notwithstanding, one or two outbursts of national humour handed down amidst the clang of arms. The earliest of these refers to the siege of Berwick by Edward I., in 1296, in which he was at first defeated. Elated with the success of their defence, the Scots chanted the following rhyme:—

Weneð Kyng Edwarde, with his lange shankes,
To have gite Berwyke, al our unthankes?
Gar pikes hym,
And after gar dikes hym.

The ultimate success of Edward, however, not only in storming Berwick, but in defeating the Scots army at Dunbar, enabled the English to pay back the satire with interest:

Thus scattered Scottis
Huld I for rootis,
Of wrenches unaware;
Early in mornnyng,
In an evyle tyding,
Went ye fro Dunnbarre.

The victory of Bannockburn afforded ample scope for retaliation. In Fabian's *English Chronicle*, it is stated that "the Scottes, enflamed with pride, made this ryme as followeth, in derysion of the Englishmen:

Maydens of England, wene ye ever
For your lemmans ye have lost at Bannockburne!
With have ye now

VOL. II.

What! weeneth the kyng of England
So soone to have won Scotland!
With runnyflowe.

This song was, after many days, sung in daunces in the carols of the maidens and minstrels of Scotland, to the reproofe and disdayne of Englishmen, with dyvers other, which I overpasse.

The same writer has preserved another satire by the Scots against the English at the time of the marriage of the infant son of Bruce to Jane, daughter of Edward II. The rhyme itself refers principally to "the deformyte of clothyng that at those days was used by Englishmenne,"

Long beardes heartles,
Paynted hoodes wiffes,
Gay cotes graces,
Maketh England thrifles.

But it was not till the union of the Crowns, when James VI. ascended the English throne, that the national antipathies found full scope in "truffles, rounds and songs." The sword, no doubt, was sheathed in the happy event which placed James on the throne of "our auld enemies of England," but the pen was dipped in gall and flourished with a rancour which it is difficult to conceive. Looking only at the immediate effect of the accession of James, the English saw their capital crowded with the Scottish followers of the court, many of them filling high places of honour and trust, and conceived themselves vitally aggrieved. The ebullition of their spirit was unbounded. They had formed withal very extravagant notions of the barbarity and fierceness of the inhabitants of Scotland—probably from the exaggerated reports of their countrymen who had visited Scotland, or the frequent depredations and incursions which kept the English border ever in a state of vigilance and alarm. Be this as it may, the English, in ridiculing the Scot, seem to have regarded him as a person to be dreaded as well as derided. The presence of so many Scotsmen in London continued to fan the prejudices of the English, till the passion may be said to have fairly exhausted itself, through its own violence, during the Bute administration, when the well-known John Wilkes found it profitable to minister to the national antipathies of his more ignorant countrymen.

Accident has thrown in our way a small pamphlet, supposed to be of the age of Charles the

"A Modern Account of Scotland; being an exact Description of the Country, and a True Character of the People and their Manners. Written from thence by an *English* gentleman: To which is added, A Poem on the same Subject; very proper to be Bound up with the New Memoirs of Scotland. London, Printed for J. Roberts in Warwick-Lane. Price Six Pence."

As may be imagined, this account is a severe satire against the Scots; but it is altogether curious and amusing, and refers to characteristics which, though exaggerated, Scotsmen themselves will be inclined to smile at. In the belief that a transcript may be interesting to our readers, we shall copy the pamphlet entire, save such passages as may be too indelicate for modern ears:

"If all our *European* travellers direct their course to *Italy*, upon the account of its antiquity, why should *Scotland* be neglected, whose wrinkled surface derives its original from the chaos? The first inhabitants were some stragglers of the fallen angels, who rested themselves in the confines, till their Captain *Lucifer* provided places for them in his own country. This is the conjecture of learned critics, who trace things to their originals; and this opinion was grounded on the *devil's brats* yet resident amongst them, (whose foresight in the events of good and evil exceeds the *oracles at Delphos*) the supposed issue of those pristine inhabitants.

"Names of countries were not then in fashion, those came not in till Adam's days, and history (being then but in her infancy) makes no mention of the changes of that renowned country, in that interval betwixt him and Moses, when their chronicle commences; she was then baptized (and most think with the sign of the cross) by the venerable name of *Scotland*, from *Scota*, the daughter of Pharaoh King of Egypt. Hence came the *his* and name of these present inhabitants; as their chronicle informs us; and it is not to be doubted of, from diverse considerable circumstances; the plagues of Egypt being entailed upon them; that of *lice* (being a judgment unparalleled) is an ample testimony, those loving animals accompanied them from Egypt, and remains with them to this day, never forsaking them (but as rats leave a house) till they tumble into their graves. The plague of biles and blains is hereditary to them; as a distinguishing mark from the rest of the world, which (like the *devil's cloven hoof*) warns all men to beware of them. The judgment of hail and snow is naturalized and made free denison here, and continues with them from the sun's first ingress into *Aries*, till he has passed the 30th degree of *Aquary*.

"The plague of darkness was said to be so thick darkness, as to be felt, which most undoubtedly those people have a share in, as the word (darkness) implies; the darkness being applicable to their gross and blockish understandings (as I had it from a scholar of their own nation.) Upon these grounds this original is undeniably allowed them, and that the country itself (in *Pyramid's*) resembles Egypt, but far exceeds them both in bulk and number; theirs are but the products of

men's labours, but these are nature's own handiwork; and if *Atlas* would ease a shoulder here he may be fitted with a supporter.

"Italy is compared to a leg; *Scotland* to a louse, whose legs, and engrailed edges represent the promontories, and buttling out into the sea, with more nooks and angles than the most coticoited of my Lord Mayor's custards; nor does the comparison determine here: a louse preys upon its own fosterer and preserver; and is productive of those minute animals called *nits*; so *Scotland*, whose proboscis joyns too close to *England*, has sucked away the nutriment from *Northumberland*; as the country itself is a true testimony; and from its opposite [extreme] has calved those *nitty* islands, called the *Orcades* and *Shetland Islands*.

"The arms of the kingdom was anciently a red lion rampant in a field of gold; but in the year 787 they had the augmentation of the double tressure, for assisting the French King; but his majesties arms in *Scotland* is a *white tressure* *proteron*, the pride of the people being such, as to place the Scots arms in the dexter quarter of the escutcheon, and make a *supporter* the dexter supporter, with the thistle at his heels, and a suitable motto, *Nemo me impune lacessit*, true enough: whosoever deals with them shall be sure to smart for't: the thistle was wholly placed there, partly to show the fertility of the country; nature alone producing plenty of these gay flowers, and partly as an emblem of the people; the top thereof having some colour of a flower, but the bulk and substance of it is only sharp and poisonous pricks.

"Woods they have none; that suits not with the frugality of the people, who are so far from propagating any, that they destroy those they had, upon this politic state notion; that corn will not grow in the land that is pestered with its roots, and their branches harbour birds; animals above their humble conversation; that exceeds not that of hornless quadrupeds; marry, perhaps some of their houses lurk under the shelter of a plump of trees (the birds not daring so high a presumption) like *Hugh Peters's* pulse in *New Majesty*, or an owl in an ivy-bush. Some *fire-balls* there are in the Highlands, but so innocuous, that they serve for no other use than dogs for those ravenous wolves with two legs; and they prey upon their neighbourhood, and shelter themselves under this covert; to whom the sight of a stranger is as surprising as that of a cockatrice. The vallies for the most part are covered with beer or bigg, and the hills with snow; and as in the northern countries the bears and foxes change their coats into the livery of the soyl; so here the moor-fowl (called *termagants*) turn white, to sute the sample, though the inhabitants still stand to their Egyptian hue.

"They are freed from the charge and incumbrance of inclosures, the whole being but one large waste, surrounded with the sea: indeed in many places you may see half a rood of land divided with an earthen bank, into many different apartments, according to the quality of the soil, that are to possess them.

"The whole country will make a park, for any or chase, as you'll please to call it; but if you

desire an account of particular parks, they are innumerable, every small house having a few sods thrown into a little bank about it, and this for the state of the business (forsooth) must be called a park, though not a pole of land in't.

"If the air was not pure and well refined by its agitation, it would be so infected with the stinks of their towns, and the steams of the nasty inhabitants, that it would be pestilential and destructive; indeed it is too thin for their gross senses, that must be fed with suitable viands, their meat not affecting their distempered palates, without it have a damnable *hooe*, or music their ears, without loud and harsh discord, and their nostrils (like a Jew's) delight in the perceptible effluviams of

"Fowl are as scarce there as birds of Paradise, the charity of the inhabitants denying harbour to such celestial inhabitants, though gulls and cormorants abound, there being a great sympathy betwixt them. There is one sort of ravenous fowl amongst them that has one web-foot, one foot suited for land, and another for water; but whether or no this fowl (being particular to this country) be not the lively picture of the inhabitants, I shall leave to wiser conjectures.

"Their rivers, or rather arms of the sea, are short, few places in Scotland being above a day's journey from the sea; but they are broad, deep and dangerous, pestered with multitudes of porpoises and sharks (some of them perhaps amphibious too, that live more on land than water) which destroys their salmon, the great commodity of this country; which being too good for the inhabitants, are hazel'd up and converted into merchandise, &c. The banks and borders of these rivers (especially near their towns) are adorn'd with hardy amazons, . . . The exercise of their arms, I should say feet, is much about linen; sheets are sufferers, a fit receiver is provided (not unlike a shallow pulpit to mind them of their idol sermons) wherein foul linen is laid to suffer persecution, so they turn up all, and tuck them about their wastes, and bounce into a buck-tub, then go their stock, and belabour poor lint till there be not a dry thread on't. Hence came the invention of fulling-mills, the women taught the men, and they put in practice.

"The country is full of lakes and loughs, and they well stockt with islands, so that a map thereof, looks like a pillory coat bespattered all over with dirt and rotten eggs, some pieces of the shells floating here and there, representing the islands.

"Their cattle are only representatives of what are in other countreys, but these being so epitomized, that it is hard to know what class they relate to. Their horses are hardy, and not without gall (as some say other horses are) using both tooth and nail to mischief you; that they may not use more state than their masters, they go bare-foot, which preserves them from the gout; and if Hudibras's horse had been of this race, he had not needed a corn-cutter: their furniture or harness is all of the same matter, all wood from head to tail, bridle, saddle, girths, stirrups, and crupper, all wood; nothing but a withy will bind a witch, and if these be called witches, I shall

not oppose it, since by their untoward tricks one wou'd guess the devil to be in them; their brides have no bitts, but a kind of musroll of two pieces of wood; their crupper is a stick of a yard's length, put cross their docks, both ends thereof being tyed with woven wood to the saddle. Their bed and board too is all of the same dry straw, and when they heave it up, whip on harness and away. Their neat are hornless, the owners claiming the sole propriety in those ornaments, nor should I deny them their necklace too; for methinks that hoisted wood wou'd mightily become them. Their sheep too have the same preferment, they are coupled together near their master's palace. Some animals they have by the name of hogs, but more like porcupines, bristled all over, and these are likewise fastened to the free-hold by the former artifice; all their quadrupeds (dogs only excepted, in which sort they much abound) are honoured with wooden bracelets about their necks, legs, or arms, &c.

"Their cities are poor and populous, especially *Edenborough*, their metropolis, which so well suits with the inhabitants, that one character will serve them both, viz. high and dirty. The houses mount seven and eight stories high, with many families on one floor, one room being sufficient for all occasions, eating, drinking, sleeping, and . . . The most mannerly step but to the door, and nest upon the stairs. I have been in an island where it was difficult to tread without breaking an egg; but to move here, and not murder a — is next to an impossibility; the whole pavement is . . . The town is like a double comb (an engine not commonly known amongst them) one great street, and each side stockt with narrow allies, which I mistook for common-shores; but the more one stirs in a — the more it will stink. . . The other cities and towns are copies from this original, and therefore need no commentators to explain them; they have seven colleges, or rather schools, in four universities; the regents wear what colour'd cloaths or gowns they please, and commonly no gowns at all, so that it is hard to distinguish a scholar from an ordinary man, since their learning shines not out of their noses; the younger students wear scarlet gowns only in term time; their residence is commonly in the town, only at school-hours they convene in the college to consult their oracle Buchanan; their chief studies are for pulpit preferment, to prate out four or five glasses with as much ease as drink them; and this they attain to in their stripling years, commencing Mr of Arts (that is meant only Mr of this art) before one wou'd judge them fit for the college; for as soon as they can walk as far as the school (which they will do very young, for like lapwings they will run with shells on their heads) they are sent thither, where they find no benches to sit on (only one for the Mr) but have a little heath and fadder strewed for them to lie upon, where they litter together, and chew their cud on their fathers' horn-books, and in good time are preferred to the Bible; from this petty school away with them to the grammar school, viz. the college, where in three or four years time they attain to (their *ac plus ultra*) the degree of A. Mag. that is, they can extemporize Latin graces and

prayers for all occasions; if you crack a nut, there is a grace for that, drink a dish of coffee, ale or wine, or what else, he presently furnishes you with a grace for the nonce; if you pare your nails, go to stool, or any other action of like importance, he can as easily suit you with a prayer as draw on a glove; and the wonder of all is, that this prayer shall be so admirably framed, that it may indifferently quadrate with any occasion, an excellency nowhere so common as in this country. Thus you see the young man has commenced and got strength to walk to the kirk and enter the chair where we find him anon, after we have viewed the outsides of their kirks, some of which have been of antient foundations, and well and regularly built, but order and uniformity is in perfect antipathy to the humour of this nation, these goodly structures, being either wholly destroyed (as at St Andrews and Elgin, where by the remaining ruins you may see what it was in perfection) or very much defaced; they make use of no other quires, those are either quite pulled down, or converted into another kirk, for it is common here to have three, four or five kirks under one roof, which being preserved entire, would have made one good church, but they could not then have had preaching enough in it: out of one pulpit now they have thirty sermons per week, all under one roof, plenty of spiritual provision, which gusts much better with a mixture of the flesh; as you may guess by their stools of repentance in every kirk, well furnished with whore-mongers and adulterers of both sexes. In Venice the shadows only of courtezans are exposed to publick view only in the edifice, but here the whore in person, has a high place provided for her in the view of the whole congregation, for the benefit of strangers, who (some think) need not this direction, but may truck for all commodities with the first they meet with. They use no service-book, nor whore of Babylon's smock (as they term a surplice) nor decency, nor order in their divine or rather contumelious service. Wou'd a king think himself honoured by subjects, that petitioned him without bonnet veiled, but cockt his cap the while his request was granting: while precious Mr Presbyter, grimaces, prays or houns, the monster-rabble vails; but as soon as the text is taken, blew-bonnet takes place again, and this pulpit-prater is esteemed more than God's ambassador, having the Holy Spirit at his beck, to prompt him every word he speaks, yet not three sentences of sense together, such blasphemy as I blush to mention.

Their christnings (as all other things) are without form, only water is poured on the infant, and such words used as Sir John's *Memphistophilus* supplies him with, and so the child commences Christian, as good (or better) than the best of them. Some think marriage an unnecessary thing amongst them, it being more generous and usual among them to take one another's words; however 'tis thus performed, the young couple, being attended with tagrag and bobtail, gang to kirk, where Mr Scruple (like a good casuist) controverts the point in hand to them, and schools Mr Bridegroom in his lesson, then directs his discourse to Mrs Bride, who being the weaker vessel, ought to

have the more pains taken with her: he chalks out the way she is to walk in, in all its particulars, and joyns their hands, and then let them fall to in God's name: home they go with loud ravishing bagpipes, and dance about the green till they part by couples to repetition, and so put the rules in practice.

(To be Continued.)

LORD LILE, v SIMPLE OF ELLIOTSTOUN.

[From the Acts of the Lords Auditors, p. *123.]

OCTOBER 16, 1483. In the Accioun persewit be Robert, Lord Lile, *on the ta pairt*; again Thomas Simple* of Elliotstoun, *on the tothir pairt*:—for the wrangwis intrometting, spoliacioun, distruc-cioun, withhadin, and away taking of certane gudis out of the Manist of Lile.

Baith pairtis beand present, thare reasonis and allegaciounis at lenth herd and vndirstandin, the Lordis Auditouris decrettis and dellueris that notwithstanding that our Sovirane Lord direct his Letrez ordourly to the said Schiref of Renfrew, to serch, seke, ressaue, kepe, and intromett with the gudis of the said Robert, and his aduerdandis; for the tyn. And becauss said Robert is declarit and restorit to his said gudis, and the said Schiref has withhalding thaim, and dysponit apone thaim, and excodyt the boundis of our Sovirane Lordis Letrez in the distruc-cioun of his Place and Orchard of Lile. That tharfor the said Thomis sail content and pay to said Robert, Lord Lile, Thretti-aucht chaldir, tuelf boll of aitis: Sex bollis of bere; Thre scoir, thre boll, thre furlot mele: Fyftene stane of cheiss, pryce of the stane 3s.; Fyfe pund of siluir; Twa ky and twa quar-tiris of a kow, pryce 4 merkis; Thretti-bex schep, of thaim 13 wediris, pryce of the pece 4s., and the remanent gymuiris and dynmonthe, pryce of the pece 33sh.; Sex dusan of foulis, pryce of the pece 4d.; a you** takin fra a purett woman, pryce

* The celebrated House of Sympill appeared in the reign of King Alexander II., in 1240. Robert Sympill had a Charter from Robert The Bruce, King of Scots, or to our well-beloved and faithful Robert Sympill, of the hail land of Southennan, which was the Lairdship of the late John Balliol, with the common pasturage of the Laigrs, to be held by him and his airs, in a Free Barony, paying us a silver pennie yearly, at the Feast of Pentecost. William Sympill seemed to have got the Baronie of Elliotstoun, in the parish of Lochuniach, in Strathgryfe, about 1330 or 1340. The Sympills of Elliotstoun were Bailies and Chamberlains of the Barony of Renfrew under the Stewarts, High Stewards of Scotland; and at the erection of Renfrew into a distinct county, about 1406, were advanced to a high rank, Hereditary Sheriffs of Renfrew. Thomas Sympill, Baron of Elliotstoun, the above, was Sheriff of Renfrew, 16th October, 1483.

† The Manis, or the Place of Lyle, or Duclal, situated in the parish of Kilmalcolm in Renfrewshire.

‡ Adverdandis, abettors, advisers, adherents, or retainers.

§ Wedder, a wether, a ram castrated.

¶ Gymuir, an ewe of two years old.

¶ Dynmont, a wether, from the first to the abidd shearing.

** You, a ewe.

†† Pure, poor.

4sh.; Three hundrethe turss* of hay, pryce of the turss 18d.; A hors, pryce 40sh.; Tuelf hundrethe crele of petis,† pryce of the crele jd., cum oblo.; 700 thrafe‡ of fodder, pryce of the thraif 2d.; and for the distrucconioun of the Orchard and Place of Lile, breking of durris,§ lokkis, and burdis of the said Place, 40 merkis: quhilkis gudis was takin be the said Thomas, and wrangwissly withhaldin fra the said Robert, Lord Lile, as wes clerely prufit befor the Lordis; and because it is allegit be the said Scheriff that thar was a pairt of the cornæ,§ abone writtin, left in the yardis and bernis,¶ the tyme that the Lord Lile entirit to his Place.

The Lordis ordanis that samekle as the said Thomas may preif** wes left in the yarde and bernis, of the somez†† or corne abone writtin, sal be defalkit‡‡ and allowit to him in the makin of the said payment, be said Lord Lile. And gif the said Thomas wil call ony personis for the intrometting of thir gudis forsaid, and to releif him thereof, he sal have justice done to him as effeiris.¶¶ And that Letrez be writtin of our Souirane Lordis to compell and distrenze§§ the said Thomas, his Landis and gudis, for the somez and gudis befor writtin.

In the Accioun persewit be Johne Sempill, sone and apperand aire to Thomas Sempill of Elliotstoun, and the remanent of the personis contenit in the Summondis on the *tu pairt*, Aganis Robert, Lord Lile, on the *tothir pairt*, For the wrangwiss spoliaccioun, takin, and withhaldin fra him of certane gudis contenit in the summondis, out of the Place and Houss of Dochale,¶ as is allegit. Baith the said pairtis beand personaly present, thar ressonis and allegaciounis at lenth herd and undirstande.

The Lordis Auditouris decretis and deliueris that said Robert did wrang in the withhalding of the said gudis in the Place of Douchale and tharfor ordanis him to content and pay to said Johne, that is to say, to said Johne Simple, Twa horsis, ane broun, ane vthir gray, the pece 10 noblez,*** twa meris,††† baith 2 lib. 10s.; to Robert Simple, a horsis, pryce five noblez; to James Doucale, a mere, pryce twa merkis; to Thomas Adisoun, a horsis, pryce 20sh.; to Neile Ackin, a horsis, pryce

8sh.; to Alexander Snodgerss, a mere, pryce 35sh.; to Johne Fleming, a horsis, pryce 35sh.; to said Johne Simple, a bed,‡ a bug-staff, pryce 6sh. 8d., a gun,§ pryce 6sh. 8d., a basyn and

* A bed. There is a curious and extraordinary fact in the following narrative, with regard to a bedstead, applied, in all likelihood, to this self-same frame.

The late Mr William Arthur of Tandlemuir, in the parish of Lochwinnoch, was once a farther at the Hill of Barnaich. He had occasion to make some drains through a pent moss, about 1816. He found a *bedstead* buried some feet below the surface of the ground. It was of oak, and finely and elegantly carved with various figures. Dr Craig, surgeon at Kilbarclan, rode by chance to the Hill one day, and he saw the bed frame. It struck his fancy with deep interest by its elegance, and its lonely and obscure place of rest. It must have been very ancient from the style of sculpture. Mr Arthur was prevailed to make a gift of the half of the bed to the doctor, who kept it for several years, showing the antique to his friends. He was cut off at Paisley prematurely, and deeply lamented, 13th January, 1829. It was said that he gave, some years before his death, the mysterious bedstead, to the Philosophical Society of Paisley.

There was no family so wealthy and of so high quality, as to use such a splendid utensil of plenishing, of old times, at this farm and the neighbourhood. The Castle of Elliotstoun, the residence of the High and Hereditary Sheriff, was about a mile distant. A feud, as above, was going on betwixt the Sheriff and Lord Lyle, about 1483. Sir Thomas exceeded his powers, destroyed the Place and Orchard of Duchal, and *spoliat* and took many things away. But Lord Lyle retaliated certainly, by an attack on the Tower of Elliotstoun, the chief abode of this potent family, or rather on Castletoun, or afterwards called Castle-sempill, which may have been the residence of the heir-apparent, or the young baron, John Sympill. The Hill of Barnaich was the straight line to Duchal from Elliotstoun, and also from Castletoun. This magnificent bedstead may have been lost, or the Duchal party, perhaps, may have been overloaded with the other spoil, and left or sunk it into a peat hole to a future day. The antiscipic quality of moss preserved it well. The late Dr Craig traced, among the carving, the figure of a guitar.

Dunbar reckons a multitude of artists following the court of the Kings, James III. and James IV., about 1480 and 1510. Among others.

Musicians, minstrels, and mirrie singaris, Chevalouris, callandaris (keepers of mangles), and French flingaris (dancers),

Cunyouris (mint-masters), *carrouaris* (sculptors), and *tail-pentaris*,

Beildaris of barkis, and ballingaris (vessels of war);† Maounis lyand upon the land,

And schip-wrichtis hewand (cutting wood) upon the strand (lip of the sea);

Glazing-wrichtis (glaziers), goldsmithis, and lapidaris (dealers in precious stones),

Pryntouris (printers), payntouris, and pottingaris (potters, dealers in porcelain or crockery).

This John, or Sir John Sympill of Bedstead memory, was created Lord Sympill in 1492, or from 20th June, 1492, to 20th October, 1493.

† The celebrated alchemist Roger Bacon, magician and warlock, was born in England in 1214, and died in 1284. He was acquainted with the composition of *gunpowder*.

Barbour, in his life of Robert the Bruce, tells us that *guns* were first used by the English at the battle of Werewwater, which was stricken in 1327:—

"The other *crakys* were of war,
That they before heard never air."

In another part of the same book, Barbour uses the phrase

* Turss, a bundle of hay weighing 56 pounds. Bailey has a word *trass*, the same as our Scots *turss*. Dr Johnson, and all his followers, banished this term. Dr Jamieson has never found or restored it, though Bailey is extant.

† Crele of Petis, basket or hamper of turves or divats.

‡ Thrafe, 24 sheaves of corn or fodder.

§ Durris, doors.

¶ Cornæ, or cornes, corn.

¶ Bernis, barns.

** Preif, to prove.

†† Somez, or somes, sum or bulk.

‡‡ Defalkit, deficienced.

¶¶ Effeiris, become, fit, or proportioned to.

§§ Distrenze, distraint, distress in law.

¶¶ Dochale Place. Gryffe water hath its rise in the muir of Kilmaloolm, at the head of which stand the old Castle and Fort of Duchal, the ancient inheritance of the Barons of Lyle of Duchal, made Lords of Parliament by King James III. Failed in the reign of Queen Mary. See Walter Macfarlane of that ilk's Rensfrewshire.

*** Noblez, a coin, valued at 6s. 8d.

††† Mere, a mare.

a lawar,* pryce 16sh., ij trient stoppis,† a blawin horn,‡ a pare of schetis, iij bollis of mele, 6 quartiris of bēf, a boll, pryce 40d, a dusan of arrowis,§ a speit,¶ pryce 2sh.

And ordanis that Lettrez be writtin to distrenye the said Robert, his landis and gudis, for the said soumes of monē, and gudis before writtin.

THE REVOLUTION JUBILEE, 1788.

THE Revolution, says the European Magazine, is undoubtedly the most illustrious and happy era in the British annals, and, indeed, an important

gynys for crakys, showing that the term *crakys* was used to mean a gun, or musket of some form or other. It is curious that the English should seem to have been the first European nation that employed *gunpowder* in war; they used it in the battle of Cressy, fought in 1340, when it was unknown to the French, and it is supposed to have had a great share in their brilliant victory that ensued.—(Dr Thomson.) *Gunpowder* was first made in England about 1428, as the Chronological Tables state. *Great guns* were first used in Britain at the siege of Berwick, in 1405. Dumbair, in a poem, written after 1507, enumerates sundry cheats, hypocrites, jugglers, montebanks, ventriloquists, and persons who practise tricks by legerdemain and sleight-of-hand. Among others,—

“Fenyouris (cheats), fleichouris (wheedlers), and flattereris, Cryaris (montebanks), sraikais (boasters), and chatteraris (taletells),

Soukaris (riders upon a *buttle of strae*), gronkaris (groaners), gleddaris (buffoons), gunnaris (those that make a great din by guns),

Monsouris of France,—gud clarat cunners (tasters).”

Sir John Sympill’s *gun* may have been, from its price, 6sh. 8d., a common musquet, a hagbut, a fowling-piece, a matchlock, or firelock.

* Baayn and lawar, a basin and ewer for washing; brought, perhaps, over by the French merchants in porcelain, pottingers, or crockerie. The 22d Parliament of King James VI. enacted that Kirks be provided of *Basons and lavers* for baptism, and Cups, Tables, and Table-cloths, for the Halles, communion, at the Expense of the Parochiars. An inventory of the family of Craighenda, in 1673, enumerates a *Basin and a Laver*.

† *Lavatur*, a vessel in which monks washed their hands before going to perform divine service.

‡ Trient, made of timber, or wooden.

§ Stoppis, or *stowps*, pails or buckets for carrying water from the well.

¶ *Blawin-horn*, a bugle, a bugle-horn, a hunting-horn; which is, among others, in Lord Sympill’s armorial bearings.

§ Arrowis. The First Parliament of King James I., in 1406, enacted, “that all men busk themselves to be archers, frae they be twelve years of age; and that in ilk Ten Pund Land there be *Bow-marks*,” *butts*, or a *dule*, like that at Kilwinning, to shoot with arrows, at a *Papingo*, a timber figure of a parrot, or a *papejay*.

¶ *Spēit*, a spit, a roasting prong, or *grauk*, for dressing or roasting meat or a capon.

An unknown humorous maker of an auld sang, *The weaving of Joh and Jennie*, mentions it among his graphic penishing, and splechrie of a bare and new househauding:—

“Now, damo, I haif your bairn mareit,

Suppeis ye mak it nevir sa teuch,

I, lat ye wit, schois nocht miscareit,

It is weill kend I haif aneuch:—

Ane crukit gloyd—(tell owir ane heuch),

Ane spaid, ane speit, ane spur, ane sok;

Withouthin owen, I haif ane pleuch,

To gang toghither, Jennie and Jok.”

and glorious event in the general history of the world. It was conducted with a tranquillity and order that are extremely unusual in those great changes that affect the state of nations, and transfer royalty from one family to another. It not only confirmed and rendered more secure the privileges the people formerly enjoyed, but added to them a number of advantages of unspeakable value, so that it is to be considered as the date of English freedom.

The late Doctor Gilbert Stewart, speaking of the Revolution, has the following remarks: “When we contemplate the great variety of important events which affected the political condition of the inhabitants of Albion, from the invasion of Julius Caesar to that grand era of British freedom, the Revolution of the latter end of the last century, we cannot but admire that curious concatenation of causes and circumstances, which operating their natural effects upon the genius and spirit of a people endued, in an eminent degree, with the natural principles of freedom, have brought to maturity that mixed system of government, which, according to the opinion of one of the profoundest of the learned Romans, was too perfect to be established among any portion of the human race.—The inhabitants of Great Britain enjoyed the blessings of that supposed impossible system for many centuries, though the three branches which formed the constitution, possessed not at all times that degree of constitutional health and vigour which marked, in an extraordinary manner, that great event known by the name of the Revolution. The mixed government, then grown into maturity, is admirably adapted to preserve that species of freedom which bids tyranny and licentiousness keep an equal distance. The constitution, as then established, ought to be made the particular study, and its preservation a principal object, of the attention and solicitude of every Briton.”

It is not, however, writers of our own country alone who have paid honour to the Revolution. The most enlightened foreigners have given it their tribute of applause. “It was,” says the eloquent Abbe Raynal, upon a system of *passive obedience*, of *divine right* and of *power not to be dissolved*, that the regal authority was formerly supported. These absurd and fatal prejudices had subdued all Europe, when, in the year 1688, the English precipitated from the throne a superstitious, persecuting, and despotic Prince. Then it was understood that the people did not belong to their chiefs; then the necessity of an equitable government among mankind was incontestibly established; then were the foundations of societies settled; then the *legitimate right of defence*, the last resource of nations that are oppressed, was incontrovertibly fixed. At this memorable period the doctrine of resistance, which had till then been only one act of violence opposed to other acts of violence, was avowed in England by the law itself. To put an end to the spirit of revenge and mistrust which would have been perpetuated between the King and people as long as the Stuarts occupied the throne, the English chose from a foreign race, a Prince who was obliged at last to accept of that Social Compact, of which all

hereditary monarchs affect to be ignorant. William III. reserved the Crown upon certain conditions, and contented himself with an authority established upon the same basis as the Rights of the People."

CELEBRATION
OF THE
CENTENARY
OF THE
REVOLUTION.

TUESDAY, Nov. 4.

NEW REVOLUTION SOCIETY.

The New Revolution Society (who have been used to celebrate this anniversary) took the lead in the City of London—and having purposed that it should be remembered with particular notice this year, fixed upon the London Tavern as the place where the friends to the Commemoration might most conveniently assemble.

At noon, Divine Service began at the Meeting-house in the Old Jewry, pursuant to public advertisement. The Rev. Mr Jervis commenced with singing a psalm, and reading a chapter applicable to the occasion; Dr Rees engaged in prayer; after which Dr Kippis delivered an excellent sermon from Psalms cxliv. ver. 15. "Happy is that people that is in such a case; yea happy is that people whose God is the Lord."

The Rev. Mr Worthington concluded the service in prayer.

Earl Stanhope was seated in the chair at the London Tavern about four o'clock. He was preceded in walking up the room by one of the stewards, bearing the identical colours which King William displayed in his march from Torbay. Lord Carmarthen, Lord Hood, and some other persons of distinction, followed—when the company sat down to dinner, in number not less than 400.

After dinner Dr Rees read the character of King William, as usual on this anniversary. Dr Towers followed with an oration suitable to the occasion of the meeting. An Ode, written by Mr Hayley, was recited by a Mr Jenkins.

About an hour after dinner Lord Stanhope, in a pointed and nervous speech, introduced the resolutions of the Committee, the principal of which was, that a perpetual anniversary of thanksgiving to Almighty God for the blessing of the Revolution should be instituted—and that it had been unanimously agreed that the day should be changed; that the birth-day of King William, which happened on the 4th of November, or his landing, which happened on the 5th, were not incidents sufficient to convey a proper sentiment of the great era of the Revolution—that the day on which the Bill of Rights passed, would be the proper day for celebrating the Revolution—and that day was the 16th of December.

This resolution was passed unanimously.

Another resolution was, that Mr Beaufoy, one of the stewards, should be requested to bring in a bill into the House of Commons, to render the 16th of December, a perpetual anniversary of thanksgiving. Passed unanimously.

This called up Mr Beaufoy, who expressed his thanks to the company for the honour they had done him, and entered on the subject of the Revolution in a most eloquent speech, every period of which was loudly applauded.

Other resolutions were proposed, and carried NEM CON.

OLD REVOLUTION SOCIETY.

At a numerous and most respectable Meeting of the Old Revolution Society, held at the Phil's Head Tavern, Sir James Sanderson was voted to the chair; a most excellent grace was given by Dr Hunter; several loyal and constitutional toasts were drank, and amongst the rest—

The usual character of King William was read, after which Mr Pearson read several extracts from the Bill of Rights, for which he received the thanks of the Society; and it was agreed, that the said extracts should at all future Meetings be read.

Mr Crompton then called the attention of the Meeting to certain resolutions of the Whig Club, which he was informed had been sent officially by the Secretary. Mr Hall's letter, together with the resolutions, being read, he moved the following resolution, which he hoped would receive the unanimous approbation of the Meeting.

"That the Revolution Society do co-operate with the Whig Club, in commemorating the glorious era of the Revolution, that great and important period, when the liberties of Englishmen were acknowledged and secured."

H. C. Woolrych, Esq., seconded the motion; which was unanimously carried, and the chairman desired to inform the Whig Club of the determination of the Revolution Society.

Sir Watkin Lewes arrived soon after from the Meeting held at the London Tavern, and informed the Society what had passed there, and the determination of that Meeting to petition Parliament to appoint a day annually to celebrate the glorious Revolution.

Sir James Sanderson then submitted a resolution similar to that passed at the London Tavern, which was unanimously agreed to.

WHIG CLUB.

A very numerous meeting of the Whig Club was held at the Crown and Anchor.—His Grace the Duke of Portland was in the chair.

Dinner being ended, and the standing toasts of the Society drank, Mr Sheridan got up, and, after paying an eloquent tribute to the memory of our immortal Deliverer William the Third, submitted to the approbation of the Society, certain resolutions respecting the column intended to be erected in *Runnymede*, (a spot sacred to the liberties of the people) to perpetuate so illustrious an event, which were unanimously agreed to.

The Club immediately voted the sum of Five Hundred Pounds out of their fund, towards this national edifice, and near One Thousand Pounds more was at the same time subscribed by the several Members of the Club then present.

After the conclusion of this important business, a letter was received from Earl Stanhope, as Chair-

man of the Revolution Society, then assembled at the London Tavern, returning the thanks of that Society to the Chairman and Committee of the Whig Club, for the honour they had conferred on them by an early communication of their resolutions respecting the erection of the intended Column:—and informing the Whig Club, that the said Revolution Society had resolved to apply to Parliament for a Bill to make the Anniversary of that day, a day of General Thanksgiving throughout the kingdom, which had secured the rights of the people:—and that the said Society hoped for the aid and support of the Chairman and other Members of the said Committee of the Whig Club.—To this a suitable answer was returned; after which the evening was spent in the utmost conviviality.—Capt. Morris favoured the Meeting with a new Revolution Song.

There were not less than five hundred Members present.

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 5. CONSTITUTIONAL CLUB.

This morning the Members attended Divine Service at St Margaret's Church, Westminster, where a sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. Milne, from the 6th verse of the 75th Psalm; "That their posterity might know it, and the children which were yet unborn."

The Society dined at Willis's Rooms, in King-street, in number about twelve hundred: Lord Hood in the Chair.

The company appearing anxious for a song, Mr Hewardine was called upon, who produced a song, written by himself on the occasion, of which we only recollect the following stanzas:

For Magna Charta, Runnymede,
They run thro' all the nation;
And in distress for pillars plead
To prop their reputation.

Britons! revere, with hearts elate,
The glorious Revolution,
That firmly fix'd in Church and State,
Your Heav'n-born Constitution.

In Fifteen Hundred Eighty-Eight,
Th' Armada was defeated,—

In Sixteen Hundred Eighty-Eight,
Our Freedom was completed.

In Seventeen Hundred Eighty-Eight,
Pitt's wise Administration
Peace, Plenty, Splendour, Wealth, and Weight,
Diffused throughout the Nation.

CHORUS.

Britons! revere, &c. &c.

Lord Hood then called the attention of the company to a letter which he had received, signed Edward Hall, containing resolutions of the Whig Club, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, Esq. in the chair, and requesting the concurrence and assistance of the Constitutional Club towards erecting a pillar in Runnymede.

His Lordship also read a letter from the Revolution Society, Earl Stanhope in the chair, requesting this Society's concurrence in a proposition for a bill to be brought into Parliament by Henry Beaufoy, Esq. to render the 16th of December a perpetual anniversary of Thanksgiving;

the day from which the benefits of the Revolution were confirmed.

Mr Horne Tooke then read the following Resolutions successively:

Resolved, I. That the erection of a pillar on Runnymede—(or any where else)—in grateful commemoration of the glorious and necessary Revolution in 1688, will (taken by itself, and independently of all other circumstances) be a laudable action. And that those who shall subscribe towards this object—(having first fulfilled all their more immediate duties)—will certainly deserve our approbation for the same.

II. That an annual commemoration of the 16th of December 1688, the day from which the Bill of Rights became a fundamental written law of the Constitution, will be a much more efficacious means than any pillar, for perpetually recalling to men's minds, and fixing in their hearts, the blessings obtained by the Revolution, and the principles which caused it; whether such commemoration shall be by Act of Parliament or voluntary.

III. That it was the opinion of the Whigs of that day—1688—that the happiness of this nation was best provided for and secured by a mixed and well-balanced Government of King, Lords, and People.

IV. That we heartily concur with the opinion of our ancestors; and view with equal distrust and disapprobation, whoever may attempt, and whatever may tend, to destroy that balance so fixed at the Revolution, and to usurp upon the prerogatives, rights or privileges of either branch of the Constitution.

V. That it is the duty of every true friend to his country, in whatever connexions he may find himself, and by whatever name he may be distinguished, to keep his view perpetually and steadily fixed upon the settlement of our Constitution then made in 1688, and at all times, according to his station, to use his best endeavours for the maintenance of that settlement in its purity;—whose wisdom has been confirmed by a hundred years experience of blessings and prosperity unknown to any other nation upon earth.

The above Resolutions were unanimously agreed to.

A picture of King William was placed in the room decorated with laurel.

At Derby the rejoicings were in a capital style.—A ball in the evening, the ladies in fancy dresses; an ox roasted whole in the market-place for the populace, which, after Divine Service, was cut up, and, with several hogsheds of ale distributed. In different parts of the town ten sheep were roasted whole, and in like manner distributed, with great plenty of ale. At several inns elegant entertainments were provided.

In most of the principal towns of the county of Derby, at York, Leicester, &c. &c., the jubilee was celebrated with similar rejoicings. At Whittington several noblemen and gentlemen dined upon the very spot where the Revolution was planned.

At Whitehaven castle a splendid entertainment was given by Lord Lonsdale, and a very brilliant display of fire-works.

"The Revolution Jubilee" was also commemorated at Bristol, where a superb dinner was provided at the Merchants' Hall.

There were twenty-one cannon planted on Brandon-hill, which fired occasionally through the day, and a large bonfire lighted up on that spot at night. The equestrian statue of King William in Queen-square was also most superbly illuminated with a vast number of lamps of different colours, and round the palisades was the following transparent inscription painted on silk:

"To the glorious and immortal memory of KING WILLIAM, who, on the 4th of November 1688, arrived at Torbay, and effected that happy revolution upon which our liberties and constitution (under our present gracious Sovereign) are founded."

At Totnes, Birmingham, Hereford, Leominster, Norwich, Lynn, Bury, Ipswich, Devizes, Salisbury, Trowbridge, and numerous other places, similar honours were paid to the day.

At Hulkham, near Norwich, Mr Coke gave a splendid entertainment. There was a grand triumphal arch, most brilliantly illuminated. But what was peculiarly attractive there was a representation, on a fine canal, of the landing of King William; Mr Coke having had boats and little ships brought in waggons; and the whole formed a very beautiful spectacle.

LEGENDS OF SCOTTISH SUPERSTITION.

No. X.

THE KELPIE.

(RENFREWSHIRE.)

WITH its growing utility as a navigable river, Clyde—the boast of our western streams—has lost much of its former picturesque grandeur; and, I might almost say, the whole of its romantic associations. Islet—rock—shoal—whirlpool—rapid—with their host of tutelary wraiths—mermaids—kelpies, &c. &c., have all long since disappeared before the exterminating shovel of the excavator. The leafy forests also, with their inhabitants, have passed away, and "dark-rolling Clutha" now "rolls her laden wave—rich with the spoils of every clime" between two very plain, canal-like banks—trimmed to the most scrupulous uniformity. *Sic transit gloria mundi!* exclaims the youthful poet, and to him I would at present address myself. Let us—as it were retire for a moment "through the dark postern of the past," and steal a glimpse of the now almost forgotten Kelpie of Dumbuck Ford. Here, until the commencement of the long and arduous attempts which have been made to improve the navigation,* a ridge or shelf of rocks ran quite across the bed of the river, and

formed, at low water, a very dangerous sort of "riding ford." Immediately below, the waters sunk into what was conceived to be "a foddymous blumb," in the dark and unexplored recesses of which abode a kelpie—a frightful aquatic demon; whose voracity was glutted by the bodies—yea, perhaps souls—of the numberless victims whom chance or temerity led into the stream at improper times, and were thus swept over into the gulph by the force of the treacherous current. Upon the southern bank (as an almost faded tradition informs us) there dwelt, in days of yore, a worthy yeoman, yeleft "John Glas o' the Ford," and he it was who was fated to become a witness of the following tragedy:

It was "Lammas night," and one of these "floods" which happen so frequently at this season had suddenly swelled the river to a height much above its ordinary level. Overflowing the low grounds on its banks, it bore away on its impetuous bosom the mingled wrecks of "firth and fauld." Cattle were surrounded and swept off—trees were torn up by the roots, and, along with the less tenacious produce of the harvest fields, strewed, in piteous profusion on the surface of the torrent, as it continued to "boil, and wheel, and foam, and thunder through." The hour was near midnight, and a broad full moon stood high in the southern heavens, shedding a clear but fitful radiance over the landscape, as the rack—borne on a strong west wind—hurried inland, in bold and broken masses, from the not very distant Atlantic, Northward, beyond the Clyde, the steep front of the Lennox hills, with their singularly abrupt terminations, rose in dusky solemnity, apparently from the water's edge; and now they seemed to press forward into view, and again, to recede into the darkness, as the shadows of the clouds chased each other in rapid succession along their surfaces. In the remote distance, to right, tapers were gleaming in the Chapel of St Patrick—showing that the monks were then vigilantly employed in their devotions, and occasionally, in the pauses of the blast, a subdued strain of music from the holy pile would reach the ear of the lonely wanderer by Dumbuck Ford. At length, in an interval of the deepest silence, the bell of the chapel tolled out in slow and measured notes, the "witching hour" of midnight. The last stroke had scarcely ceased to vibrate, and the echo was just in act to repeat, when the awful form of the kelpie rose above the flood, and he was heard in a hideously peevish tone of voice to exclaim, "*There's the hour, but whaur's the man?*" At that moment, the clatter of a horse's feet was heard approaching the southern extremity of the ford, and soon a single horseman, in the garb of the Highlands, rode headlong down to the margin of the stream; but staid—or rather, his horse staid—on viewing the dreadful barrier at which he had arrived. The rider's dress was torn and disordered—his head bare—and his brow, pale and glistening in the moonlight, gave a ghastly expression to features now deeply fixed in the agony of despair. A bloody dagger gleamed in his hand—the instrument, doubtless, with which he had been plying to its utmost speed the noble animal on which he rode. He paused for a moment on the brink, re-

* As far back as the reign of Queen Mary, it is reported that many hundreds of the citizens of Glasgow, in conjunction with the inhabitants of Renfrew and Dumbarton, under the inspection of officers appointed by the magistrates, lived for six weeks, *per vias*, in tents and huts, about thirteen miles below Glasgow, endeavouring to remove the obstruction of the river at Dumbuck Ford. *Stat. Account of Scotland*, 1794, vol. ii. c. 12.

resolute, but his ear—strung by terror to preternatural acuteness—caught the sound of his approaching pursuers. With a frantic application of spur and dagger, he urged forward the horse, which, uttering a loud shriek, reared, then plunged, or rather fell, into the boiling torrent. His pursuers arrived, but a dark cloud passing over the face of the moon, hid the object of their pursuit from their view. In a few minutes it passed, and he was again seen, struggling in the middle of the current—the impulse of which was rapidly sweeping him down towards “the kelpie’s plumb!” There, the monster appeared, complacently waiting the approach of his victim; and when sufficiently near, he stretched out his enormous arms, and grasping man and horse, sunk with a loud laugh into the depths of his infernal den!

Such was the fate of a murderer—though escaping punishment from men, yet meeting with a doom a thousand times more dreadful than any which mortals could inflict. His horse, a few days afterwards, was thrown, frightfully mangled, on the beach near Dumbarton, but the body of the wretched man himself was, of course, never more seen.

11 Hill Street, Anderston,
Glasgow.

W. G.

REPRESENTATIVES OF THE LAST VISCOUNT SCUDAMORE.

MR HEALD stated, that this was the petition of the assignees of Robert Jackson, a bankrupt, and of the bankrupt who claimed to be one of the next of kin of the late Duchess of Norfolk, praying that his Lordship would order Sir Edwin Stanhope, John Parsons, Daniel Burr and Mary, his wife, to allow the petitioners to examine the vaults in the church of Holme Lacy, and to inspect the coffins and the plates on them. The petition stated, that the petitioners, in examining the title-deeds in the Master's Office, had discovered that it was most important for them to ascertain who was the mother of Sir John Scudamore, who was created, in the year 1628, Baron of Dromore and Viscount Scudamore: That Sir F. Stanhope, John Parsons, Mary Burr, and Anne Parsons, all claimed to be the next kin to the Duchess of Norfolk, through the same John Viscount Scudamore. The petitioner, Robert Jackson, claimed to be descended from Anne, one of the wives of Sir John Scudamore: and the other parties alleged that Anne was not the mother of John Viscount Scudamore, but that he was the son of another wife of Sir James Scudamore, from whom they descended. In the family vaults in the church of Holme Lacy, are deposited the remains of John Viscount Scudamore, and divers of his family and ancestors. On inspecting the register of the parish, it had been discovered, in many respects, that they were inaccurate and obliterated. It was important, for the interest of the petitioners, that they should have access to the vaults, for the purpose of inspecting the plates and inscriptions on the coffins, and especially those on that of John Viscount Scudamore. The petitioners had made application to the Vicar of the parish, and to the Chancellor-Bishop of the diocese, to allow the in-

spection; but they declined to do so without the consent of the alleged representatives of the family. The petitioners had also applied to Sir Edwin F. Stanhope and the other parties, and they had declined to comply with the application. The learned counsel observed, the only difficulty he saw in granting the prayer of the petition, was the question, whether his Lordship had the jurisdiction to order an inspection of the vaults; but an order, merely stating that Sir Edwin F. Stanhope and the other parties should not oppose the inspection, would answer every purpose.

Mr Hart and Mr Wingfield, counsel for the representatives of the late Duchess of Norfolk, contended that there was not a shadow of proof of the petitioner, Jackson, having any title, or those claiming under him; for the fact was, that Sir James Scudamore never had but two wives, both of whose names were Mary, and all his children were named in his will, which was dated the 23d of February, 1618, and they were all described to be under age, which could not possibly be the case if they were the descendants of Mary, as she was buried in August, 1593, and the will was dated twenty years and a-half afterwards; the second wife of Sir James was the widow of Sir Thomas Baskerville; and Sir James, in his will, mentioned his son-in-law, Hannibal Baskerville, and gave him a legacy. The marriage register could not be found; but it appeared upon a table, in the parish of Sunningwell, in the county of Berks, that this Mary was the wife of Sir Thomas Baskerville, and afterwards of Sir James Scudamore; that Mary, daughter of Sir Thomas Throckmorton, widow of Sir Thomas Baskerville, afterwards of Sir James Scudamore, buried 1632. It appeared by one of the deeds in the Master's Office, dated 20th of September, 2d Charles I., in the year 1626, that Sir John Scudamore, afterwards first Lord Scudamore, covenanted to pay £400 to a trustee, payment to be made in the Hall of the Passonage house, at Sunningwell, in the county of Berks, for the purpose, that Samuel Fell, the trustee, should pay that sum to the creditors of the Lady Mary Scudamore, mother of the said Sir John Scudamore, as therein mentioned, which indeed, was witnessed by Hannibal Baskerville. The learned counsel contended, that the pretence of the petitioners, that they did not know who the mother of Sir John Scudamore was, was wholly unfounded, as it appeared by the deed which the petitioner, Jackson, himself found out in the Master's Office, and took an extract of, which in itself was most incontrovertible evidence. They considered it the duty of their clients to resist the application, as it was wholly unfounded and indecent, the petitioners not having shown any claim to such an inspection; they therefore trusted that his Lordship would dismiss the petition.

Mr Heald replied, that he did not know who the mother of Sir John Scudamore was.

The Lord Chancellor (Eldon) doubted whether he had jurisdiction to grant the prayer of the petition. If he was to issue an order, that the representatives of the late Duchess of Norfolk were not to oppose the inspection, he was afraid it would not be understood by the Bishops as the Chancellor of the Bishop of the diocese, as to

the coffins, he supposed he might leave them out of the question at this time of day. But the plates on coffins, or that had belonged to them, had often proved to be most important evidences; for instance, in the case of a man of the name of Barber, who died in the Strand after his return from the East Indies; his next of kin were found, and the case determined by a plate found in St Clement's churchyard. He was clearly of opinion that the inspection ought to be allowed; but he did not think the jurisdiction was vested in him to order it. The title-deeds were, however, in the Master's Office, and if he was to be Chancellor for two hundred years to come, he would impound them until the inspection took place. He desired the petition to stand over until the next day of petitions, and then to inform him what had been done in the interval.

Mr Hart said, his clients did not, on their own account, object to the inspection; but they were fearful if they allowed it without an order of the Court, it would be considered indecent in the country. It was not their wish to take advantage of its not being in his Lordship's jurisdiction to make the order.

Lord Chancellor—"Then why not allow the inspection at once."

Mr Shadwell said—the coffins were inclosed by brickwork in the vault, and they were lying one over the other, and the brickwork must be pulled down to admit of the inspection. His clients could have no objection to it, as their pedigree was proved in the Chaudes Peerage, in the House of Lords.

Lord Chancellor—"Yes, Mr Shadwell; but we know those gentlemen who make out pedigrees would make a man descendant of a king if he wished it."

Mr Wingfield said—that the coffin of the late Duchess was laid on the others, and a monument was erected over it; and if an inspection took place, great care ought to be taken that it should not be defaced.

Lord Chancellor—"Let the inspection take place, and it must be conducted with every attention and respect; and care must be taken that no dilapidation of the tomb shall take place.

Prayer of the petition granted.

CURIOUS NOTICE RELATIVE TO LORD ELCHO. 1745.

21st Nov. 1745.

As they went south, they committed greater outrages than formerly. They shot all the Marquis of Lothian's fallow-deer, seven excepted, and when some of their chief officers called to them from the windows to forbear, they fired at them. These were Macdonald's and Keppoch's men; and when Keppoch was applied to, he answered, he could not help it. They boiled the venison, and eat of it till they were sick, then sold the skins for a trifle.

The poor Lady Lothian got no sleep for two nights while the deer were killing about her doors; she invited Lord Elcho, who, with his horse, were quartered on her, to a good bed in the house of Newbattle; but he answered, that he was resolved

to sleep in a hay-loft till the restoration. The servant innocently repeated the message, that he was resolved to sleep in a hay-loft till the resurrection. However, the young Lord got such a toothache that night, that he was glad to get into the minister's house the next night, and get his bed warmed and warm drink.—*Professor Mac-laurine to Lord Hardwick.*

[Lord Elcho wrote memoirs of the Rebellion, which exist in MS. It was intended by one of the members of the Abbotsford Club, that a copy, to which he had access, should be privately printed for the members of that society; but this laudable object was prevented by the absurd interference of an M.P., who asserted, that as the original MS. belonged to him, the copy should not be used.]

HIBERNIA DOMINICANA.

AMONGST the many rare books connected with Irish history is the following one:—

Tho. de Burgi *Hibernia Dominicana: sive Historia Provinciæ Hiberniæ, in qua nedom omnia, quæ ad Memoratam attinent, Provinciam, tam extra Regnum Hiberniæ constituta (interjectis Singulorum Fundatorum Genealogiis) exhibentur, sed etiam plura Regulares generatim sumptos et Res Civiles Hiberniæ atque etiam Magnæ Britanniæ Spectantia, cum Supplemento et Appendice, 4to. Colon. Agr. 1762-72.*

The *Hibernia Dominicana*, one of the most interesting volumes relating to the history of Ireland, was the result of seven years' incessant application to the affairs of the Dominicans. Dr Burke was chosen Historiographer of that order in Ireland in 1753, and the licence was obtained from the general of the order, at Rome, Feb. 14, 1759, though not printed till 1762. It is dedicated to Cardinal Corsini, "Protector of Ireland, and of the Dominican Order." The title expresses it to have been printed at Cologne; but it was produced at the press of Edmund Finn, in Kilkenny, under Dr Burke's personal inspection.

The author's design, in the Supplement, which is of extreme rarity, was to vindicate the Pope's Nuncio, Rinuccini, from the charges brought against him while in Ireland, by the Supreme Council of Confederate Catholics, and sent by them to the Pope. Dr Burke was enabled to effect this, by an examination and discovery of many valuable papers relating to Irish History, in the library of the Marquis Rinuccini, at Florence, while on his way to Rome, in 1769.

The Appendix contains accounts of the abbies, convents, and other religious houses in Ireland, at the time of the Reformation, which has been admirably completed by Archdall in his *Monasticum Hibernicum*, 1756.

The *Castrations* consist of five leaves, pp. 137-146, and are generally wanting. Bibliographers are at a loss to account for this suppression, which, it appears, was by authority, arising from the following declaration of the titular Bishops of the Romish See in Ireland, in July, 1775, on occasion of the alarm created by the printing of the Supplement. The importance of the document, in

Irish literary history, accounts for its insertion here—

Declaration of the Titular Bishops in Ireland, July, 1773, on occasion of the Hibernia Dominicana.

A book, under the title of *Hibernia Dominicana*, having been printed, as it appears from its title-page, in the year 1762; and a Supplement thereto, published in the year 1772, as appears also from the title page thereof. The general uneasiness and alarm which the said Book and Supplement occasion amongst our people, have put us under the necessity of attentively examining them. We have attentively examined them, and we think it incumbent on us to express, in a most decisive manner, and with all sincerity, our entire disapprobation of them, because they tend to weaken and subvert that allegiance, fidelity, and submission, which we acknowledge ourselves to owe, from duty and from gratitude, to his Majesty King George the Third. Because they are likely to disturb the public peace and tranquillity, by raising unnecessary scruples in the minds of our people, and sowing the seeds of dissensions among them, in points in which they ought, both from their religion and interest, to be firmly united. And because they manifestly tend to give an handle to those who differ in religious principles from us, to impute to us maxims that we utterly reject, and that are by no means founded in the doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church. For these reasons we consider it as our indispensable duty, not only to manifest, as we hereby do, our sentiments, but also to inculcate the same, as far as in our power, to those under our care, but particularly our clergy, to whom we most earnestly recommend that they be careful and zealous upon all occasions, to instruct their flocks in those unfeigned principles of allegiance, fidelity, and attachment, to the person and government of our gracious Sovereign, his Majesty King George the Third, which we, conforming ourselves to the doctrine of our Holy Church, and to the repeated instructions of the supreme pastors thereof, have heretofore constantly enforced, and will always, with God's blessing, continue to enforce by our words and our example.

Given under our hands, at Thurles, this 28th day of July, 1775.

James Butler,	Dan. O'Kearney,
James Keefe,	John Butler,
William Ryan,	Mat. MacKenna.
F. Moylan.	

Dr Burke, who was appointed by the Pope, Titular Bishop of Ossory, in 1759, died at his house in Maudlin Street, Kilkenny, Sept. 25, 1776.

[Perfect copies of this very interesting production are worth from eight to ten guineas.]

OBITUARY NOTICES,

CHRONOLOGICALLY ARRANGED.

[Continued from our last]

July 1815. At Henley-in-Arden, Janet, the widow of the late reverend James Grahame, author of the Sabbath; and other poems.

[This lady was the daughter of Mr Graham of the Mount, Dumfriesshire, upon whose death this small estate fell to the eldest of the two surviving sons of the poet, Thomas, who, after passing advocate, fell into bad health. He survived, however, some years, and died on the 24th March, 1838, to the great grief of his friends, by whom he was most deservedly esteemed. He was a remarkable handsome, accomplished young man.]

May — Lately at Dublin. Sir Richard Musgrave, Bart., Collector of Excise in the port of Dublin, author of the History of the Irish Rebellion, &c.

May 1st, 1816. At Margate, Sir Horace Mann, Bart., 70. He succeeded to the title on the death of his uncle, Sir Horatio M., the first baronet of this family, who died in 1786, at Florence, where he had resided forty-six years as his Britannic Majesty's minister at the court of the Grand Duke. Sir Horace was a member of the House of Commons from 1774 to 1807, and sat in five parliaments preceding the latter date for the borough of Sandwich. His life, however, was rather dedicated to pleasure than business. Enjoying a good constitution, he was from his youth much attached to gymnastic exercises, and was at one period greatly attached to cricket, which, as he advanced in life, he relinquished for the more sedate amusement of whist. Of late years he regularly passed his time between Bath and Margate, and was one of the first and warmest promoters of every useful institution or improvement set on foot in both those places. He married, in 1765, Lucy, sister of Thomas, Earl of Gainsborough, who died in 1778, leaving three daughters, Lucy, married to James Mann, Esq., of Egerton-lodge, near Leamham; Emily, to Sir Robert Heron, and Harriot, to Col. Rochfort. By his death without male issue the title is extinct.

Oct. — At the Harehills, near Leeds, Yorkshire, Mr Griffith Wright. He had attained the advanced age of 87, and was, perhaps, the oldest proprietor of a newspaper in this kingdom, if not in the world, having established "Wright's Leeds Intelligencer," A.D. 1751, nine years before his present Majesty's accession to the throne. He retired from business more than thirty-five years since.

Dec. — At his cottage, in the county of Waterford Mountains, near Four-Mile Water, at an advanced age, General Grice Blakey, colonel of the fourth royal veteran battalion. The General lived in utter retirement in the above situation, for many years past, mostly spending his time in fishing or fowling, in the homeliest apparatus. He was an eccentric character, but in all respects a just and honest man. He died possessed of large funded property.

March, 1817. On the 27th ult. at the advanced age of 84 years, Mr Thomas Milton, the celebrated engraver. His grandfather was brother to John Milton, the author of "Paradise Lost." Mr Milton was the engraver and proprietor of the beautiful views in Ireland of gentlemen and noblemen's seats; he also engraved a number of the fine plates to Dr Rees's Encyclopædia, and many other admirable specimens of the graphic art. The latter part of Mr Milton's life was unobtrusive.

ed one, as, like many other ingenious men, he had not thought of providing against the wants of old age.

Sep. 1817. In North Audley-street, Ann, the relict of the late Ignatius Sazeho, author of 'Letters to Laurence Sterne,' &c. &c. &c.

Dec. — At Coventry, in his 87th year, Robert Simson, Esq. M.D., for more than half a century an eminent and highly respected physician in that city. He was the son of Dr Thomas Simson; late Professor of Medicine and Anatomy in the University of St Andrew's, and nephew of the late Dr Robert Simson, the celebrated Professor of Mathematics in the University of Glasgow.

Jan. 1818. At London, Lieutenant-General William Soutar Johnstone. This officer was at the siege of Quebec in 1759, and distinguished himself in the memorable battle of Bunker's Hill, where he was severely wounded.

Aug. — At Rose-hill, Hampton, aged, 92, Mrs Charlotte Beard, widow of John Beard, Esq., formerly of Covent-garden Theatre, and daughter of the late John Rich, Esq.

[This lady's father was Garrick's rival, as manager of the opposition theatre. He was as successful in his line—harlequinades, operas, and so forth—as the English Roscius was in his; and not infrequently his house was filled when the great tragedian was playing to empty boxes.]

Nov. — Extraordinary Suicide.—Under this head, we inserted in a former paper, the violent end of two brothers of the name of Younghusband. By the verdict *Felo-de-se* the whole of their property becoming confiscated to the Crown, a schedule of their stock and effects was taken by the Coroner next day. This property is said to be considerable. The following additional particulars relative to this singularly unhappy event, are copied from the *Newcastle Chronicle*:—

John, the elder brother, was 70 years of age, and unmarried; Lancelot was 65 years old, and has left a widow and daughter to bewail his untimely end. The deceased were inseparable companions, and so accordant were their tempers and feelings, that it is said they were never known to quarrel; they seemed indeed to be of one heart and one mind, and as through their lives they were seldom separate, so in their deaths they have not been divided. They were men of most sober habits, and remarkable for their constant attendance at church. They were truly respected by the whole circle of their acquaintance, to whom their melancholy end has been a source of the most heartfelt regret. They were, besides, in affluent circumstances, and no probable reason can be assigned for their strange conduct: they were in Alnwick market on the preceding Saturday, transacting business in their ordinary way, and at church on the Sunday as usual. And it is not unworthy of remark, as shewing that their fatal resolution could not have been long taken, that a very short while ago, one of them wished the landlord to build him a house at Heckley, that he might be nearer his brother.

Their bodies were put into coffins on Thursday night last, with their clothes on, just as they were found. They were buried at half-past one o'clock on the morning of Sunday the 15th, in a foot-

path leading from Bailiffgate to Walkergate, Alnwick, and, within the Churchyard. This not being considered a sufficient compliance with the terms of the statute, an order was given by the Magistrates to the Churchwardens, that the sentence of the law should be carried strictly into execution. The bodies were accordingly taken up on Monday afternoon, and buried again, amidst a great concourse of people, in a highway called Hindingle, not far from the spot where they committed the fatal accident.—*English paper.*

[The Younghusbands were a very ancient family in Northumberland, and were owners of the estate of Tuggal in that county. In the Churchyard of Tuggal are numerous tombs erected in memory of members of the family, extending over a period of nearly two centuries.]

Dec. — Lately at his house in Great Queen-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields, in the 65th year of his age, A. Graham, Esq. He had long been one of the police magistrates at the Bow-street office, where, for a short period, he presided as chief; but resigned the situation on finding his health decline. He was an upright magistrate, as well as an intelligent, useful, and judicious member of society, and was conversant with business in various provinces. He, for a few seasons, superintended the concerns of Drury-lane Theatre. He has left one son, who is a captain in the British navy, and who has distinguished himself in the service by his zeal, spirit, and ability on several occasions.

April 1819. At Topsham, on the 22d ultimo, in the 78th year of his age, Captain Carter, R.N. — With the exception of Admiral Schank, he was the only surviving officer who went to the North Cape of Lapland, to observe the transit of Venus in 1768, in the Emerald, commanded by Sir Charles Douglas, of which the deceased was then first lieutenant.

Nov. 7. — After a few days' illness, Mr McSwiney, for many years printer of the London Courier newspaper.

Charleston, Jan. 15. — Died, in this city, on Sunday night last, the 9th instant, Mrs Starr Barrett, after fully completing one hundred and twenty years of an active and various life. This venerable lady was born in the year 1699 of the Christian Era, and 1078 (solar calculation) of the Hegira of the Mahomedans, about a year before the death of Charles II. King of Spain—to which country her family had emigrated at an early period of her life. She was born in one of the Barbary States, which could not be ascertained by the writer, but it is supposed under the Empire of Morocco. Peter I. was then Czar of Moscow—a title now enlarged to that of Emperor of all the Russias; Frederick Augustus was King of Poland; Charles XII. King of Sweden; Frederick IV. (son to Christian V.) was King of Denmark; William III. King of England; Peter IV. King of Portugal; and Louis XIV. King of France.

Mrs Barret possessed a constitution truly Arabian—she was seldom or never sick, and rather withered away like some majestic tree which gradually loses its moisture, but which the tempest has always spared. A variety of circumstances formed her a great traveller, and she has visited

with no unobservant eye, the four quarters of the globe. She spoke English, Spanish, Italian, and French, with great fluency; was perfectly acquainted with the mixed Morisco or Frank, as it is spoken by the traders along the southern shores of the Mediterranean; was mistress of the Persian, and wrote, spoke, and translated the pure Arabic with ease and elegance. Her memory was very tenacious of impressions made in early youth—but for the last half century she was apt to forget occurrences from one day to another. She recollected the public joy in Spain, upon the important discovery of the Philippine Islands, by the Spanish navigators—as well as the battle of Almanza, which was fought on the frontiers of the kingdom of Valencia, when the army of Philip V., King of Spain, obtained a complete victory over the Imperialists under the Arch-Duke Charles. Both these events occurred in 1707, when the subject of this notice was only eight years of age. She was near the scene of action when Gibraltar was besieged by the Spaniards, in 1727.

Mrs Barrett was of an easy and cheerful disposition, even after her blindness, which continued the last thirty years of her life. Latterly extreme debility had reduced her to second infancy. She ate every thing within the pale of the Hebrew rule (being a Jewess, and strict in her religious duties;) drank and slept well, and was remarkably cleanly and particular about her person. After dwelling thirty or forty years in London, she came to this country in 1780, then in the 80th year of her age, and lived in this city for the last forty years. Her mortal sickness did not last a fortnight; when having completed a truly patriarchal age, she was gathered to her fathers, leaving behind her half a dozen generations, to the 4th and 6th removal. She died, esteemed by all who knew her, and greatly beloved by her family for her amiable qualities and fervent piety.—*Charleston Paper.*

— On the 18th February, Robert Jeffery, commonly known throughout the kingdom by the name of the "Governor of Sombrero," who, some years ago, was left on the desolate island of that name.

— In the parish of Aiglish, in the vicinity of Killarney, at the very advanced age of 115 years, Theodore, O'Sullivan, the celebrated Irish Bard. This extraordinary man, who was a great composer in his native language, expired suddenly, on Wednesday last, whilst sowing oats in the field of one of his great-grand-children, and retaining his faculties to the last moment! He is said to have sung to the plough one of his favourite lyes, and actually breathed his last at the final stanza of his national melody. The deceased also followed the occupation of a cooper, and is said to have made a churn, from which butter was taken for the christening of his twenty-sixth great-grand-son.—*Cork Paper.*

March 20, 1821. Miss Fell, a beautiful young lady, while walking on the shore, lately, near Douglas, Isle of Man, fell, or slipped down a shelving rock, from which she could be neither seen nor heard; and from which there was no escape, by the land, the little rock being nearly surrounded by the sea. She contrived to procure

a small quantity of water that oozed from the rock; with this she sustained herself during three days and three nights, and frequently saw boats passing in the distance, but could not make herself heard. A boat at length passed near enough to observe her signal with a handkerchief. During this time she had been sought by some hundreds of people, in unremitting anxiety. She was at length rescued in time to save her life; and a deep sleep almost immediately overcame her in the boat into which she was taken, the sailors covering her with their clothes. She was conveyed privately home in a chaise, by her father, to a doting mother. Her brother was ill at the time in the house with a brain fever, with little hopes of recovery. The joy of her mother was excessive at the recovery of her daughter; but her mind, being previously weakened by confiding anxieties, it produced insanity, and she committed suicide in a fit of uncontrollable agitation.

March, — Died on the 21st, Mr M. Bryant, author of the Biographical and Critical Dictionary of Painters and Engravers, the latest work of the kind published, and though, as a literary performance, monotonous in language and thought, valuable for reference, and in the main, for its correctness of opinion respecting the artists, who are more numerous introduced than in any former Biography. His regard for Painting almost amounted to a passion, which was considered to have been so regulated by sound judgment, as to have rendered him one of the most safe and extensive negotiators of the purchase of pictures. Hence he was employed to purchase for the Earl of Carlisle, &c., the famous Orleans collection, and to dispose of that part of it which they did not retain. Some of the choicest foreign pictures in England were of his introduction. We understand that the excellence of his moral disposition and conduct equalled his taste and enthusiasm.

April, 1822. At Newcastle, Mr Thomas Brown, sen., bookbinder, aged 74, the father of the trade in the north of England, and the oldest member of the Stationers' Company of Newcastle.

April, — At Laurel Cottage, Addlestone, near Chertsey, Charles Edward Whitlock, Esq., formerly proprietor and manager of the Newcastle theatre.

April, — At the apartments of Sir Richard Keats, in Greenwich Hospital, the Right Hon. Adm. Sir John Borlase, Warren, Bart. G. C. B., F. R. S., and F. S. A. Sir John was an admirable scholar, and is perhaps a singular instance of a naval officer taking a degree at a University.

May, 1824. We have to announce the death of that veteran in politics and literature, Capel Loft, Esq. He died on the 26th of May, at Montcalier, near Turin. Mr Loft was twice married. His first wife was a daughter of the late Mr Emlyn, of Windsor. The surviving children of that marriage are, a son in the military service of the East India Company, and a daughter. His second wife was a daughter of the late Mr Joseph Finch, merchant, of Cambridge. By this marriage, Mr L. had offspring, two daughters, who, with his widow, are in Italy, and a son, now at Eton College.

Oct. 21, — On the 21st ult., died at Harrow,

in the 70th year of his age, R. C. Dallas, Esq. He had acquired a respectable, if not a distinguished rank as a man of letters. The History of the Marston War, which appeared about the year 1797, was much esteemed for the simplicity of its narration, and authenticity of its details. He was also the author of "Aubrey," "Percival," and other novels, which, if not the first in that branch of composition, are entitled to considerable praise—praise, indeed, not always due to the first—that of softening, without corrupting the heart.

[This gentleman's productions were exceedingly feeble, and although they attracted some attention at the time, have now sunk into deserved oblivion. Shortly before his death he proposed to publish, and actually did print, a portion of Lord Byron's letters to him; but the work was stopped by an injunction obtained by Mr. now Sir John Hobhouse, as Lord Byron's executor.]

SOME ACCOUNT OF SCOTTISH PUBLIC NEWS, AND DAILY PAPERS, DOWN TO THE MIDDLE OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

MERCURIUS PUBLICUS. No. 1. Jan 3–10, 1660.

A Proclamation for calling out Heritors and Freeholders to attend the King's Host, June 7, printed at Edinburgh by the heirs of Andrew Anderson; reprinted at London, June 17, 1679.

The Declaration of the Rebels now in arms, in the West of Scotland, with an address against the Duke of Lauderdale, June 26, 1679.

Some farther matters of fact relating to the administration, in Scotland, of the Duke of Lauderdale. July 10, 1679.

The Impeachment of the Duke and Duchess of Lauderdale, with their brother, now Lord Hatton, presented to his Majesty, by the City of Edinburgh, 1679.

Scots Memoirs by way of Dialogue. No. 1. Feb. 10, 1682–3.

An Historical Account of Books and Transactions in the learned world, printed at Edinburgh, 1688. This was the first Review set on foot in Britain.

An Account of the Proceedings of the Meeting of the Estates of Scotland, with Licence, Published by Richard Chiswell, at the Rose and Crown, in St Paul's Churchyard. No. 1. March 1, 1689.

The Scottish Mercury, giving a true account of the daily proceedings and most remarkable public occurrences in Scotland. No. 1. May 2–8. Printed by R. Baldwin, 1692.

A Proclamation for calling out the Heritors and Fencible men to attend the King's Host, Edinburgh, Aug. 9. Printed for R. Baldwin, 1692.

The Proceedings of the Parliament of Scotland. No. 1. Edinburgh, April 18. Licenced, April 29. Sold by R. Baldwin, 1693.

The Edinburgh Gazette, printed by James Watson (the famous Printer and Author of the History of Printing). No. 1. Feb. 28—March 2, 1699.

The Edinburgh Courant. No. 1. Feb. 14–19, 1704.

The Scots Courant, by James Watson. No. 1. Sept. 1705.

The Edinburgh Flying Post. No. 1. October 1708.

The Scots Postman. No. 1. August 17, 1709. The Edinburgh Gazette or Scotch Postman, March 1714.

The Glasgow Courant. No. 1. November 11–14, 1715.

The Edinburgh Evening Courant, December 24, 1718.

The Aberdeen Journal, 29th Dec., 1747, to 5th Jan., 1748. Printed and sold by James Chalmers, price 2d. It is interesting to compare this first number, of about the size of a sheet of imperial 4to. letter paper, and one advertisement, with the splendid broad sheet now weekly issued from the steam press of Mr David Chalmers, the grandson of the original proprietor, with its usual complement of four or five hundred advertisements.

ADVERTISEMENT FOR MSS. BY THE CURATORS OF THE ADVOCATES' LIBRARY. 1699.

[Edin. Gazette, March 27, 1699.]

THAT all persons who have any Manuscripts, whether History, Chartularys of Monasterys, old Charters, or other ancient writes, should be pleased to allow copies of them to be taken for the use of the Advocates' Library, and illustrating our Histories; or if they will bestow the principals, they shall be safely preserved, and the benefactors honourably mentioned in Catalogues, which the Faculty is to publish of these Manuscripts. All other persons also, who design to sell any such Manuscripts, are invited, likewise, to bring them in to the said Library, and the Curators will pay them, therefore, to their satisfaction.

ROBBERY OF THE EARL OF MARCHMONT'S HOUSE.

STOLEN, upon Monday the 13th March, [1699], out of the Lord Chancellor's house in Niddry's Wynd, a pair of large silver candlesticks, of weight 44 ounces, the two being 22 ounces the piece, having engraven upon them a cypher of P. M., with an Earl's crown above it. Whosoever can find them, shall have a sufficient reward.

[The cypher was P. for Patrick, and M. for Marchmont. Sir Patrick Hume was first created, by K. William III. (1690), Lord Polwarth, and secondly, in 1697, Earl of Marchmont.]

STOCKWELL STREET, GLASGOW.

STOCKWELL Street, in the city of Glasgow, is pretty well known, and every body in the locality is aware of the "Ratten Well," with its impure waters. It is said that in days of yore, when Sir William Wallace had occasion to be in that quarter, he and his party met a band of Englishmen at the well. A battle ensued, and the bodies of the Englishmen, who were defeated, were thrown by the indignant Scots into the well. "Stock it well! stock it well!" exclaimed Wallace, from which expression the street received its name. So says tradition, and it is even yet believed that the bad quality of the water is owing to the putrefaction of the dead bodies of the Englishmen. Glasgow, June, 1848. R. M. S.

THE LAST LEAF.

A SONG, BY THE AUTHOR OF "ROCKWOOD."

THE autumn's pride is falling
 Swiftly around thee and me,
 And wintry winds are cutting
 Sore leaves from every tree.
 Lone flowrets, blooming still,
 Thou last born of the year,
 When all around is dead and chill,
 Why dost thou linger here?

Thou'lt like some hope surviving,
 When other hopes are fled;
 Still fondly, faintly, striving,
 A light among the dead.

That glitters in the tear
 That checks the bursting groan;
 Dearest when nothing else is dear,
 Most loved, when most alone.

'Tis strange to see thee blooming,
 And all else droop the while;
 When all around is glooming,
 'Tis strange to see thee smile.

'Tis like the torch that beams
 Upon the glazing eye,
 That shows but in its sickly gleams,
 How sad it is to die.

Varieties.

RECIPT FOR DRESSING SALAD.

BY REV. SIDNEY SMITH.

Two large potatoes pressed through kitchen sieve
 Smoothness and softness to the salad give;
 Of morrant mustard add a single spoon—
 Distrust the condiment that bites too soon—
 But deem it not, thou man of herbs, a fault
 To add a double quantity of salt;
 Four times the spoon with oil of Lucca crown,
 And twice with vinegar procured from town;
 True flavour needs it, and your poet begs
 The pounded yellow of two boiled eggs;
 Let onion's atoms lurk within the bowl,
 And scarce suspected, animate the whole;
 And lastly, in the flavoured compound toss
 A magic spoonful of anchovy sauce.
 O! great and glorious; O! herbacious treat,
 'Twould tempt the dying anchoress to eat;
 Back to the world he'd turn his weary soul,
 And plunge his fingers in the salad bowl.

STRANGE MARRIAGE.—5th March, 1806. At Stroud, Samuel Holder, aged 70, and who has lost both of his legs many years, to the widow of Isaac Wildly, who was drowned in the Stroud canal a short time since. The novelty of this match brought together a large concourse of spectators, at the head of whom was one of the old veteran's daughters, who expressed her disapprobation of the alliance by ringing a sheep-bell, beating a cannister, and other noisy implements, which were suspended to different parts of her body. The old gentleman was conveyed to and from church on the shoulders of a friend, who was occasionally relieved in this arduous task by the efforts of the bride herself.

MAGNIFICENT BALL.—May 1764. On Friday night a magnificent ball was given by the company of Scots Hunters in the gallery of the Palace of Holyroodhouse. The ball was opened by the Earl of Haddington, in the room of James Campbell of Ardkinlas, Esq. as King, and Mrs Drummond of Bairan, Queen. The company were numerous and brilliant, and the entertainment remarkably elegant. The whole was conducted with a taste and elegance becoming so fine a company. The dancing continued till about one, and then the company mostly retired.

ANECDOTE OF THE PRINCE OF BRUNSWICK.—When the Prince of Brunswick went, in May 1764, to see Greenwich Hospital, the person who kept the keys not being in the way, his Royal Highness, who was dressed very plainly, went into a room and stood before the fire: he had hardly been there a minute before an impudent fellow of a servant came up to him, and clapping him familiarly on the shoulder, whispered in his ear, "My buck, which of these damned furrincers is the Prince?" "Hush!" rejoined his Highness, and pointed significantly to one of his attendants with an immense moustache and terrific whiskers. The Cockney was entranced, and after gazing at him for a few moments with perfect astonishment, left the apartment greatly edified by the sight.

WHAT'S IN A NAME.—When Defoe conducted the paper called the *Flying Post*, so little credit was given to the intelligence, that a waiter at a Coffee-house cut out the initial *F*, which converted it into what he thought a more proper title—the *Lying Post*.

EFFECTS OF THE DUKE OF SUSSEX.—The following is a correct statement of the amount realized by the property of his late Royal Highness, recently sold:—Plate and gold articles, £20,752, 15s. 5d.; decorative furniture, £3,998, 1s. 6d.; trinkets, rings, and seals, £2,473, 2s.; stuff boxes and boubonnières, £2,238, 13s. 6d.; clocks and watches, £1,994, 5s.; swords, pistols, and sticks, £1,092, 1s. 6d.; pipes, tobacco, and cigars, £2,617, 9s. 6d.; bijouterie, £808, 1s. 6d.; miniatures and pictures, £759, 1s. It will be seen from this list that the total exceeds £68,000. A catalog has been going the round of the papers to the effect that the King of Naples has made an offer for the late Duke's valuable library of books and manuscripts, though the value of no such offer having been either received or anticipated, it may also be stated that there is very little chance of the books being purchased by the government for the British Museum, inasmuch as that library already contains duplicates and triplicates of some of the most valuable works in the late duke's collection.—July, 1845.

FREE TRANSLATION.—A worthy and excellent country justice, on being asked by his son the meaning of *in gustibus non est disputandum*, read the passage thus—*Justibus non est disputandum*, and translated it—*The gods need not trouble their heads about the justice*.—Dec. 1846.

CURIOUS CAUSE OF WAR.—In 1605, some soldiers of Modena ran away with a bucket from a public well, belonging to the state of Bologna. This bucket might be worth a shilling; but it produced a quarrel, which worked up into a long and bloody war.—Henry, the King of Sardinia, son of the Emperor Henry the Second, ordered the Modenese to keep possession of the bucket, and he was made prisoner in one of the battles. His father, the Emperor, offered a chain of gold that would encircle Bologna, which is seven miles in compass, for his son's ransom, but in vain. After twenty-two years of imprisonment, his father being dead, he pined away and died. This fatal bucket is still exhibited in the tower of the Cathedral of Modena enclosed in an iron cage. The offer of the gold chain was a prodigious bribe, but there are many artists in London who could make a very few ounces of gold answer the purpose; as a single grain can be hammered until it is a thirty-thousandth part of a line in thickness, and will cover fifty square inches; and each square inch may be divided into two hundred strips, reaching more than one-eighth part of a mile. The Bolognese were probably aware of the ductility of this metal, and were not to be duped into such a bargain.

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THE PARISH CHURCH AND CHURCH-YARD OF BALLANTRAE.

THE present church of Ballantrae, which was built in 1819, is situated in the village, a few paces to the west of the burying-ground, in which stood for upwards of two hundred years the preceding place of public worship. It is a neat but sparingly decorated edifice, of a straight-lined oblong form. The windows, of which there are three tall ones in each of the sides, and as many in the north gable, or front elevation, besides being covered with gothic arches, have plain mullions and transoms of stone; and the three last, as well as the door-way, are ornamented with drip-stones. The gables are finished with corbie-steps, and the apex of the north one with a small rectangular belfry, surmounted by a crocketed pinnacle and finial. The interior of the church, like its external aspect, is neat and plain, and withal well-lighted and airy. There are galleries along the sides and the north end, and the pulpit, which has a domical canopy, ornamented with ribs and pendants in plaster-work, is placed against the west gable. Taken altogether, this little unpretending edifice reflects credit alike on him who designed it, and on those who adopted the plan.

Prior to 1604, the date of the church demolished in 1819, the place of parochial worship stood at Inverrig, situated near to the influx of the rivulet Tig, into the Stinchar, and about two miles and a half above the village of Ballantrae. This ancient church was dedicated to St Cuthbert, and called from him Kirk-cuthbert, which was changed in after times to Kirkudbright, the same as Kirkudbright in Galloway. Here, however, the names of the church and the parish, sometimes assumed the form of Kirkudbright conjoined with Inverrig, and sometimes either the one or other of these appellations alone.* The church having become altogether ruinous, an act of Parliament was passed in 1617, authorizing its removal to Ballantrae, where the Laird of Bargany, at his own expense, had built and endowed a church in 1604. From this epoch the old, cumbrous, and unsettled name of the parish became gradually changed to that of Ballantrae, by which now, for upwards of a century, it has alone been known.

The west gable, and part of the side walls of Saint Cuthbert's church, are still extant. It has been a long narrow building, constructed apparently from stones mostly taken from the channels of the adjacent rivers. The burying-ground around it is protected by a rugged wall, but it has long been all but abandoned as a place of sepulture. The turfy mound, and the rude unchiselled headstone, still, however, denote the last resting place of many a forgotten memory. The only lettered memorial, indeed, that met our eye in this lonely fold of the departed, was simply the name, "Thomas Makredie," cut on a stone that seemed to have been smoothed by centuries of attrition in the Stinchar. The scenery surrounding this desolate spot is of an impressive, if not of a very picturesque character. On all hands, the narrow plain seems to be bounded by a lofty amphitheatre of verdant hills, whose sides and bases are skirted with out-stretching woods, and from amidst the dense foliage of which sounds the deep voice of Stinchar, and the sharper brawling of the Tig, hurrying onward, as if eager to divest itself of its unpoetical name.

On taking down the old church of Ballantrae, part of the Bargany aisle was preserved on account of its being private property, and for the sake of the stately monument erected within it by Lady Bargany, in memory of her husband, who was killed in a feud with the Earl of Cassillis near to Maybole, in 1601.* The aisle was attached to the south side of the church, and measures within the walls sixteen feet in length, and fifteen in width. It is vaulted in stone, and covered with a high slated roof, the gables of which are finished with corbie-steps, and on the summit of the north one is placed the family crest—a fleur-de-lis surmounting a thistle. The latter, however, as well as the steps on this gable, seem to be ornamental additions made a few years ago, when the exterior of the aisle underwent some judicious repairs. Commemorative of these repairs the following inscription in old English characters, has been cut on a panel above the entrance door, which is placed in the end of the vault communicating formerly with the church:

* For a graphic account of this fatal encounter, and of the leading characters of the adverse parties, see Fitzmaurice's *History of the House of Kennedy*—a work, abounding in amusing and interesting information respecting the state of society in the district of Carrick, and in Scotland generally, about two hundred and fifty years ago.

* *Chalmers's Caledonia*, vol. iii. p. 543.

Justus est hetus Sepulchrum
 Famillie Kennedy de Bargany et Ardstinchar;
 Insignibus Scutorum gentilitus Epitaphique
 Dum tabula parali insepulchus
 Hodie Detestate sboletis
 Hunc lapidem
 Ov pia rura Majorum et Memor Virtutam
 Hugo F. Kennedy de Benane,
 Hæres primus Domusque honores gerens.
 Restituendum curabit.

Above the inscription were, at the same time, put up the armorials of the house of Bargany, as borne by the gallant and brave young chieftain, to whose memory, in the words of the old family historian, "the glorieous towme," within the vault, was erected. The honours are beautifully sculptured on a frosted ground, and enclosed within a neatly moulded oval frame. The shield bears quarterly, Kennedy and Montgomery, and is surmounted by an open helmet affronté, over which is the crest as on the gable; and for supporters, on the right, a lady arrayed in ancient attire; and on the left a dragon spouting fire. The supporters stand on an uninscribed escrol, nor have the armorials the usual accompaniment of mantlings.

The monument, which is constructed of a bluish freestone, unfortunately of the very worst quality for durability, stands against the west wall of the aisle, much of which it covers, and from which its most prominent parts project several feet. It is composed of six columns—three at each of its extremities, the innermost being about eight feet apart—and over all of which extends an entablature, returned above each of the columns, and sustaining in the centre a compartment formed by small pilasters, flanked with scroll-work, and crowned with a divided pediment. Each of the three columns are of different forms, and recede laterally, the one behind the other, just as much as permits the free return of their respective bases and capitals. The two inner and most advanced columns have cylindrical shafts with Corinthian capitals; the second are of an octagonal form, with a row of leaves on the capitals; and those forming the extremities of the monument are square and plain. At the height of three feet and a half above the line of the base, the space between the innermost columns is formed into a deep recess, and the entablature over it is supported in the centre by a clumsy block, with a baluster under it resting on the bottom of the recess. Immediately behind the baluster, are placed, with their heads to the south, the recumbent effigies, as large as life, of the Laird of Bargany and his Lady; the former in plate armour, and the latter arrayed in a long, plain, high bodied gown. Both the figures have the head bare, and the hands conjoined as in prayer; but further the quality of the sculpture is not such as to invite observation. Below the recess, at equal distances from each other, are three meagre bas-reliefs representing children, before which there has been a narrow table, the brackets that supported it being still entire. In the compartment above the entablature, but nearly effaced, are the same armorials as those on the exterior of the vault. The shield is flanked with the initials G. K.—

I. S.* which characters likewise occur on the frieze above the Corinthian columns, and compose the whole amount of the inscribed matter now legible on the monument. Besides the compartment there are placed on the entablature over each of the columns, though not in a line with the axis of their shafts, a tall tapering finial, and like them presenting three different forms.

This monument appears to be an indifferent copy of one erected in 1600, by James, seventh Earl of Glencairn, over the family vault in the churchyard of Kilmaurs. In dimensions they are nearly alike, while in the number, form, and arrangement of the columns, they are exactly similar, as well as being generally so in the ornaments above the entablature. The most marked difference between the designs is in the appropriation of the central space, or intercolumniation, which, in that of Kilmaurs, is occupied by full sized half-length figures of the Earl and Countess, and an ornamented inscriptive panel, instead of the recumbent figures, and the clumsy baluster and block described above. The less notable variations are in the bas-reliefs, below the recesses; the capitals and

* G. K.—I. S. Gilbert Kennedy, Laird of Bargany, and his Lady, Isabel Stewart, sixth and youngest daughter of Andrew, Master of Ochiltree, and sister to Andrew, third Lord Ochiltree.—The Historian of the family above referred to gives the following affecting and ably depicted character of this unfortunate young baron:—"He deit the best resolut manne that ever was knowin in this country; sa that his deathe may be an examppill to all powerhtieis. He was the bravest manne that was to be gotten in ony laad; of hiche statour, and weil maid; his hair black, bott of ane comlie fece; the bravest horsmanne, and the ebest of many at all pastynis. For he was feirre and feirry, and winder nembill. He was bot about the aige off xxv yeris quhane he was slayne, bot of his aige the maist wyise he mycht be; for gif he had tyme to had experiance to his witt, he had been by his marrowis. Bot, to conclud, it was the grittest pitty of his loise, that ever was of ony manne in this land. He was laid in the Kirk of Air in ane colme of leid for ane gritt space, quhill his buriall was maid redy." p. 51. He was reintarred on his lady's deoth in 1605, along with her in the vault beneath the monument, that she had, as already stated, raised to his memory. The funeral solemnities, which were on a magnificent and costly scale, are noticed in the following terms by the Old Historian:—"At this tyme, the Lord of Abercorn, and the haill freindis, concludit that the buryall of the Laird of Bargany and his wyff suld be on the xv day off September, . . . yeiris, in the New Kirk of Balhainy; quhill the Lady causitt build for hir husband, quhair scho had gartt set up ane glorieous towme; and, indeed, Josias [Stewart] maid gritt preparatiouns for the same, baith in Bargany and in Ardstenar; the honouris and all the rest being preparit verrie honorablie. The day being cumin, thair was thair Nobill menne, the Eirllis of Eglintounne, and Abercorn, and Vintounne, with the Lordis of Sempill, Carkart, Londone, and Whiltry. The Lairdis of Bombie, Blairquhanne, and Gairland; with ane grit number quhill I will nocht mint to expres. His Honouris being borne be the Godmanne of Ardmillane, the Gudmanne of Kirkhill, with sendry mair of the freindis. His sister-sone, young Auchincloss, beinand the Banner of Rewendge, quhairis was payndit his portour, with all his wordis, with his sone sittand at his kneis, and this deatioun writtine betuix his handis, 'Judge and Rewendge my Cause, O Lord!' And sa, conveyitt to Air; but all werry honourablie, to the number off ane Thousand horse, of Gentillmenne, and layd in the foiraid Tome." pp. 57-8.

shafts of the principal columns; the birds perched on the flanking scrolls of the compartment; and in the designs of the finials, but several of which, such as the buds, the flowering on the shafts of the columns, and other less obvious details, have been omitted on the monument under review, while those adopted have been very imperfectly copied and as poorly executed. The friability, too, of the stone composing this "glorious towne," has been such, that but little of the original surface has escaped uninjured; yet from what remains of the carvings, as well as from the contours of the mouldings, and their relative proportions, it will at once appear, to any one who may make the comparison, that this monument is, in every respect, inferior to its alleged prototype at Kilmaurs.

The pavement in front of the monument has been broken up, whereby a portion of the crown of the vaulting has been laid open. What reward this sacrilegious kind of curiosity met with, if such it was, that violated this repository of the ashes of an honoured line, or why, along with the repairs recently made on the exterior of the aisle, the pavement was not replaced, we did not learn when on the spot.

The churchyard is not rife in monuments, while in epitaphian matter, it is among the poorest in the country.—The memorials bearing the first three inscriptions, are attached to the walls of the aisle, and the fourth is built into the west wall of the burying-ground.

1.

Sacred to the memory of the Rev. William Donaldson, minister of Ballantrae, who died, 28th July, 1814, in the 76th year of his age, and 44th of his ministry.

2.

In memory of David Ferguson Kennedy of Finart, who died, 25th November, 1806, aged 37 years. This tablet is erected by his affectionate widow.

3.

Erected by David Ferguson, merchant, Glasgow, to the memory of his father, David Ferguson, who died, 13th February, 1825, aged 70 years, and his mother, Mary M'Ewing, who died, 4th March, 1840, aged 85 years.

The above is cut on a handsome tablet, ornamented with chaste scroll-work beautifully carved, and the sunk lettering of the inscription is gilt.

4.

Erected by H. Ross in memory of Helen M'Kiesock, his spouse; also her three sons, Willm., Jas., and Hew, and Alexander Ross, his brother.

Farewell vain world, I've had enough of thee,
And careless am what thou dost say of me;
Thy smiles I count not, nor thy frowns I fear,
My cares are past, my head lies quiet here.*

AN IRISH TRADITION.

In some of the counties in the south and west of Ireland, many of the inhabitants, who are not fortunate enough to be the possessors of "a bit o'

ground" of their own, leave their homes and families on the approach of autumn, and proceed either to England, or those counties in their own country, where grain crops are cultivated more extensively than in their own.

The inattention of the peasantry to education in the art of penmanship, frequently precludes the possibility of communicating with their absent friends, and accordingly, it often happens that no tidings are ever heard of these travellers, until they themselves return with the welcome intelligence to their over-anxious wife and family. It was on such an expedition that the subject of our narrative set out, leaving a wife and child, in a cabin situated near Lough Allen, on the borders of an extensive bog in the west of Ireland.

Long and dreary did the hours appear to Kitty S——n, whilst her husband was earning a "thrifle o' money" in the county of Kildare, as a reaper on the lands of a rich farmer, in company with some of the "boys"* of his own parish. Anxiously did she inquire, day after day, in the village of D——n (which was about a mile from her cabin), whether any news had been heard of the absent reapers; but no one could give her the desired information. The month of October at length arrived, when one of those who had left home along with Paddy S——n, returned to the village, and, as may well be imagined, an hour had scarcely elapsed, after his arrival, before the news spread far and wide through the neighbourhood, that John D——y had come home; now might crowds of anxious women be observed hastening to his house, eager to obtain some clue relative to the fate and fortune of their husbands.

Profuse, indeed, were the endearing epithets that were occasionally lavished on John D——y, by the women who had been already seated around him, and as each new comer joined the party already assembled, one might hear the oft repeated, and almost uniform, preface uttered by each, previous to their subsequent chapter of almost endless interrogatories, expressed somewhat in the following style:

"Johny, agra, an' its yourselt' that's welcome home, ashore, and have you brought any tidings at all, at all, about my Pat?" (or Michael as the name of the husband might be.) After some time came Kitty S——n, distinguished by the same eagerness and excitement which characterised the rest, but far different from them did she return to her lonely cabin, in the deepest dejection and disappointment, because she heard nothing relative to her husband. The end of November came, when all the reapers had returned, but still there was no appearance of Paddy S——n. Kitty now began to get alarmed for his safety, and many an anxious hour she spent, pondering with disquietude on the event which interposed a barrier against his return. Winter had at length set in, and as the cold wind whistled by her cabin door, she would draw nearer to the good turf fire that blazed cheerfully on the hearth, while she gently rocked the cradle wherein lay her only child; and thus

* These verses occur in several printed collections of epitaphs. In "Sepulchrorum Inscriptiones, 1727," they are given, with two additional lines, as having been written, in 1707, "On One Unknown."

* Boys. The Irish peasantry call all unmarried men amongst themselves "boys," which term ceases on their marriage.

in thought, would dwell on her long absent and much loved husband. While thus musing one evening, ere it was yet quite dark, she was aroused from her reverie, by the noise of some person knocking at the door. She proceeded immediately to open it, when a tall dark-looking man entered the cabin, saying, "God save all here." "And you likewise," replied Kitty.* The appearance of the stranger was not prepossessing, so, in order at once to know his business, she continued, "May be, then, you'd be after sayin' what has brought you this way through the bog, so far out of the public road." "I am a traveller (said the stranger), and as the night is advancing, I am afraid I shall lose my way, and therefore I am come asking to lodge here for this night." "Troth (said Kitty), an' your welcome to whatever lodgin' my little cabin can give you; an' as you must be hungry, I'll make you a supper of whatever victuals I have in the house; but it'll not be a very good one. However, such as it is, you may have with " *Cead mille failtha.*"†

Kitty was not long in preparing his supper, which being ended, she mentioned to her guest (as she was not altogether pleased with his appearance), that she was afraid her accommodation would not be the best; for she was a very poor woman, but she would point out to him the way to the neighbouring village, where he would find a comfortable inn.

The proposal was accepted, and soon after both set out, Kitty carrying her child with her.‡ Ere they proceeded far, they came to the only path which led in safety across the bog, and here Kitty was surprised to find that the stranger was well acquainted with it; this raised suspicions in her mind, and she began to think that all was not right. After some time they arrived on the public road, when Kitty, having directed the stranger to proceed for about half a mile, when he would arrive at the village, turned back. Having hastily crossed the bog by the path she had come, and had now almost arrived at her house, she saw, about a few yards in front of her the dim outline of a figure, which appeared to her to be that of a man. She instantly halted, uttering, at the same time, a sentence which some of the peasantry believe to be a charm against evil spirits—

* "God save all here." This is the usual form of salutation when a peasant enters a house, and the reply is always as above. In fact, whenever one peasant passes another (whether a stranger or otherwise), the one *always* salutes the other by saying, as they pass, "God save you," when the other replies, "and you likewise."

Nothing is more mortifying to a peasant at work, than to be passed by without the usual salutation (in such cases), "God bless the work;" and when a person in a higher rank of life neglects this salutation, in many cases, the peasant, or peasants, at work, do not neglect what they ought to say on their part, viz., "And you likewise, Sir," although the other party may not have saluted them.

† "Cead mille failtha." In English, "A hundred thousand welcomes."

‡ "Carrying her child." Because the superstition of the peasantry did teach her to believe that the "fairies," or (as the peasantry say with great respect), the "genies," roamed to every cabin where a child is left alone, and substitute a decrepid little infant in its place.

"If you are a man stand,
If you are a woman go,
If you are an evil spirit,
Stoop down low."

The figure continued still in the same place for a few minutes, when it began to move towards the centre of the bog. Kitty then proceeded in haste to her cabin, which was not far distant, and having barred the door, she put the child into its cradle, and then threw herself upon her bed. It was not long before she was aroused by the noise of some one moving the latch of the door, and soon after she heard a deep moan. And while she doubted whether she should open the door or not, the well known accents of her own Paddy (seeking admission), quickly dissipated her doubts.

Having opened the door, she greeted her husband with every mark of affection; but cold, indeed, was the return of it, for Paddy, observing a sullen silence, advanced towards the fire-place, and took a seat. At that instant the moon had just emerged from a dark cloud which had for some time obscured its light, when by means of it, Kitty perceived the same dark man (whom she had entertained at supper), standing at the window; she immediately rushed to the door, but could see no one. This greatly alarmed her, and returning to Paddy, she said, "Paddy, dear, why don't you spake to your own Kitty; sure, as all the world knows, I have never done anything to displease you, and throth, its sore thratement I'm receivin', that you won't spake to me when you come home, after bein' away for four months, or more."

Paddy made no reply, but pointed towards the centre of the bog, and then immediately disappeared.

Kitty hastened out, and for some time kept walking up and down before the cabin, in the most abject despondency, and giving vent to her feelings in loud shrieks, which were echoed along the hills that overhang the lake.

After some time, as she was re-entering her house, she saw the same dark-looking man advancing towards her, having his arm round Paddy's head, which he appeared to be belabouring violently with blows. Kitty screamed out murder, and immediately fell into a swoon. When she recovered, she found herself lying at her cabin door, which opening, she entered, and most anxiously awaited the appearance of daylight.

As soon as it was light she repaired to the village, and told all the circumstances of the preceding night to the people there, who deemed it an ill omen. A week had scarcely passed when a dead body was discovered in the centre of the bog; and, at a subsequent examination, held at a coroner's inquest, it was identified to be that of Paddy, and accordingly a verdict of "wilful murder, by some person, or persons, unknown," was returned by the jury.

Many years have since passed, and no trace has ever yet been discovered of the murderer.

Shortly after, Kitty left the house upon the bog; and now, all the peasants who know the story, utter (as they pass), a silent prayer; and it is with much fear and trembling that any one ap-

proaches it after dark; and when they do, they hurry past it as a place given up to the possession of infuriate demons.

W.

NATIONAL ANTIPATHIES BETWEEN ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND.

(Continued from our last.)

"WHEN any one dies, the bell-man goes about ringing their passing-bell, and acquaints the people therewith, in form following, 'Beloved brouthrin and susters, I let yau to wot that thir is a faithful broothir lawtlie departed awt of this prisant warld, aut thi plesuir of Aulmoughti Good (and then he rails his bonnet) his naum is Volli Voodcok, thrid son to Jimoy Voodcok a cordinger; he ligs awt thi sext door vethin thi Nord Gawt, close on thi Nawthwr Rawnd, and I wod yaw gaung to hus burying on Thursday before twa a cloak,' &c. The time appointed for his burying being come, the bell-man calls the company together, and he is carried to the burying-place, and thrown in to the grave (as dog Lyon was) and there's an end of Volli. Few people are here buried in their kirks (except of their nobility) but in the kirk garties, or in a burying-place on purpose, called the *Hoof*, at the further end of the town (like our Quakers) enclosed with a wall, so that it serves not only as a burying-place, but an exchange to meet in; perhaps in one part of it the Courts of Judicate are kept; in another are butts to shoot at for recreation.* All agree that a woman's tongue is the last member she moves, but the Latin proverb, *mulieri ne credas*, &c. seems to prove it after death; I am sure the pride of this people never leaves them, but follows them to their long homes (I was about to have said, to the devil) for the meanest man must have a grave-stone full fraught with his own praises (though he was the vilest miscreant on earth) and miserable *memento mori's*, both in English and Latin, nay Greek too, if they can find a Greek word for cordinger, the calling he was of, and all this in such miserable Scotch orthography, that 'tis hard to distinguish one language from another.

"The castles of defence in this country are almost impregnable, only to be taken by treachery or long siege, their water failing them soonest; they are built upon high and almost inaccessible rocks, only one forc'd passago up to them, so that few men may easily defend them. Indeed all the gentlemen's houses are strong castles, they being so treacherous one to another, that they are forc'd to defend themselves in strong holds; they are commonly built upon some single rock in the sea, or some high precipice near the midland, with many towers and strong iron grates

before the windows (the lower part whereof, is only a wooden shutter, and upper part glass) so that they look more like prisons than houses of reception; some few houses there are of late erection, that are built in a better form, with good walks and gardens about them, but their fruit rarely comes to any perfection. The houses of the commonalty are very mean, mud-wall and thatch the best; but the poorer sort live in such miserable huts as never eyes beheld, it is no difficulty to — over them; men, women, and children pig altogether in a poor mouse-hole of mud, heath, and some such like matter; in some parts, where turf is plentiful, they build up little cabins thereof, with arched roofs of turf, without a stick of timber in it; when their houses are dry enough to burn, it serves them for fuel, and they remove to another. The habit of the people is very different, according to the qualities and places they live in, as Low-land or High-land men. The Low-land gentry go well enough habited, but the poorer sort go (almost) naked; only an old cloak, or a part of their bed-cloaths thrown over them. The Highlanders wear slashed doublets, commonly without breeches, only a plaid tyed about their waists, &c. thrown over one shoulder, with short stockings to the gartering place, their knees and part of their thighs being naked; others have breeches and stockings all of a piece of plaid ware, close to their thighs; in one side of their girdle sticks a *dark-or-sham*, of about a foot and half a yard long, very sharp, and the back of it filed into divers notches, wherein they put poison; on the other side a brace (at least) of brass pistols; nor is this honour sufficient, if they can purchase more, they must have a long swinging sword.

"The women are commonly two-handed tools, strong-posted timber; they dislike English men because they have no legs, or (like themselves) posts to walk on; the meaner go bare-foot and bare-head, with two black *ellocks* on either side their faces; some of them have scarce any clothes at all, save part of their bed-cloaths pinned about their shoulders, and their children have nothing else on them but a little blanket; those women that can purchase plads, need not bestow much upon other cloaths, those cover-sluts being sufficient. Those of the best sort that are very well habited in their modish silks, yet must wear a plad over all, for the credit of their country.

"The people are proud, arrogant, vain-glorious boasters, bloody, barbarous, and inhuman butchers. Couzenage and theft is in perfection among them, and they are perfect English haters, they show their pride in exalting themselves, and depressing their neighbours.

"The nobility and gentry lord it over their poor tenants, and use them worse than gally-slaves; they are all bound to serve them, men, women, and children; the first fruits is always the landlord's due, he is the man that must . . . all the young married women within his lairdship, and their sons are all his slaves, so that any mean laird will have six or ten, or more followers; besides those of his own name, that are inferior to him, must all attend him (as he himself must do his superiors, of the same name, and all of them

* The author of this amusing tirade against Scotland, shoots on the wing in this passage. Courts of justice were held on the Moat-hills—not in the churchyards. In country districts, however, fairs were usually held at the parish church, the most central place of meeting, where also butts were erected, in terms of the statute, for the practice of archery. By the word *Hoof* the author no doubt means *hoof*, a place of resort.

attend the chief) if he receives a stranger, all this train must be at his beck armed as aforesaid; if you drink with them in a tavern, you must have all this rubbish with you; and if you offend the laird, his duk shall be soon sheathed in your belly, and, after his, every one of his followers, or they shall suffer themselves that refuse it, that so they may be all alike guilty of the murder: every laird (of note) must have a gibbet near his house, and has power to condemn and hang any of his vassals; so they dare not oppose him in anything, but must submit to his commands, let them be never so unjust and tyrannical. There are too many testimonies of their cruelty amongst themselves in their own chronicles, forty of their kings have been barbarously murdered by them, and half as many more have either made away with themselves for fear of their torturing of them, or have died miserably in strait imprisonment. What strange butcheries have been committed in their feuds, some of which are in agitation to this day, viz.: Argylo with the Macclones, and Mac Donnells about Mullis Island, which has cost already much blood, and is likely will cost much more before it will be decided; their spirits are so mean that they will hardly rob, but take away life first, lying in ambuscade, they send a brace of bullets on embassy through the traveller's body; and to make sure work, they sheathe their dunks in his liveless trunk, perhaps to take off their fire-edges, as new knives are stuck in a bag-pudding. If an Highlander be injured, those of his own name must defend him, and will certainly have satisfaction from the offenders: a late instance whereof was at Inverness, (a considerable town,) where one of the Macdonnells was slain, but shortly the chief of his name came down against the town with 1500 men of his own name, and threatened to fire the town, but the inhabitants compounded with them for £2000.

Their cruelty descends to their beasts, it being a custom in some places to feast upon a living cow they tie in the middle of them, near a great fire, and then cut collops of the poor living beast, and broil them on the fire, till they have mangled her all to pieces; nay, sometimes they will only cut off as much as will satisfy their present appetites, and let her go till their greedy stomachs call for a new supply: such horrible cruelty as can scarce be paralleled in the whole world! Their thefts are so well known, that it needs no proving, they are forced to keep watch over all they have, to secure it: their cattle are watch'd day and night, or otherwise they would be over-grown before morning. In the Highlands they do it publicly before the face of the sun. If one man has two cows, and another wants, he shall soon supply himself from his neighbour, who can find no remedy for it. The gentry keep an armory in their own houses, furnished with several sorts

of fire-arms, pikes, and halberts, with which they arm their followers, to secure themselves from the rapine of their neighbourhood. The Lowland language may be well enough understood by the English man, but the Highlanders have a peculiar lingua to themselves, which they call Erst, unknown to most of the Lowland men, except only in those places that border on them, where they can speak both: Yet these people are so currish, that if a stranger enquire the way in English, they will certainly answer in Erst, and find no other language than what is inforced with a cudgel. If Cornelius Agrippa had travelled in Scotland, sure cookery would have been found in his vanity of sciences, such is their singular skill in this art, that they may defy the world to rival them; King James's treatment for the Devil, that is a poll of ling, a joll of sturgeon, and a pigg, with a pipe of tobacco for digestion, had been very compleat, if the ordering thereof had been assigned to a cuke of this country, who can sate every dish with its proper hogoe, and bring corruption to your table, only to mind men of mortality. Their meat is carrion when 'tis kill'd, but after it has been a fortnight a perfuming with the aromatick air, strained thro' the clammy trunks of fleas, then it passes the tryal of fire under the care of one of those exquisite artists, and is dish'd up in a sea of sweet Scotch butter, and so cover'd and served hot up to the table: O how happy is he that is placed next to it, with a privilege to uncover it, and receive the hot steams of this dainty dish, almost sufficient to cure all distempers. It will be needless to instance in particulars so plain and evident to all that have travell'd through the country, that they may certainly bear away the bell from all their neighbouring nations, or indeed from the whole world. Their nobility and gentry have tables plentifully enough furnish'd, but few or none of them have their meat better order'd: To put ones head into their kitchen doors, is little less than destructive; you enter hell alive, where the black furies are busied in mangling dead carcases, and the fire and brimstone, or rather stew and stink, is ready to suffocate you, and yet, which is strange, these things are agreeable to the humours of the people. The poorer sort live on haddock, whiting, and sewer milk, which is cryed up and down their streets (*Whea buyes sawer milk*) and upon the stinking fragments that are left at their laird's table. Prodigious stomachs, that, like the *gulon*, can feed on their own excrements, and strain their meat through their stomachs, to have the pleasure of devouring it again!

Their drink is ale, made of beer-malt, and tunned up in a small vessel called a cogue; after it has stood a few hours, they drink it out of the cogue, yest and all; the better sort brew it in larger quantities, and drink it in wooden queighs, but it is sorry stuff, yet excellent for preparing birdlime; but wine is the great drink with the gentry, which they pour in like fishes, as if it were their natural element; the glasses they drink out of are considerably large, and they always fill them to the brim, and away with it: some of them have arrived at the perfection to toppe brandy at the same rate as these are a

* Bruce was disbelieved when he stated this to be a practice of the Abyssinians. It was not the less true, however. We are not aware that it ever existed in Scotland, as our radical author asserts; but in years of famine, the people have been known to eat blood of the cattle, which they used to procure by sucking the udders of cows, as they were held to procure plenty of milk.

bowl above Bacchus; and of right ought to have a nobler throne than a hog'shead.

"Music they have, but not the harmony of the spheres, but loud terrene noises, like the bellowing of beasts; the loud bagpipe is their chief delight, stringed instruments are too soft to penetrate the organs of their ears, that are only pleased with sounds of substance."

[To be continued.]

LEGENDS OF SCOTTISH SUPERSTITION.

No. XI.

THE DEVIL'S BRIDE.

(ARGYLSHIRE.)

A GENTLEMAN of considerable property in the west of Scotland, had an only daughter—young, beautiful, and accomplished: that is to say, accomplished so far as the fashions of this vain transitory world are concerned; but, as regarded things of a higher and more enduring character, she was, as some one has expressed it, "little better than one of the wicked." Unfortunately, her education had brought her in contact with "the sinful and soul-alluring" gaities of the metropolis; and now, amid the calm, cloisteral seclusion of the paternal mansion, her mind reverted with an ardent thirst towards the scenes of her former giddy amusements. The theatre, the masquerade, and the ball-room, were for ever present to her delighted imagination, while the sober peace-giving realities with which she was surrounded—the plain unaffected manners of her relatives, and, above all, their unobtrusive piety, were in an equal degree irksome and disagreeable to her. Eventually, it became her custom, at the hour appointed for evening devotion, to absent herself altogether from the family circle, and in a small private arbour in a remote part of her father's garden, to spend the precious minutes in reading plays, romances, poetry, and other sinful productions of a time-serving age. Such a course of conduct, or rather gross misconduct, long and obstinately persevered in, brought at the last its own fearful result.

One evening, while the young lady was seated as usual in her favourite arbour, perusing the pages of some flimsy novel, she happened to raise her eyes from the book, and lo! at the farther end of an alley leading to where she sat, she saw a young gentleman elegantly and showily dressed in all the profuse finery peculiar to the period. Struck with the splendid appearance of the stranger, it never occurred to her that it was unaccountable how a person of his description should be walking there. He seemed attentively engaged in examining the multifarious beauties with which the garden abounded. At one time he would stand and gaze abroad on the wide expanse of landscape which was, here and there, thrown open skillfully to the view; and at another, he would be seen in some retired nook deeply absorbed in the contemplation of the rare and many-dyed exotics which grew in rich luxuriance at his feet. At length he seemed to observe the lady, and approaching her with an air at once so dignified

and so respectful, she felt not the slightest alarm, but waited in speechless admiration till the windings of the alley brought him in front of the bower. He entered—and bowing with the most consummate grace, seated himself by her side. He spoke—and the charms of his conversation were even more fatally fascinating than those of his external appearance. She never had seen any young gentleman—and, indeed, she had never hoped to see one—who so completely realized all her brightest ideas of masculine perfection:—the stranger before her was indeed the very *beau-ideal* of her most enraptured musings. He talked of love—and her soul at once yielded to the soft delirium. He pressed his suit—and she had not for a moment the power of using her feminine prerogative to say to him—nay. How shall I relate it? In one short hour the heart of the silly maiden was lost and won, and she had sworn—yes!—sworn irrevocably to be that unknown stranger's bride—to be his, and his only, for ever!

The object of the seducer was now, of course, fully accomplished, and he rose to depart, promising to return on a certain night which he specified, with his friends and equipage to carry her home in splendour to his residence. They parted—and the young lady gazing after her betrothed, as he retired down the avenue, now saw—oh horror!—saw the *cloven foot*, that sure and undisguisable mark by which the enemy of mankind is always known, in whatever shape he may choose to appear! She saw no more, but sunk upon the floor of the arbour in a deathlike swoon.

The shades of evening had closed for a considerable time around the victim of Satanic machination, when her parents, becoming alarmed at her unusual protracted absence, caused the garden to be searched. In the arbour she was found—still in a state of insensibility, and so carried home to her apartment. Medical assistance was procured, and after much skilful treatment, she slowly and partially recovered. It was then, in a state of mind bordering almost on distraction, that her aged parents gleaned, from her broken and incoherent ravings, an idea of the extraordinary circumstances which had taken place in the tower, and of the fearful predicament in which their daughter, by her own highly culpable indiscretion, now stood. It was evident that whatever skilful treatment her bodily ailments required—and that was not little—those of her mind required infinitely greater. An urgent request, therefore, was sent to all the most eminent divines in the west of Scotland, to attend and minister to the wretched sufferer their ghostly advice; and, in consequence of this invitation, a considerable number of clergymen (amongst others the Rev. Mr Brodie of Inverary) convened on the day appointed by the demon, as that on which he would carry away his victim. In the evening, the young lady, by her own desire, was arrayed in bridal robes of white, and placed in a chair at the upper end of the principal hall. Her father, a zealous Cameronian, stood by her on one side, with his bible in one hand and his drawn sword in the other, while her mother sat weeping bitterly at her feet. Those friends and relatives who had sufficient courage to abide the event stood

behind; and the clergymen—sedulously employed in their devotions—formed a sort of entrenchment in front—the lower end of the hall and the door being left open for the reception of the expected demons.

At midnight, the sound of approaching vehicles was heard entering the avenue—it grew louder and nearer—and in a few seconds more, a numerous equipage was heard driving furiously into the court. Wild and tumultuous peals of laughter, mingled with strange unearthly cries, rang loudly through every apartment of the building, as the “rabble rout” hurried, in the most disorderly manner, up the stairs. They burst into the hall—but here their riotous conduct received a momentary check from the firm and dignified demeanour of those whom they, doubtless, thus intended to intimidate. Instantly recovering his audacity, the master-fiend stepped forward into the middle of the floor, followed by his pretended friends—all tawdrily dressed in a set of “cast-off-looking” holiday suits; for it is to be remarked, that the hellish group necessarily appeared in all their native shabbiness—the eyes of the company not being predisposed, as the young lady’s had been, to become the dupes of any species of diabolic illusion. Amongst the crowd of attendant devils were recognised several of the most noted disreputable persecutors; nay—there was seen skulking in the back-ground many who through life had maintained “a highly zealous christian profession,” but were now—the vile mask torn from their faces—suffering the unpitied doom of the hypocrite! All affected an ill-assumed levity of manner, which was fearfully belied by their restless rolling eye-balls—speaking unmistakably of the excruciating tortures of the inward worm which gnaws, and gnaws unceasingly, the vitals of the damned!

One of the clergymen now stood forward and demanded to know the business of the intruders. The fiend replied that he came to claim the young lady as his bride—stating her own voluntary promise to that effect; and in the course of his speech, which was somewhat fluent and long-winded, he, with his usual dexterity, quoted a great variety of scripture texts to prove, as he pretended, the validity of his claims. To these the clergymen, in their turn, replied; but whether it was that their scriptural knowledge did not quite equal the devil’s, or that their faith, in the very trying circumstances in which they were placed, tottered slightly on its basis, I am not fully aware; but certain it is, all these reverend gentlemen were in their turn signally defeated. At last it became Mr Brodie’s turn to speak. Fortunately, the enemy, by this time, had grown rather confident of victory, and launched his missile texts at the wits of his antagonists with a less degree of caution than he had evinced at the outset. Winding up a long train of sophistical reasoning, he attempted to clench the whole by parading the following passage of Scripture: “It is written,” said he, “if any man vow a vow unto the Lord, or swear an oath to bind his soul with a bond, he shall not break his word, he shall do according to all that proceedeth out of his mouth.”

“Yea,” replied Mr Brodie triumphantly, “and it is also written in the same place. ‘If any woman vow a vow unto the Lord, and bind herself by a bond, being in her father’s house in her youth; and her father hear the vow, and her bond wherewith she hath bound herself, and her father hold his peace at her, then all her vows shall stand, and every bond wherewith she hath bound her soul shall stand.’—”

“That,” said the devil, interrupting, “is precisely the case in dispute. I demand the instant fulfilment of the lady’s vow—here am I and my friends ready to carry her off!”

“Silence! and get thee behind me, Satan,” said the clergymen, “for thou wert a thief and a liar from the beginning. It is further written in the same place, ‘But if her father disallow her in the day that he heareth; not any of her vows, or of her bonds wherewith she hath bound her soul shall stand, and the Lord shall forgive her, because her father hath disallowed her.’ This is the true case in dispute—and here is the young lady’s father, who in the most distinct and peremptory manner disallows the fulfilment of the rash vow—a vow into which she has been most vilely entrapped by the arch-deceiver of all that is fair and virtuous, but which the Lord in his mercy will freely forgive her, as he has here pledged himself in his holy word.” The old gentleman then came forward and pronounced his final negative; on which Mr Brodie, conjured the devil and his emissaries, in the name of the God of all truth and justice, instantly to depart to “their own appointed place.” Grinning horribly, the devil remarked, “If it had not been for you, Mr Brodie, I would have had my victim in spite of all the ministers in the Church of Scotland!” He then assumed his proper shape, and waving his hand, he, and those who were with him, vanished, carrying, as my informant expressed it, “the broad side of the house along with him!”

The young lady did not long survive the horrors of this eventful night, but died shortly after, fully convinced of the errors of her former ways, and enjoying the blessed hope that she was entering a country where sorrow and sighing, and all the ensnaring delusions of the devil, are forever at an end.

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W. G.

* Numbers xxx., pp. 2, 3, 4, 5. It will be recollected that this is the text of Scripture on which Lady Ashton, in the “Bride of Lammermoor,” founds her plea for snatching her daughter’s troth plighted with young Ravenswood.

† This story was current in the neighbourhood of Inverary about seventy or eighty years ago. A similar one is related of a country maiden in Aberdeenshire. This poor girl, however, was not so fortunate as to procure the services of a clergyman of Mr Brodie’s talents, but had to depend entirely on her own address in putting off the claims of her betrothed, until the time mentioned in her engagement had expired. On his arrival she pretended to be busily engaged in baking, and that she would go with him as soon as she had completed her task. The devil waited for a long time, till growing quite impatient at her obvious dilatoriness, he seized her, along with the *griddle* and *spatula* (her baking implements) and stuck them up, in thistle, against the side of the Hill of Benlomaich, in the shape of three *flag-stones*, where they may be seen to this day.

OBITUARY NOTICES,

CHRONOLOGICALLY ARRANGED. :

[Continued from our last]

Dec. 1826. Mr Pendrell, a shoemaker, late of Newgate Street, was buried on Sunday, at Creed Church, Leadenthall Street, with masonic honours. He was descended from the family of the Pendrells, in Nottinghamshire; one of whom, Mr Pendrell, of Beekell House, in that county, secreted Charles II. and saved him, by making him assume the character of his servant. In this disguise he was conveyed beyond the reach of his enemies. For the services then performed, the family of Pendrell receive a pension at this day from Government. Integrity seems to have descended from father to son as an inheritance, for at a time when a reward of £1000 was offered for the apprehension of young Watson, Mr Pendrell secreted him in his house in Newgate Street, dressed as a female, watched over him to prevent the approach of every intruder, accompanied him to America, and never left him till he saw him in a place of safety.

April 1827. Oliver the Spy died at the Cape of Good Hope, where he was known as William Jones, surveyor of government works. It is understood a refusal to pass his accounts led to habits of drinking which ultimately terminated in his death.

Gen. Rufane Donkin—himself no very estimable person—published a pamphlet by which the identity of Jones and Oliver was established. This blasted his character entirely, and he was latterly so miserable that death proved a relief.

Sept. — Mr Dodd, the engineer, who died in Giltspur Street Compter, in a state of destitution, was the son of the late Mr R. Dodd, the projector of Vauxhall Bridge, South London Waterworks, the Thames Tunnel at Gravesend, Sadry Canal, and various other works. Mr G. Dodd was the reviver of the idea of the Strand, or Waterloo Bridge, originally projected by Mr J. Gwynn in 1768. The design of Waterloo Bridge, with trifling alterations, is, however, that of Mr G. Dodd, as will appear from the prints published of it in its infant progress while under his direction, and prior to his being superseded by Mr Rennie, who finished this beautiful but unprofitable undertaking, which Canova declared to be the most classical and elegant structure in Europe. To G. Dodd the public were first indebted for the idea of steam passage-boats from London to Margate; he prevailed on a party of tradesmen to purchase an old steam-boat called the Margery, brought from Scotland. This was followed by the building of the Victory, Sons of Commerce, and other Margate steam-boats; but his continuation with this connection was of a short duration, and he had the mortification of seeing his plans put in execution on most of the navigable rivers in Great Britain with fame and credit to others, but without emolument to himself. The want of encouragement to his last invention, of extinguishing accidental fire on board vessels at sea, which by men of nautical experience had been greatly improved, contributed to depress

his spirits; and to those who formerly knew, and lately met him, there was an evident aberration of intellect.

[The following particulars relative to the last days of this unfortunate gentleman, will be read with interest:

On Monday week, Mr George Dodd, a man of considerable talent as an engineer, was brought before the Lord Mayor from the Giltspur Street Compter, and took his place amongst other paupers, and looked as wretched and destitute as any of them. He had been found in a state of intoxication the preceding night, and appeared to suffer most dreadfully in his nerves from constant habits of drinking. He was recognized by the Lord Mayor, who knew him in prosperous days, and spoke kindly to him upon this woeful alteration in his fortunes. He, however, was reluctant to state particulars, but spoke wildly of hope deferred and of promises forgotten. His only request was to be sent back to the Compter for one week's support, after which he should, he hoped, have the power of rallying, and projecting new systems of life. His request was cheerfully granted, and the Lord Mayor directed that he should be placed under the care of Mr Box, the surgeon of the prison. Upon his return to the Compter, he was conducted to the infirmary, and Mr Box ordered some medicines to be given to him. This order was the very last that poor Dodd would obey. He said, "What, give me poison? No, if I am to die, I will not be instrumental to my own death—I won't take poison." The interference of Mr Teague, the keeper, was of no avail—he would drink anything except the poison they called medicine. He lingered until Tuesday morning, when, completely exhausted, he sunk into death. In his pockets were found some letters, from which it appeared that he had constructed an apparatus for extinguishing fire in vessels, and that his plan had been adopted in some of His Majesty's ships. It is generally reported that he was the projector of Waterloo Bridge, and of the Gravesend Tunnel, under the Thames. There were two or three warm letters from men of property to him, also found in his pockets; but not one friend made an enquiry after him.—An inquest was held on the body on Wednesday, and the Jury returned a verdict of "Died by the visitation of God."

April 14, 1837. An eccentric luminary has just been eclipsed. No less a man than Captain Fairfield has been gathered to his fathers. Those members of the military clubs who retain any recollection of Peninsular exploits, doubtless have seen or heard of the heroic achievements of the gallant Captain, his undeviating prudence in conflict, and his great companionable qualities at mess. On his return to this country, his course was somewhat erratic, till his fickle goddess refusing any further flirtation with him, he formed some new associations which increased a sort of hereditary thirst under which he had laboured from his earliest youth. Indeed he was latterly suspected of being a ribbon-man; with what truth we know not—but this we know, that he was a witty, agreeable, and gentlemanly fellow, who sung a capital song, and drank like a true

Patlander as he was. This slight tribute to his memory we give in compliment to the Junior United Service Club.

May — At Alnwick, Sir David W. Smith, Bart., Chamberlain of his Grace the Duke of Northumberland.

[The following account of his interment is from a provincial paper:]—"The funeral of Sir David W. Smith, Bart., took place at Alnwick, on Friday the 19th instant. The bells were tolled at intervals during the day, and the shops in the town were closed during the afternoon. The rank and character of the deceased drew together a great concourse of persons to honour the closing rites, and to witness the funeral procession, which vastly surpassed in solemn grandeur any ever witnessed at Alnwick. The hearse was followed with two mourning coaches and thirteen gentlemen's carriages, and the procession proceeded from the house of the Baronet to the churchyard. By his death, without issue, the title has become extinct."

Jan. 6, — At Foulsham, aged 70, Francis Thomas Quarles, Esq.; solicitor, and for many years (upwards of thirty) Coroner for the Liberties of the Duchy of Lancaster, in this county (Norfolk.)

[He was the great-grandson of Francis Quarles the Poet, and a lineal descendant of Sir Robert Quarles formerly of Romford. A branch of the family still resides in Holland, bearing the title of Baron Tedingswaard.]

Jan. 13, — The Right Hon. John Earl of Eldon, in the eighty-seventh year of his age.

[The following anecdote of his Lordship has not fallen under the notice of his Lordship's biographers:—"Two gentlemen, who had liberty to shoot on the grounds surrounding his Lordship's estate, happened, unintentionally, to encroach a little way on the latter. The gamekeeper insisted that the gentlemen should appear before his Lordship to answer for the misdemeanour. They were ushered into the presence of the proprietor, who accosted them with the greatest civility, and begged they would be seated. On hearing the tale of the domestic, and the assurances of the gentlemen of their having unintentionally encroached, his Lordship rang the bell, ordered wine and other refreshments to be brought, requested the gentlemen to partake, entered into conversation, and on the gentlemen retiring assured them "that if they came that way again they were perfectly welcome to a shot, even should they trespass."

Feb., — On Monday last was interred, in the burial ground of New Windsor, the remains of Sarah Walker, who died at her lodgings in the New road on the preceding Thursday, at the advanced age of 88 years.

The history of this aged female is somewhat remarkable, and one that has excited much interest among several influential persons in the neighbourhood of Windsor. She was born in 1750; at Northampton, where her parents then lived; her father's regiment, which was the Royal Horse Guards (then called the Blues,) being stationed in that town. At that period her father had been twenty-two years in the regiment, of

which the celebrated Lord (afterwards the Marquis of) Granby was the commander. When seven or eight years of age, the regiment was sent abroad to join the army under Prince Ferdinand, the subject of this article, with her mother, accompanying them. She well recollected the battles of Minden, Wasborough, and Paderborn; when the latter place was taken, the church, she said, was littered with straw for the troops to lie on, and they burned the pews for fuel. Her mother died there, from an injury received in her back, on the upsetting of a waggon, with Lord Granby's baggage in it, and Sarah herself fell into a pond. She used to relate how the news of the death of George the Second was received by the British troops at Paderborn, at which period Lord Granby was labouring under a severe illness at Menhouse, in the vicinity of that town. Sarah and her sister were shortly afterwards sent to Hesse Cassel, and placed under the care of an old woman (where she learnt the French and German languages;) their expenses while there being defrayed by Lord Granby and Prince Ferdinand. Hesse Cassel being afterwards taken by the French, Sarah and her sister were detained prisoners there until 1763, when peace was proclaimed, which was a glad release for the two girls, who had been sadly off for provisions. They had prepared themselves to enter a convent, when their father arrived and conveyed them away. They then came to England, and resided with a man named Sumper and his wife, Sumper having got his discharge from the Blues, and taking a public house at Hounslow, was the first person who set up the now common sign of "the Marquis of Granby," his former excellent commander. At that house the Marquis's two sons used frequently to stop on their road between Eton and London. At this house Sarah re-acquired her native language, which, from being so many years abroad, she had totally forgotten. She subsequently married a person named Walker, and, after the riots in London in 1780, she came to Windsor, where she had ever since resided. Her husband was at the battle of Waterloo.

Old Sarah has been the mother of thirteen children, four of whom (daughters,) with the same feeling towards the army that their parents had, married soldiers. One of those daughters, who resided with her to the day of her mother's death, has had several hair-breadth escapes, one of which was her receiving several bullets in her body in the Peninsular war from the Guerillas, when she fell into the hands of some of Massena's troops, with a quantity of baggage.

Mrs Walker for some time was in very reduced circumstances, subsisting on an allowance of half-a-crown and a loaf per week, but when her remarkable history became known, her case was very kindly taken up by the Rev. W. J. Moore, the Curate of New Windsor, who interceded in her behalf, and procured a very liberal subscription for her. Among the distinguished persons who subscribed to procure her the necessary comforts in her old age, were General Pigeon, Viscount Ashbrook, Sir Andrew Barnard, Sir Jeffrey Wykeville, Lord C. Paulet, Lady St. Bridgman, and Colonel H.W. Several officers of the Royal Horse

Guards, and of other Regiments of the Household Brigade, also liberally contributed.

The occurrences of poor Sarah Walker's life were made known to his late Majesty, who presented her with £5, and Queen Adelaide, with her usual sympathy towards the distressed, very generously conferred on her an annuity of £12 a-year, which poor Sarah received to the day of her death.

It may exhibit the interest with which the officers of the Royal Horse Guards viewed the eventful life of this "old campaigner," when we state that Colonel Hill, in 1836, on behalf of the regiment, presented her with a copy of the "Historical Account" of that regiment (written by Captain Packe,) inside the cover of which is the following inscription:—"This book was presented to Sarah Walker, on Easter Monday, April 4th, 1836, as a token of regard from Colonel Hill and the Royal Regiment of Horse Guards (then stationed at Windsor,) in consideration of her being born in the said regiment, when lying at Northampton, in or about the year 1750. She also went abroad with it as a child, and remained there during the whole of the seven years' war, with her sister, at Hesse Cassel."

The expenses of the funeral of the deceased were very liberally defrayed by Colonel, now General Hill."—*Windsor Express*.

Oct., — Died on Tuesday last, in an apartment which he occupied nearly twenty years in Tooke's Court, St Luke's, James Culmer. He was formerly in good circumstances as a cheese-monger in Chatham, but about twenty-five years ago, having unfortunately failed, after many fruitless endeavours to recommence business, he came up to London, and remained unknown to any one of his friends, obtaining a livelihood by sweeping a crossing in the City Road. Out of his miserable earnings he laid by a certain sum daily, until it amounted to 10s., which he exchanged for gold, and in a hole at the back of the fire-place, made by the removal of a brick, was deposited his treasure, amounting to £263 in half-sovereigns. He was a person of very singular habits, extremely dirty, and so penurious that he would not even allow himself (in his last moments) proper nourishment, his meals consisting of either oatmeal porridge or potatoes, with (very rarely) a salt herring: his room, into which he never permitted any one to enter, was a very miserable hovel, in one corner a little straw, and two old sacks served him for a bed, a log of wood for a seat, and a broken chair for a table. He was never known to speak to any person except his landlord, and then only to complain of the difficulty he had to obtain a sufficiency to pay his weekly rent. He continued his usual avocations until within a fortnight of his death, when, finding his end approach, his health having been for some time rapidly declining, he wrote twice for his brother, who had been a shipwright in Sheerness Dockyard, but not receiving any answer to either of his letters, he sent for a man named Hennessey, a shoemaker, who lodged in the next room, and in the presence of his landlord handed over the whole of his property to him, desiring not to go to any great expense for his interment. He would not have any medical as-

sistance, but at last the landlord procured the attendance of a physician, when it was too late, nature being exhausted, and he expired, leaving behind him that, which in all probability, might have prolonged his existence, or at least have rendered his latter days more comfortable, to a perfect stranger.

May 21, 1839. Died, in Meadow Entry, Dundee, John Robertson, aged one hundred and four, teen. He was born in England, but, his parents having removed to Morayshire, when he was nine months old, he was brought up there; he saw Prince Charles, on his march to the battle of Culloden, and described him as a young man of a very prepossessing appearance. The deceased retained his faculties to the last; he could see to thread a needle, and hear the slightest whisper.

April, 1840. At Edinburgh, in Melville Street, on the 14th inst., Henry John William Collingwood, Esq., of Lilburn Tower, in the county of Northumberland, in the thirty-eighth year of his age. The remains of this lamented gentleman were conveyed from Edinburgh, and reached Cornhill, on Wednesday the 22nd inst., in a hearse drawn by four horses, followed by a mourning coach and four, in which were some of the nearest relatives of the deceased. About a mile to the west of Coldstream the hearse was met by the relatives, and a number of the nobility and gentry of the surrounding district, friends of the deceased, together with all the tenantry upon the Lilburn and Cornhill estates, by whom it was followed to Cornhill Church, where the body was deposited in the family vault.

April, — On his passage from Naples to Leghorn, on the 5th inst., the Rev. Lant Carpenter, LL.D., in his 59th year. This unfortunate gentleman was travelling with a friend on the Continent for the recovery of his health, and his friend states that they left Naples in a steamer on the 5th instant for Leghorn; that Dr C. had unlocked his travelling-bag in his berth at bedtime, and had removed some things as if preparing for retiring to rest, when, it is supposed, he became sea-sick, and went upon deck; that the night was dark and rainy, and the sea rough, and that there was no doubt a sudden lurch of the vessel had precipitated him into the deep; when last seen, which was between ten and eleven at night, he was standing on the cabin stairs, as if for the benefit of fresh air.

April, — The Right Hon. William Gregory, for many years Under-Secretary of State in Ireland, has paid the debt to nature. Full of years and of honours, his grey hairs have descended to the grave.

(To be Continued.)

THE INITIATION OF A WITCH.

THE ensuing particulars are condensed from a work, printed in 1646, 8vo., intitled, "Select Cases of Conscience touching Witches and Witchcraft; by John Gaule, Preacher of the Word," &c., pp. 57-65. If our author believed that these unhallowed ceremonies of induction were actually practised, both his understanding and his ignorance must have been truly pitiable, and that he

did so believe, the whole tenor of his arguments bears testimony. We much fear, indeed, that even at the present day, witchcraft has numerous votaries, not among our uneducated peasantry, but even among classes where superior information might be expected to have awakened the reflective powers. The horse-shoe is still the protecting genius of many thresholds, and numerous are the counter spells still used in various parts of the island against the influence of witchcraft. To what a deplorable degree of superstitious debasement must the mind be reduced, that could give credence to ceremonies like the following! Well might Burton, the anatomist "of Melancholy," exclaim—"A lamentable thing it is to consider how many myriads of men this idolatry and superstition (for that comprehends all) hath infatuated in all ages, besotted by the blind zeale, which is religion's ape, religion's bastard, religion's shadow, false glance."

The convention for a solemn initiation being proclaimed (by some herald imp) to some others of the confederation, on the Lord's-day, or some groats hollyday or chief festivall, they meete in some church, near the font or high altar, and that either very early, before the consecrated bel hath toled, or the least sprinkling of holy water; or else very late, after all services are past and over. Thore the party, in some vesture for that purpose, is presented, by some confederate or familiar, to the Prince of Devills, sitting now in a throne of infernal majesty, appearing in the form of a man, (only labouring to hide his cloven foote,) to whom (after often bowing, and homage done *in kissing his lacke parts*) a petition is presented, to be received into his association and protection; and, first, (if the witch bee outwardly Christian) baptism must be renounced, and the party must be re-baptised in the Devill's name, and a new name is also imposed by him; and here must be god-fathers too, for the Devill takes them not to be so adult, as to promise and vow for themselves. But, above all, he is very busie with his long nayles, in scraping and scratching those places of the forehead where the signe of the crosse was made, or where the chrisme was laid. Instead of both which, he himselfe impresses, or inures, the marke of the Beast, the Devill's fleshbrand, upon one or other part of the body; and teaches them to make an oyle, or oyntment of live infants, stoln out of the cradle, (before they be signed with the signe of the crosse,) or dead ones stolne out of their graves, the which they are to boyle to a jelly; and then drinking one part, and besmearing themselves with another, they forthwith feel themselves impressd and endowed with the faculties of this mysticall art. Further, the witch (for his or her part) vows, (either by word of mouth, or peradventure by writing, and that in their own blood,) to give both body and soule to the Devill. To deny and defie God the Father, the Sonne, and the Holly Ghost; but especially the blessed Virgin, convitiating her with one infamous nickname or other. To abhor the Word and Sacraments, but especially to spit at the saying of Masse. To spurre at the crosse, and tread saint's images under feet; and, as much as possibly they may, to profane all saint's reliques, holy water, conse-

crated salt, waxe, &c. To be sure to fast on Sundays, and eate flesh on Fridays; not to confesse their sinnes however they do, especially to a priest. To separate from the Catholike church, and despise his vicar's supremacy. To attend the Devill's nocturnall conventicles, Sabbaths, sacrifices, take him for their god, worship, invoke, and obey him. To devote their children to him, and to labour all they may to bring others into the same confederacy. Then the Devill, for his part, promises to be always present with them, to serve them at their back. That they shall have their wills upon any body; that they shall have what riches, honours, pleasures, they can imagine. And if any be so wary as to think of their future being, he tells them they shall be principalities ruling in the aire; or shall be turned into imps at worst. Then hee preaches to them to be mindfull of their covenant, and not to faile to revenge themselves upon their enemies. Then commends to them (for these purposes) an impe or familiar, in the shape of a dogge, cat, mouse, rat, weazle, &c. After this they shake hands, embrace in amplex, dance, feast, and banquet, according as the Devill hath provided in imitation of the Supper. Nay, oft times he marries them ere they part, either to himselfe, or their familiar, or to one another, and that by the Book of Common Prayer. After this they part, till the next great conventicle or Sabbath of theirs, which is to meet thrice a year, conveyed as swift as the winds from the remotest places of the earth, where the most notorious of them meet to reintegrate their covenant, and give account of their improvement; where they who have done the most execrable mischief, and can brag of it, make most merry with the Devill, and they that have been indiligent, and have done but petty services in comparison, are jeered and derided by the Devill and all the rest of the company. And such as are absent, and have no care to be assaigned, are amerced to this penalty, so as to be beaten on the palms of their feet, to be whipt with iron rods, to be pincht and suckt by their familiars, till their heart blood come, till they repent them of their sloth, and promise more attendance and diligence for the future.

LETTERS, DESCRIPTIVE OF THE MERMAID SEEN ON THE COAST OF CAITHNESS.

[This, it is understood, turned out to be a hoax; but the discovery was not made until many persons had been committed to the imposture. There was actually a pamphlet published in London, entitled, "The Mermaid not Fabulous."]

Letter from Miss MACKAY, daughter to the Rev. DAVID MACKAY, Minister of Reay, to Mrs INNES, Dowager of Sandside.

Reay Manse, May 25, 1809.

MADAM,—To establish the truth of what has hitherto been considered improbable and fabulous must be, at all times, a difficult task, and I have not the vanity to think that my testimony alone would be sufficient for this purpose; but when to this is added four others, I hope it will have some effect in removing the doubts of those who may suppose that the wonderful appearance I reported

having seen in the sea on the 12th of January, was not a Mermaid, but some other uncommon, though less remarkable, inhabitant of the deep. As I would willingly contribute to remove the doubt of the sceptical on the subject, I beg leave to state to you the following account, after premising that my cousin, whose name is affixed along with mine, was one of four witnesses who beheld this uncommon spectacle. While she and I were walking by the sea shore, on the 12th of January, about noon, our attention was attracted by seeing three people, who were on a rock at some distance, showing signs of terror and astonishment at something they saw in the water; on approaching them, we distinguished that the object of their wonder was a face resembling the human countenance, which appeared floating on the waves at that time—nothing but the face was visible. It may not be improper to observe before I proceed further, that the face, throat, and arms are all I can describe, all our endeavours to discover the appearance and position of the body being unavailing. The sea at that time ran very high, and as the waves advanced, the Mermaid gently sunk under them and afterwards reappeared. The face seemed plump and round, the eyes and nose were small—the former were of a light grey colour; and the mouth was large; and from the shape of the jaw-bone, which seemed straight, the face looked short; as to the inside of the mouth I can say nothing, not having attended to it, though some times open. The forehead, nose, and chin were white, the whole side of the face of a bright pink colour. The head was exceedingly round; the hair thick and long, of a green oily cast, and appeared troublesome to it, the waves generally throwing it over the face; it seemed to feel the annoyance, and as the waves retreated, with both its hands frequently threw back the hair, and rubbed its throat, as if to remove any soiling it might have received from it: the throat was slender, smooth, and white; we did not think of observing whether it had elbows, but from the manner in which it used its arms, I must conclude that it had. The arms were very long and slender, as were the hands and fingers—the latter were not webbed. The arms, one of them at least, was frequently extended over its head, as if to frighten a bird that hovered over it, and seemed to distress it much; when that had no effect, it sometimes turned quite round,—several times successively. At a little distance we observed a seal. It sometimes laid its right hand under its cheek, and kept it in this position for some time. We saw nothing like hair or scales on any part of it, indeed the smoothness of the skin particularly caught our attention. The time it was discernible to us was about an hour. The sun was shining clearly at the time; it was distant a few yards from us only. These are the few observations made by us during the appearance of this strange phenomenon. If they afford you any satisfaction, I shall be particularly happy. I have stated nothing but what I clearly recollect. As my cousin and I had frequently, previous to this period, combated an assertion, which is very common among the lower class here, that Mermaids had been frequently seen off this coast, our evidence cannot be biased

by any former prejudice in favour of the existence of this wonderful creature.

To contribute, to any degree, to your pleasure or amusement, will add to the happiness of,

Madam,

Your greatly obliged,
(Signed) ELIZ. MACKAY.
C. MACKENZIE.

Letter from Mr WILLIAM MONRO, Schoolmaster of Thurso, to Dr TORRENCE, regarding a Mermaid seen by him some years ago.

Thurso, June 9, 1809.

DEAR SIR,—Four queries respecting the Mermaid are before me.

From the general scepticism which prevails among the learned and intelligent about the existence of such a phenomenon, had not your character, and real desire for investigation, been too well known to me, for supposing that you wished to have a fertile imagination indulged by a subject of merriment, I would have been disposed to have concluded that, in this instance, you aimed at being ranked among the laughing philosophers at my expense. Sensible, however, this is not the case, and taking it for granted that you are sincere, I shall endeavour to answer your queries, though there is little probability that any testimony which I can give respecting the Mermaid will operate towards convincing those who have not hitherto been convinced, by the repeated testimonies adduced to our support of the existence of such an appearance. About two years ago, when I was parochial schoolmaster at Reay, in the course of my walking on the shore of Sand-side Bay, being a fine warm day in summer, I was induced to extend my walk towards Sand-side Head, when my attention was arrested by a female figure sitting upon a rock extending into the sea, and apparently in the act of combing its hair, which flowed around its shoulders, and of a light brown colour. The resemblance which the figure bore to its prototype, in all its visible parts, was so striking, that, had not the rocks on which it was sitting been dangerous for bathing; I would have been constrained to have regarded it as really a human form, and to any eye unaccustomed to such a situation, it must have undoubtedly appeared as such. The head was covered with hair of the colour above mentioned, and shaded on the crown; the forehead round, the face plump, the cheeks ruddy, the eyes blue, and the mouth and lips of a natural form, resembling those of a man; the teeth I could not discover, as the mouth was shut; the breasts and abdomen, the arms and fingers, of the size of a full grown body of the human species; the fingers, from the action in which the hands were employed, did not appear to be webbed—but as to this I am not positive. It remained on the rock three or four minutes after I observed it, and was exercised during that period in combing its hair, which was long and thick, and of which it appeared proud, and then dropped into the sea, which was level with the abdomen, from which it did not reappear to me. I had a distinct view of its features, being at no great distance, on an eminence above the rock on

which it was sitting, and the sun brightly shining. Immediately before its getting into its natural element, it seemed to have observed me, as the eyes were directed towards the eminence on which I stood. It may be necessary to remark, that previous to the period I beheld this object, I had heard it frequently reported by several persons, and some of them persons whose voracity I never heard disputed, that they had seen such a phenomenon as I have described, though then, like many others, I was disposed to discredit their testimony on this subject. I can say of a truth, that it was only by seeing the phenomenon I was perfectly convinced of its existence.

If the above narrative can, in any degree, be subservient towards establishing the existence of a phenomenon hitherto almost incredible to naturalists, or to remove the scepticism of others who are ready to dispute everything which they cannot fully comprehend, you are welcome to it, from,

Dear Sir,
Your most obliged and
most humble servant,
(Signed) WILLIAM MONRO.
To Dr Torrence, Thurso.

DESTINATIONS IN PATENTS OF NOVA SCOTIA BARONETCIES.

Extracted from the Originals.

Maxwell of Nether Pollok.—Q. Anne.

The Pollok Baronetcy.

"Dicto Domino Joanni et heredibus masculis ex suo corpore, quibus deficientibus aliisque suis heredibus talia quibuscunque in ejus infeofamentis terrarum suarum et status contentis."

7th March 1707.

Hamilton of Barnton.—William and Mary.

"Heredes masculos de ejus corpore."

1st March 1692.

Lieutenant-Col. Gordon.—Anne.

"Heredes masculos de suo corpore proceandos deficientibus Alexandro Gordon nunc de Earlstone patri ejus germano et herebus masculis de suo corpore procreatis sue procreandis." 9th July 1706.

Ferguson of Kilkerran, heirs-male of body.

30th Nov. 1705.

Wm. Gordon of Dalquholly, heirs-male in *perpetuum*.

3d Feb. 1701.

James Rocheid of Inverleith, do. 4th June 1704.

John Wedderburn of Blackness, do. 9th Aug. 1704.

Patrick Maxwell of Springkell.—Charles II.

"Heredes masculos de suo corpore."

7th February 1683.

Thomas Nairn of Dunsinnan, heirs-male in *perpetuum*.

1st March 1704.

Andrew Myreton of Gogar, heirs-male of his own body only.

28th June 1701.

Adam Whitefoord of Blairquhan, heirs-male in *perpetuum*.

30th Dec. 1701.

James Elphinstone of Logie, do. 2d Dec. 1701.

David Cuningham of Milersaig, do. 3d Feb. 1702.

George Scott of Balgounie, do. 5th May 1702.

Thomas Gibson of Pentland, do. 31st Dec. 1701.

John Hay of Alderston, do. 22d Feb. 1703.

PROGRESS OF SALE CATALOGUES AND AUCTIONS OF BOOKS IN SCOTLAND.

ANDERSON, Alexander, Edinburgh, 1688.

As this appears to be the first auction sale catalogue, a reprint of its title page may be interesting. "A Catalogue of excellent and rare Books, especially Histories and Romances; for the most part in English, and the Variarums, to be sold by way of Auction, the 12th day of November, 1688. The Books are to be seen, from the first of November to the day of Auction, at Edinburgh, on the South Side of the High Street, a little above the Cross, being the close immediately above the Fish Market close, in the head of the said close, on the left hand, where a placat will be on the gate, and the Catalogues are to be had *gratis*. The time for Sale is only in the afternoon, from two of the clock till four.

"He who pays not his money presently, is to give earnest, to take them away and pay his money before the next day the Auction begins; or else to lose his earnest, and the books to be put to sale again. What books shall happen to be unsold at the Auction, are to be had afterward."

Angus, Alexander, Aberdeen, 1770.

Balfour, John, Edinburgh, 1770, 71, 75.

1775. Robert Alexander, Esq. by auction.

1776. James Smollet, Esq. of Bonhill, do. by auction.

" Elphinston, Balfour, &c. 1781, 82-87, do. by auction.

" Elphinston, 1781. Supplement, 1787. do. by auction.

1787. Hugh Seton, Esq. of Touch.

Bell, John, Edinburgh, 1773, 78, 85, 86, Auction.

Bell and Bradfute, 1790-91.

*Brown, Alexander, Aberdeen, 1790.

Chalmers, James, Aberdeen, 1810.

Creech, William, successor to Kincaid, 1774-1778, auction, 1780.

Constable, Archibald, Edinburgh, 1795.

Elliot, T. Kay and Co. 1788.

Faria, Robert, Glasgow, 1780.

Foulis, Andrew and Robert, Glasgow, 1750.

Gordon and Murray, Edinburgh, 1781.

Kinnaird and Bell, by Auction.

1768. William McFarlane of McFarlane, and Creech.

1771. Lewis Le Grand, Commissioner of the Customs.

Phillippe, Thomas, 1784.

Ruddiman, Thomas and Walter, Edinburgh, 1720.

Sibbald, John, Edinburgh, 1799.

Smellie, William, Edinburgh.

Spottiswood, James, Library of Professor Moore, Glasgow.

The Stock of Robert and Andrew Foulis, and their Copper plates.

Stirling, John, Edinburgh.

* Alive, and the oldest established Bookseller in Scotland.

SIR JEFFREY HUDSON.

Those persons who are familiar with the works of Scott cannot have forgotten the strange and apparently exaggerated account, in "Peveril of the Peak," of the Dwarf, who was the companion of Julian when committed to prison. Nevertheless, Sir Walter, with that intuitive knowledge of character for which he is so remarkable, has portrayed Sir Jeffrey to the life.

It may be interesting to our readers to be informed, that there is a little volume, much coveted by bibliomaniacs, addressed to Hudson, and bearing the following title:—"The New Yeares Gift, presented at Court from the Lady Parvula to the Lord Minimus, commonly called Little Jefferie, Her Majesties Servant. 12mo. London, 1636." To this volume is prefixed a whole length portrait of the great little man, attired in a full court dress, and various introductory poems. This tiny tome bears a price proportionate to its rarity. Mr Nassan's copy, supposed to be unique, sold in his sale for £11, 6s. The same copy sold in the Towneley sale for £14, 14s., and in Mr Lloyd's for £12, 1s. 6d. More recently, Mr Hope offered a copy in morocco for £4, 4s. It commences thus—

"Smal Sir, me thinks in your lease self I see,
Exprest the lesser worlde Epitomie.
You may write Man, i th' 'abstract' so you are,
Though printed in a smaller character.
The pocket volume hath as much within't,
As the broad Folio in a larger print,
And is more usefull too. Though low you seem,
Yet you'ar both great and high in men's esteem.
Your soul's as large as others, so's your mind;
To greatness Virtue's not like strength confined."

So far as we can learn, this singular work does not occur in any of the public libraries of Scotland. Indeed, old English literature is sadly neglected in all these great national collections.

LOVE VERSES.

ATTRIBUTED TO QUEEN ELIZABETH.

"Verses made by the Queene when she was supposed to be in love with Mountsyre."

When I was fayre and younge, and fauour graced me,
Of many was I soughte theire mystes for to be;
But I did scorne them all, and awnswer'd them therefore,
Goe, goe, goe, seeke som other-where,
Importune me no more.

How many weeping eyes I made to pyne with woe,
How many syghinge hartes, I haue no skyll to shewe;
Yet I the prowder grew, and answerde them therefore,
Goe, goe, goe, seeke som other-where,
Importune me no more.

Than spake fayre Venus' son, that proude victorions boye,
And sayde, fyne Dame, since that you be so coy,
I will so plucke your plumes that you shall say no more,
Goe, goe, goe, seeke som other-where,
Importune me no more.

When he had spake these wordes, suche change grew in
my brest,
That neyther nyght nor day since that, I coude tak
any rest;

Then, loe, I did repents, that I had sayde before,
Goe, goe, goe, seeke som other-where,
Importune me no more.

ELIZABETH REGINA.

ON THE ROYAL MARRIAGE ACT. MARCH, 1772.

QUOTH Dick to Tom, this act appears
Absurd, as I'm alive;
To take the crown at eighteen years,
The wife at twenty-five.

The mystery how shall we explaine?
For sure, as Doudeswell said,
Thus early if they're fit to reign,
They must be fit to wed.

Quoth Tom to Dick, thou art a fool,
And little know'st of life;
Alas! 'tis easier far to rule
A kingdom than a wife.

[The Right Honourable William Doudeswell, M. P., for Worcester county. The words were, "Men who were by law allowed, at one-and-twenty, to be fit for governing the realm, might well be supposed capable of choosing and governing a wife. One-and-twenty was the legal age of marriage for ordinary mortals. Why then, should a different rule hold with respect to the Royal family?" Mr Doudeswell died in 1774, leaving a son, William, for sometime M. P. for Tewksbury, who, in 1797, was made Governor and Captain-general of the Bahama Islands.]

A MODERN PORTRAIT—1767.

A taudry chariot, coat bedaub'd with lace;
Enervate body, pale and bloodless face;
With dimpling softness, and an idiot grin,
Cringing at levees, some vile point to win;
As ribands, bribes, corruptions, putrid rot;
That worthlessness, the noble scutcheon's blot,
Which counts for special privilege of birth,
To be the living lumber of the earth;
Skulking at home, annoyed by honour's call;
Unmoved by e'en their country's wretched fall;
Such rank illiterateness, as scarce to spell,
And yet of vanity the bloated swell,
To arts and sciences a sordid hate;
An apathy to all that's good and great.
Racing, cock-fighting, gambling, deep at Arthur's;
Of all the vices of which fools are martyrs.
A rote of pleasures, fittest time to kill;
Dulness diversify'd, but dulness still;
With every point, in short, by taste abhor'd,
Make up that paltry thing now call'd a l—d.

[One would suppose that Lord Hervey had set for the first eight lines of this very ludicrous portraiture of an aristocrat of 1767.]

A FRAGMENT.

FOUND AMONG SOME MANUSCRIPT PAPERS, FORMERLY BELONGING TO SIR EDWARD HUNGERFORD, SO FAMOUS IN HIS DAYS FOR GALLANTRY.

I loved in just proportion as I knew,
And with my knowledge still my fondness grew;
'Twas not an eye, a lip, a face, a hand,
Tho' each one such as might a heart command;
'Twas not the heavenly music of thy tongue,
Though angels listened whilst my fair one sung;
No, 'twas the lasting beauties of the mind,
By all the graces tempered and refin'd,
The honest heart unpractis'd to deceive,
Skill'd, but as virtue bids, to joy or grieve,
The soul by pure religion taught to glow
At other's bliss, or melt at other's woe;
These were the charms that first my heart could move
From warmest friendship to the warmest love
These were the charms—

Varieties.

EPIGRAM.

November, 1777.

—*Amorosa-mestis* be added—

The common cry of men;
The wise in office point out *Howe*—
But who can point out *When*?

THE VIRGIN QUEEN *ELIZABETH*.—When *ELIZABETH* opened her first Parliament, on Wednesday, the 25th of January, 1558, a motion was made "her Majestie for marriage," whereby the good people of those days might "enjoye, as God's pleasure might be, the Royall issue of hir, hie to reigne over us." A little pause ensued, when, the Queen—the Virgin Queen—made this answer:—"As I have good cause to doe, I give you my heartie thanks for the good zeal and care that you seem to have as well towards mee as to the whole state of your country. Your petition I gather to be grounded on three causes, and my answer for the same shall consist of two parts; and for the first I say unto you, that from my yeare of understanding, knowing myself to be a servitor of Almytie God, I chose this kind of life in which I do yet live as a life most acceptable unto him, wherein I thought I could best serve him, and with most quietness doe my duetie unto him from which my choise of either ambition of high estate offered unto mee by marriage (whereof I have records in this presence,) the displeasure of the Prince, the eschewing the anger of mine enemies, or the avoiding the peril of death (whose messenger the Princesse indignation was no little time continually present before mine eyes, by whose means if I know or do justly suspect, I will not now utter them, or if the whole cause were my sister herself, I will not now charge the dead,) could have drawne or dismissed me, I had not now remained in this Virgin's state wherein you see mee. But so constant have I always continued in this my determination that, (although my words and youthe may seeme to some to hardly agree together,) yet it is true that to this daye I stand free from any other meaning, that either I have had in tymes past, or have at this present, in which state and trade of living wherewith I am so thoroughly acquainted, God had hitherto so preserved mee, and had so watchful an eye upon mee, and so guided mee, and led mee on by the hand, as my full trust is, he will not suffer mee to goe slower. The manner of your petition I doe lyke, and take in good part; for it is simple, and counteneth no limitation of place or person: if it had been otherwise, I must have mislyked it very much, and thought it in you verie great presumption, being unfitte and altogether unmeet to take upon you to draw my love to your lykings, or to frame my will to your fancies. A gyrdon constraineth and a gift freely given can never agree. Nevertheless, if anye of you be in suspect that whosoever it may please God to incline mine hearte to that kinde of life, my meaning is to doe or determine any thing wherewith the realme may have cause to be discontented, put that out of your heads (what credence my assurance with you may have I cannot tell, but what credit it shall deserve to have the sequel will prove,) I will never, in any matter, conclude any thing that shall be prejudicial to the realme, for the weale and safety whereof, as the good mother of my country, I will never shune to spende my life; and whosoever my choise may lyght upon, he shall be as careful for the preservation of the realme as you: I will not say as myself, for I cannot so certainly promise of another as I do surely know of myself, but as any other can be. And albeit it doth not please Almytie God to continue me still in this mind to live of the state of matrimony, it is not to be feared that hee will so work in my heart and in your wisdoms, that, as good provision may be made in convenient tyme, whereby the realme shall not remaine destitute of a fite governour, and peradventure more beneficial to the realme than such offspring as may come of mee. For I be never so careful for your well-doings, and mynde ever set to be, yet may my issue prove out of kinde

and become ungracious. And for me it shall be sufficient that a marble stone declare that a Queene, having reigned such a tyme, lived and died a virgin. To make an end, I take your coming to me in good part, and give unto you my hertie thanks, more yet for your zeale, good will, and good meaning, than for your message and petition.

QUEEN ELIZABETH'S DEVOTIONS.—Appended to a volume of "Meditations," translated by Queen Elizabeth from the French, there are some additional selections and meditations of her own. They commence thus:—"Ecclesiasticus, 25.—'There is not a more wicked head than the head of a serpent, and there is no wrath above the wrath of a woman.' Ecclesiasticus, 25.—'But he that hath gotten a virtuous woman hath gotten a goodly possession: she is unto him an help and pillar, whereupon he resteth.' Ecclesiasticus, 25.—'It were better to dwell with a lion and dragon than to keep house with a wicked woman.' Ecclesiasticus, 7.—'Yet depart not from a discreet and good woman that is fallen unto thee for thy portion, in the face of the Lord, for the gift of her honesty is above gold.' [Then follows her name and description thus:]

E Embrace virtue.	R Rule prudently.
L Love perfectly.	E Execute justice.
I Imitate Christ.	G Give bounty.
Z Zealously pray.	I Incline to humility.
A Ask heavenly gifts.	N Nourish friendship.
B Be merciful.	A Advance civil policy.
E Expel vice.	
T Trust not flattery.	
H Hate worldly vanity.	

The remainder of the book is a series of meditations and prayers, each beginning with one of these initials. *Scottish Magazine*.

A HIGHLAND DIRK.—A labourer on the Lancaster and Carlisle Railway, while digging a few days ago, near the road on Shap Fell, discovered the remains of a Highland dirk. The steel work, though very much rusted and corroded, retains its original dimensions, and several of the rings of work for the handle there still remain. The steel of the blade is wire with which the handle seems to have been twisted. It is most likely the relic of some Highland chieftain of 1745.—*Carlisle Journal*, Sept., 1844.

ROYAL SPORTS IN THE OLDEN TIMES.—When Queen Mary visited her sister, the Princess Elizabeth, (afterwards Queen) during her confinement at Hatfield House, the morning, after mass, a grand exhibition of sports and games was made for their amusement, and the Princess and her ladies were right well content, as with other merry dispositions, to

CURIOUS BIBLE IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.—Under the superintendence of our learned countryman, *Alphonse*, one of the few eminent literary characters who adorned the eighteenth century, and went to France, in 790, at the invitation of Charlemagne, a manuscript of the Bible was made, for that renowned monarch, which is supposed, upon fair evidence, to be now lodged in the British Museum, having been purchased from a foreign collector at the comparatively low price of £750. It is of the largest folio size, measuring twenty inches in height by fifteen in width, and containing 449 leaves of very fine vellum, written in a character remarkable for its distinct, though minute beauty. This Bible is illuminated with many large initial letters, of beautiful and richness, however, than distinguish corresponding works of even an earlier period; and its material illustrations, which are four in number, though marked by considerable merits of both design and colouring, are inferior to other specimens that could be cited of contemporary art. Dec., 1840.

EDINBURGH: JOHN MACKENZIE, 11, Prince's Street, W.
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&c. &c.

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ORIGIN OF PAMPHLETS;

WITH ANECDOTES OF THE PRICES OF SCARCE BOOKS.

PARTLY BY WM. OLDYS, ESQ.

THE derivation of the word Pamphlet may be found in Minshew's "Guide to Tongues," fol. 1627; in the Preface to "Leon Libellorum;" Skinner's "Etym. Ling. Angel." fol. 1671, and Spelman's "Glossary."

The word Pamphlet, or *little paper book*, imports no reproachful character, any more than the word *great book* signifies a pasquil; as little as it does a panygeric itself,—is neither good nor bad, learned nor illiterate, true nor false, serious nor jocund, of its own naked meaning or construction; but is either of them, according as the subject makes the distinction. Thus, of scurrilous and abusive pamphlets, to be burned in 1647, we read in *Mushworth*; and by the name of *pamphlet* is the *anapestium* of Queen Emma called in *Holingshed*.

As for the antiquity of pamphlets, the discovery of the art of printing does not set a bound to it. King Alfred, collecting his sage precepts and sentences with his own royal hand into "quaternions of leaves stitched together," which he would enlarge with additional quaternions as occasion offered, yet seemed to keep his collection so much within the limits of a pamphlet size, (however bound together at last,) that he called it by the name of his "hand-book," because he made it his constant companion, and had it at hand wherever he was. It is so difficult to recover even any of our first books, or volumes, which were printed by William Caxton,* though it is certain he set forth near half a hundred of them in folio, that it were a wonder if his pamphlets should not be quite lost.

* The first English Printer. He flourished anno 1445-90. See the following Histories of Printing:—
Athyns, the "Original and Growth of Printing."
"Palmer's History of Printing."
"Junius Batavia."
"Maittaire's Typographie."
"Mortimer's Originals Typographie."
Watson, of Edinburgh, "History of Printing."
"Marshall's History of Printing."
"Timperley's Manual of Printing."
"Ames' Typographical Antiquities."
"Origin of Printing," London, 1774.

Which last is an excellent synopsis of the discussions of former writers.

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There are more extant of his successor, Wynkin de Worde's, printing in this lesser form, whereof as great rarities, they are to be seen both in quarto and octavo, though holding no comparison probably with those of his also, which are destroyed. But it was the grand controversy between the Church of Rome and the first opposers thereof, which seems to have laid the foundation of this kind of writing, and to have given great credit to it at the same time, as well by the many eminent authors it produced in Church and State, as the successful detection and defeat thereby befalling those religious impostures, which had so universally enslaved the minds of men.

The first single pamphlet that made a stir in London was entitled, "Simon Fish's Supplication of Beggars," 12mo, 1524, B. L. It was written by an attorney of Gray's Inn, while in Germany, whither he was obliged to flee for having acted a part in a play, which was supposed to reflect on Cardinal Wolsey.

The most voluminous pamphleteer was William Pryme; he published above a hundred and sixty pamphlets, yet extant in the Library of Lincoln's Inn.

By the grand collection of pamphlets which was made by Tomlinson, the bookseller, from the latter end of the year 1640 to the beginning of 1660, it appears there were published in that space nearly 30,000 several tracts; it is also enriched with nearly one hundred MSS, which nobody then (being written on the side of the royalists) would venture to put in print. The catalogue was taken by Marmaduke Foster, the auctioneer, and consists of twelve volumes in folio, wherein every piece has such a punctual register and reference, that the smallest one, even of a single leaf, may be readily repaired to thereby. They were collected, no doubt, with great assiduity and expense, and not preserved in those troublesome times, without much danger and difficulty; the books being often shifted from place to place out of the army's reach. And so scarce were many of these tracts, even at their first publication, that King Charles I. is reported to have given ten pounds for only reading one of them over, which he could nowhere else procure, at the owner's house, in St Paul's Churchyard. By the munificence of his Majesty, King George II. the British Museum was enriched with this most valuable collection of tracts, amounting to upwards of 30,000, bound in 2000; 100, chiefly on the King's side, were printed, but never published.

The whole was intended for Charles the First's use, carried about England as the Parliament army marched, kept in the collector's warehouses disguised as tables covered with canvass, and lodged last at Oxford, under the care of Dr Barlow till he was made Bishop of Lincoln. They were offered to the library of Oxford, and at length bought for Charles II. by his stationer, Samuel Mearne, whose widow was afterwards obliged to dispose of them by leave of the said King, in 1684; but, it is believed, they remained unsold till his Majesty George III. bought them of Mearne's representatives. In a printed paper, it is said the collector refused £4000 for them.

Pamphlets have been the terror of oppression. Thus Philip the Second's wicked employment, treacherous desertion, and barbarous persecution of Antonio Perez, upbraids him, out of that author's "Librillo," through all Europe to this day. Mary, Queen of Scots, has not yet got clear of "Buchanan's Detection." Robert, Earl of Leicester, cannot shake off "Father Parson's Green Coat." George, Duke of Buckingham, will not speedily outstrip Dr Eglsham's "Forerunner of Revenge." Nor was Oliver Cromwell far from killing himself, at the pamphlet which argued it to be no "Murder," lest it should persuade others to think so, and he perish by ignobler hands than his own. This pamphlet, which was written by Colonel Silas Titus, under the assumed name of "William Allen," and originally published in 4to, anno 1657, under the title of "Killing no Murder," was reprinted entire in 1812, and was viewed by the Emperor Napoleon with some uneasiness. It is thus characterised by an eminent writer, as "one of the most singular controversial pieces, the political literature of which our country has to boast; one of those happy productions which are perpetually valuable, and which, whenever an usurper reigns, appears as if written at the moment, and points with equal force at a Protector or a Consul."

There is a very valuable collection of pamphlets in the library of Messrs C. Brown and Co., booksellers, Aberdeen, amounting to upwards of 2000, in about 300 volumes. Many of these tracts are of very great rarity.

W.

NATIONAL ANTPATHIES BETWEEN ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND.

(Concluded from our last.)

"THE Highways in Scotland are tolerably good, which is the greatest comfort a traveller meets with amongst them; they have not inns, but change-houses (as they call them) poor small cottages, where you must be content to take what you find, perhaps eggs with chicks in them, and some lang cale; at the better sort of them, a dish of chap'd chickens, which they esteem a dainty dish, and will take it unkindly, if you do not eat very heartily of it, though for the most part you may make a meal with the sight of the fare, and be satisfied with the steam only, like the inhabitants of the world in the moon; your horses must be sent to a stable (for the change-houses have no lodgings for them) where they may feed

voluptuously on straw only, for grass is not to be had, and hay is so much a stranger to them, that they are scarce familiar with the name of it."

"The Scotch gentry commonly travel from one friend's house to another, and seldom make use of a change-house; their way is to hire a horse and a man for two pence a mile; they ride on the horse thirty or forty miles a day, and the man, who is his guide, foots it beside him, and carries his luggage to boot. The custom is, as we used to worship and adore their lairds; that when they see a stranger in any tolerable equipage, they honour him with the title of laird at least. "An't please you my laird such a one," or "An't please you my laird Dr" at every bare word forsooth.

"The nobility show themselves very great before strangers, who are conducted into the house by many servants, where the lord with his troop of shadows receives them with the grand paw, then enter into discourse of their country, till you are presented with a great quigh of syrup of beer, after that a glass of white wine, then a rummer of claret, and sometimes after that a glass of sherry sack, and then begin the round with ale again, and ply you briskly; for it's their way of shewing you'r welcome, by making you drunk; if you have longer time to stay, you stick close to claret, till Bacchus wins the field, and leaves the conquer'd victims groveling on the place where they receive their overthrow; at your departure you must drink a *doughie dooris*, in English a stirrup cup, and have the satisfaction to have my lord's bagpipe (with his lord's pipes, and his lordship's coat armour on a flag) strut about you, and enchant you with a "Loath to depart."

"Their money is commonly dollars, or mark-pieces, coined at Edenbrough, but the way of reckoning is surprising to a stranger; to receive a bill for £100 in one of their change-houses, when one would not suppose they had any of the value of a 100 pence; they call a penny a shilling, and every twenty shillings, viz. twenty pence, a pound; so the proportion of their pound to ours is twelve to one. Strangers are sure to be grossly imposed upon in all their change-houses, and there is no redress for it: if an English man should complain to their magistrates, they would all take part against him, and make sure to squeeze him.

"The conclusion of the abridgment of the *Scotch Chronicle*, is the rare and wonderful things of that country: as in Orkney, their ewes bring forth two lambs a piece; that in the northernmost of Shetland islands, about the summer solstice, there is no night; that in the park of Culmer-naule are white kine and oxen; that at Slanes there is a petrifying water in a cave; that at Aberdeen is a vitriolin well; that they say, is excellent to dissolve the stone, and expel sand from the reins and bladder; and good for the colick, drunk in July, &c.

"These prodigious wonders in one country are admirable."

* The reader will perceive that our author, an able scholar, writes in a style of great simplicity and elegance.

Though never freest; in Lough Lomond
 And there without fins: And secondly, the waters
 thereof surge in great waves without wind in calm
 weather: And thirdly and lastly, therein is a
 roaring island: in Kyle is a deaf rock, twelve
 feet every way, yet a gun discharged on one side
 is shall not be heard on the other. In ano-
 ther place is a rocking stone of a reasonable big-
 ness; that if a man push it with his finger, it will
 move very lightly; but if he address his whole
 force to lift it, it availeth nothing; with many
 other marvels of like nature, which I would
 rather believe than go thither to disprove. To
 conclude, the whole bulk and selvege of this
 country is all wonder, too great for me to unriddle,
 therefore I shall leave it as I found it, with its
 native inhabitants, in

A land where one may pray with curst intent:
 Oh! may they never suffer banishment.

THE REBEL SCOT.

How! Providence! and yet a Scottish crew!
 Then Madam Nature wears black patches too.
 What shall our nation be in bondage thus
 Unto a land that truckles under us?
 Ring the bells backwards; I am on fire,
 Not all the buckets in a country-quire
 Shall quench my rage. A poet should be fear'd
 When angry, like a comet's flaming beard.
 And when the Steak eases his wrath appease
 The scabie country sick of Pym's disease;
 By Scotch invasion to be made a prey
 To such pig-widging myrmidons as they;
 But that there's charm in verse, I would not quote
 The name of Scot without an antidote;
 Unless my head were red, that I might brew
 Invention there, that might be poison too.
 Were I a drowsy judge, whose dismal note
 Might getteth halter, as a jogler's throat
 Both ribbands? Could I in Sir Emprick's tone
 Speak pills in phrase, and quack destruction,
 Or roar like Marshall, that Geneva bull,
 Hell and damnation a pulpit full:
 Yet to express a Scot, to play that prize,
 Not all those mouth-grenadoes can suffice.
 Before a Scot can properly be curst,
 I must like *Hocus*, swallow daggers first.
 Come, keen *Lambicks*, with your badger's feet,
 And badger-like, bite till your teeth do meet:
 Help ye art satyrists to imp my rage
 With all the scorpions that should whip the age.
 Scots are like witches; do but whet your pen,
 Scratch till the blood comes, they'll not hurt you then.
 Now as the martyrs were enforc'd to take
 The shapes of beasts, like hypocrites at stake,
 I'll bait my Scot so, yet not cheat your eyes;
 A Scot within a beast, is no disguise.
 No more let Ireland brag, her harmless nation
 Fosters no venom since that Scots plantation:
 Nor can our feign'd antiquity obtain;
 Since they came in, England hath wolves again.
 The Scot that kept the Tower might have shown
 Within the grate of his own breast alone,
 The leopard and the panther, and ingrown'd
 What all those wild collegiats had cost.
 The honest *Hill-shoot* in their termly fees,
 First to the lawyer, next to these,
 Nature her self doth Scotchmen beasts confess,
 Making their country such a wilderness;
 And that brings in question and suspense
 God's omnipotence, but that Charles came thence;

But that Montrose and Crawford's royal band
 Aton'd their sin, and christen'd half their land.
 Nor is it all, the nation hath these spots
 There is a church, as well as Kirk of Scots.
 As in a picture where the squinting painter
 Shews fiend on this side, and on that side, saint
 He that saw hell in's melancholy dream,
 And in the twy-light of his fancy's them,
 Scar'd from his sins, repented in a flight,
 Had he view'd Scotland had turn'd proselyte.
 A land where one may pray with curst intent,
 O may they never suffer banishment!
 Had Cain been Scot, God would have chang'd his doom,
 Not forc'd him wander but confin'd him home;
 Like Jews they spread, and as infection fly:
 As if the devil had ubiquity.
 Hence 'tis they live at rovers and defie
 This, or that place, rage of geography,
 They're citizens o' th' world, they're all in all,
 Scotland's a nation epidemical.
 And yet they ramble not to learn the mode,
 How to be drest, or how to lisp abroad;
 To return knowing in the Spanish stragg,
 Or which of the Dutch states a double jugg
 Resembles most in belly, or in beard,
 (The card by which the mariner's are steer'd);
 No, the Scots errant fight, and fights to eat,
 Their ostrich stomachs make their swords their meat.
 Nature with Scots as tooth-drawers hath dealt,
 Who use to string their teeth upon their belt.

Yet wonder not at this their happy choice,
 The serpent's fatal still to paradise.
 Sure England hath the hemorrhoids, and these
 On the north-postern of the patient seize,
 Like leeches; thus they physically thirst
 After our blood, but in the care shall burst.

Let them not think to make us run o' th' score
 To purchase villenage, as once before,
 When an act was passed to streak them on the head,
 Call them good subjects, buy them ginger-bread.
 Not gold, nor acts of grace, his steel must tame
 The stubborn Scot; a prince that would reclaim
 Rebels by yielding, doth like him, or worse,
 Who saddled his own back to shame his horse.
 Was it for this you left your leaner soil,
 Thus to lard Israel with Egypt's spoil?
 They are the gospel's life-guard; but for them
 (The garrison of New Jerusalem)
 What would the brethren do; the cause: the cause
 Back-possets, and the fundamental laws?

Lord! what a godly thing is want of shirt!
 How a Scotch stomach and no meat converts!
 They wanted food and raiment; so they took
 Religion for their seamstress and their cook,
 Unmask them well, their honours and castles,
 As well as conscience, are sophisticates.
 Shrive but their title and their moneys poise,
 A laird and twenty-pence pronounc'd with noise,
 When construd but for a plain yeoman go;
 And a good sober two-pence and well to.
 Hence then you proud impostors, get you gone,
 You *Picts* in gentry and devotion.
 You scandal to the stock of verse, a race
 Able to bring the jibbet in disgrace,
 Hyperbolus by suffering did traduce
 The Ostracism, and sham'd it out of use.
 The Indian that heaven did forewear,
 Because he heard some Spaniards were there;
 Had he but known the Scots in hell had been,
 He would Erasmus like have hung between
 My muse hath done. A Voyager for the nonce,
 I wrong the devil should I pick their bones,
 That dish is his; for when the Scots descend
 Hell, like their nation, feeds on bernacles.

A Scot when from the gallows-tree gets loose,
Drops in to Styx, and turns a soland-geese.*

"But notwithstanding the barrenness of the soil, it hath produc'd some noble plants; one instance of which take in that of the brave MONTROSE, who wrote this elegy,

Upon the Death of CHARLES the First.

Great! good! and just! could I but rate
My griefs, and thy too rigid fate,
I'd weep the world to such a strain,
As it should deluge once again.
But since thy loud-tongu'd blood demands supplies,
More from Briareus hands than Argus eyes,
I'll sing thy obsequies, with trumpet sounds,
And write thy epitaph with blood and wounds.
[Written with the point of his sword.]"

Gaelic Literature.

If we are not mistaken in our belief, that Gaelic and the language of Moses and the Prophets are the same, and that it accordingly furnishes a "golden key" to the knowledge of all other languages, derived from, or founded on, that original language, then the conclusion seems inevitable—that all teachers of languages should make themselves thoroughly masters of the Gaelic as a preliminary qualification for their profession. The second most essential qualification for the successful teacher of language would seem to be the art of so simplifying the system, as to get quit of all the complicated rules and verbiage, whereby grammatical tuition has been barricaded and smothered by the laborious pedagogues of former ages. We have shown, by a specimen, from Caedman, in our last paper on this subject, that it requires thirty-nine words of English to express the ideas communicated in nineteen words of Anglo-Saxon. This is surely a great impediment to the clear and natural expression of thought; and if it have been counterbalanced by the superior style of modern English writers, they need not thank the innovating and perverse taste of their immediate ancestors, but their own superior genius and talents.

The following statement of Mr Bosworth, as to the native simplicity of language, is abundantly corroborated by the most eminent grammarians, ancient as well as modern, and therefore, deserves the serious consideration of teachers:

"From the time of Plato to the present, the parts of speech have been variously enumerated, from two to eight, ten, or twelve. This diversity of opinion, as to the parts of speech, has chiefly arisen from the propensity to judge of the character of words, more from their form than from their import or signification. It is evident that, to give names to the objects of thought, and to express their properties and qualities, is all that in language is indispensably requisite. If this be granted, it follows that the noun (*nomen de quo loquimur*. Quint. lib. i. 4.), the name of the thing of which we speak, and the verb (*verbum*

seu quod loquimur. Ib.), expressing what we think of it, are the only parts of speech that are indispensably necessary. All the other twelve parts of speech, enumerated by grammarians of the present day, may be reduced to the nouns and verbs as follows:—

"If we had a distinct name for every object of sensation and thought, language would consist only of proper names, and would be too burdensome for the memory. Language, then, must be composed of general signs, to be remembered, and, as our sensations and perceptions are of single objects, it must be capable of denoting individuals. These general terms are rendered applicable to individuals by auxiliary or prefixed words, and the general term, with its auxiliary, must be considered as the substitute for the proper name. Thus boy is a general term to denote the whole of a species: if I say *the boy, this boy, that boy*, it is evident that the word *boy*, with the articles or definitions, *the, this, that*, are substitutes for the proper name of the individual. Definitions or articles are not, therefore, absolutely necessary.—See Locke's Essay, book iii. chap. 3.

"The pronoun is a substitute for the noun, and can easily be dispensed with. The adjective can not be considered essential to language, since the connexions of a noun with a property or quality may be expressed by the noun and verb: thus, a wise man is the same as a man of, or with, wisdom. Dr Jonathan Edwards affirms that the American Indians, denominated Montagnais, have no adjectives in all their language. *Divisions of Purley*, vol. ii., p. 463.

"Adverbs are only abbreviations, as *here*, for *in this place*; *bravely*, for *bravely*; and, therefore, they may be rejected. In a similar manner, it might be shown, that all parts of speech, except the noun and verb, are either substitutes or abbreviations, convenient indeed, but not indispensably requisite.

"That all language is reducible to nouns and verbs is the doctrine of Plato, and is eloquently maintained in the *Platonic Questions* of Plutarch. Of the same opinion is Aristotle, who says, 'There are two parts of speech, nouns and verbs.'—*Varro de Ling. Lat.* Hence the observations of Priscian: 'It was a favourite idea with some philosophers, that the noun and the verb were the only parts of speech; and all other words were assistants or connections of these two.' lib. xi. To this opinion, in later times, Cassiodorus, Professor Shultens, Lennep, and others, have expressed their assent; but none so much in accordance with Tooke as Hooeven in his *Dissertation on the Greek Particles*. 'The fact that particles are abbreviations of other words is, however, illustrated in the work of a learned German on the subject of Hebrew particles, published in 1734.' This etymological principle (*Reuber, The Partic. Hebr.*), is thus displayed by Hooeven: 'Nature and reason teach us that the first origin of the Greek, as well as every other language, was most simple; and it is probable that (considering) nouns, by which things, and verbs, by which actions were expressed, were first used, but not particles. However, since the whole discipline

* The author of this sarcastic but clever poem was John Cleveland, the son of a clergyman. It is to be found in his works, in English and Latin, which were printed at London in 1687.

consists of *verbs* and *nouns*, the former of which denote the actions and persons, the latter, the persons acting and suffering, it is rightly asked, whether the primitive languages had particles; indeed, particles themselves were formerly either nouns or verbs.—*See Doctr. Particularum Ling. Gr.*, 1769. *Praef. and Todd's Johnson in Gram.*, vol. iv., p. 15. Horne Tooke remarks, that 'it has not, to this day, been settled what sort of difference in words should entitle them to hold a separate rank by themselves.'—*Diversions of Purley*, vol. i., p. 44.

Every abstract term in language had originally a sensible, palpable meaning, and generally a substantive meaning.

Substantives or nouns constitute, in general, the primitive words in all languages. *See Anselm Bayly's Introd. to Language*, p. 73, and *Bishop Burgess's Essay on the Study of Antiquity*, 2d Ed. p. 69.

Verbs are the first-born offspring of nouns. They are nouns employed in a verbal sense; at least the greatest quantity of words are of this class; a few, indeed, appear to have started into being at once, as verbs, without transmigration through a previous substantive state.

Adjectives spring from the two previous classes of words, and are either words adjectived, or verbs adjectived.

Pronouns take their rise from nouns, verbs, and numerals, which have, in many instances, passed through the adjectived state.

Articles, or more properly, definitives, are nothing but pronouns used in a particular sense.

Adverbs, for the most part, originate in adjectives and pronouns, and in verbs and nouns.

Conjunctives, that is conjunctions and prepositions, are generally nouns and verbs employed in a particular sense and for a particular purpose; they are sometimes slightly adjectived.

Interjections are, in most instances, verbs, though a few are nouns.

In short, it has been shown by the able and learned Mr Bosworth, that the English language has received more additions than improvements in its progress to its present state. That it has been rendered a very cumbersome medium of "thought and sensation," will scarcely be denied by any competent judge, who compares it to the Anglo-Saxon, or the Gaelic. Through what heavy columns of words, for instance, are we under the necessity of diving, before we can seize upon the "thoughts and sensations," of which the greater number of our public speakers so painfully deliver themselves?

At the same time, we feel bound to confess that the grammarians, preachers, and writers of the Gaelic language, in so far as they have yet gone, have been no contemptible imitators of their English contemporaries. The maxim of the honest Gael is quite different from the lag-behind slavishness of which they are accused by their Sassenach neighbours, at least in regard to language. *Ceum le da cheum a chailleach, san ceum barachd aig Eòan*, is much more characteristic of their comparative progress in grammatical invention. They have discovered as many parts of speech in their vocabulary, and can use as many

words to convey diminutive ideas as their neighbours.

But how could the preachers and writers of the Gael be expected even to arrive at mediocrity, much less to excel, under the disadvantages which we have previously explained? Fortunately, however, their works are not destined to live for the corruption of the language and taste of future ages; and we have already secured upwards of thirty volumes of Gaelic poetry which will live, and in which the lover of the Celtic muse may trace her charmed progress, in the pure Doric of her native hills, from the days of the tuneful and sarcastic author of "*oreu nan ciobairain*," to the days of the illustrious son of Fingal. Nor is it unworthy of remark, that the gay, witty, and severe Allan, like the grave and majestic Ossian, was old and blind, and in all probability also, "the last" of his inspired race, before he passed into immortality.

But although we have ventured to impugn the literary taste and acquirements of the preachers and writers of Gaelic in the present day, we are proud to confess that many individuals may be found among them equally distinguished for their genius, their talents, and their learning. If there is enough of national and patriotic feeling still left in Scotland, to achieve the erection and endowment of a Celtic college or academy, there is no lack of Celtic gentlemen eminently qualified to fill the professorship with credit and distinction.

Among the many eminent philologists who have illustrated the antiquity and importance of the Celtic dialects we may mention Professor Hunter of the Andersonian Institution of Glasgow, who, after various illustrations of the *cases* and *pronouns*, thus remarks:

"The dialects of the Celtic nations are connected, therefore, with the Sanscrit, Greek, Latin, and Tuetonic languages, by a considerable number of roots, or primitive words, and also by analogy in grammatical forms. Hence all these languages are cognate, and hence the eastern origin of the Celtic and Gothic nations is inferred.

"In some of the languages of western Europe, guttural, or hard palatine consonants abound, and take the place of the sibilants, soft palatines, and dentals, and even of the labial consonants, which are found in the more eastern languages."

The connexion of the Celtic and Gothic dialects with the Greek, Latin, and eastern languages, has been recognised and ably illustrated by many learned philologists; but a great difficulty, in pursuing the subject, has been found in the uncertainty as to the true sound of letters, even in the modern languages; and in ancient languages, the difficulty of course is much increased. We previously mentioned that the names of the Gaelic letters were derived from trees and plants; and as these trees and plants still exist, and are in all probability called by the same names, the circumstance may be available in fixing the true sound of these letters: and if the Gaelic be, as we suppose, the original language, the names of sixteen of the letters of other alphabets may be thus presumed—for, as formerly remarked, it is much more likely that the Greeks, Romans, &c., bor-

rowed their original sixteen letters and parts of speech from the Gaelic or Gothic languages, and afterwards *added* to them, than that the Gael or Goths borrowed from the Greeks and Latins, and afterwards *reduced* the number of their letters and parts of speech. Dr Hickes (see *Thesaurus*, vol. i. Pref. to Sax. Grammar, xii.) found a MS. in the Bodlain Library, marked N. E. D. 2.19, which he considered useful in determining the pronunciation of some Anglo-Saxon letters, prior to the time of King Alfred. In this manuscript there are extracts from the Septuagint, written in Saxon letters, in one column, and a Latin translation in the other (see a fac-simile in Hickes's *Thesaurus*, p. 168). The Anglo-Saxon specimen shows that letters were used by them to express the Greek words: and the Gaelic scholar may amuse, if he do not instruct himself, by finding words in that language having their radix more similar to the Hebrew, if not equally expressive of the meaning of the passages quoted. He may possibly come to the opinion, if he pursue the subject, that a new translation of the Gaelic Bible is not uncalled for.

The Gaelic and Anglo-Saxon are not only connected with one another by innumerable words having the same radix, but also by the most striking analogy in grammatical forms. The same resemblance is to be found in their mystification, although the poetry of the Gael, owing to the sublime institution of Druidism, is of course, of a very superior order to that of the untutored Saxon. The characteristic feature of Anglo-Saxon poetry "depends upon alliterations, and the continual use of a certain definite rhythm, with some peculiarities of diction."

The same system, but in a much greater variety of measures, prevails in Gaelic poetry; "variety was produced, and the labour of versification diminished, by admitting lines of different lengths, and frequently by the addition of a syllable extraordinary, either at the commencement or termination of the verse; a circumstance which we find repeatedly recurring in English poetry, without any such violation of cadences as to alter the character of the metre."

We will draw this paper to a close, with the following quotation from Rask, although we doubt not, that many of our readers will requite the idea, that the Greeks and Romans not only borrowed their letters, but also their versification, from the barbarians.

"It is a remark," says Rask, "which I owe to Fin Magnusen, and which has indubitably much of scientific worth and truth, that the Gothic national narrative verse seems to have been the foundation of the Greek hexameters. It is allowed, indeed, that hexameter verse is the most ancient national poetry of the Thracians, as narrative verse is of the Goths. If we regard the arrangement itself, the similarity is highly probable; for the hexameter seems merely to be a certain, and very trifling modification of the more unfettered, and probably more ancient form which the narrative verse exhibits."

We beg leave to conclude this somewhat prosing article by the following fragment of a ballad composed by Canute the Great, when he was

sailing by the Isle of Ely, and heard the Monks sing:—

"Merie sungen the muneces binnan Ely,
Tha Enut eling reuther by, and to easter toster
Roweth, Enibtes, noon the land,
And here we thes muneces sang."

ANCIENT CUSTOM OF SALUTATION.

THE practice of greeting females by salutation was common in England in the middle ages. According to Chalondylus, "whenever an invited guest entered the house of his friend, he invariably saluted his wife and daughters, as a common act of courtesy." The custom is frequently alluded to by Chaucer, who wrote in the same age, and in the picture of the frere in the Somnour's Tale, he very archly touches on the zeal and activity with which the holy father performed this act of gallantry. As soon as the mistress of the house enters the room, where he is engaged in "graping tenderly" her husband's conscience.

"He riseth up full curtilly,
And her embraceth in his armes narrow,
And kisseth her sweet, and chirkeht as a sparrow
With his lippes."

The custom also formed a part of the ceremony of drinking healths, at least, so says Robert de Brunne;

"That sair Wasseille drinkis of the cup,
Kiss, and his felow he gives it up."

In the sixteenth century, Erasmus describes, in glowing language, the extreme liberality with which our fair country-women granted these favours.* But, after the Reformation, severer manners prevailed; and by the rigid puritans the practice seems to have been discountenanced. Among others was John Bunyan, who gives us an amusing account of his scruples on the subject, in his "Grace Abounding." "The common salutation of women," he says, "I abhor: it is odious to me in whomsoever I see it.—When I have seen good men salute those women that they have visited, or that have visited them, I have made my objections against it; and when they have answered that it was but a piece of civility, I have told them that it was not a comely sight. Some, indeed, have urged the holy kiss; but then I have asked them why they made bawks? Why they did salute the most handsome, and let the ill-favoured go?" Such, however, were only the scruples of a few conscientious persons; for the custom prevailed generally through the reigns of James and Charles. In Lupton's "London and the Country Carbonades," 1632, a "pretty maid, or daughter, to salute" is represented as an established custom at a country inn. The practice appears to have been out at the Revolution. According to Voltaire, it had for sometime before been unknown in France, and its abandonment is probably formed a part of that French code

Epist. Fausto Andralino.

ness which Charles introduced on his return. The last traces of its existence are perhaps, in one or two letters, from country gentlemen in the *Spectator*, one of which occurs in number 240. The writer relates of himself, that he had always been in the habit, even in great assemblies, of saluting all the ladies round; but a town-bred gentleman had lately come into the neighbourhood, and introduced his "fine reserved airs." "Whenever," says the writer, "he came into a room, he made a profound bow, and fell back, then recovered with a soft air, and made a bow to the next, and so on. This is taken for the present fashion; and there is no young gentlewoman, within several miles of this place, who has been kissed over since his first appearance among us."

CURIOUS EXTRACTS.

No. II.

Sagacity in a Dog.—The following curious and authentic remain of the famous Sir John Harrington, not having been discovered at the time of the publication of his elegant fugitive pieces in the little volume of *Nugs Antiquæ*, printed at London in 1669, was not inserted therein:—

"Copy of a letter from Sir John Harrington to Prince Henry, son to King James I., concerning his dogge.

"May it please your Highnesse to accept in as goode sorte what I now offer as it hath done aforetyme; and I maie saie *I pede fausto*; but having goode reason to thinke your Highnesse had goode will and likynge to reade what others have tolde of my rare dogge, I will even give a brief historie of his goode deedes and straunge feats; and herein will I not plaie the curr myselfe, but in goode soothie relate what is no more nor lesse than bare verity. Although I mean not to disparage the deedes of Alexander's horse, I will match my Dogge against him for goode carriage, for if he did not bear a great *prince* on his back, I am bolde to saie he did often bear the sweet wordes of a greater *princesse* on his necke. I did once relate to your Highnesse after what sorte his tacklinge was wherewith he did sojourn from my house, at the Bathe to Greenwich Palace, and deliver up to the Courte there such matters as were entrusted to his care. This he hath often done, and came safe to the Bathe, or my house here at Kelstone, with goodlie returnes from such Nobilitie as were pleased to emploie him; nor was it ever tolde our Ladie Queene that this messenger did ever blab ought concerning his highe trusts, as others have done in more special matters. Neither must it be forgotten as how he once was sente with two charges of sack wine from the Bathe to my howse, by my man Combe; and on his way the cordage did slakene, but my trustie bearer did now bear himself so wisely as to covertly hide one flasket in the rushes, and take the other in his teethe to the howse, after which he went forth, and returned with the other parte of his burden to dinner; hearat yr. Highnesse may perchance marvele and doubt, but we have livinge testimonie of those who wroughte in the fieldes and eapied his worke, and now live to

tell they did muche longe to plaie the dogge and give stowage to the wine themselves, but they did refraine and watchede the passinge of this whole businesse. I need not saie howe muche I did once grieve at missinge this dogge, for on my journie towards Londone, some idle pastimers did diverte themselves with huntinge mallards in a ponde, and conveyed him to the Spanish Ambassador's, where in a happie howe after six weekes I did hear of him; but suche was the courte he did pay to the Don, that he was no lesse in good liking there than at home. Nor did the household listen to my claim, or challenge, till I rested my suite on the dogge's own proofs, and made him perform such feats before the nobles assembled, as put it passed doubt that I was his master. I did send him to the hall in the time of dinner, and made him bringe thence a pheasant out of the dish, which created much mirth, and much more when he returned at my commandment to the table again, and put it again in the same cover. Herewith the companie was well contente to allow me my claim, and we bothe were well contente to accept it, and came homewards. I could dwell more on this matter, but *jubes renovare dolorem*; I will now saie in what manner he died. As we traveled towards the Bathe, he leaped on my horse's necke, and was more earnest in fawninge and courtinge my notice than what I had observed for some time backe, and after my chidinge his disturbinge my passinge forwardes he gave me some glances of such affection as moved me to canjole him; but alas he crept suddenly into a thorny brake, and died in a short time. Thus I have strove to rehearse such of his deedes as maie suggest much more to yr. Highnesse thought of this dogge. But having said so much of him in prose, I will say somewhat too in verse, as you will find hereafter at the close of this historie. Now let Ulysses praise his dogge Argus, or Tobite be led by that dogge whose name doth not appeare, yet could I say such things of my *Bungey*, for so was he stiled, as might shame them both, either for good faith, clear wit, or wonderful deedes; to saie no more than I have said of his bearing letters to Londone and Greenwich more than an hundred miles. As I doubt not but your Highnesse would love my dogge if not my selfe, I have been thus tedious in my story, and again say that of all the dogges near your Father's Court, not one hath more love, more diligence to please, or less pay for pleasinge than him I write of; for verily a bone would contente my servante, when some expecte greater matters, or will knavishly find oute a Bone of Contention.

I now reste your Highnesse friend in all service that maie suite him.

JOHN HARRINGTON.

P.S. The verses above spoken of are in my book of Epigrams in praise of my Dogge Bungey to Momus (Book iii. Epigram 21) and I have an excellent picture curiously limned to remain in my posterity."—*Gentleman's Magazine*, February, 1774.

Kelstone, June 14, 1608.

Luke's Iron Crown.—In conversation one sometimes hears of *Luke's Iron Crown*, though pro-

bably few know how that phrase originated—it was thus:—"In the 'Respublica Hungarica' there is an account of a desperate rebellion in the year 1514, headed by two brothers of the name of Zeek George and Luke. When it was quelled, George, not Luke, was punished by his head being encircled with a red-hot iron crown: *corona candescens ferrea coronatur*." The same severity of torture was exercised on the Earl of Athol, one of the murderers of King James I. of Scotland." The cruelty, in my opinion, was increased tenfold, by the object of those unhappy men's desire—a crown—being made to become their punishment.

Glasgow.

E. C.

LEGENDS OF SCOTTISH SUPERSTITION.

No. XII.

MACLACHLAN'S BROWNIE.

(ARGYLSHIRE.)

MACLACHLAN of Stralachlan—chieftain of a small sept, or clan, inhabiting the eastern shores of Loch Fyne—perceiving that his patrimony had become surrounded on all sides by the vast and growing territories of the Clan Campbell, thought that it might be best for the safety of himself and his possessions, to form a matrimonial alliance with his more powerful and, as it seemed, rather acquisitively inclined neighbours. In this persuasion, he proposed himself as a suitor to one of the young ladies of a family nearly related to that of Mac-callum-more, and, in due course of time and procedure, was formally accepted. Great preparations for the forthcoming nuptials were entered into by both parties—the young and comparatively poor bridegroom, in particular, putting himself to a vast deal of trouble and expense in procuring rarities for the bridal feast, and in furnishing out the tables with *silver plate* and other costly appurtenances, to make what he considered a suitable display in the presence of his august allies. These proceedings of the young chieftain gave, it appears, much disquiet to the more antiquated members of his establishment—amongst others, to a *Lar familiaris*, or Brownie, named "Harry," who inhabited a vault in the dungeons of the castle, and he was heard, from time to time, making grievous moans, and uttering prophetic hints respecting the issue of what he denounced as an ill-judged alliance with a clan who had been always considered the hereditary rivals, if not the enemies of the house. Maclachlan, however, was a hot-brained youth, who could not be easily moved from his purpose by the remonstrance of either man or brownie, and so the business, however obnoxious it might be to the censure of subordinates, continued to proceed with considerable energy and smoothness until the night of the marriage. On this important occasion, Castle Lachlan and its dependencies were "decorated" with a splendour which had never been attempted, far less equalled, throughout the long period of its history—a history which points to a time when the now mouldering walls were first reared by "the Lady of an absent Crusader." The

banquet—that portion of the marriage programme on which Maclachlan had set his soul—was arranged with the most elaborate taste in the great hall: the united clans of Maclachlan and Campbell were seated, individually and collectively, with the most scrupulous exactness in their respective places: piles of edibles of all sorts, "herried from mountain and lake," smoked and "smelled woingly" before them; while in the rear, the full gush of decanting liquids spoke audibly of the unbounded mirth and conviviality which was to follow. All were impatient to begin—even the worthy clergyman, with sympathetic eagerness, prepared hastily to dispatch the prologue, when *whiff!*—in a moment—the whole of the substantial array of "good things" disappeared from the tables, like a mist-wreath from the neighbouring mountains! Consternation sat on every brow—conviction of the dreadful reality of the disappearance collapsed every heart (*stomach*), and the eyes of all were turned incontinently to the master of the feast. He, poor man, had been taken by surprise, equally with the rest of the company, but judging that "Master Harry" was the thief, he stammered out a hasty apology, and commanded the domestics instantly to follow him into the vaults. There, all was dark and silent as the grave, and not a single trace of the Brownie, or of the stolen viands, was to be found. He called loudly and repeatedly on the culprit to deliver up the indispensable materials of the feast, together with the costly vessels on which they were enshrined; but all to no purpose, no answer was returned save by the echoes of the arches, which sent back the words of the incensed chieftain in tones of the most sovereign contempt. Overcome by rage and grief at this most unexpected failure in his arrangements—failure "in the nicest point," that which, in his estimation, involved most deeply "the honour of his house," he was about to vent his fury in some signal act of desperation, when his ear caught indistinctly a faint jingle, as of silver spoons, in the immediate vicinity of the place where he stood. Conviction of the folly of waging war with an invisible foe now flashed upon his mind, and he resolved to change his tactics. He began by remonstrating calmly with the Brownie on the impropriety of his conduct, bidding him consider what an indelible disgrace it would be to the ancient and honourable Clan Lachlan—to say nothing of the disgrace to the Brownie himself—if the Campbells, after such unwarranted anticipations, were obliged to sup on a few odds and ends, without so much as a knife and fork to assist in eating them. This seemed to have the desired effect, for the gruff voice of the Brownie was immediately heard muttering,—"Ay, ay, the Campbells may well get the braw vivers—the fairest and the fattest that the woods and waters of Stralachlan can produce—it will not be long till 'the greedy Campbells' enjoy the fair domain of Stralachlan itself!" The various dishes were then thrust into the hands of the servants, who speedily carried them back to the hall, and replaced them before the impatient and much-wondering guests. The feast was resumed, or rather recommenced, and nothing further occurring to disturb the hilarity

or good understanding of the meeting, Maclachlan's marriage was at length fully consummated; and the artful chieftain felt inwardly disposed to congratulate himself on the success of what he conceived to be a master-stroke of policy, in thus converting indissolubly his powerful and much-dreaded neighbours into friends and accessaries.

But it was not long till the correctness of the Brownie's disregarded forebodings began to appear. The profusion which Maclachlan had thought proper to assume at his marriage had afterwards to be kept up in some corresponding degree; and this eventually led him into pecuniary difficulties, from which he could see no way of extricating himself. Like many other desperate men of the time (1745), he entered deeply into the plots which were in agitation for the restoration of the Stewarts, hoping that, in the confusion consequent on such an occasion, something might turn up which would enable him to retrieve his fast declining fortunes. One night, in the summer of 1745—his mind sorely harassed by a variety of conflicting speculations, and an anxious desire to draw aside the veil of futurity—he descended into the vaults to seek a conference with the faithful and far-seeing, though unfortunately too much disregarded, goblin. Since the night of the marriage, "Master Harry" had confined himself wholly to his cell, mourning over the unavoidable downfall of the house to which he had so long and so zealously attached himself. On his master's approach he burst into tears.

"What is the cause of your grief, Master Harry?" said the chief, "has any of the servants been annoying you?"

"No, my chief, none."

"Then what is the cause of your bitter lamentation?"

"Ochone! my chief, ochone! there is a stranger arrived this day in the north, whose fortunes you will follow and never return!"

"What!" exclaimed Maclachlan, "has the Prince, indeed, arrived? Then the crisis of my misfortunes has arrived also. I shall now either live in a way becoming the descendant of an ancient and honourable race, or else I shall die gloriously in the best of causes—the restoration of my rightful King to the throne of his ancestors!"

With his usual precipitation, Maclachlan raised his retainers, and was among the first to join the standard of the Chevalier as he advanced towards Edinburgh. In a week after occurred the battle of Prestonpans, and Maclachlan was one of the few Jacobite gentlemen who fell upon that occasion. He left no issue; and I am informed that in further accordance with the Brownie's predictions, the estate of Stralachlan is now, in a great measure, the property of "the all-absorbing Campbells."

14 Hill Street, Anderson,
Glasgow.

W. G.

OBITUARY NOTICES, CHRONOLOGICALLY ARRANGED.

At his residence in Duke Street, Westminster, London, in his 70th year,

John Rickman, Esq., the second clerk at the table of the House of Commons. Mr Rickman had a liberal education, and enjoyed the society of some of the first scholars and ablest men of the day, amongst whom Southey may be named as an instance. He was the author of the prefaces and the arrangements of the population abstracts and returns, and various other valuable statistical parliamentary returns, also of the "Life of Telford," the engineer, &c. Mr Rickman was one of those fortunate individuals of whom every body spoke well.

Oct. — We regret to announce the death of Mr Vigors, M.P. for the county of Carlow, which took place at his residence in the Regent's Park, on Monday morning, after a short illness. A vacancy is consequently created in the representation of the county.—*Standard*.

Oct. — With feelings of the most sincere sorrow we have heard that our excellent representative and friend, Sir William J. Brabazon, Bart., has closed his earthly career. The information which has reached us is, that the Hon. Baronet had, on the 24th instant, returned from his customary ride, and that, on some of his servants entering the parlour about four o'clock, they found their master lifeless in his chair. Medical aid was promptly summoned, Dr Fitzgerald was in instant attendance; but attention was vain—Sir William had breathed his last.—*Mayo Mercury*.

Oct. — On the 21st inst., at his residence in Great George's Street, Dublin, in the 81st year of his age, the Right Hon. and most Rev. Nathaniel Alexander, D.D., Lord Bishop of Meath.

Oct. — On the 24th inst., at his residence at Castlecomer, of fever, contracted in the discharge of his pastoral duties, the Very Reverend Henry Dawson, M.A., Dean of St Patrick's and Rector of Castlecomer.

[This clergyman was a brother of the gentleman commonly called Rat Dawson.]

Sept. 14, 1841. An old lady, of the name of De Poggi, a friend of Dr Johnson, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and other worthies of the times of George the Second and Third, died at Cuckfield, Sussex, on the 14th of September, in her 97th year.

April, 1842. At Govan, near Glasgow, on the 27th instant, Mr John Alexander, watchmaker, aged 78, father of John Henry Alexander, Manager and Proprietor of the Theatre Royal, Glasgow, and brother of the late Ensign Charles Alexander (15th Royal Veteran Battalion).

[This is copied without alteration from the *Advertiser*, and affords a capital specimen of the puff direct.]

Sept. (end of.) — Sir Michael O'Loughlin, Baronet, Master of the Rolls in Ireland.

[According to Burke, this excellent and worthy gentleman was born, 20th September, 1819, two years after his marriage, (on the 3d September, 1817,) to Fidelia, daughter of Daniel Kelly, Esq.] What makes this announcement more striking is the equally wonderful fact that Sir Michael's oldest son and successor, Sir Coleman, was born on the same day with himself.

The following account of Sir Michael's funeral is from an Irish paper:

THE LATE MASTER OF THE ROLLS.

Dublin, Oct. 5.—The mortal remains of the late Master were conveyed this day from Dublin, on the road to their final resting-place. On reaching this country they were brought to the Roman Catholic Metropolitan Chapel, in Marlborough Street, where, in the forenoon, the service for the dead, according to the ritual, was performed. At twelve the coffin was placed in the hearse, and the funeral procession immediately set forward. The route taken was down Marlborough Street into Britain Street, and thence into Sackville Street, by the Rotunda. The hearse was drawn by six horses, and followed by two mourning coaches, in which sat some of the nearest connexions of the deceased. The train of carriages—of all such as were desirous of paying a tribute of respect to an upright judge and an amiable man—succeeded, and was of extraordinary length. There could not have been less than two hundred in the number. The procession occupied fully two miles of street, taking for its line of march Sackville Street, Westmoreland Street, Dame Street, and so on by the Castle to James's Street and the Naas Road. The Lord Mayor issued an official notice in the morning, intimating that he would proceed from the Four Courts at eleven to join the assembly, and that he expected as many of the aldermen and town councillors as could make it convenient would join him. His lordship appeared in the state carriage, and Mr Reynolds, the city marshal, preceded the hearse in his official costume. The Solicitor-General and Mr Brewster were in the same vehicle. A testimony of more general and marked respect could not have been paid to the memory of the late Judge—and proceeding, as it did, from the highest and most intelligent ranks of society, it was doubly valuable.

The chief mourners were Sir Coleman O'Loughlin, Bart., Hugh O'Loughlin, Esq. (son of the deceased), Hewitt Bridgman, Esq., M.P., and C. Burke, Esq. The pall bearers were—The Right Hon. D. Pigot, M.P., Sir J. Power, Bart., D. Plunket, A.M'Donnell, C. Fitzsimon, J. Perrin, P. Mahony, W. Murphy, — Darby, A. C. O'Dwyer, E. Tandy, M. Staunton, J. R. Corballis, N. P. O'Gorman, J. Hatchell, Q.C., T. Hutton, Esqrs., Alderman Roe, Dr Colley, and Dr King.

Among the carriages were those of Lord Plunket, the Lord Mayor, Judge Perrin, Judge Burton, Chief Baron Brady and Baron Richards, J. Power, M.P., E. Lucas, Esq., under-secretary, Right Hon. T. B. Kennedy, Col. Brownrigg, the Attorney-General (Mr Blackburne), the Solicitor-General (Mr T. B. Smith), Serjeant Greene, A. Brewster, Esq., Q.C., R. Keating, Esq., Q.C., Col. McGregor, and a considerable number of the members of the bar and the solicitors of every shade of politics.

The office of Master of the Rolls is worth about £4,000 a year. There is considerable patronage attached, part on acceptance of office, and more in the event of vacancies by death or retirement. The latter part consists of the deputy keepership of the Rolls and the chief examiners, each of whom places is worth £4,400 or £4,500 a year. The former part consists of the offices of registrar

and clerk of the faculties, puisne bench, train-bearer, and orator.

Jan. 3, 1843. At Leamington, T. C. Holland,

landscape painter, in his sixty-sixth year, and [Mr Holland was one of the old-fashioned school as an artist. He had little trick of the brush, and was not addicted to extraordinary effects, but he went out modestly into the fields and copied Nature with a solid and unassuming pencil. The chief fault of his style was its monotony, and the sombre tone of his colour. Nature had given him a little genius, but he taught himself a considerable appreciation of the real.]

Jan. 18, — General Gore Browne, of the 44th.

[General Gore Browne, who was the son of a private gentleman of good descent in Ireland, was originally intended for holy orders, but having a strong predilection for the army he was sent to Lochee, the then fashionable military academy, from which, in 1780, he obtained a commission in the 35th. On the breaking out of the French war he raised a company in the 53d, in which he afterwards purchased a majority. With this regiment he served throughout the Marston war, being second in command to General Walpole. On his return, the Duke of York gave him a lieutenant-colonelcy in a black regiment at Dominica, A.D. 1796, from which he was recalled by an appointment to the 40th. In command of the latter regiment he accompanied the Duke of York to Holland, and was present at the battles of the 10th and 19th of September, and the 24 of October, 1799. During this campaign Colonel Browne received a six-pound ball through his hat, and had several hairbreadth escapes, such as a shell coming down the chimney, and passing between General Spencer and himself, without injuring either. After this, he was ordered with his regiment to Egypt, and on his return, he accompanied General Auchmuty's force to South America. On its landing in January, 1807, the general advanced on Buenos Ayres, having a sufficient force under Colonel Browne for the attack of Montevideo. This fortress was vigorously defended, but a breach having been effected, Colonel Browne stormed at the head of his regiment, and by sunrise all was in possession of the British, except the citadel, which soon surrendered. Such was Colonel Browne's care for the conquered, and so good the discipline of his men, that by eight o'clock in the morning the shops were all opened, and business quietly transacted, as if nothing had happened. General Auchmuty appointed Colonel Browne governor of the city, and when it was afterwards, at the command of General Whitelock, given up to the Spanish, so much had his generous conduct won their respect, that the Spanish Governor and Council accompanied him to the boat with their heads uncovered. On his return from America he joined the force for Walcheren, and shortly after landing received a ball through his cheek, which broke his teeth and jaw but without disfiguring him. After this he had the command of the western district of the island, and was appointed Governor of Plymouth. The latter he resigned on disapprobation of the rank of lieutenant-general in 1811, and in 1812 he

was made colonel of the 44th. He became a general in 1837. The disasters of his regiment under Colonel Shelton at Cabul deeply affected him, and he died on the 13th of January, 1843, at Weymouth, in his 80th year. General Browne, in addition to personal advantages, was an elegant scholar and an accomplished gentleman.]

Feb. — Arthur Blennerhassett, Esq., of Ballisoddy, formerly M.P. for Kerry.

[Mr Blennerhassett departed this life at Nantes in France, where he had been staying for some time; on the 23d of January last, at half-past nine o'clock, of brain fever, after the short illness of three days. Mr Blennerhassett was cut off in the prime of life, being only 45 years; he was a widower, and has left five children to lament his loss; three daughters, and two sons, the oldest of whom, the heir, is in his seventeenth year. — We know of no man who made himself so particularly a public character that held a higher place in the good wishes of the public generally than did this justly-lamented gentleman. He represented this country in the Imperial Parliament from 1837 until the last election; and during that period no man of his party was more regular in, and attentive to, his Parliamentary duties than was the Member for Kerry—yet he compelled from his political opponents, both in the House and on the hustings, the highest feelings of respect. In 1841, he again started for the county, but after, on his part, a most fair and spirited contest, was left in a minority on the poll.—*Kerry Post.*]

Feb. — Madame Bartolozzi, mother of Madame Vestris.—This lady, the mother of Madame Vestris and Mrs Anderson, expired on Thursday evening, having reached her eightieth year. Madame Vestris was unable to appear at the Haymarket Theatre on Thursday night in "The Little Devil," in consequence of the domestic affliction; nor will she appear again till after the funeral of her deceased parent.

[This lady was the widow of the celebrated engraver. Her daughter, Mrs Anderson, excited great interest whilst Miss Bartolozzi, in consequence of an unfounded charge brought against her by her sister, and which gave rise to many severe but just observations in the newspapers of the time.—See the *Spirit of the Public Journal.*]

Sept. — DEATH OF MR CHARLES ASHLEY.—This gentleman, so well known in the musical world as a violoncello player, expired suddenly from a stroke of apoplexy on Tuesday, in the 72d year of his age. He had been for some seasons the manager of the Tivoli Gardens at Margate. At the commemoration of Handel, in 1786, the deceased, with two brothers, was amongst the principal performers.

Sept. 27. — DEATH OF SIR MATTHEW WOOD, M.P.—This venerable baronet sank under his illness on Monday morning at Matson, near Gloucester, the seat of his son-in-law, Dr Maddy, whilst he had removed during the last week from his seat at Heatherley. He had been suffering for some time past from water on the chest, but within the last few days was considered better. This event causes a vacancy in the representation for the city of London. Sir Matthew is reported to have been in his 74th year, and to have

[Sir Matthew was originally a brewer and druggist, in which line he made some money. He attracted great notoriety during the disturbances consequent upon the arrival of the unhappy Queen Caroline, and obtained the sobriquet of "Absolute Wisdom." By the bequest of his name sake, though no relation, the celebrated Jammy Wood of miserly memory, he inherited considerable wealth, and was made a Baronet by the Whig government.]

Sept. 23. — In the parish of St Aldgate in this city, Mr William Dupe, aged ninety-five years. Mr Dupe was born Jan. 1st, 1748, at Stoney Stoke, near Wincanton, Somerset; in which neighbourhood he served an apprenticeship to a smith, and when a very young man he sold, by his superior vigour, and the weight of the hammer he wielded, produce double the number of nails in a given time than any competitor. Mr Dupe came to Oxford upwards of sixty years ago, and more than half a century since fixed the copper globe on the summit of the Observatory. Mr Dupe possessed the inventive faculty in a high degree; and was also exceedingly curious and persevering in his inquiries into vegetable organization. In the spring of the present year he might have been seen several miles from Oxford collecting specimens. For many years Mr Dupe wrought as a gunsmith, and enjoyed a high reputation in his trade; but he was essentially a projector; continually devising some new thing from the culture of the potato to some of the most difficult tasks of the mechanic and engineer. At different times he obtained no less than ten patents for various useful inventions. In the summer of 1841 he made a discovery relative to the growth of trees; for which Lord Abingdon gave him the sum of five pounds. Several years ago he taught Sir Robert Peel, then a member of Christ Church, the art of working in iron, and many distinguished members of the University delighted to witness his labours, and listen to his unaffected and curious conversation. On one occasion Mr Dupe was the companion of Sadler, the aeronaut, in a balloon excursion. Mr Dupe was three times married, and had a family of thirteen children, the eldest of whom, now surviving, is sixty years of age, the youngest an infant of two years. Up to a very recent period he exhibited no marked symptoms of either mental or bodily decay; and at Christmas last he addressed a large meeting at a temperance festival. (The most remarkable fact in connexion with the long life and great vigour of the patriarch is, that he and the son and grandson of water drinkers.) The united ages of these three persons exceeded three centuries; the grandfather attaining the age of 166 years, the father to 102. Two facts exhibit the strength and consistency of Mr Dupe's attachment to this simple element, water; when a young man he was most rudely and insolently urged and threatened with strong drink upon compulsion; he at length defended himself by a blow which broke his assailant's jaw-bone; and when the fumes of life was flickering he steadfastly refused to take wine ordered by his medical attendants; and it is one of his last requests that there might be no drinking at his funeral. At his death he left a

that this highly intelligent and interesting man died in poverty, and has left a widow to struggle with the world—*Oxford Chronicle*.

Nov. — We regret to learn that Mr Wrench, the comedian, so long a favourite with the public, died on Friday last, at his lodging, Picket-place, Strand, after a short but very oppressive asthmatic complaint. Mr Wrench was in his 66th year. During the few days he was confined to his bed, a large Newfoundland dog, that had been his constant companion for the last ten years, never quitted his room, but watched every movement of his master with the utmost anxiety. When Mr Wrench expired, the faithful animal was fully aware of his loss, the consciousness of which he evinced by the most pitiable cries, and its grief was at length so severe that it was seized with convulsions, which continued upwards of two hours.

[Wrench was an excellent actor, in his peculiar line as a valet, especially an impertinent one. He equalled our own Murray, which is saying a great deal.]

THE REV. J. J. TALMAN.

THE REV. J. J. Talman was the son of James Talman, M.A., Vicar of Christchurch, Hants, and afterwards Rector of Birch, Essex. He was born at the parsonage of Christchurch, October 1768, and married in January 1794, Mary, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Forster, Registrar of the University of Oxford, and niece to the Rev. Dr. Forster, of Colchester. A malignant erysipelas caused the death of this excellent man at the comparatively early age of fifty-one; to the inexpressible grief of an affectionate widow and eleven children (seven daughters and four sons,) and a respectable circle of friends, who knew his worth, and admired his talents. Those talents were of an order far more extensive than, from his secluded habits and retired mode of life, was generally known. His distinguished friend and diocesan, however, to whom he was also chaplain, was well acquainted with the superiority of his abilities. In the Bishop of Rochester's edition of Burke's Works, in a letter from his lordship to the Right Honorable William Elliot, at the beginning of the ninth volume, the following passage occurs:

"You know the peculiar difficulties I labour under from the failure of my eye-sight, and you may congratulate me upon the assistance which I have procured from my neighbour, the worthy Chaplain of Broxley College, who, to the useful qualification of a patient amanuensis, unites that of a good scholar and an intelligent critic. Yours affectionately, WILLIAM ROFFEN."

To an intimate acquaintance with the classical writers of Greece and Rome, Mr Talman added a comprehensive knowledge of the most esteemed works of the ancients in the various branches of elegant literature. In the walk of science, next to his professional researches in theology, which were extensive and profound, the study of chemistry and medicine was his peculiar delight. To a

son of Talman was the grand nephew of Christopher Pitt, an poet, and a Bishop of Litchfield.

strong masculine understanding, he joined an acuteness of penetration, which no sophistry could impose upon, and no artifice elude. His judgment, therefore, was correct; and his opinion, when solicited, was given with candour and modesty. Independent in his principles, and upright in his conduct, though cultivated and polished by the great in his vicinity, his mind was unobscured by the baseness of adulation, while his behaviour to those placed under his jurisdiction in the College was in all respects obliging and conciliatory. In all the great duties of life, his character shone forth with conspicuous lustre; but more particularly so in the important functions of a husband and a parent; and he was never more truly happy than when surrounded at his table by his young, numerous, and amiable family. That they were not left wholly unprovided for by his untimely decease, must have afforded him consolation in his expiring moments! He was indebted for the preferment which he, for so short a time only enjoyed, to the kind patronage of the Bishop, who has generously promised to extend that patronage to his orphan family. May the exertions of his Lordship be crowned with success; and may the descendants of Mr Talman long continue to flourish, the inheritors of his exalted worth, and the imitators of his impressive example.

ANECDOTE OF THE REBELLION OF 1745.

THE Reverend Mr Bennet, minister of Polmont, near Falkirk, distinguished himself by his activity in the cause of the reigning prince of 1745. His knowledge of the country, and the influence which he deservedly possessed among all ranks of persons, were found extremely useful in procuring forage and other accommodations for the troops, and even intelligence to their leaders when they lay at Falkirk. The rebels were collected in force at the Tor-wood, in the immediate neighbourhood, and were known to be preparing for battle. Mr B. having observed that General Hawley was but too little sensible of the impending danger, reminded him, by quoting passages from the classics, of the imprudence of too much despising an enemy. Hawley replied, that certainly such a naked rabble would never dare to attack his veterans who had stood the brunt of Fontenoy. "You are quite mistaken," said Mr B.; "that rabble, as you call them, will dare to attack your veterans, or any veterans in Europe. They are brave even to rashness, and are engaged in a cause in which they have no alternative but to conquer or die; and no precaution against them ought to be neglected." But the General could only be convinced by the gleaming broadswords of the Highlanders, who, in a day or two, not only attacked but utterly routed his veterans. Their behaviour, it was observed, was inferior to that of the Glasgow militia, a body of men hastily collected, and so ill-disciplined, that it was generally said that their officers were obliged to tie a straw upon their right arms, and to give the word, "draw to me from), the wisp. Those men not only fought successfully but well ordered retreat, but stopped in great haste to retreat without any orders at all.

POLITICAL SQUIB—1773.

Mr. Connoisseur informs us, that great amusement is expected from a tragicomic piece, now preparing for exhibition by a celebrated Wit. It is to be called *this Chinese Garden*. Sir William Chambers, in the character of a Magician, attended by Eastern Genii, is to unite Brentford to Richmond Gardens, in which the humours of Pekin will be exhibited. Rigby, Dyson, Jenkins, and B——w, will be the Executioners; Home and MacOssian,† will perform the part of Ballad Singers; the grand Pensioner, Johnson,§ will be the Artificer of Earthquakes and Volcanos; a Barn-bailiff, by Lord Talbot; a Catchpole, by Lord Barrington; || a Pickpocket, by Jimmy Twitchee; a Mandarin Judge, by Lord Mansfield. There will be an excellent Scene, representing the Jerusalem Chamber in St James's Street, attacked by the Jews and defended by the Maccaronies; with a lively Representation of Charles Fox's Disaster.¶ The precious Relic will be consecrated in the grand Pagoda by the Maids of Honour, at which awful ceremony Madame S——g** will officiate as High Priestess.—March 24, 1773.

REMARKABLE DISCOVERY IN GALLICIA, OCTOBER, 1822.

A Mr John Chmielecki having read in Kirchner's *Appels* a conjecture that the subterraneous caves and passages in Podolia had a communication with those below Kiow, resolved to examine a site in Czortkow, to discover any traces of subterraneous caves in that direction. A cavity in the alabaster rocks, overgrown with grass and weeds, was found to be an opening made by art, which had, however, been choked up with earth and rubbish. When the workmen had cleared away the earth before the entrance, a mephitic vapour issued from the opening, which so affected them, that they fell senseless on the ground; but, on being removed into a purer atmosphere, soon recovered. On the following day Mr Chmielecki returned with the town-clerk and six resolute peasants, provided with swords, pistols, torches, and candles, and descended himself into the cave, well armed, and with a lighted torch and tinder-box. Having

hold of a rope of three hundred fathoms, he crept through the narrow entrance, which is about ten yards long, into a subterraneous excavation, which resembled a spacious and lofty oval hall, hewn in alabaster, and had a very pleasing effect. Here he rested for some time, and then called to his companions who were waiting at the entrance, and who, after much persuasion, followed him. On further examining the cave, they discovered several passages of various sizes connected with each other, all curiously hewn out in alabaster, and covering a large extent. But whether these passages extended to a great distance, whether they have an issue on the surface or not, were questions which they could not resolve, as they had got to the end of their line, and would not venture to proceed without a clue. After remaining there four hours they were obliged to retreat, by the pressure of the long confined air, which almost extinguished their torches, and impeded their breath. The results of their examination are as follows.—All the subterraneous vaults appear to be formed partly by nature, and partly by art: they contain several halls, or rather spacious vaults, the walls and roofs of which are of pure alabaster. They communicate by means of several passages running in different directions and of various breadths; some of them large enough for a coach and horses to turn in. One of these has a near resemblance to a kitchen, for they found upon the hearth, raised of several layers of alabaster, fragments of charcoal and remains of a kind of wood (*fresnia*, summer cherry) which is not a native of the country near the excavation. In some places they discovered human skulls, which crumbled into dust on being touched. They likewise found a silver coin of about the size of a sixpence, on which, but with much difficulty, the name of *Hadrianus* is to be deciphered. They also saw several earthen vessels resembling modern dishes, but did not touch them.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES.

RELATING TO THE SALE OF THE LIBRARY OF THE LATE GEORGE CHALMERS, ESQ., AUTHOR OF "CALEDONIA."

SIR,—The late sale of Mr Chalmers' books was as confessedly one of high interest and high prices; but, may I ask, if the several humpty, dumpty, black letter books which sold so well, are only destined to be now the property of some wealthy purchasers who made, what Dr Biddle calls, such a "gallant competition," till they are again fated, on the deaths of their present owners, to come into the hands of other men of property, in an endless rotation, which mode of transfer can never be of any use to a poor scholar like myself? For example, are the prayers and meditations of that early abettor of the Reformation from Papalpery—Queen Catharine Parr, to be interminably looked up in glass cases like mummies, or set in tons, instead of coming abroad to edify modern Protestants. Again, is the letter which no less a man than John Calvin wrote to the Duke of Somerset, the Protector of King Edward VI.

††††† Lord Hawksbury, ancestor of the present Earl of Liverpool.

† Author of *Douglas*.

‡ Macpherson, the manufacturer of Ossian.

§ Dr Johnson, the Lexicographer.

|| Lord Viscount Barrington. A life of him by his brother, Shute Barrington, Bishop of Durham, was privately printed.

¶ Charles James Fox. What this allusion may be we do not know; but this distinguished person was not very scrupulous as to the way in which he got money, and the Jews kept a particularly sharp look out on his motions. Walpole, in a letter to the Countess of Orsory, written towards the end of 1773, tells a very ridiculous story about the parties having been guiled by an impostor, calling himself the Hon. Mrs Grievé, who offered for sale an heiress of £150,000. Charley could not resist the golden bait, and was regularly sold, according to the modern elegant phraseology. If he did the Jews, the Hon. Mrs Grievé did him.

†† Madame Swellington was the German favourite of Queen Charlotte. She is severely handled by Peter Pindar.

who then translated and published it, while in the Tower, for the benefit of his own age, to be consigned to the same Rosicrucian depository? It was only a few years since that another black letter morceau, which the same excellent personage sent from the Tower, before his enemies cut off his head; I mean this translation, by Bishop Coverdale, of a small German work on affliction; was reprinted by a Fleet Street publisher, much to his own credit and the general good; and this is what I hope will be done, and some other and better books than the old play books which have just been sold (one at £131), though I am fully sensible of the latter for elucidating literary criticisms. I was fortunate enough to purchase at the same sale, a morsel of antiquity by John Bale (the well known Bishop of Ossory), which perhaps, did more to show up the deeds of monastic darkness than any other volume of that age; like Chaucer's works, it is thought to have more enlightened the world, and better exposed the foul pollutions of the unmarried priesthood, than any other which had then appeared. Strype uses it largely in his inimitable history, by far the best we have; and Bishop Burnet quotes it, as far as his sense of decency, which was not very remarkable, permitted. If I be not, on a fuller survey, find it too horrible to meet the public eye, I here pledge myself not to lock it up from the use of that nation, which having now let the same worthies into secular, judicial, magisterial, executive, and legislative power, which God of his infinite mercy prevent, or we are again besotted, oppressed, and enslaved as of old.

And now, Sir, permit me, in conclusion, just to observe, that my object in troubling you at all, is to convey a hint to our black letter dogs, as the author of the "Pursuits of Literature" calls them, whose prophetic voice, on our own dangers from Popery seems, by this time, to be pretty well forgotten, not to prove themselves so many dogs in the manger,—I have the honour to be, Sir, your most obedient servant,

CALIGULA.

13th Oct, 1841.

[This locking up of literary rarities only happens with book fanciers, not book readers; these selfish creatures are beneath contempt; but, on the other hand, many persons get the loan of curious and valuable works, and what is the result? In a great majority of instances, the book lent is soiled or dirtied, in other instances lost, or said to be lost, and in some cases mutilated. It is on this account that book lovers are so averse to lending.]

PREACHING BY THE HOUR-GLASS.

The following notices of the hour-glasses in St Mary's, Lambeth, and St Helen's Abingdon, are interesting.

Mr Denne,* after speaking of the erection of a new pulpit in the parish of Lambeth, says:—

* "Addenda to History of Lambeth." Bibl. Topo. II. p. 263.

"To these pulpits are affixed *hour-glasses*, as appears by these charges in the Churchwardens' accounts."

"A. 1579, Payd to York for the frame in which the *hour-glass* standeth."

"A. 1615, Payd for an iron for the *hour-glass*."

"In the Churchwardens' accounts of St Helen's Abingdon, 4d. is charged in 1550, for an *hour-glass* for the pulpit; and Professor Ward observed its being the first instance he had met with."

That in Lambeth is only twenty years earlier, but it is not likely they were used for the same purpose before the Reformation, but certainly before Cromwell's time. Mr Denne then goes on to say,

"Some have imagined that the ancient fathers preached, as the old Greek and Roman orators declaimed, by an *hour-glass*; on the contrary, it has been remarked that the sermons of several of them were not of this length; and it is particularly said, that there are many sermons in St Austin's tenth volume, which a man might deliver with distinctness and propriety in eight minutes, and some almost in half that time. If a judgment may be formed from Dr Fontenay's *Classical Mystics*, the running of the sand was not in general sufficient for a single turn of his majestic dial. But he had the mortification of observing, that even when in St Mary's pulpit, Oxford, notwithstanding the piety, learning, and integrity displayed in his sermon, embellished likewise with quaint and nearly ludicrous conceits, adapted to excite curiosity, he was not able to command the attention of his audience for so long a period; and in his Act Sermon, July 12, 1613, he indirectly reproved them for not listening to him. The text was 2 Samuel vii. 2. He mentioned that some of his hearers were composing themselves to rest, and that others had already gone to rest."

DEATH OF M. BROCKHAUS.

DIED at Leipsick, [1824] M. Brockhaus, the celebrated bookseller. His death is considered as a severe loss, even by those worthless writers who exist by imposing on booksellers, and whose trade he constantly resented, not only to the city of Leipsick, where he gave employment to numerous persons, but to literature in general. Some persons pretend, that his otherwise strong constitution was overcome by the increasing rigour of the Prussian censorship. If the apologetic material, which he addressed a few months ago to the respectable Count Von Lottum, president of the Council of Ministers, could be generally read, it would certainly excite compassion for a man who had such immense property confiscated, and whose noble plans frustrated. He first published his statement in 1798 as a French and German citizen, and afterwards as a Prussian subject. He was born at Leipsick, 1732, and died at Leipsick, 1824. He was a member of the Prussian Academy of Sciences, and of the Leipsick University. He was also a member of the Leipsick University of Medicine, and of the Leipsick University of Law. He was also a member of the Leipsick University of Theology, and of the Leipsick University of Philosophy. He was also a member of the Leipsick University of History, and of the Leipsick University of Geography. He was also a member of the Leipsick University of Mathematics, and of the Leipsick University of Natural Science. He was also a member of the Leipsick University of Agriculture, and of the Leipsick University of Commerce. He was also a member of the Leipsick University of Arts, and of the Leipsick University of Letters. He was also a member of the Leipsick University of Music, and of the Leipsick University of Poetry. He was also a member of the Leipsick University of Drama, and of the Leipsick University of Comedy. He was also a member of the Leipsick University of Tragedy, and of the Leipsick University of Farce. He was also a member of the Leipsick University of Opera, and of the Leipsick University of Ballet. He was also a member of the Leipsick University of Circus, and of the Leipsick University of Acrobatics. He was also a member of the Leipsick University of Juggling, and of the Leipsick University of Magic. He was also a member of the Leipsick University of Astrology, and of the Leipsick University of Alchemy. He was also a member of the Leipsick University of Witchcraft, and of the Leipsick University of Sorcery. He was also a member of the Leipsick University of Necromancy, and of the Leipsick University of Divination. He was also a member of the Leipsick University of Fortune-telling, and of the Leipsick University of Palmistry. He was also a member of the Leipsick University of Astrology, and of the Leipsick University of Alchemy. He was also a member of the Leipsick University of Witchcraft, and of the Leipsick University of Sorcery. He was also a member of the Leipsick University of Necromancy, and of the Leipsick University of Divination. He was also a member of the Leipsick University of Fortune-telling, and of the Leipsick University of Palmistry.

mellet. After his visits to the Leipzig fair, he formed acquaintances with German authors of the first class, found himself peculiarly circumstanced on account of Massingbach's Memoirs, and removed his business to Altenburg; where, under the immediate patronage of Field-marshal Prince Schwarzenberg, and the Allies, he published, in 1813 and 1814, the Journal called *Deutsche Blätter*. Here he purchased, from a Leipzig bookseller, the first very meagre edition of the *Lexicon of Conversation*. The work, which, in the progress of five complete, constantly enlarged, and improved editions, has increased to twelve volumes, closely printed in the smallest type, has been raised, by an uncommon union of talents, to the rank of a national work; and its immense sale enabled Brockhaus to venture on literary speculations, which no other German bookseller, except Cotta and Reimer, would have ventured upon. A short time before his death he had engaged new and able editors for his "*Zeitgenossen*" (Contemporaries), and his "*Litterarische Conversations blätter*." Both these publications were the cause of much vexation to him, as it was hardly possible to avoid many errors. His quarterly critical journal "*Hermes*," contained capital articles and Reviews, by men of great talent in their respective departments. It is a mistake to consider it as in opposition to the "*Annals of Literature*," published at Vienna. Brockhaus, who was a man of various knowledge, promoted the success of his journal by his extensive connexions with the ablest writers in Germany, and by liberal remuneration; so that the nineteen volumes, which have already appeared, are most interesting to all persons, in particular, whose studies relate to political economy, legislation, politics, and *Belles Lettres*. The favourite pocket-book *Urania*, for 1824, will be published in a few weeks. Brockhaus has provided by his will, that his extensive business, for which, (calculating, indeed, on a longer life,) he was building a real palace, in one of the suburbs of Leipzig, shall be continued undivided, for six years after his death; and Mr Reichenbach, one of the first bankers in Leipzig, having voluntarily taken on himself the administration of the whole, his distant commercial friends will feel perfect confidence; which may be justly expected, for the two worthy sons of a man, who, having been obliged some years ago, by untoward circumstances, to suspend his payments; fully satisfied all his creditors four years ago, when he had the means in his power. The eldest son is an excellent printer; and at the last Easter fair mission, the booksellers assembled in his father's house, to see a new improvement of the Stanhope press. Henry, the younger, has been brought up by his father to his own business. Death overtook this enterprising bookseller, who often worked for sixteen hours in a day, just as he was on the point of taking a journey to Bavaria for relaxation, and was going to marry again. Indefatigable activity, great knowledge of mankind, acute understanding, and philological knowledge, cannot be denied him even by his bitterest enemies, of whom he made enough, by his representations of fraud, both in and out of a pocket.

IN PRAISE OF TOBACCO.

BY ANTHONY ROBINSON OF JAMAICA.

FATE true, like *Aëta* capp'd with snow,
Where latent fires intensely glow,
Friend of the studious bard!
Disgorge from thy inmost frame
Wreathed columns formed of smoke and flame,
Thy praises be declared.

Blest soother of my pensive hours,
Whilst Time's remorseless tooth devours
This warm respiring clay;
Pleasing amusement—calm delight!
With thee, companion of the night!
Life steals unseen away.

Most steady friend of social cheer!
To me thou ever wilt be dear:
Say, Muse! how I regale.
How cheerfully the minutes pass,
When with my bottle, friend, and glass,
Clean pipes and Taunton ale!

Reclining in my elbow chair,
No pleasure can with mine compare,
Not happier the Mogul;
The mind and body both at ease,
I chat, puff, drink, whenever I please,
My pipe and bottle full.

Oh, how enchanting to my soul
Are the gay fumes that crown thy bowl,
And stimulate to fun!
While mirthful laugh, and harmless joke,
Sport in the curls of mingled smoke,
With repartee and fun.

But as the clouds incessant rise,
Evaporating in the skies,
I my life's image see;
For what am I this moment—say,
A mass of animated clay,
And tipified in thee.

Now, on a sudden I conceive,
My soul prepared to take her leave,
Like smoke she wings her way;
Divested of her cumbrous load,
Upwards she seeks her destined road,
Down drops the lifeless clay.

EPIGRAM,

ON SIR FRANCIS BURDETT'S REBUKING HUMPHREY, AND COMPARING HIM TO BALAAM.

As Balaam, mounted on his ass,
To Barak's army rode,
The brute, while smarting from the lash,
Rebuked its angry load.

So, when Burdett rebukes his friend,
This clearly comes to pass—
If Humphreys to Balaam is compared,
Sir Francis is—the ass.

THE REV. SYDNEY SMITH'S ADVICE TO A YOUNG CLERGYMAN.

Hunt not, fish not, shoot not,
Dance not, fiddle not, fustle not;
Be sure you have nothing to do with the Whigs,
But stay at home and feed your pigs;
Above all, I make it my particular desire,
That at least once a-week you dine with the squares.

Varieties.

AMERICAN DEFINITIONS.—According to American definition, *lovely woman* is "an article manufactured by milliners," and a *patriot* "a man who has neither property nor character to lose."

STRANGE FOOT RACE.—In 1776, the Duchess of Charleis beat her husband in a foot race of 200 yards, for 200 guineas. The Duchess was allowed to secure her petticoats above the knees.

FIRST APPEARANCE OF THE ENGLISH IN CHINA.—In a Chinese topographical account of Canton, it is stated, that "In the winter of the 29th year of Wanlee (about 1600), two or three large ships came to Macao; the people's clothes were red, their bodies tall, and their hair red. Their eyes were blue and sunk in their heads; their feet were one cubit two lengths long; they frightened the people by their strange appearance." The English were not permitted to land, merely on account of the extraordinary figure they cut: but in the 10th year of Shun-che their ambassadors were received, and "the Emperor, in consideration of the difficulty of the voyage, ordered them to come once in eight years with tribute."

GOLDSMITH'S OPINION OF SCOTCH LADIES.—Some of the Edinburgh letters of Oliver Goldsmith, the poet, are very entertaining; in one of them he says:—"Now I am come to the ladies; and to show that I love Scotland, and every thing that belongs to so charming a country, I insist on it, and will give him leave to break my head that denies it—that the ladies are ten thousand times finer and handsomer than the Irish. To be sure, now, I see your sisters Betty and Peggy vastly surprised at my partiality; but tell them flatly, I don't value them, or their fine skins, or eyes, or good sense, or —, a potato; for I say, and will maintain it, and as a convincing proof (I am in a great passion) of what I assert, the Scotch ladies say it themselves. But to be less serious; where will you find a language so prettily become a pretty mouth as the broad Scotch? And the women here speak it in its highest purity; for instance, teach one of your young ladies at home to pronounce the 'Whoor wull I gong?' with a becoming widening of mouth, and I'll lay my life they'll wound every hearer. We have no such character here as a coquet, but, alas! how many envious prudes!"

THE CROWN OF THORNS.—A Paris paper mentions that the fete of the recovery of the Holy Crown of Thorns was to be celebrated on Sunday last in the metropolitan church, when the relic would be exhibited to the veneration of the faithful. This precious deposit, says the *Gazette de France*, confided to the piety of our fathers, was at Constantinople in the time of St Louis Baldwin. The Latin Emperor of Constantinople offered it in a present to the French monarch, who sent to the capital of the Greek empire two monks of the order of St Dominic, commissioned to bring to Paris the Holy Crown of Thorns. On their arrival at Constantinople they found that this relic had been pawned to the Venetians, who were to possess it in full property, unless, before the feast of St Gervais, the sum lent on this sacred pledge was repaid to them. The King's envoys, therefore, conveyed the Holy Crown to Venice, where St Louis redeemed it, and it was immediately brought to France. The pious Monarch went to receive it to Villeneuve-le-Archevêque, in the diocese of Sens, and accompanied it to Paris, where it was first exhibited in the cathedral to the public veneration, and then conveyed to the chapel in the palace, dedicated to St Nicholas. It was on the site of this church, that St Louis caused the Holy Chapel to be built, which still exists at this day. He there deposited the Holy Crown of Thorns, with large portions of the true cross, the sponge, and the lance. The crown escaped the ravages of the Revolution, and is still preserved in the archives of Notre Dame. It is impossible to call

o recollection the usages, the solemnities, and the monuments of religion, without speaking of the ancestors of the King who is restored to us.

AN ORGAN PLAYED BY STEAM.—William of Malmesbury declares of Pope Sylvester II, that he "erected an organ which was played by steam;" and though we cannot rely very implicitly on the authority of this most credulous historian, the anecdote deserves to be noticed, as a proof that the use of steam as a motive power was partially known, or at least suspected, as early as the eleventh century.

ANTIQUITY OF HORSE RACING.—In the drawing-room of Leasowe Castle, now the residence of Sir Edward Cust, is, among other valuable pictures, a very ancient one of a horse race that occurred here in the days of James I., including portraits of that monarch and his sons sharing in the sport, in which a buxom lady in a carriage driven by servants in the royal livery participates. The Wallasey Leasowe is probably the oldest gentleman's race course in the kingdom, being noticed by Webb as existing in the early part of the seventeenth century. The races at the Roodey, at Chester, or at Smithfield and other places, were comparatively the sports of a mere fair, and could offer no rivalry to the aristocratic amusements of the Leasowe course, which, in 1683, had rather an illustrious jockey in the person of the famous Duke of Monmouth. Attended by a great retinue of gentry, the Duke was on a tour, courting popularity in the western counties. At Chester, he descended to become sponsor to the daughter of the Mayor of that city, and amid the festivities attendant on that event, hearing that the principal families of the county had assembled at the Wallasey races, he went thither and rode himself, which he won, and presented the prize to his infant god-daughter. In addition to the high antiquity and noble jockeyship of the Leasowe race course, it also claims to have once offered the highest prize in the kingdom, for, in 1721, the great families of the west entered into an agreement to subscribe liberally for a sweepstakes, to be run for ten seasons on this course. In conformity with this arrangement, the Grosvenors, Stanleys, Cholmondeleys, Egertons, Wynnes, and some others, subscribed twenty guineas each annually, and undertook that their own horses should be brought to contest the stakes. The last of these races occurred in 1732: they were then removed to Newmarket, where for many years the "Wallasey Stake" formed a leading prize, but the Leasowe continued to be a trial or training course until the middle of the last century. An old building in the village of Wallasey, said to have been the Grosvenor stable, yet exists, on the doors of which the horses' plates remained until the last three or four years — Mortimer's History of Wirral.

SINGULAR EFFECT OF MUSIC.—At the Cheetham Hall glee-club, on Monday evening last, during the performance of "Non Nobis Domine," which was sung in fine style by about 40 voices, a tumbler glass, which stood upon a table in the room, broke into a thousand pieces, as if it had been shattered by an explosion of gunpowder! — Manchester Courier. — [These were 'crack' singers.]

ELECTION THANKS.—When Mr Charles Yorke was returned a member for the University of Cambridge, about the year 1770, he went round the Senate to thank those who had voted for him. Among the number was a Mr P., who was proverbial for having the largest and most hideous physiognomy that ever eye beheld. Mr Yorke, in thanking him said, "Sir, I have great reason to be thankful to my friends in general, but confess myself under a particular obligation to you, for the very remarkable countenance you have shown me upon that occasion."

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VISIT TO DUNFERMLINE IN 1843.

BY A NATIVE OF AYR.

NO greater evidence of the little intercourse carried on in the country, prior to the increase of trade and the improved means of conveyance that distinguish the present era, could be adduced than the diversity of habits, and even dialects, that is still to be found among the same race of people, in not very distant localities. One can scarcely travel a dozen miles in any direction, without having occasion to remark some change of manner, speech, or custom. Go from Kyle into Carrick, or Cuninghame, and the difference is at once perceptible. Each of the three districts has its peculiar tone and pronunciation. If the inhabitants of a single county thus manifest the distinctions of isolation so palpably, it is not surprising that those at a greater distance should be characterised by a yet broader mark of separation. Stretching farther east, or farther north, the line of demarcation becomes visibly broader. Indeed, we have often been struck with the dissimilarity between the east and west of Scotland; and a hurried visit to the east of Fife, a few weeks ago—a part of the country entirely new to us—tended still more to confirm the impression. The unsophisticated natives of the east are open, straightforward, and confiding in their manners. They have all, less or more, a Dandy Dinmont kind of off-handedness in their address; and their tone and gesture seem, as it were, an index of the inner man. Those of the west, on the contrary, are more reserved and cautious in their speech. Whether less kind, or sincere and lasting in their friendship, it would be invidious to assert; and, indeed, we have no data sufficient to warrant the inference. It might be a question, however, with physiologists—in how far the difference may be attributed to the effect of external circumstances—whether the pure and exhilarating atmosphere of the German Ocean, compared with the more humid and often depressing influence of the western coast, can have any tendency in perpetuating the peculiarities we have remarked? But it is not only in the mannerism of the people, that the west country stranger is prompted to a comparison of notes; the skilful agriculturist will perceive various minute discrepancies between the systems pursued at home and in Fife, while he

looks in vain for those splendid fields of browsing dairy cattle which everywhere meet the eye in his own land. A few are, no doubt, to be seen; yet so little do the farmers understand or care about the dairy, that they prefer their own breed to that of Ayrshire. But if cheese and butter are comparatively dear and deficient in quality, the kingdom of Fife can well boast of its butcher meat, as being both cheaper and better than that of the west. So much so, that vast quantities, we understand, are sent across the Frith, and thence, by railway, to the Glasgow market, where, after defraying all expense of carriage, the butchers of Fife can sell with a profit. Amongst other external features, the superficial observer is struck with the extensive use of red brick tiles in lieu of slates, the villages and towns being chiefly covered with them. Seen from a distance the effect is by no means unpleasant. Dunfermline, which, like the old town of Edinburgh, is built on the ridge of a hill, looks rather gay than otherwise, with the chequered red and blue appearance it presents in the glare of an autumnal sun. Though of great antiquity, the town itself possesses few traits of the olden time. The introduction of manufactures, which have long been carried on to a considerable extent, has done much to eradicate a taste for the antique amongst the inhabitants; and modern improvement has fairly transformed the aspect of some of the buildings. The ruins of the Palace and Abbey alone attest the anciently kingly and ecclesiastical importance of the place. Though a few walls of the Palace only exist, yet enough remains to indicate the former extent and magnificence of a residence which, as was said by an ancient English chronicler, could have lodged three kings with their retinues, without incommoding each other.

The origin of Dunfermline and its Abbey dates back as far as the days of Malcolm Canmore, who ascended the throne, after conquering Macbeth, in 1057. He erected a strong round tower on a height in the adjacent glen: *Dunfermline*, which signifies the “foot of the crooked rivulet,” is accurately descriptive of the locality. As the ravine winds completely round the abrupt eminence on which the remains of the tower may still be traced, and a deep fosse had evidently intersected the promontory in front, the stronghold must have been truly inaccessible. A correct representation of the tower is sculptured in the wall of the Town-house. It bears the motto, *Estu rupes inaccessa*, “be thou an inaccessible rock.” The Abbey was

also founded by Canmore at the suggestion of Margaret, his queen, who was so much adored for her many good qualities and charitable actions, that she was afterwards canonized. Her tomb still exists at the eastern extremity of the new church. The Abbey was greatly enlarged by Malcolm's son and successor, David I., who enriched it by many valuable gifts. It was, however, entirely destroyed by Edward I., during the war so long waged against the independence of Scotland. This occurred in 1304. The Abbey was rebuilt in a very splendid manner, but not, it is said, on so magnificent a scale as the original. The building was a second time subject to spoliation; the eastern portion of the church, containing the altar and the royal tombs, had been demolished by the Reformers, in 1560. The remaining portion was repaired and strengthened by James the sixth; and it continued to be used as a place of worship until about thirty years ago. It is still very entire, and affords a prepossessing idea of what the monastery must have been in its palmy days. The porch, erected by James in 1598, presents an admirable specimen of elaborate workmanship. The western entrance is in the Saxon style of architecture, and though much decayed, is extremely beautiful. The height of the nave of the old church is upwards of 53 feet, the breadth 55, and the length originally is calculated to have been about 300. The eastern portion, or what is now called the new Abbey church, was built, as closely as possible after the old model, in 1818. It is really a splendid edifice. The pulpit stands precisely over the grave of King Robert the Bruce, whose place of sepulture was accurately ascertained when the foundation was laid. The entire fabric may be regarded as a monument, sacred to the memory of the illustrious patriot. The parapets of the square tower display the name of the hero-monarch, cut out in stone, so legible as to be read at a considerable distance. Besides the remains of Bruce, the church contains those of Canmore and various other royal personages. The northern transept, yet in an unfinished state, is lighted but as the site of the royal tombs, and it is impossible to believe to erect a suitable memorial of the "illustrious dead" in that portion of the building. It is not known, however, where the graves are situated, so completely was the Abbey and its ornaments destroyed during the Reformation. Not one of the ancient monuments, save the massive stone work enclosing the ashes of Queen Margaret, are extant. Amongst the oldest is that of Robert Pitcairn, secretary of state during the minority of James VI. He was one of the deputies sent to England by the Regent Murray, in reference to Queen Mary. On a house in the Maygate of Dunfermline, which belonged to him, the following couplet, truly "worthy of a discreet secretary," is carved in stone over the door:—

"Sen' ye're in thrall and thocht is free,
Keep yeill, tho' tyme be counsel, the
and yeill was thrall to a goodly thing."

The monument to William Schaw, architect to James VI., who died in 1602, is a curious piece of workmanship. The mason in which his name is cut in relief—the letters running into and form-

ing part of each other—the whole presenting the appearance of his initials only, is an ingenious and rare device. On the south side of the church is the burying vault of Sir Henry Wardlaw of Birsravie, whose lady, Elizabeth Halket, wrote the ballad of "Hardyknots;" her remains are interred in the vault. The only other ruins connected with the church is the south wall and western gable of what was called the Fraternity, or hall of the brethren. From these its former magnificence is apparent. The side windows are high and elegantly proportioned, while the western one, which is very entire, is allowed to be the finest in Scotland. It is high and graceful, yet substantial. A recess in the wall is pointed out as the musicians' gallery.

The burying-ground which encircles the Abbey, as kept by the superintendent, Mr. Allan, deserves especial remark. It is decidedly superior to any we have seen. With none of the pretensions of the Glasgow Necropolis, and boasting few of its sculptural and artificial attractions, it is yet beyond it in unassuming neatness. More like a garden than the resting place of the dead—the gorgeous ruins of the Fraternity and Palace adjoining, give a peculiarly picturesque and pleasing effect to the well laid off grounds. We could wish that the example were generally imitated throughout Scotland; and nowhere is improvement more desirable than among the churchyards of Scotland. How different is it to follow the departed to their last abode in such a place as Dunfermline, compared with the ill-arranged receptacles of the dead in this quarter; where, stumbling over new made graves and irregular head stones, your relative or friend is left to form another revolting inequality in the too often upturned earth. In Dunfermline, so excellent is the management, that the newly opened grave is scarcely distinguishable from the rest—all is uniform and verdant. We had nearly forgotten to remark that a thorn grows in the churchyard, said to have been a slip from one planted by Wallace over the grave of his mother, the original stem having been blown down by a storm. The Palace, properly so called, is connected with the Abbey by the gate-way or square tower, which, supported by an elegantly pointed roof, formed the main entrance from the south. The ruins are situated on the grounds of Pitencreef. The proprietor, James Hunt, Esq., deserves the utmost credit for the manner in which they are preserved. The walks are maintained at his own expense; and visitors are freely admitted to them. It is a great pity that the Vandals of a former age has left him so little to protect of those once magnificent and royal halls. Most of the fabric, it is said, was carried away to build cottages on the estate. The south wall, and a sunk vaulted apartment, supposed to have been a chapel, but traditionally called the King's Kitchen, having been probably used as such by James VI., after the Reformation, are all that now exist of Dunfermline Palace. The walls run along the brow of the glen, a short distance from Malcolm's Tower. The Palace is known to have been a favourite residence of Robert the Bruce, and was much frequented by James IV., who greatly en-

larged it. It is to this sovereign the old ballad of Sir Patrick Spens refers—
 "The King sits in Dunfermline town,
 Forth to walk he took the blude red wine;
 James V. and his Queen often resided at Dunfermline; and James VI. seems to have been so fond of it that he caused considerable sums to be expended in repairing and ornamenting it. Charles I. was born in the Palace, and the window of the apartment where the birth took place is still pointed out. A stone of a peculiar kind was recently discovered in the upper part of it, which is now distinguished by a painting significant of the event. The sister of Charles, —Elizabeth, afterwards Queen of Bohemia, —was also born in the Palace. The building is supposed to have been wrecked in the Cromwellian wars, after which it was entirely neglected. The roof is known to have fallen in some time about 1708. In the vault under the King's Kitchen, a stone trough is pointed out as that used for cooling wine in former times. In some of the corners there is an entrance to a subterraneous passage, which has been traced to a considerable distance. It is built of solid masonry, and arched in the roof. It is supposed to have led not only to the Abbey, but to the sea coast, about six miles distant.

Great as our pleasure was in lingering among the legal antiquities of the Abbey and Palace, we experienced another treat equally exciting of its kind, by an introduction to the private museum of Mr Joseph Paton, Woole's Alley Cottage. This gentleman has been most successful in collecting relics of the palaces of Scotland. He has a large and elegantly arranged drawing-room, filled with choice specimens of the royal furniture of Dunfermline, Holyrood, Linlithgow, Falkirk, Stirling, Stirling, and Leith. He has no less than five or six oaken cabinets, some of them of beautiful and elaborate workmanship. One especially, from Stirling Palace, displays much finery of design and finish of execution. The manner in which he became possessed of this valuable relic is worth relating. It belonged to a wretched female in Stirling, who, on being ejected from her humble dwelling, had nowhere to place her only remaining piece of furniture—the cabinet. It was, consequently, allowed to lie out of doors, no one apparently thinking it deserving of attention. An officer and his lady belonging to the garrison, as they happened to pass the winter day, observed it nearly covered with snow, and judging from the carvings that it possessed some intrinsic worth, they sought out the poverty-stricken woman, who expressed her willingness to part with it at her own price. Half a crown was offered by the lady, and her husband, by way of showing his greater liberality, put three shillings and sixpence into her hand, and became the purchaser. Hearing of the transaction a few days afterwards, Mr Paton proceeded to Stirling, and tempted the gallant son of Mars to let him have the cabinet for a temporary note. By great

research, and a vast deal of money and labour, Mr Paton has thus succeeded in acquiring a collection of antique furniture, of which the most valuable specimens might be proud. Not long ago, it will be recollected, he supplied the Queen, with a bedstead, and a cradle in which one of her Scottish ancestors was rocked, together with a royal chair, which her Majesty was particularly anxious to obtain, on account of its historical associations. Mr Paton has still a vast assortment of old oaken, high-backed, crown-carved seats, though none of them of equal note. Arranged, as they are, round a series of tables of similar age and character, the drawing-room of the antiquary, only lacks the presence of an ancient court party, with the surloins and pasties of a former age, to complete the reality of a royal banquet some three hundred years ago. It would be endless to attempt enumerating the various interesting articles which, eight of which we were favoured during our hurried visit. We cannot avoid mentioning, however, a small neat chest of drawers that, belonged to the unfortunate Mary; and a bodice, in excellent condition, from the Palace of Dunfermline. We noticed several culinary articles, which were curious; in particular, a kettle, the prototype of the modern vase, constructed so as to hold water in one apartment, and a fire of charcoal in another. What with specimens of ancient armour, weapons, coins, quivers, branks, and shambleskins, the museum is altogether one of the richest feasts that could be offered to a student of antiquity. We only regret that time did not admit of more minute observation. Mr Paton certainly merits the cordial thanks of all who have a relish for what belonged to the olden time. The pains he has bestowed in the collection of so many relics, that might otherwise have been lost or destroyed, and the excellent state of preservation in which they are maintained, deserve the highest praise. It may be wondered how the furniture of the Scottish Palaces came to be scattered over the country, and so beneficial to the hands of private individuals; but this is easily to be accounted for, by the little attention paid to them after the removal of James V. to England, and the spoliation of which, of course, followed the subsequent civil commotions.

ORIGIN OF CERTAIN OLD ENGLISH NAMES OF RANK AND OFFICE.

The use of most genuine English names is from the ancient Saxon. In bringing together the following category, the province of that language at the period whence the proper names analyzed can be traced in the vernacular, has rendered it sufficient for our purpose, when there is not that of strict, much less abstruse, etymological disquisition.

From the Anglo-Saxon, *Cyning*, or *Kyning*, the *c*, in the first, sounding like *k*, *Cyn*, or *cun*, signifies stout, or valiant; *ing*, sometimes *ling*, is a particle, added to vindicate the being endowed with the quality in question. Thus, *Ethel* means noble; *Etheling*, one distinguished by nobility.

* Next day the generous soldier refused to part a single farthing of the money with the starving creature from whom he bought the relic.

In the septentrional regions, youths of illustrious families, noted for prowess, or the promise of it, were often adopted by reigning monarchs, to the exclusion of their own children, when the latter happened to be amiable rather than formidable. Hence it is easy to imagine how the attribute might grow into the title.

CUNING.

Cuning is the Teutonic feminine for cunning. As king is an abbreviation for cuning, so may queen for cuningina. Our Saxon ancestors, however, had the word much like ourselves. With them it was cwen. Quena meant a woman or wife.

Prince.—Obviously from princeps, in Latin. But our ancestors used the analogous word furist, signifying first, or chief. Furist, altered a little in orthography, is still in use for prince in Germany.

Duke.—Like the former, immediately from dux, in the Latin, garbled by the French to duc. With our early ancestors, the synonyme was heretoga, or heretoge, signifying the leader of an army. The Germans preserve the original nearly, and call a duke herzog.

Earl.—From the Anglo-Saxon earle. Before we borrowed the word honour, our Saxon forefathers used instead the monosyllable ear. For noble, the word ethel. Thus, ear-ethel, abbreviated into ear-el, would represent honour noble, q. d., a noble of honour. The title is peculiar to our country, and sounds truly noble in English ears.

Lord.—This appears to have been laford with our ancestry. Vorstegan makes it out, ingeniously enough, to come from laf, a loaf, and to import a "giver of laf," q. d., a giver of bread. He justifies his opinion by referring to the extensive hospitality of the lords, before and of his day. In ours such an etymology would not so readily have presented itself.

Lady.—From the same learned old writer, followed above, we find lady comes from a corresponding source. Leafidian, afterwards lafly, was the ancient term. Of laf, we already know the meaning; dian, it seems, implies to serve. The laford, therefore, was the donor of sustenance; the lafdian, the graceful dispenser.

Knight.—Anglo-Saxon, Cuicht, originally meant no more than a retainer, or servant. Of the latter importance of the word, it would be tedious to trace the growth.

Steward.—Stede, and also stow, signified a place. Stedeward, easily becoming steward, gives us the keeper of a place. The Dutch had their stat-houder, or statd-holder; being something like what we might call grand steward. Hold-ward was used of yore to denote the holder of a strong place. Hence, probably, the name of Howard.

Mayor.—Maïre, in French; meyer, Flemish. To may, in the Anglo-Saxon, was to have power. Vorstegan supposes that a may-er might stand for a person in authority. Mayor, in Latin, has been referred to; but it is certain that the kindred terms, sheriff and alderman, are from the Saxon.

Sheriff.—From gerefa, altered into gereve and grieve, and reve, meaning an intendant. Thus, shire-reve, reve of the shire.

Alderman.—In Anglo-Saxon, ealder, an elder, and man; a senior, or leading man; to wit, the

Constable.—Anciently cuningstable, q. d., king-stable, the stay, or support of the king. Of course it will not be forgotten that constable was formerly a title of more dignity than at present.

Headborough.—The etymology here is apparent. Where the office still exists the party holding it is, as the word imports, the head civic functionary of a borough.

Bailiff.—May come from baille, which once signified a tutor, protector, or defender. The bailiff being bound to look after the safety of those in his bailiwick. We yet retain the phrase of "putting in bail," to be defended, as if were, from prison.

Warden.—Ward and guard are convertible terms. The former springing from the latter by the common substitution of w for g. The French garde, was perhaps the original; treated by us as we have done guerre, war. Warden is, therefore, equivalent to guardian.

C. S. A.

LEYCESTER, THE CHESHIRE TOPOGRAPHIST.

Sir Peter Leycester was born 1613, and completed his education at Brasenose College, under the superintendence of Mr. Samuel Shipton, afterwards successively Rector of Madderly and Alderley. It appears from his MS. additions to his own copy of the Cheshire Antiquities, that he resided at Brasenose in 1631, and the two following years. In 1647 he succeeded his father in the family estate, at the age of thirty-four. The Parliamentary party were at this period enjoying the height of their success, and the loyalty of the Leycesters was sufficiently marked to expose him to their resentment. He was accordingly committed to prison in 1655, with several other distinguished loyalists, but for what period does not appear, and forced to compound for his estate by a considerable sum.

The circumstances of the times, which excluded the active mind of Mr. Leycester from many of the resources of employment or amusement congenial to it, were probably the means of directing his attention to genealogical antiquities. His studies appear, in the first instance, to have turned exclusively on the compilation of his own pedigree, and the collection of ancient documents from monastic chronicles and other evidences relating to the Earls of Leicester, from whom he believed his ancestors to have sprung. To these succeeded an examination of the deeds of the Grosvenors, Duttons, and other ancient Cheshire families with which he was connected by blood. These occupied him in 1649, when his taste for local antiquities appears to have been completely formed. In the three following years (as far as can be judged from the dates prefixed to the several abstracts of family deeds yet remaining at Tabley) he collected the greater part of the materials for his History of Bucklow Hundred.

The mode adopted by Mr. Leycester was, either to form a copious abstract, or to take an exact copy of every document possessed by the family, drawing the most remarkable seals, and writing fac-similes of the most ancient charters, for which purposes the deeds seem generally to have been entrusted to him. The abstract formed in the houses of the several families are of a much more slight description. From these documents he drew up his pedigrees, reformatory, by numbers, to his books and abstracts: and it is observable, that he rarely admits facts which do not appear to be supported by original documents within his immediate knowledge.

In arranging these papers, in forming another collection of additional materials in 1657, and in similar pursuits connected with his own muniments, Mr. Leycester appears to have passed his time until the Restoration. Two months after this event he was elevated to a baronetcy, and his work may be supposed to have slept for a time. The task of collecting was, however, resumed in 1664 and 1666; and in 1672, when the greatest part of the account of Bucklow Hundred had passed the press, this part of his labour appears to have ended with the examination of the Toft papers. In the following year the entire work was given to the world, in the sixtieth year of the author's age, and the twenty-fourth from the commencement of compiling.

A controversy instantly grew out of the publication. It continued during the life of Sir Peter Leycester, and from the asperity with which the latter part of it was conducted, and the relationship and neighbourhood of the contending parties, it must doubtless have embittered the latter years of an author whose talents and labours merited an honourable repose.

Sir Peter Leycester died on the 11th of October, 1678, in the sixty-fifth year of his age, and was interred in the family vault at Great Budworth.

From a miniature in the possession of his descendant and representative, Lord de Tabley, Sir Peter appears to have had an extremely intelligent and handsome countenance, with a general portly roundness of aspect, heightened by the effect of the large wig, and the rich costume of Charles the Second. His unpublished MSS. are extremely numerous, but chiefly of a private nature; among them are prayers on almost every occasion, some of which were composed during his imprisonment, characters of some near relations, and schemes of historical reading, evincing a system of close and comprehensive study. With these were mingled charges to juries in his capacity of chairman of the session, and other papers of a miscellaneous nature; but nothing appeared to justify the tradition of his having indicated a general history of the county, unless a copy of Booth's pedigrees, which he had enlarged in many instances from original authorities, could be cited as the intended basis of such a work. Considering the period of life when Sir Peter Leycester commenced his Account of Bucklow, the time he occupied him, and the advanced age at which he concluded, it is not likely that he ever meditated an undertaking which, if executed with the same progress, would have required two centuries to complete it.

For that part which he accomplished, Sir Peter Leycester possessed the qualifications of natural taste and ability, aided by suitable education, and a mind not only unoccupied by other pursuits, but actually debarred by the circumstances of the times from entering into such as were congenial to his station. The subject of the investigations lay immediately around him, and had been known to him from childhood: nearly all the families of the Hundred must have been his personal acquaintance, and some of the most important ones were his near kinsmen. The collections of Booth, and other Cheshire antiquaries, were ready formed for his basis, and the actual evidences of the several houses appear to have been at his command, in most instances without restriction. He had the acquaintance of the greatest of those illustrious antiquaries, who seemed at that period to have been raised up, by a singular felicity, for preserving the memory of those monuments of antiquity which fanaticism was busily destroying: Dugdale was ready at all times with communications and advice; and Vernon, a local antiquary nearly equal in zeal and ability to Leycester himself, conducted his researches in the Tower and in the archives of the diocese of Lichfield.

From advantages like these, a work of no ordinary merit should be expected, and such was the character of the work produced. A minuteness of detail was adopted which had then never been effected, and it was accomplished with a general accuracy which has never been surpassed, and with a labour which they only who have traced his progressive collections can duly appreciate. In passing this merited eulogy, if it must in truth be allowed that neither the peculiar advantages of the author, nor the length of time consumed upon the work, could exempt it altogether from clerical and typographical errors, nor from oversights of a more serious description, it is at the same time clear that neither ability nor labour were wanted to prevent the occurrence of such errors, and if Sir Peter Leycester failed in this point, it is only to be inferred therefrom that his undertaking was of a description in which it does not lie in human nature to insure perfection. His peculiar excellence appears to have been, that in the pursuit of his object, he uniformly resorted to original documents, and was never deterred from toiling through them, though of the most uninteresting and voluminous description; that he built his accounts solely on what had been proved to him by regular evidence, despising the vague traditions which before his time had rendered topography contemptible; that he conveyed his information in a clear and unadorned narrative, unburdened by extraneous ornaments of diction, or by facts which might amuse the reader, but were foreign to his purpose; and that on every occasion he adhered religiously to what he believed to be the truth, however unwelcome it might be, or however its promulgation might jar with his comforts or his interest. Such were the merits which have elevated Sir Peter Leycester over every topographer that preceded him; his period of probation is long gone past,—as far as the limited nature of the subject and his manner of treating it allows, these merits still place

him on a level with the best of his contemporaries and his successors, and as long as memory remains in England, of the chivalrous honour, and long descended lines of the gentry of Cheshire, the name of **LEYCESTER** will be handed down to the respect of posterity with that of his country indissolubly connected.

[From Sir Peter are descended the Lords de Tabley.]

LITERARY REMAINS OF THE POET GRAY, DECEMBER, 1845.

SALE OF AUTOGRAPH POEMS, LETTERS, BOOKS, &c.

DURING the last few days the auction rooms of Messrs Evans & Sons, in New Bond Street, have been crowded by eminent biblioplists to witness the disposal of a portion of the library of a gentleman, containing a collection of autograph poems, letters, and books, with curious and elaborate manuscript notes, by Gray, the poet. The style of writing of the deceased poet excited the admiration of all who beheld it, the writing being very small, but most clear and distinct, having more the appearance of engraving than pen and ink. Many of the books (which were first sold) containing merely the autograph of Gray, fetched large sums; and of those books interspersed with notes by the poet, the following are worthy of notice — Lot 538, Shakespeare's works, in 8 vols., wanting vol. 7, with notes by Theobald, and MS. corrections of the Text, by Gray, sold for 12 guineas. Lot 541, "London and its Environs Described," with numerous MS. notes, by Gray, 15 guineas. Lot 597, Milton, 2 vols., interleaved, with numerous MS. notes by Gray, £33. Lot 508, "Linnæi Systema Naturæ," 2 volumes in 3, interleaved, with MS. notes and beautiful pen and ink drawings of birds and insects, by Gray, 40 guineas. Lot 602, "Gray's Elegy in a Country Churchyard," in the poet's handwriting. This manuscript contains five stanzas written in all the editions of Gray's poems, and the names of Milton and Cromwell are substituted for Tully and Cæsar. The original title given to the Elegy in the manuscript is, "Stanzas wrote in a Country Churchyard." The competition for this manuscript was most spirited, and it was knocked down for £53, but there being a dispute as to who bid that sum, it was again put, and was eventually knocked down to Messrs Payne and Foss of Pall Mall, for £100. The two following lots, an "Ode on the Installation of the Duke of Grafton at Cambridge," and "The Fatal Sisters," an ode, in the handwriting of Gray, sold for 22 guineas. Lot 605, "A Long Story," in Gray's handwriting, with a complimentary letter to him from Miss Speed, £45. Lot 614, A playful letter to West, containing a supposed dialogue between some books in his library, and a letter of Gray to West containing a poetical translation from Statius, £27. Lot 615, Satirical Verses; On the Heads of Houses at Cambridge; Humorous letter to Dr Wharton from Florence, by Gray, 30 guineas. Lot 622, Three pen and ink drawings, and four insects painted on vellum, by Gray, £10. Lot 621, Epitaph on a child in verse; a song beginning "Thyrsis when we parted swore," and transcript Latin verses; letter of

Gray to Mr Stonehewer on the death of his father. Bought by Sir G. Bright for £40. Lot 626, Seven small note books containing memoranda by Gray, made during his tours in England and on the continent, sold for £30. Gray's Odes, with numerous manuscript notes by Gray, containing the author's avowal of the sources from which he borrowed his ideas. In the first ode, "Awake, Æolian lyre, awake!" Gray, in one of his notes, states, "that he alludes to the psalm, 'Awake, my glory, awake, lute and harp,' &c." In two other stanzas he refers to Pindar on the "Power of Harmony," and observes, "borrowed from the Pythian of Pindar." On "Night and all her sickly dews," the poet (Gray) remarks, "To compensate the real and imaginary ills of life, the muse was given us, by the same Providence that sends the cheerful presence of the day to dispel the gloom and terrors of the night." In the second ode, "Ruin seize thee, ruthless king, &c," he acknowledges his obligations to Shakespeare, Spenser, Dryden, and Cowley. He also states that he copied some ideas from "Rafael's Vision of Ezekiel," from an ancient Scaldic ode, and assigns his reason for giving the double cadence in the third stanza. Throughout, Gray has marked the musical time. The auctioneer stated that Horsley set this ode to music almost in the style Gray wished, although he never saw Gray, on the book marked by him. The first offer for this was 10 guineas, and after a most spirited competition, was knocked down to Messrs Payne and Foss for 100 guineas. Stowe's Survey with manuscript notes by Gray, sold for £14. 5s., and Clarendon's History of the Rebellion, also interspersed with MS. notes by Gray, fetched £23. 10s. A few drawings in a book by Mr Gray, when a boy, sold for £6. 10s. Hawes's Pastime of Pleasure, black letter, with notes and corrections by Gray, sold for £14. 5s. Fabyan's Chronicle, 2 vols. in one, with manuscript notes by Gray, which, according to the catalogue of this library, cost him 2s. 6d., fetched six guineas. — A letter of Gray to Mr Brown — Haughty Conduct of Lord Sackville to the Members of the Court of Chancery, &c. £14. 10s. A letter to the Rev. Mr Brown, on the Death of George II., on the legacies of George II. to the Duke of Cumberland, and description of Queen Charlotte's present manners, &c. £17. 10s. Letter to Mr Brown on Mr Pitt's (Lord Chatham) spirit and contempt in his treatment of Bassay's proposals, &c., 17 guineas. Account of the Death of the Duke of Cumberland, Alarming State of the Metropolis, and two other letters, 15 guineas. A long autograph translation from Dante, Canto 33, with a note by Mason, sold for £18. The other lots sold, fetched equally high prices, the sale altogether realising upwards of £1100.

THE TARTAN CLOAK.

The following curious instance of Scotch nationality is related in Mr Earle's "Journal of a Residence on the Island of Tristan D'Acunha," in the south Atlantic ocean, published in his volume on New Zealand. There is a small settlement on Tristan D'Acunha (which is probably of volcanic origin,) formed for the purpose of prepar-

ing oil from the fat of the sea-elephant, and other marine animals frequenting the surrounding seas, and Mr Earle, who had been left on shore whilst on his voyage to the Cape of Good Hope, was constrained to remain there for several months, in the year 1824. The chief person, or governor, as he was designated, of this little community, was a native of Roxburgh, in Scotland. He was named Glass, had been a corporal of the artillery drivers, and, during an adventurous career, had become an experienced tailor, as well as an operative in various other trades. Knowing his abilities, "I proposed to him," says Mr Earle, "when my clothes were completely worn out, to make me a full-dress suit out of my tartan cloak. He agreed to do so; but still my clothes were not forth-coming. One evening, on my return from a fatiguing day's ramble, Glass came to me with a most melancholy face, and begun,—'It is of no use holding out any longer, Mr Earle; I really cannot find in my heart to cut up that bonnie Tartan. I have had it out several times, and had the scissors in my hands, but I cannot do it, sir. It is the first tartan that was ever landed on Tristan D'Acunba, and the first that ever I have seen since I left Scotland; and I really cannot consent to put it up in pieces.'"

This moving address induced Mr Earle to present him with the cloak, bargaining, however, that the governor should make him a pair of trousers out of anything he might have among his stores. His new "Cossacks," the produce of this agreement, had a front of sail cloth, and a back of dried goat's skin, the hair outside, which he was assured would be found very convenient in descending the mountains.—I laughed heartily, says Mr Earle, when I first sported this Robinson Crusoe habiliment:—"Never mind how you look, sir," said my kind host; "his Majesty himself, God bless him! if he had been left here, as you were, could do no better."

A TOOTH OF THE OLDEN TIME.

THE following verses are from the pen of William Park, "Minister's Man" to the late Rev. William Brown, minister of Eskdale-muir, in the county of Dumfries. Park was an unlettered peasant, in a remote, thinly populated district, notwithstanding which, these verses are highly creditable to him, both as an antiquary and a poet. The tooth was dug out of a cairn on the Airdwood Moss, in May, 1826. The verses seem worthy of a place, side by side, with those addressed to "A Mummy, in Signor Belzoni's exhibition":—

Tooth of the olden time! I'd wish to learn
Thy living history; what age and nation
Thou representedst underneath the Cairn,
Fruitful of antiquarian speculation!
Nor are my queries an unmeaning rally—
Tooth is to tongue a neighbour and an ally.

Was it thy proud distinction, ancient tooth,
To ornament and arm a Roman jaw,
When the all-conquering Legions of the South,
Impos'd on us their language and their law?
When death or bondage seem'd to overtake us,
Pray, didst thou gnash defiance at Gauguus?

Was thy proprietor a sky-blue Pict,
Remarkable for longitude of arm?
One of that tribe which kingly Kenneth kick'd
From crown and kingdom, to their no small harm?
Well known they were, I wot, for uncouth grammar,
For painting, too, and throwing the sledge hammer.

Perhaps thou art a tooth of Saxon breed,
(A heathenish cruel race, with yellow hair)
And haply grinn'd within some helmet head,
With very transport, when the victim fair
Was seiz'd and slain, and sacrificed, and sodden,
And served up to bloody Thor and Woden.

Thou'rt not Druidical, I'm prone to think,
For near thy lonely tomb no foresta grow;
Nor o'er the bending river's grassy brink
Hath the green oak its shade been known to throw,
Forming a fane of gloom for Druid sages,
Or all hath perish'd in the lapse of ages.

What was thy owner, then?—a warrior dire,
Who liv'd and died amid the din of battle?
Was he some consequential fendal Squire,
Who bought and sold his serfs like other cattle,
Mayhap a Bard, with soul of gambler quality,
Who sigh'd for, but obtained not, immortality?

If so, what funeral rites appear'd his shade?
Wak'd minstrelsy her wildest intonations?
Did silent sorrow many a breast pervade,
Or rung the welkin wide with ululations?
While rose in air the monumental stones,
A graceful cone—most venerable—of bones.

Ah! little thought the 'magnat' of his time,
Th' aspiring bard—the man of power—the hero—
That his renown should rise in these my rhymes,
After 'ten centuries' repose as Zoro!
And that his 'tooth', ejected from its socket,
Should toss and tumble in my waistcoat pocket.

Having discussed these high concerns a while,
(I hope with some decorum and propriety)
There yet remains some minor point to settle,
Though not less interesting to society,
Questions connected with domestic quiet,
And happiness—I now allude to diet.

Much as I've sought thy lineage and descent,
Thou bony remnant of departed glory,
I own I'm not less anxiously bent
To learn thy private, more immediate story.
What meats, for common, or by way of courtship,
Have undergone thy masticating ordeal?

'Twere an uncourteous question, "didst thou fare
On luxuries which modern teeth disdaine?"
Thy hardy frame and healthful looks declare
That no such trassle ev'r trifled on thy molar;
Thine was the food of ruggedness and age,
Else thou hadst never figured in my page.

Was thine, before thy tooth, 'twas thine to pierce
The red deer's scallid sides, with pride dilated;
The wild boar's head, terrific, grim, and fierce,
Thy eager, patient onset soon awaited;
Then 'teeth' with 'tusk' in deadly conflict meeting,
Display'd the feats of true primitive eating.

'Twere equally uncivil to enquire
If aught thou knowest of the frightful 'Ache';
Thy fangs are sound as one could well desire,
Thy hard enamel smooth as frozen lake.
The triumph is twofold; O tooth sublime!
Thou scorn'st to make 'Toothaches' and 'Tooth of Time'.

And here thou art, a prodigy—a wonder—
A monument of undecaying earth;
No more of thee we'll know, till the last thunder,
Shall from his slumbers call thy master forth;
These puzzles which I grapple with in vain,
Shall then be solv'd—and all thy case seem plain.

SEA-SONG :

From the Danish of Evuld.

[Intended to commemorate three victories by the three naval heroes, Christian, Juul, and Fordenskiold.]

BY GEORGE OLAUS BORROW.

KING Christian stood beside the mast,
In smoke and flame;
His heavy cannon rattled fast
Against the Gothmen, as they pass'd:
Then sunk each hostile sail and mast
In smoke and flame.

"Fly, (said the foe,) fly all that can,
For who with Denmark's Christian
Will ply the bloody game?"

Niel's Juul turn'd round, and loudly cried,
"Stand to your guns:"
He hoisted up his banner wide,
And fore and aft the foe-man ply'd,
And loud above the battle cried,
"Stand to the guns."

Ah! where is the insensate fool,
Who vainly hopes with Denmark's Juul
The race of fame to run?

Once, Baltic, when the musket's knell
Rang thro' the sky,
Down to thy bosom heroes fell,
And gasp'd amid the stormy swell,
While drowning shriek and musket knell
Rang thro' the sky,
The gods fought with our Fordenskiold;
Let that day's triumph teach the bold
To honour us or fly.

Thou Danish path to fame and might,
Dark-rolling wave,
Receive a friend, who holds as light
The terrors of the stormy fight;
Who braves like thee the tempest's might,
Dark-rolling wave!
Thro' all the perils of the sea,
Thro' war and conquest usher me
At length unto my grave.

Varieties.

ANECDOTE OF WHISTON.—Old Whiston went by accident into Mr Bragg's dissenting congregation on a sacrament day; observing this, he sat himself down with an intention of joining in the celebration of the Lord's Supper. Some of the congregation being displeased to see Whiston there, obliged Bragg to fall upon the following expedient, in order to get him to take himself away, and with the least offence. "Friend Whiston, I am glad to see you; but what! are you come to partake of our supper?" "No (replied Whiston), taking the hint, I meant to partake of the Lord's Supper; if it is *your* supper, I have no business with it."

ALARMING ERROR OF A QUACK DOCTOR.—An eminent physician was aroused from his slumbers lately by the *avast* courier of a noted Quack Doctor, whose *pillula* are said to cure every complaint to which humanity is subject. "Come, come," said the runner; "come speedily; for my poor master is dying!" The physician slipped on his clothes in a twinkling, threaded lanes and alleys impervious to moonshine, and soon arrived at B— road. On entering the room of the Quack, the unfortunate man rushed towards the physician in a phrenzy, exclaiming, "O, my God! I have swallowed one of my own pills!"

MUMMY WHEAT.—In the garden of Mr Reid, nursery and seedsman, Derry, among other curiosities, is a quantity

of Egyptian wheat in full ear, and giving promise of an abundant harvest, the seed of which was found in the folds of a mummy unrolled in 1840. The following description of the peculiarities of this grain is taken from the *Derry Journal*:—"The specimens of the Egyptian bear a much larger and weightier ear than our common wheats, and have a proportionally stronger stem or stalk. The ear itself is fully six inches long, and is provided with long awns or beards, like barley; its breadth, taken diagonally, measures in one direction more than an inch: it has, therefore, a somewhat quadrangular appearance from the base till within one-third of its whole length from the top, from which, till its termination, it resembles the ear of barley. But, in our opinion, its distinguishing peculiarity (which accounts for its great breadth) consists in the disposition of the greatest portion of the grain in earlets, or small ears, that their existence as separate ears is detected only by manipulation. The grain, in size, form, consistency, and colour, is similar to the produce of this country; and, from its being very prolific, its cultivation will meet the attention of our best agriculturists."—(August, 1844.)

ANCIENT PIECE OF PLATE.—A process is depending to-twixt a goldsmith in Newcastle and the Duke of Somerset, relating to an antique piece of plate found on his grace's lands, representing the characters of Vesta, Apollo, Ceres, Minerva, Diana, finely adorned with several hieroglyphics, and which, by the date, appears to have been made about 2000 years ago. 'Tis said the goldsmith purchased it at 4d the ounce; tho' our virtuosos reckon it worth 8 or 9000*l*. —*Wey's Letter*, London, February, 19, 1736.

ATTEMPTED SUICIDE OF NAPOLEON.—During the retreat from Moscow, Napoleon had, in case of accident, taken means to prevent his falling alive into the hands of the enemy. He procured from surgeon Yvan a bag of opium (it was not opium alone, but a preparation described by Cabanis, and the same which Condoiset made use of to destroy himself), which he wore hung about his neck as long as danger was to be apprehended. He afterwards carefully deposited this bag in a secret drawer in his cabinet. On the night of the 12th he thought the moment had arrived for availing himself of his last expedient. The valet-de-chambre, who slept in the adjoining room, the door of which was open, heard Napoleon empty something into a glass of water, which he drank, and then returned to bed. Pain soon extorted from him an acknowledgment of his danger. He then sent for the most confidential persons in his service. Yvan was sent for also; but learning what had occurred, and hearing Napoleon complain that the poison was not sufficiently quick in its effect, he lost all self-possession, and hastily fled from Fontainebleau. It is said that Napoleon, astonished at the failure of his attempt, after some moments' reflection, exclaimed "God has ordained that I should live!" and, yielding to the will of Providence, which had preserved his existence, he resigned himself to a new destiny. The whole affair was hushed in secrecy; and on the morning of the 13th, Napoleon arose and dressed himself as usual; his objection to ratify the treaty was now at an end, and he signed it without further hesitation.

ERRATA.

- Page 305, sixth line from top of second column, for *rugged* read *ragged*.
— 307, fourth line from top of first column, for *buds* read *birds*.
— 326, twenty-ninth line from top of first column, for *mystification* read *verification*.

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